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"IT IS really terrible to see human nature naked...."

FREDERIC ROGERS, *Permanent Under-Secretary of the Colonial Office (on the revolt and repression in Jamaica, 1865)*

"What do you say to the Nigger insurrection on Jamaica and the brutalities of the English?"
(ENGELS) **"The Jamaican story is characteristic of the beastliness of the 'true Englishman.' These fellows have no reason to criticise the Russians."** (MARX)

LETTERS OF ENGELS & MARX (1865)

"...in all I did my single desire was to do my duty faithfully."

GOVERNOR EYRE

(given a hero's welcome at Southampton on his return from Jamaica in 1866)

"...I believe it to be murder."

JOHN STUART MILL

(at a London protest meeting, at which he was elected chairman of the "Jamaica Committee")

Eyre

A Portrait — By JAMES MORRIS

IT WAS in Australia that I first set eyes on Edward John Eyre—in a literary or perhaps hallucinatory sense, for he died in 1901. Primed with tales of the Australian adventurers, and uncomfortably excited by the paintings of Mr. Sidney Nolan, I was flying for the first time westward from Adelaide; and looking below me through the almost clinically clear Australian air, which seems to have been purified in retorts to remove all smudge or moisture, I saw that we were travelling over the terrible sweep of bare coast that lies along the Great Australian Bight, with the desolation of the Nullabor Plain behind—thousands of square miles of scoured brownish wasteland, looking clinically malignant. Down there in my mind's eye I clearly saw Eyre's tragic but unlovable figure.

He was the first white man to cross this awful country—an English clergyman's son who had emigrated to Australia in 1832, aged 17, and found himself strangely suited to the empty intensity of the place. As we pursued our own cushioned course above his route, desperate episodes of his expedition suggested themselves to me. I remembered the forlorn

departure from Fowler's Bay in the New Year of 1841—Eyre, his white overseer Baxter, his three aborigines Wylie, Nerambergin, and Cootachah. I remembered the moment when Nerambergin and Cootachah shot Baxter dead and decamped with almost all the stores. I imagined the nightmare hours of dusk through which the renegades shadowed Eyre and Wylie eerily at a distance through the bush, and the ghastly days and nights of thirst, when they lived by mopping up the morning dew, and the eagle stew they ravenously fed upon one day, and the dead penguin Wylie ate upon a beach, skin and all. Most disturbingly of all, somehow, I remembered a traumatic moment half-way through the journey: for having been unexpectedly succoured by a French whaling ship in Lucky Bay, and spending twelve civilised days on board, Eyre set off implacably once again, alone with the patient Wylie, for the last few hundred miles through rainstorms and misery to King George's Sound.

I saw him down there always with an aborigine at his elbow, for he seems to have felt an affinity for those strange shadow-characters of the never-never. He treated them with a kindness very rare among Australian pioneers, and presently became an exceptionally humane and scholarly Protector of Aborigines on the Murray River—"it is a lamentable thing," he

THE four sketches in this article were drawn by the author.

James Morris

once wrote, "to think that the progress and prosperity of one race should conduce to the downfall and decay of another...."

IN AUSTRALIA HE IS REMEMBERED as a benevolent hero still, and there is a Mount Eyre named for him, and an Eyre Peninsula, and a great salt lake. In New Zealand I found his legend more equivocal. In 1846 he was appointed lieutenant-governor of that colony, and again showed a particular empathy for the natives of the country: his marriage at Auckland in 1850 was a double ceremony with a Maori couple. In other ways, though, something blighted seems to have emerged in his character, as though the Australian wasteland had drained him of warmth and colour. He quarrelled incessantly, haggled about his salary, showed a preposterous fondness for gold braid and consequence, while sanctimoniously refusing calls on Sundays. His superior officer, the Governor, finally declined to answer his long argumentative letters and deprived him of all responsibilities. Eyre departed in 1853, for a post in the West Indies, leaving a memory behind him still courageous (there is an Eyre Peak in Otago), but petulant and obstinate too.

A hero in Australia; a prosy squabbler in New Zealand; it was in the Caribbean that Edward Eyre, in his 51st year, achieved the most unexpected of his reputations. For there as Governor of Jamaica, in the year 1865, he became known as a murderer.

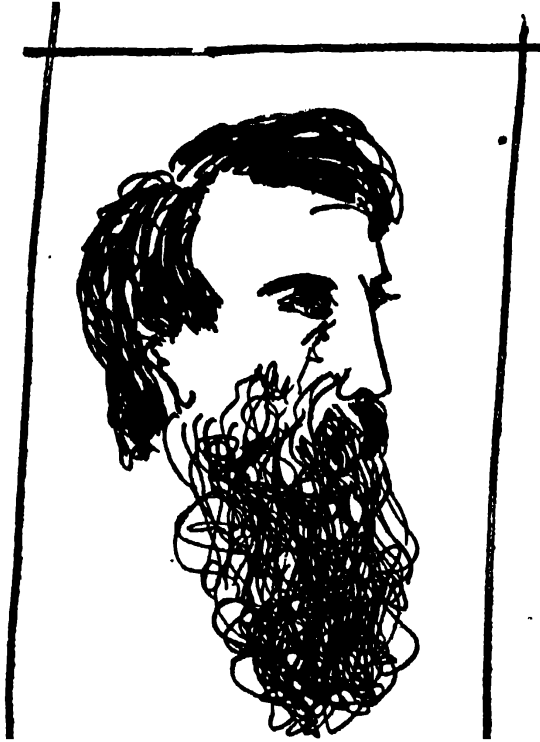
HOPING TO SET THIS STRANGE MAN more clearly in the British imperial context, I went to Jamaica after him, and put up at Mona House, an old plantation house now

run as an agreeable hotel on the outskirts of Kingston. Out of sight to the south were the unlovely streets of the capital. From my window I looked the other way, to the undulating seductive ridges of the Blue Mountains, around whose summits the storm-clouds moodily swirled. At night a little constellation of lights

up there marked the hill-station of Newcastle, a Victorian show-piece of military enlightenment: and this twinkling spectacle served to keep my mind on my wider subject, besides making me feel at home (for the true addict of Empire, nothing is more reassuring than the presence of one of those Indian-style, red-roofed barrack blocks, familiar from Esquimault to Hong Kong, which are the most ubiquitous memorials of the lost Raj, and speak evocatively of cook-house tea, scarlet serge and young Mr. Kipling).

First I tried to envisage the state of this delectable island in 1864, when Eyre was appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the colony, resident in King's House at Spanish Town. This little metropolis is now a dingy country town, redeemed only by a

few fairly dilapidated colonial houses, a dignified cathedral and the old buildings of Government. Even in the 1860s it was squalid enough—"stricken with eternal death," Trollope thought it—but at least it was the island's capital, and had a political purpose. The Governor, as chief executive, had his offices and his palace there; and close by the elected Jamaican Assembly, the instrument of Jamaican constitutional government for nearly 200 years, held its often rumbustious debates. Most of the legislators were coloured men, but they were chosen by an infinitesimal electorate, and represented above all the interests of the planters and businessmen. They were backed off-stage by a high-



Edward John Eyre

1815 - 1901

spirited and irresponsible élite of white landed gentry, often the fifth generation of English settlers in the island, and they were nearly always at loggerheads with the Governor. Four thousand miles from England and higher authority, the little capital rocked with political mayhem and controversy. The Assembly building stood on one side of the central square, King's House on the other, and across the intervening garden executive and legislature metaphorically and sometimes physically (for one could easily see from window to window) glared.

Like most of the Caribbean colonies, Jamaica was in chronic trouble. It was half-destitute because of a slump in sugar exports, and because of high prices arising from the American Civil War. Moreover, it had never recovered from the emancipation of the slaves 30 years before. Many of its old estates were abandoned, or run by the listless and corrupt agents of absentee landlords. The Negroes, who were mostly reluctant to work for wages, coveted the lands thus left idle, and often squatted on them. The whites preserved a rigid colour bar, living lavishly but frequently in debt surrounded by servants in their Great Houses (as the plantation villas were called).

The colony was fearfully run-down. Roads were impassable, bridges were broken, plantations had reverted to bush. Kingston, the commercial centre, was full of filth and vice, and violent crime was common everywhere. In the inaccessible interior of the island a British garrison kept perpetual watch upon the Maroons, an inner nation of ex-slaves who had never been subdued by the British, but lived in treaty relationship with the Raj, largely and defiantly autonomous. Jamaica was riddled with queer religious revivals, Christian, pagan, and sometimes a combination of the two; it was embittered by racial grievance; and it was periodically ravaged by epidemics of cholera and small-pox—the stink of Kingston was said to be detectable several miles out at sea.

Above all the shadow of slavery fell across the island still, darkening the demagoguery of the agitators and the revivalists. Some Negroes thought emancipation had given them a statutory right to the ownership of land. Others were easily persuaded that the whites were preparing to make slaves of them again. A rosy glow has since been cast upon the old plantation society of Jamaica, but the Great Houses now mooned over by susceptible tourists were often built upon indescribably squalid founda-

tions. In 1864 the pattern of life in them had not much changed, for all the fact of emancipation—the myriad servants merely managing to be, so Trollope tells us, servile and insolent at the same time.

I WENT TO A PROPERTY near Falmouth, in the north, which is perhaps the best surviving example of an old slave estate. It is a cattle ranch now, and elegant Negro cowboys ride about it, courteously raising their crops in greeting. On a hillock among shrubbery stands the derelict Great House, a middle-sized villa with verandahs, inhabited now by rats, lizards and a big barn owl, but still possessing a rakish, rum-and-magnolia charm. Nearby is the overseer's house, a yeoman dwelling, pretty in an unassuming way, as though always conscious of its place outside the Great House gates; and along the track is a handsome ruined hospital for the slaves, built in a classical mode, with elaborate steps to a well-proportioned hall. The remains of the mills, boiling-houses, and curing-houses have rather a churchy look, finely built in limestone in the centre of the big compound: across a green expanse are the rows of little cabins, like flimsy cricket pavilions, which still house the Negro employees of the estate, and mark the site of the slave quarters. Set about a pleasant green, with rolling downland all around, and those princely horsemen riding here and there, the place suggests an idyllic paternalism—gay kindly planters, spirituals around the baptismal font and ladies in crinolines hastening down to that hospital to soothe fevered black brows.

But Jamaican slavery was not all like that. In 1864, I had to remind myself as I drove away through the poincianas, Negroes could still remember the days when offending employees were hung from trees and flogged, nailed by their ears to posts, clamped in iron collars. Some were forced to wear iron boots, some had hands or legs amputated, some had their teeth drawn or their ears cut off. Amelioration laws decreed from London were generally disregarded in this self-governing colony, and in effect the slave had been utterly at the mercy of his employer—or worse still, his owner's wife—however capricious, demanding, or sadistic. When emancipation came at last the Jamaica Negroes celebrated it with mystic fervency. Down the hill in Falmouth I went to see the Knibb Memorial Baptist Church, where it was celebrated most mystically of all. Its pastor was

the celebrated evangelical reformer William Knibb, born in Northamptonshire, and as the hands of the church clock approached midnight on 31 July 1838, this passionate visionary addressed his congregation in an atmosphere almost psychedelically intense.

"The hour is at hand," he cried, pointing a shaking finger at the clock, "the monster is dying!"—and as midnight struck, and as Knibb shouted triumphantly "The monster is dead! The Negro is free!" so the congregation leapt to its feet and broke into a deafening and protracted acclamation—singing, shouting, cheering, weeping. The Negro was free! They took the symbols of slavery, chain, whip and iron collar, and buried them in a coffin in the churchyard, singing a dirge as they did so:

*Now slavery, we lay thy vile form in the dust,
And buried for ever let it there remain!
And rotted and covered with infamy's rust,
Be every man-whip and fetter and chain.*

Even now these passions have meaning in Falmouth, though the Knibb Memorial Church is a modern building, erected after a hurricane in 1944. When I peered through the door that morning, tripping ineptly over my own shoes, a hundred curious black faces turned to inspect me. It was a Sunday, and the congregation was in the middle of a sermon by Mr. Knibb's successor; but braving the severe scrutiny of the adults and the sibilant nudgings of the white-collared and pink-ribboned children, I loitered on the steps a little longer, and made out in the shadows at the other end of the building a bas-relief commemorating that very moment, long ago, when Mr. Knibb waited for midnight.

In 1864 slavery was all too terribly close; to most planters emancipation was still a bitter betrayal, to many Negroes the promises of liberty had not been fulfilled. Into this arena of resentment stepped E. J. Eyre.

THE WHITES were afraid of a general Negro insurrection. They remembered always the example of Haiti, whose declaration of independence in 1804 had been celebrated with a massacre of all the white inhabitants. The Negroes, though generally pathetically loyal to the person of Queen Victoria, distrusted British justice in Jamaica, resented the high rate of taxation, and were thought by the whites to be capable of any enormity. There were rumours of smuggled arms, seditious meetings, the drilling of armed men in the

mountains. Revivalist preachers, sometimes no more than Christianised *obeah* men, were believed to be drumming up discontent—in particular, the ministers of a sect called the Native Baptists, who enjoyed the misguided support (so the whites thought) of the Baptist Missionary Society in England. A half-caste minister of this persuasion, William Gordon, was the most articulate leader of the Negroes: he was a man of property and a member of the Assembly, was prone to inflammatory racialist speeches, and had quarrelled so violently with his white fellow-magistrates in his home parish, St. Thomas-in-the-East, that he had been removed from office.

All this was happening at a particularly sensitive moment of imperial history. It was only seven years since the end of the Indian Mutiny, that savage clash of convictions which had severely shaken British faith in the inevitability of progress, and had left ghastly memories of butchery and vengeance. Cawnpore and Lucknow were horribly vivid in the British mind, embodied in awful lithograph and execrable verse, and British attitudes towards the coloured races had hardened. It was no longer accepted as axiomatic that black, brown, and yellow men were capable of redemption, if subjected to the proper techniques of Christian improvement. The Empire had always been a racialist structure, but the Mutiny gave its racialism a harsher and more contemptuous tinge. By 1864 probably a majority of educated Britons had come to sympathise with Carlyle, who once described the West Indian Negroes as "our beautiful black darlings... sitting yonder with their beautiful muzzles up to the ears in pumpkins, imbibing sweet pulps and juices... while the sugar-crops rot round them uncut, because labour cannot be hired, so cheap are the pumpkins..."

Certainly Edward Eyre, a stiffly orthodox Anglican, believed that the Jamaican Negro was his own worst enemy. The real cause of discontent, he reported to the Colonial Office after a few months as Governor, was "the incorrigible indolence, apathy and improvidence of all ages, and the degraded and immoral social existence which they all but universally lead." When a Negro petition was sent to the Queen asking for economic help, it was answered on Eyre's advice by an unctuous proclamation known unhappily as "The Queen's Letter." It was by their own industry and prudence that the Negroes must improve their conditions, said this repellent exhortation; "Her

Majesty will regard with interest and satisfaction their advancement through their own merits and efforts."

THE GOVERNOR was an inflexible man, rather prone to self-pity, and he was in no mood to be defied by a population of immoral and indolent peasants. He doubtless felt secure not only in the assurance of his own rectitude, but also in the assumption that the powers of Empire would stand beside him, if he dealt severely with black subversion. One day in August 1865, a small deputation of Negroes plodded into the square at Spanish Town. They had walked some 45 miles from the hill country of St. Thomas-in-the-East, the other side of Kingston, and they wished to lay before the Governor the grievances of their community. They presented themselves at the palace door, above whose portico the flambeaux flared, and through whose portals there presently arrived, I imagine, some lofty and liveried attendant. The petitioners explained themselves and waited: but presently the servant returned to say that His Excellency would not receive them, so back they walked into the mountains again.

THE LEADER OF THE DELEGATION WAS Paul Bogle of Stony Gut, a settlement in the mountains north of Morant Bay. Bogle was a prosperous farmer, an ordained deacon of the Native Baptist Church, and a protégé of Gordon. Today he is a Jamaican national hero. Stony Gut is a difficult place to find, but when once I had penetrated there through the maze of steep little roads, richly foliaged, that criss-cross those inviting hills, I soon found an elderly countryman ready to take me to "the Bogle place." It had been raining heavily, and the woods gleamed and dripped with damp. We put on gumboots on the verandah of the general store, watched shakily by a couple of genial inebriates, and slithered away down a hillside through the trees—heavily scented with sap and aromatic bark, and packed densely down the slope. There was no track, the ground was rutted and muddy, and sometimes my guide cleared a way with his machete;¹ until, quite

¹ An implement of many uses in Jamaica. When, early in 1970, a police constable intervened in a petty argument in the village of Black Gate, one of the participants beheaded him with his machete. A crowd of onlookers then chopped the murderer into pieces with theirs.

close to the road but in atmosphere powerfully remote, we came upon a jumbled heap of stones, overgrown with ground-foilage in what had once recognisably been a clearing. This was Paul Bogle's headquarters.

Here, in the autumn of 1865, a kind of religious-military cult thrived. The settlement consisted of a house, a yard, and a heavily built chapel which served also as a fort: and in it Bogle assembled several hundred militant black supporters determined to right their wrongs by force. Armed with machetes, pikes, and bludgeons, they drilled assiduously among the woods, sang their hymns discordantly in the chapel, administered their own justice, swore death to the white man, marched and counter-marched among the forest trees, blew their conch shells, played their fifes and beat their drums—insulated there secretly among the woodlands, so that only the neighbouring villagers could hear these arcane goings-on. They were very simple men, concerned chiefly with local grievances, and inspired as much perhaps by their gimcrack brand of Christianity as by any coherent political philosophy, but they were in touch with militants elsewhere. "Blow your shells," ran one of their almost incantatory recruiting letters,

roule your drums! house to house; take out every man; march them down to Stony Gut; any that you find take them in the way; take them down with their arms; war is at my black skin, war is at hand. . . . Cheer, men! Cheer in heart! . . . When you do come to Stony Gut . . . blow your shells and tell what place you is from before entered.

Bogle was already at odds with the white magistrates who represented law and order at Morant Bay, and on 9 October 1865 a squad of Negro policemen was sent up to Stony Gut to arrest him, and 28 of his followers, for sedition. Bogle's men promptly beat them up and threw them out, except for three who were temporarily taken prisoner and made to swear, upon pain of death, to "join their colour." Two days later the little army, waving its weapons, declaiming its pious slogans and trumpeting its conches, set off itself for Morant Bay to attack the citadel of white reaction in the parish of St. Thomas, the Court House.

Down they marched, down the winding track through the mountains, fortified by their own concoction of rum and gunpowder, and keeping their spirits up too with the music of drum and fife. Once there were rumours of a

Government force coming to meet them, and they hid for a time in the bush: but friends joined them as they passed, villagers ran flat-teringly out to watch them, and when they entered the little town of Morant Bay, clustered on a bluff above the sea, a large crowd assembled to the beat of the drum, pressing about those fierce-faced motley militants, waving their pikes and cutlasses still, as they marched along the modest main street of the town, and burst into the square before the Court House.

THE SCENE has not much changed. The scale is very small. The Court House, a trim and authoritative little building up a double flight of steps, looks much the same as it did then. The chickens still scabble among the outhouses to the left, there is still a church to the right, and behind the Court House, among a huddle of indeterminate administrative buildings, a solitary old cannon still looks out to sea. Symmetrical, confined and rather pretty, the square is just the place for violent action. It reminded me of one of those eerily deserted shanty-town streets through which the gunfighters of the westerns, hands on butt, menacingly approach each other in the afternoon.

The magistrates were in session inside the Court House, but Morant Bay had been warned of Bogle's approach, and a line of red-coated Volunteers was drawn up at the end of the square. They fired a single volley, dispersing the sightseers but having little effect upon the rebels, before they were assaulted by a shower of stones and bottles, and fallen upon with bludgeons, machetes and even a fish-spear. They were swept aside, and before long the Court House was fired. The magistrates inside were forced from room to room until at last they made a break for it, stumbling out of the burning buildings to run the gauntlet of the mob, hide in backstreets, seek shelter in neighbouring houses, or make for the bush. Most of them

were caught. Some were chopped to pieces with machetes, some were bludgeoned to death, one had his throat cut and his mouth wrenched open with a stick. In all 17 white people were killed and 31 wounded. (One black man was murdered too—a builder sometimes employed by the authorities, who was said to have "a black skin and a white heart.")

The rioters were exuberant. They left the burning building and the shambled square, and went off to release the prisoners in the town gaol: since they were not rebelling against Queen Victoria, they said, they would respect her property, and the convicts were told to discard their prison uniforms. Then off they went again up the long winding track to Stony Gut, into the dense woodlands of the foothills, blowing their horns triumphantly now, dusty and bloodstained but ecstatic. They had harmed no women or children in Morant Bay; they had done very little looting; they had carefully spared the two white doctors of the town; but they undoubtedly saw themselves as the advance guard of a Negro crusade, its purpose a little vague but its spirit truly evangelical. When they reached the clearing in the forest, they filed into the fortress-chapel for a religious service. It was three o'clock in the morning, and the scene must have been weird—all those black exalted peasants, sweating from the day's bloodshed and emotion, kneeling in the lamplight in their silent fastness. Bogle himself addressed the congregation, as their pastor and their commander, and gave humble thanks that "God had succeeded him in this work."

Bogle is half-deified himself in Jamaica now. His statue stands Christ-like outside the rebuilt Court House in Morant Bay, his memory is idealised in the school textbooks, even his pock-marked face ("very ferocious looking," a contemporary reporter thought, "the very type of the fiend") is selectively immortalised upon bank notes. At Stony Gut they seemed rather vague about him, but suggested I might drive down to Lyssons, on the coast, and introduce myself to his surviving great-grandson. This I promptly did. He lives in a spotless small cabin down a rocky footpath, not far from the big Princess Margaret Hospital on the coast road. His wife was doing the ironing on the verandah when I arrived, and his daughter presently came along carrying an adorable baby. They were Bogles all and proud of it. Paul was very well remembered in the family, they told me, and Mr. Bogle had heard many stories



The Court House, Morant Bay

about him in his own childhood. What kind of stories, I wondered? What sort of man had the rebel been, when he was not on the path of black power? Was he fierce? Was he kind? Was he majestic? Mr. Bogle paused to consider for a moment, and Mrs. Bogle looked up expectant from the ironing-board. "He was a lovely man," Mr. Bogle said.

Governor Eyre did not think so. The news of the Morant Bay affair raised some terrible questions. Was this the beginning of that threatened insurrection? Was it part of an island-wide conspiracy? Eyre very properly took no chances. Martial law was declared throughout the county of Surrey, the eastern third of Jamaica, except in Kingston itself; and the regular troops of the Crown, about 600 strong, were swiftly mobilised to contain the rebellion. They occupied the coastal towns of Surrey, and closed the passes through the mountains to the north. In addition the Maroons, who stayed firmly loyal to their British treaty, supplied some 300 formidable if unorthodox soldiers, while the frigate *Wolverine* and the gunboat *Onyx* ferried troops, provided landing parties and maintained communications between Kingston and Morant Bay.

It was rainy weather, and the campaigning was tough. As I wandered myself through the hill country, hot jungly terrain intersected by deep ravines, its precipitous tracks often washed away by a single torrential storm, I imagined readily enough the temper of the soldiery in 1865: loaded down with pack and musket, stacked up with extra rations of beef and rum, hacking and cursing their way from valley to valley, village to village, sometimes for days at a time without taking their boots off. Many were veterans of the Mutiny, and by and large they were not of a liberal temper. When they came to a Negro village, they burnt it. When they encountered a black man, they flogged him if he stopped, shot him if he ran.

No revengeful Queen's battalion in Oudh or Rajputana behaved more ferociously than these embittered soldiers. "Hole is doing splendid service," reported the Deputy Adjutant General to his superior, "shooting every black man who cannot account for himself (60 on the line of march)."

I must tell you [wrote a private soldier to his parents in Hampshire] that I never see such a site before as we are taking them prisoners by a hundred per day—we saved them for the next

morning to have some sport with them. We tied them up to a Tree and give them 100 lashes, and afterwards put a shot into their heads.

One captured rebel was used as a rifle target, the firing party shooting him at 400 yards. A servant of Bogle's was tied to an officer's stirrup and made to divulge the names of rebel conspirators—"a revolver now and then to his head causes us thoroughly to understand each other." A woman at Stony Gut was flogged to make her reveal Bogle's whereabouts: she got 25 lashes first, another 25 a quarter of an hour later, another 25 half an hour later still, and was then left all night with a rope around her neck as an earnest of things to come.

Down in Morant Bay courts martial quickly disposed of prisoners. They were held under the aegis of the Provost Marshal, Police Inspector Gordon Ramsey, who had fought in the Charge of the Light Brigade, had won a Victoria Cross, and was probably not quite sane—a year later he killed himself. Negroes were flogged for neglecting to remove their hats in his presence, or answering back. One man was hanged because he ground his teeth. The court martial members were junior army and navy officers, and they handed down death sentences with a merciless panache—the condemned men being hanged symbolically from the ruined courthouse arch (generally by sailors, for as the president of the court once observed, "they are handier with ropes than soldiers are."). All in all, retribution was terrible in Surrey County. Martial law continued in force for its maximum legal period, 30 days, and 439 Negroes were shot or hanged. Some 600 more were flogged, mostly without trial, and about 1,000 dwelling-places were destroyed. The rebellion was suppressed absolutely. No resistance was offered after the first few days, and the rest of Jamaica remained peaceful.

Bogle himself was soon caught. They gave him the distinction of hanging him from the yard-arm of the *Wolverine*, lying in Morant Bay: and his settlement at Stony Gut was razed to the ground, farmhouse, chapel and all, leaving only the jumbled pile of stones, and the shadowy folk-memory, that I found there a century later.

Eyre assumed that Gordon was the real force behind the rebellion, and put out a warrant for his arrest. Four days later he gave

himself up at the military headquarters in Kingston. This placed the Governor in a quandary. There was no martial law in Kingston, and a trial there would be a protracted, litigious affair, embroiled in politics, religion and every kind of local side-issue. Besides, Gordon had not been near St. Thomas-in-the-East during the troubles. The evidence for his complicity was largely circumstantial, and in Kingston, before a properly appointed court of the Queen's Justices, he might well be acquitted.

But Eyre was perfectly certain of the man's moral if not his legal guilt, and in this he was almost certainly right. Gordon often talked freely of insurrection—he had publicly called the Governor “an animal...voracious for cruelty and power”—he had encouraged Bogle in his activities in Stony Gut—he was a sworn enemy of the magistrates at Morant Bay. There is even evidence that he was in touch with the Government of Haiti. Eyre was determined that no quibbles of legalism would save this villain from his deserts: he had clearly made up his mind that the man must hang, and applied to the task his stubborn will and his lonely sense of duty.

He decided to take Gordon to Morant Bay, and have him tried there by court martial. He must have known that this was illegal, but he presumably supposed that the end justified the means. Nobody, after all, had been blamed for far more terrible irregularities during the suppression of the Indian Mutiny. Together the two men embarked upon the *Wolverine* and sailed out of Kingston Harbour—past the morose remains of Port Royal, once the most uproarious town in the Caribbean, whose pre-eminence had been destroyed by an earthquake in 1692 but whose old Fort Charles still stood gloomily by the sea—out into the bay where, looking back towards the island, captor and captive could see the mysterious mass of the Blue Mountains rising range upon range above the filthy city, sheltering in their thick bush and high dark forests all the secret resentments of the blacks.

They were like allegorical specimens, the two passengers: both religious and indeed self-righteous men, both deeply committed to causes: one representing, if at many removes, the autocratic certainty of the white West, the other expressing, if incoherently, the lost pride of primitive sovereignty. A storm allegorically blew up, too, as they sailed along the coast, and kept them tossing and miserable outside

Morant Bay. When they disembarked upon the little quay, they must both have looked distressed. Eyre was a tall, thin man, narrow-chested, dry-looking, heavily bearded and powerfully nosed, his movements oddly awkward, the look in his eye introspective but reproving. Gordon, led ashore by guards, looked paradoxically kindred. He too had a desiccated air, if we can judge by his photograph, his face too lacked warmth or humour, his mouth was set forbiddingly, as in caricatures of hell-fire evangelists, and his steel-rimmed spectacles look in the pictures as though they might ominously glint.

GORDON was led ashore through a crowd of sailors. They abused him as he passed, and behaved as though they would happily tear him limb from limb. The British sailor was a rough diamond in the 1850s, and the language used that day, thought one eye-witness, was “hardly the thing to put to paper.” “*Would you like a taste of the cat, you old bastard?*” “*By Jesus, you’ll catch it!*” “*Set the bloody dogs on him!*” “*You won’t be long here, you old windbag, we’ll soon string you up!*” Gordon winced to each epithet: and Governor Eyre, the vicar’s son, we may reasonably surmise, preferred not to hear.

Gordon’s judges were two naval lieutenants and an ensign of the West India Regiment. The principal charge was high treason. Most of the evidence presented was, by formal legal standards, inadmissible. The trial lasted six hours. The sentence was inevitably death. “General Nelson has just been kind enough to inform me,” Gordon wrote to his wife, “that the court martial...has ordered me to be hung, and that the sentence is to be executed in an hour hence: so that I shall be gone from this world of sin and sorrow.” It was a grey overcast September morning; the clouds hung heavily over the hills; they took him up the steps of the Court House, bound his hands and feet, and hanged him from the arch.

Governor Eyre, having delivered his charge to judgment, did not wait for the execution, but returned to his palace in Spanish Town. There the news of Gordon’s death was brought to him. In a very real sense it was his own death too. For the rest of his life he was haunted by the fact of that court martial in Morant Bay, which ended his career as absolutely and almost as squalidly as if he had himself dangled, noosed and pinioned, from the arch of the Court House door.

ONLY A FAÇADE REMAINS of King's House now, for the palace was burnt in 1925. It remains impressive nevertheless, with its classical portico and the curled iron brackets of its flambeaux, the melancholy remains of its pleasure garden behind and the faded splendour of its formal square in front.

The square is an 18th-century creation, a deliberately imposing ensemble designed to commemorate British power in the Caribbean. On the north side is John Bacon's well-known memorial to Admiral Rodney, erected in 1783 to honour the victory of The Saints, which saved Jamaica from the French. Flanked by captured cannon, ornamented with banners, unicorns, tritons and sculpted battle-scenes, the Admiral stands dressed as a Roman grandee pointing his baton imperiously into the square, and has a small hole in his back which is really the mark of some joist or pulley, but is taken by simpler citizens to represent the bullet-hole that killed him.³ Opposite Rodney is the Court House, an unremarkable Georgian building, and to his left is the old Assembly Hall in agreeable red brick, with lounging scholars to be observed reading the morning papers in the library downstairs, and droning bureaucratic noises emerging from the council offices above.

King's House is on the west side of the square. In its day it was the finest Government House in the West Indies, and old pictures of its entrance hall show it terrifically dignified, with Tuscan columns and chandeliers and galleries and enormous royal portraits. Nelson and Rodney were both received here: so was Captain Bligh, when he arrived at Jamaica at last with his cargo of breadfruit trees from the Pacific, only to find that the West Indians preferred the plantain anyway. For me, though, the building is dominated by Eyre's tormented presence, and sometimes I drove over to Spanish Town, found myself a seat beneath the Royal palms, and thought about his story.

The longer I envisaged him in that great house, attended by all the pomp of colonial authority, the more I saw him as a victim of the great imperial dilemma—the conflict between means and ends. The British often acted cruelly, in pursuit of what they honestly believed to be their civilising mission: destroying the crops of Afghan villagers, firing guns into Zulu caves, cold-bloodedly murdering the last of the Moghul Emperors. Half-a-century later

General Dyer found many supporters, plus a £26,000 public testimonial, when his Gurkha soldiers killed 300 Indian demonstrators in Amritsar. The very Empire itself, forcibly held together by the Power whose prerogative it was to teach the nations how to live, was a contradiction in moral terms.

Eyre himself was hailed by the whites of Jamaica—and by many of the blacks, too—as the saviour of the colony. Many European lives were probably saved by the severity of his action, and possibly a general rebellion was averted. But by our standards the means were unjustifiable—400 lives for 17, thousands of innocent people humiliated, thousands more made homeless, the law flouted, human rights abused. I wondered, as I meditated there, if Eyre thought so himself. His manipulation of justice was certainly unforgivable, and on the face of it his whole conduct seemed to express a contempt for the Negro, and a suspicion of their intentions, that jarred against his treatment of the aborigines in his youth. But the issues, it seemed to me, were not so clear-cut as his critics or his advocates generally assumed. Eyre could not have known of the military excesses in the field, and the fact that he treated different coloured races differently showed at least that he did not merely classify people by the tint of their skin. That the Jamaica rebels were black was irrelevant to his excesses: indeed when the rebellion was over he summoned the Assembly and persuaded its members, after two centuries of fiercely defended independence, to abdicate their powers to the Colonial Office—tacit recognition that the plantation empire was dead, that the whips and chains of slavery really must be buried, and that the relationship between black and white had moved into a new phase. He took advantage, in fact, of a cruel catastrophe to win a liberal victory—for which successive Governors had vainly struggled during generations of dispute with the reactionary Assembly. He seemed to me like a man trapped within convictions: not a savage man, but forced into savagery; not a racist, but obliged to act like one; not even a strong man really, but impelled into strength by that very same streak of stubbornness which, long before at Lucky Bay, had sent him off once more on the next 300 miles to King George's Sound.

As I WAS SITTING THERE in the sun one day, thinking about these matters and working up

³ He died in his bed in Hanover Square.

my notes, a group of Negro youths accosted me in a languid sort of way. What was I doing in Jamaica, they asked? I told them of my enquiries, and they responded predictably. That Governor Eyre, they said, was a proper bastard. He hated the black man. It was Eyre who ought to have been hanged, not Gordon or Bogle. He was a real bastard.

"Take it easy," they added, sprawling comfortably beside me on the seat, "we don't mean nothing personal. Sit back and relax—take it easy...." And coiling themselves rather like foliage around my seat, and occasionally bursting into rhythmic patter, they began to tell me about their cousins in Birmingham.

WHEN the news of Eyre's actions broke in England, there was a furore. "TWELVE MILES OF DEAD BODIES!" said the newspaper headlines, and a Commission of Inquiry was sent out to Jamaica. It found Eyre skilful, prompt and vigorous in his immediate reactions to the rebellion, but thought his use of martial law excessive, and condemned the severity of the punishments. The Governor was removed from his post, and in August 1866 returned to England—where he at once found himself the hapless central figure in an archetypal *cause célèbre*.

The philanthropic lobbies of England, particularly those whose energies were channelled through the institution called Exeter Hall, believed that mere dismissal from office was quite insufficient punishment for a man like Eyre—"Old 'Angsman," as the people called him. A body called the Jamaica Committee was established to bring him to book, and numbered among its members John Stuart Mill, Charles Darwin, Thomas Huxley, a number of Non-conformist tycoons, many academics and clergy, and Thomas Hughes of *Tom Brown's School-days*. Its leaders resolved to prosecute Eyre privately for nothing less than the murder of William Gordon. In opposition to them was founded the Eyre Defence Committee, supported most prominently by men of imagination: Carlyle, Ruskin, Dickens, Tennyson,

Charles Kingsley, backed by 71 peers, 26 members of Parliament, 40 generals, 26 admirals and 400 clergymen, mostly Anglican.

The controversy raged on and off for two years, and passions ran high. Families were divided, friendships broken. Charges of hypocrisy, stupidity, snobbery and wrong-headedness flew between the partisans. There was a debate in Parliament, funds were raised, pamphlets furiously printed. Motives varied wildly, and language was unrestrained—Eyre was "the personification of wrong," the "saviour of society in the West Indies," "a murderer whose

hands were red with blood," "a brave, gentle, chivalrous and clear man," "The Martyr," "The Monster," "'Angsman Eyre." Three times it went as far as the courts: once at the Old Bailey, once before the Court of Queen's



Walreddon Manor, Taunton

Bench. Eyre was cleared each time.

Through it all the ex-Governor maintained an aloof and dignified silence. Once he appeared at a banquet. Once he defended himself in court—with a single speech four sentences long. For the rest he said nothing, wrote nothing, seldom appearing in public, never arguing his case or answering his detractors. When the affair died at last, he was left for 35 years without a job and with a reputation as equivocal as any in England. The Government of the day gave him a pension in the end, as a retired Colonial Governor, but he never got another appointment, and lived the last years of his life in silent seclusion in Devon.

There I followed him to his grave. I never managed to summon affection for the man: he seemed as inaccessible to me at the end as he had when I first heard of his peculiarly disheartening sort of heroism, labouring across the wastelands in discovery of nothing whatsoever. But I had grown to be sorry for him—so unloved, so stubborn, so hemmed in by the restrictions of his age and background, and in the end so self-disastrous. In 1896 he took a lease on Walreddon Manor, the property of Lord Devon, some five miles out of

Tavistock on the edge of Dartmoor. He chose the house unquestionably for its remoteness. He wanted to be forgotten, and to forget. It was a stern stone manor house, medieval in origins, Tudor and Queen Anne in architecture, which lay above sloping lawns near the River Tavy. Even now it feels secret, and is reached by tortuous high-edged lanes, sloshed about in winter by running water from overflowing ditches. Seventy years ago it must have seemed almost eerily withdrawn, and it was haunted too by the ghost of an Elizabethan lady who was said to have murdered four successive husbands and thrown them down the *garde robe* (which still exists, on the first floor). Smothered in creeper in those days, and burdened with a heavy Victorian vicarage porch, Walreddon was a perfect last retreat for E. J. Eyre.

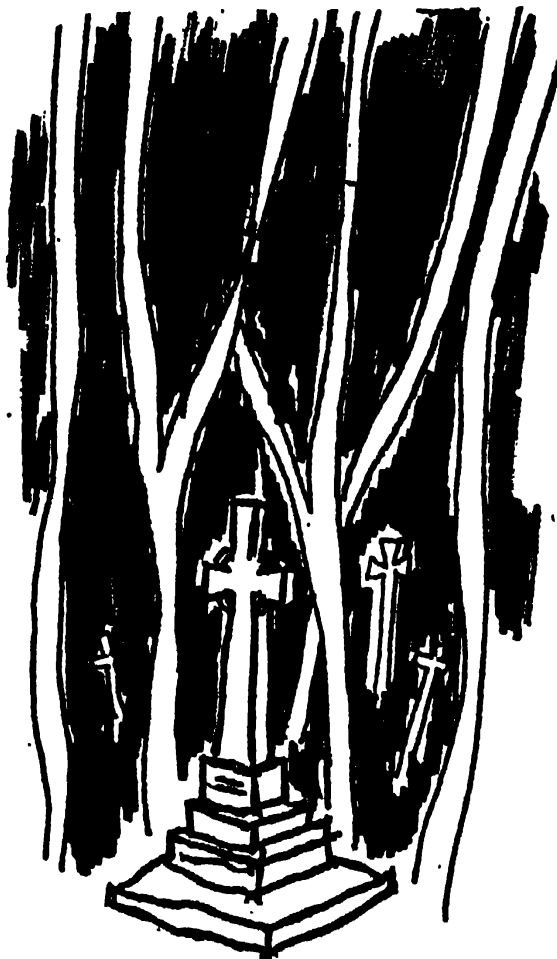
THERE IS a lady living in Tavistock who was a parlour-maid at the house until Eyre's death in 1901, and who vividly recalls life there in the last months of the Governor's life. He, his wife and two of his children lived very privately, almost anonymously, and the household staff knew nothing of Eyre's tumultuous past. They called him "General Eyre," perhaps supposing him to be just another of those retired imperial soldiers who abounded in the West Country. At 85 Eyre was very deaf, and seldom left the house except to go to Sunday service at Whitchurch, over the hill, but he lived comfortably enough. The panelled Tudor dining-room at Walreddon had been caked all over with the brown paint of the Victorians, and was surveyed by a pair

of queerly naïve animals on the wall—a monkey-faced lion and a grinning dragon, supporting an Elizabethan royal cipher of plaster: and in this odd room, at each end of their long table, the Governor and his lady habitually dined on venison off the moor, or well-hung game birds, with a maid behind each chair to serve them.

Eyre seemed a kindly old man, but did not talk much. After dinner he would retire to the drawing-room across the hall, which looked over the lawn to the empty fields beyond, and was heated only by a small fireplace in one corner: and there we may imagine him huddled for warmth, a deaf old man of bitter memories, his frame a little crooked, his manner as reticent and ambiguous as it had always been, since he first crossed the Nullabor with the aborigines at his heels.

A certain stir was caused in Devon when Eyre died, and unsuspecting neighbours realised that the old gentleman at Walreddon had been Hangman Eyre of Jamaica: but it was 35 years since the event, and the passions had long subsided. They buried him in the graveyard at Whitchurch, within sight of the moor, beneath a cross of grey granite. The inscription says: "*Edward John Eyre, Australian Explorer and Governor of Jamaica. He did his duty in that state of life into which it pleased God to call him.*" The cross is tall,

but the churchyard is full of high Cornish and Celtic crosses, some slightly toppled with age, and is interspersed with slender trees: and on a winter day all these white and grey verticals, in dense perspective towards the distant moors, look rather like the sad silver gum-trees of the Outback.



*Eyre's Grave, Whitchurch
— winter morning*



Dramatic Fragments

PASTERNAK'S three little known "Dramatic Fragments" appeared in May and June 1918 in the Socialist Revolutionary newspaper *Znamya Truda* ("Banner of Labour").¹ Directed by the left wing critic and publicist Ivanov-Razumnik, who also edited the magazine *Skify* ("Scythians"), the literary section of the paper had already published verse by Andrey Bely, Sergey Esenin, Nikolay Klyuev and the "Scythian" poets; and Aleksander Blok's celebrated poems "The Scythians" and "The Twelve" had also first appeared on its pages in February and March of 1918. Most of the literary contributions to *Znamya Truda* coincided with the "Scythian" group's interpretation of the events of 1917, welcoming them as that mystical revolution of the spirit long prophesied by Russian messianic thought. Some traces of this brand of ecstatic mystic patriotism might be discerned in the main character's impassioned eulogy of his countrymen in the third "Dramatic Fragment" entitled "Dialogue":

I love my homeland so . . . sometimes to the point of madness! In my country that is how all of us love. And what love indeed—for this is the very future of our world! A future which shines through in everything. My countrymen are all men of genius because, like flax, they give up their whole selves, their last fibre, to weave the fabric of this future . . . But in order to give, to be in a position to give, they also take all that they are able. It turns out that in the state of genius mankind is restoring a proper balance to the shaking, staggering life it leads. The only reason why life in your country is so steady is that it has fallen and lies on the earth, and has not yet risen to its feet.

Although in 1916 he had warned his fellow poets against allowing History to encroach on the virgin territory of pure Lyricism, the impact of the 1917 Revolution could not fail to

affect Pasternak's writing. In the poem called "Kremlin in the Snowstorm: End of 1918" he speaks of how the coming year will undertake "to educate me once again," and readers of the novel will recall Yury Zhivago's thrill at the Revolution's "splendid surgery." Nevertheless the reflection of contemporary events in Pasternak's verse and prose nearly always remained oblique and indirect; his view of history was forever a highly subjective and poetic one. Thus in his longer poems of the mid-1920s which were supposed by orthodox critics to mark his gradual emergence on to the "social platform," he preferred to deal with an earlier revolution in "The Year 1905" and with its hero in "Lieutenant Schmidt." And when finally he graduated to 1917 the February and October Revolutions were witnessed through the eyes of Spektorsky (in the poem of that title published in 1931) and Yury Zhivago, as well as directly by the poet himself in "The Lofty Malady" (1928), all of them artistically sensitive but politically inactive intellectuals. Though sympathetic to the revolutionary forces which removed the Tsarist autocracy, none saw themselves able to come to terms with the inexorable logic of the revolutionary order and the new society without doing violence to their individuality and sensitivity.

Although no reader at the time could have failed to see the French Revolution setting of the first two "Dramatic Fragments" as a simple translocation of the Russian revolutionary scene, Pasternak characteristically sets them in the months of Messidor and Thermidor in the French republican year 1794, with Saint-Just expounding Pasternak's own ideas as he speaks in turn with Henriette and Robespierre. The third "Dramatic Fragment" is set in France too, at a more recent though unspecified time and its principal character, an eccentric Russian traveller, also acts as the vehicle for some recognisably Pasternakian thoughts as he replies to a French police interrogation.

¹ The first two "Dramatic Fragments" in blank verse were reprinted in the 1965 Soviet edition of Pasternak's verse; the third, in prose and entitled "Dialogue" has not so far been republished.

FOR PASTERNAK in 1917 and 1918 the Russian Revolution still represented a feat of splendid elemental power and exhilarating spontaneity. The disabusement when these were sacrificed to the barren conformity of later years was yet to come; the Antipov-Strelnikovs had not yet asserted their full control; and the "Dramatic Fragments" contain little of that fatalism and pessimism which marked Pasternak's later attitudes to the Revolution; indeed, if the dating of the first two fragments is correct, they were written in the summer of 1917, before the October Revolution. When Saint-Just stands musing in the first Fragment he therefore speaks of his work almost as of some artistic act of creation, "a flash of ecstasy unleashed upon the years." For man to live in the fullest sense, he says, it is not sufficient to be born and live self-satisfied and unaware. Man must respond actively to his environment; each must create anew the world in which he has his being. But, prefiguring the sacrificial motif of Pasternak's later writings, Saint-Just's creative act is one in which individual initiative is eventually sacrificed. Raskolnikov-like he is carried along and ultimately destroyed by the forces he has unleashed. Though used to leaving on others the "brand-mark of my own self-immolations," Saint-Just himself is engulfed by the consuming flames, and in the second Fragment he faces his end with the calm conviction of one who has written the "chronicle of the republic" with the glory of his last few exalted days on earth.

THE SETTING of the third "Dramatic Fragment" (not published here) is less immediately clear and little effort is made to locate the action precisely in time or space. The principal character is a traveller from Russia arrested in some French town for the theft of a melon and for inflammatory public preaching to a crowd which offered him money. A benign, ingenuous and artistic personality, much given to lyrical digressions and easily distracted by incidental poetic observations, he is incomprehended by his foreign interrogators as he seeks to justify the theft of the melon by contrasting the French and what he claims is his own, Russian, view of life and material possessions. In an interview with Gerd Ruge in 1958 Pasternak stated:

Russians have a different attitude to property and possessions. Russians regard themselves as being mere guests in this life. I suppose the truth is that we Russians are more philosophical than the West. (ENCOUNTER, March 1958)

And in the "Dialogue" a similar contrast is drawn when the main character discerns in Russians a capacity for intensity of experience, for love of and passionate involvement with life, understood in its most general sense, for which the only word is "genius". Where the observer's personality and awareness of self are lost in the ecstasy of contemplation, absorbed and assimilated, as it were, by the very object contemplated—this is a state in which Pasternak the poet constantly dwelt. Isaiah Berlin writes of his poetry being informed by a "metaphysical emotion which melts the barrier between personal experience and brute creation." And in the dramatic "Dialogue" the Russian traveller also finds that in such a state the "human condition" is no longer something finite and delimited by physical bounds—man is not a mere "place in the total space of humanity" as he is in France. To live in the Russian manner means to exist in a non-physical state of burning and furious spiritual activity. Russian man, we understand, loves, works and lives in a more or less compulsive manner wherever he happens to be—"wherever his inflammable nature meets a spark." But, as with Saint-Just, this Russian creative awareness is acquired only by self-sacrifice, by renouncing any claim to control one's physical destiny, for "man finds himself wherever he is driven by the force which ferments within him, wherever the storm tosses him." It is this which explains the eccentric traveller's strange arrival in France and frank acknowledgement of his misdeeds, Robespierre's sense of despair and Saint-Just's acceptance of the ineluctable historical forces which are to destroy the two of them. In fact the "Dramatic Fragments" are perhaps the first clear forecast in Pasternak's work of the characters and fates of his later heroes, Liecu, tenant Schmidt, Sergey Spektorsky, and Yuri Zhivago.

If this is the chief interest of the Fragments, there is originality too in Pasternak's very use of dramatic form for this his first work on an overtly historical theme. Apart from his numerous translations of drama by Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Goethe, Schiller, and Kleist, Pasternak used the form only once again at the end of his life in a historical trilogy called "The Blind Beauty" which like the earlier "Dramatic Fragments" has unfortunately survived only as a series of incomplete extracts, posthumously published in 1969.

Christopher Barnes

I

PARIS. *The apartment of Lebas. The windows are wide open. It is a summer's day, and thunder can be heard in the distance. The action takes place some time between the 10th and 20th messidor (29th June and 8th July) in the year 1794.*

SAINT-JUST: Before us Paris lies, a changing city . . .

What of its past and future? This broad day
Which lights the world around, like dungeon steps
That form the threshold of my soul, will not
Forever be a stormy lantern flame
That shivers worlds into a fevered order.
This age will pass; the scorching beam will cool,
Turn charcoal-black, and curiosity
One day will pore by candlelight in archives
For works which thrill and dazzle men today.
What passes now for clarity and wisdom
Our grandsons will regard as raving. Gloom and
Obscurity await. Insanity
Will claim our day, our God, all light and reason.
The ages rush and fear to look around.
And why?—That they might see themselves! They don
Night's shroud, while other write their epoch's chronicle—
Snuff out their years to read it in the gloom.
But who has fame as guest within his soul,
Fate guides his eye: he draws the shroud across
His days, himself to write his age's book and
Inscribe therein his own renown and glory.

*(He now addresses Henriette, who sits sewing, and
speaks more simply and animatedly)*

Then why should men consider that mere birth
Is warranty for living? Who can prove
This world is like some inn wherein we pay
To rest a while in freedom, comfort, warmth? . . .
When will they understand that man is nothing
Save the Creator's Sword of Damocles—
Man's soul has no abode but in a world
That he himself has snared and recreated?
But in our towns, Lyon, Bordeaux and Paris
Men crawl like crabs about the ocean bed,
Like hunted tigers luring in the reeds.
Yet reason still can shatter life's dark pane,
Tear idleness in shreds, and by its actions. . . .

HENRIETTE: You say. . . .

SAINT-JUST: I mean that action is a flash
Of ecstasy unleashed upon the years.

HENRIETTE: You go. . . .

SAINT-JUST: To lance the abscess of desires.

HENRIETTE: But when. . . .

SAINT-JUST: To bleed away impurity.

HENRIETTE: I do not understand.

SAINT-JUST: Is it so often

That Paris's linden trees applaud the thunder,
That clouds are wroth and heaven's eyes unsealed

Boris Pasternak

To blink with lightning glare in showers? Yet
Here storms are rare, here silence reigns and slumber.
You are not always with me here.

HENRIETTE: Not always?

But there?...

SAINT-JUST: Out there? Attacks at every moment....

HENRIETTE: Out there there is....

SAINT-JUST: No Henriette?

HENRIETTE: Yes.

SAINT-JUST: Not so! Out there you're with me constantly!

Believe me, whether you are mine or no,
No matter were your love no match for mine,
But you are there! The towns, the air of battles
All breathe of Henriette and invade
My inmost heart, so none can stand between us,
'Tween you, cloud-wrapped, and my dilated breast,
Between the heavens and my troubled dreaming.
The guardian of the spirit's cause out there
Is Georges Saint-Just, who holds at bay the dragon
Of mediocrity; in here with you
His strength's a hundredfold reduced, in here
That dragon is a hundredfold more dread.

HENRIETTE: What lance out there can probe such ulcers?

SAINT-JUST: Duty,

The soul, the urgency of my commands!
Used as I am to the consuming fire,
Accustomed as I am to leave on men
The brand-mark of my own self-immolations!
Like dark mulled wine, I love the smokeless flame
Of men intoxicated by the glow
Of flaring nerves, of men immersed in thought
Who burn like candle-wicks when dipped in oil.
At night there is no rest for me. I lie here
Dressed.

HENRIETTE: Dressed for burial!

SAINT-JUST: No rest for me

At night! There are no nights! Only the daylight
Glow dimmer now and drearer than before,
As if the sun were breathing on a window
And tracing out the hours across the pane
And staggering in the dizzy heat. For each
New day's still sicker than the last, each night
Still more bewitched; a heat-haze dusts the stubble;
The sunbeams gleam taut-stretched like skins on drums
Of military bands.....

HENRIETTE: How close to me and how familiar

These thoughts! It's true, it's true! Yet still I sleep,
Yet still I eat and drink; I have my senses,
My sanity; the nights do not seem white;
No violet tarnish overcasts the sun.

SAINT-JUST: How can one sleep when a new world is born, when

The silent storm of one's own thoughts is raging?
For then one hears the converse of the peoples
Who use one's head to play some game or sport.
How can one sleep when one's own silent thoughts

Dramatic Fragments

Have set the grasses and the stars aquiver,
Disturbed the rest of birds, that all night long
Their din still rises from the sleepless thickets?
There is no night. The light still lies uncleared,
Forgotten, cooling; yet no sundown comes
To end this painful, long, eternal day.

II

PART of a scene on the night of the 9th to 10th thermidor, 1794.
The interior of the Hotel de Ville, Paris. Off-stage one hears the sound of preparations for the siege, the rumble of guns being wheeled into position, people shouting etc. Coffinhal has just read the decree of the Convention, addressing the audience seated in the boxes as he proclaimed the list of outlaws. The hall of the Hotel de Ville is vacated for a moment and it echoes emptily. The first signs of dawn are glowing on the capitals of the pillars, while the rest of the scene is plunged in gloom. In the centre of the tiled floor stands a large office desk with a candle burning on it. Hanriot is lying on one of the benches in the vestibule. Upstage Coffinhal, Lebas, Couthon, Augustin, Robespierre and others walk about talking among themselves and come up to Hanriot. During the opening scene none of their speech can be heard. Downstage Maximilien Robespierre sits at the desk while Saint-Just paces up and down. Both are silent. There is an atmosphere of alarm and stupefaction.

ROBESPIERRE: Don't pace so restlessly, Saint-Just! I had
A thought just then!

SAINT-JUST: Oh! I'm disturbing you?

(Long silence)

ROBESPIERRE: Tell me, Saint-Just, where did it all take place?—
Versailles, October, August, the Bastille?

(Saint-Just stops in surprise and looks at Robespierre)

ROBESPIERRE: Well, are they there?

SAINT-JUST: I cannot hear.

ROBESPIERRE: Saint-Just,

I asked you! I am trying to recall.—

Did Augustin give warning to Duplay?

SAINT-JUST: I do not know.

ROBESPIERRE: You do not know.

Then ask no questions. I cannot collect

My thoughts.—But hark! The chimes! What hour is it?—

I have a plan.—Why are you here?—Away!

Begone! Your presence gnaws me like a dormouse,

And I forget to think.—But still, perhaps

The hour is not too late.—Yes, wait. Please stay.

I'll find some way.—Just now I had the answer!—

Please do not go. I need you.—Curse upon it!

What torment! Who remembers? Who can tell me

What I was thinking of?—I must recall!

(Silence. Saint-Just walks to and fro)

ROBESPIERRE: Tread softer, lest they hear. Give me your kerchief.

SAINT-JUST: My kerchief?

Boris Pasternak

ROBESPIERRE: Yes. I need you. Curse upon it!
 No, leave me! We are lost! I cannot think!
 No thoughts, a whirlwind rushes through my head!

(Robespierre beats his forehead with his hand and hoarsely addresses the following words to his head)

The final hour—this foolish head refuses
 To save itself! This wonder-working mind
 Shies like a stubborn mare. Bring women, wine!—
 What mockery! The so-called “incorrupt”
 Robespierre pledged to the cause a head which now
 Betrays its master to his murderers!
 I dedicated time to it that others
 Devote so willingly to hours of passion.
 That simpleton Danton could never grasp
 My schemes! He never dreamt what barricades
 Of concepts I erected, fortresses
 Of intellect and reason; mutiny
 Of dreams he never knew, nor ecstasy
 Of lofty, pure ideas in revolt!
 Suppose he was a criminal—what matter?
 Danton was sacrificed for me, Robespierre,
 And for the honour of this brain, this mind,
 The one false god I deigned to recognise.

SAINT-JUST: Robespierre, what troubles you?

ROBESPIERRE: The traitorous
 Confusion of this mind enrages me!
 I try, yet cannot think. Cold perspiration,
 Dry fog and mist are all it will produce.
 My throat runs dry. My skull's an aching void,
 An emptiness unvisited by thought.
 No, thoughts there are! But how can I convey
 Their rapid scuttling and their rat-like patter?
 There goes a thought!—I chase it.—Gone!—Again
 A thought!—But no!—I pounce once more—in vain!
 Oh, for a second head! I'd sacrifice
 The first together with its wanton thoughts!

SAINT-JUST: Do not torment yourself. Allow your thoughts
 To wander. Let them roam unhindered, freed
 For one last time.

ROBESPIERRE: No. For the first time! Hence
 My anger. What a time to choose! Enough!
 No more! My sole recourse is now to yield,
 To curse this mind's betrayal and surrender.

SAINT-JUST: Permit your mind just once to roam. You asked
 Where did it all occur: October, August,
 And June the second....

ROBESPIERRE: *(interrupting, and absorbed in his own thoughts)*
 I remember!

SAINT-JUST: Useless!
 I thought of that myself.

ROBESPIERRE: *(still absorbed)* For one brief instant
 I had it!

SAINT-JUST: Useless! I myself have meanwhile
 Explored that question—how it all occurred....

ROBESPIERRE: (*bitter*) I beg of you! While we have been discussing....

So must it be!...

(There is a pause in which Coffinhal, Lebas and the others leave, and the upper stage empties except for Hanriot who still lies sleeping)

ROBESPIERRE: (*hoarsely and in despair*) If only.... Never mind,

Please do continue. You were telling me....

Now all is lost. I said I would surrender.

Please finish. Pardon me. I'm overwrought....

SAINT-JUST: Such words are natural:—when you compare

Me to a mouse, and your own thoughts to rats,

It's true. Your thoughts are scurrying like rats

Trapped in a blazing house. They sense the fire

And raise their snouts before the flames and sniff

The heated air; and yet, not just your brain

Is seething, but the kingdoms of the world

Within throb to the scuttling of those rats,

Those hordes of loathsome thoughts which swarm in frenzy,

Each tainted by the horrid fumes of death.

Not we alone, no, all have known the dread

Realisation. All men have endured

The numbness of their final day and hour.

Yet some, who overcame the infernal din

And brazen uproar, smiled and laid their heads

Triumphantly beneath the guillotine.

And those brief days preceding their demise

Compose the history of our republic.

For no man's end perhaps comes unexpected;

No one is visited unwarned by death.

ROBESPIERRE: (*distractedly*) Where's Augustin?

SAINT-JUST: He's with Couthon.

ROBESPIERRE: With whom?

SAINT-JUST: Couthon.

ROBESPIERRE: But that's no answer. Where's Couthon?

SAINT-JUST: Upstairs. They've gathered in the upper hall.

Now Frenchmen will no longer rack their brains

And question what the morrow holds in store.

All secrets are uncovered. All who passed

Across that square, where mysteries lay revealed

And deaths exhibited, could witness there

The course and outcome of their fates enacted.

ROBESPIERRE: Why such remorse?

SAINT-JUST: No, these are no regrets. But,

The very chronicle of the republic

Recounts the greatness of our dying days.

It seemed the very country kept some journal

Of lives beyond the grave. France was unlit by

The flickering of changing nights and days;

For worlds in revolution, the universe's

Last twilight, death's black occident were France's

Grim sentinels. They stalked our every move....

June-July 1917.

Translated by Christopher Barnes

The Vulnerability of the American University

A YEAR AGO, when I began to set down these notes on the turmoil in the American universities, I imagined that I would be dealing with a problem that was real but somewhat abstract from a personal point of view. By the time the first draft was complete, the institution within which I had spent my whole academic career was in danger. Returning to the typescript months later, I toyed with the idea of converting this essay into an account of the events at Harvard, not because Harvard was unique but because it was so typical that it exemplified almost every point I wished to make. Ultimately I rejected that temptation, mostly because the struggle to save the University is still in progress. These notes therefore deal in general with a certain type of American university rather than in particular with what occurred at one of them.

Most of the writers about the current disorders have also been participants, involved to a greater or lesser degree in the dramas they described. Accordingly they have also vacillated between emphasis on the particularities which make each situation seem unique and emphasis on the world-wide scope of the outbreaks which lends countenance to theories of universality, inevitability, or conspiracy.

No doubt there are both general and particular elements in the student attacks upon the universities. In so far as they are world-wide, they spring from ubiquitous institutional pressures and from the prevailing disorientation of the age group the university serves. But since there are important national differences both among the systems of higher education and among the young people enrolled in them, the nature of the grievances, the forms of protest, and the consequences of student action vary widely from society to society.

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THE UNIVERSITIES of the United States have experienced the effects of undergraduate unrest just as have their counterparts in other areas of the globe. The intensity of the attack has been a measure of the vulnerability of the American institutions. But that vulnerability had sources that, until now, existed in no other country. The rebels in the United States conformed to none of the special indices described by such analysts of the problem as Professor S. M. Lipset. The American students were not politically active; they lacked an autonomous café culture; and they came from upper- and middle-class families rather than from the ranks of the poor. None of the universities that supplied the chief targets was in a national or state capital; student-faculty relationships in all of them were particularly close; and all could boast of excellent facilities and abundant financial support. The sources of unrest common to other parts of the world were thus not present in the United States. There the vulnerability of the universities was rather the product of the way in which they developed and of the character of their faculties.

That the students of the 1960s "rebelled" was not surprising. They always did, perhaps always should.

What was surprising was the inner flabbiness of the universities which were unable to contain or direct that rebelliousness. The following elements contributed to the weakness.

(1) Numbers

THE PRESS OF NUMBERS. This was always a problem. In 1850, when the United States was still an underdeveloped nation, it had more colleges and universities—of a sort—than all of Europe. Proliferation was, however, far from being a sign of the spread of learning. On the contrary, the unbounded multiplication of these institutions revealed that they had even then assumed some function other than education in its traditional sense. The roster of colleges lengthened steadily in the century after 1850 and even more so in the decades after the second world war. The count stands now at somewhat above 2,500 and present indications are that the growth will continue.

The number of students and of staff has increased correspondingly. In 1870, the country's total college population amounted to about 50,000. In 1920, the size of the student body had grown to about a million and in 1958 to about three million. In 1969 it had swelled to seven million and cautious projections estimated a further rise to nine million in the 1970s. More than 40 per cent of the eligible age group is now enrolled in an institution of higher education and, in the next decade, it is probable that the level will rise to 70 per cent or higher.

Yet though growth was constant and predictable, Americans were never prepared for it. In 1947, a Presidential Commission, regarded as visionary at the time, mentioned with trepidation the prospect that the number of college students *might* rise to four million—the highest figure the imagination could then grasp. The actualities were not even conceivable, although the babies were then already born who would clamour for admission in the 1960s.

Few college administrators in 1947 went even as far as the Commission. The failure to anticipate what would happen was due to an inability to grasp fully the functions the colleges served. Educators persisted in thinking of the university primarily as a vehicle for advancing and communicating scholarship in the arts and the sciences. They refused to acknowledge or

failed to take account of the fact that it served two other functions as well. It was a sieve through which a large part of the population passed, to be graded and sorted out *en route* to appropriate places in an increasingly technical economy. At the same time, the college was also a reservoir that withheld unneeded hands from the labour market. Administrators and planners twenty years ago were not in error in projecting only a limited increase in the number of young people who became students in order to seek learning, as then understood. The error lay rather in the failure to recognise the enormous growth in the number who drifted into studenthood because society had no other use for people of their age. The professors, oblivious to what was happening in their classrooms, were even more at fault.

The obligation somehow to find some way to occupy the students who were in the university without knowing why they were there has been a continuing drain upon energy and resources. Among the results of the effort to provide for them has been a corresponding increase in the size of faculties and a tragic dilution in their quality.

(2) Diversity

THE STRENGTHS AND WEAKNESSES OF DIVERSITY. American colleges follow no single model. Private institutions, such as Harvard, operate autonomously and subsist on income drawn from tuition, gifts, and endowment. State universities, like California, sustain their multiple campuses and their hundreds of thousands of students from legislative appropriations and are governed by public officials. Large municipal colleges enroll thousands of commuting students; and hundreds of smaller places accommodate the particular groups that support and control them—Catholics, Baptists, Presbyterians and numerous other sects, and Negroes. These schools have little more in common than the power to confer degrees and the rivalry for the federal funds that flow from Washington.

Diversity enables the universities to make places for the hordes of students annually swept to their gates from the secondary schools. The 43 per cent of the age group now enrolled differ widely among themselves in social background, in intellectual ability and interest, and in pre-

paration. The variety of institutions that receive them can take account of those differences while preserving the fiction that the degrees awarded are all identical. A more uniform pattern, on the French model for instance, would be doomed to failure because it would create an intolerable strain on the students.

The weaknesses of the American system in fact emanate from the pretence that all these institutions are the same despite their diversity; and those weaknesses affect alike the colleges, the faculties and the students. Only rarely does a university recognise its own position clearly enough to use its resources effectively. Usually, all aim for the same paraphernalia—campus, professors, library, laboratory, alumni association, colour, song and stadium—just as they bestow the same degrees, whatever the appropriateness to the job they actually do. The faculties too—wherever they are—aspire to the same privileges of tenure, teaching load, and aid to research. And the students, for whom the admission certificate is the badge of transition from adolescent dependence to an undefined freedom, identify college life with maturity. All too often they discover a disappointing discrepancy between the idealised image of what leaving home would be like and the reality they confront. The routine of books and classes is not the real life they envisioned in anticipation. Unoccupied, they feel their powers going to waste and either take refuge in apathy or seethe with discontent.

The frustration of conforming to standards beyond reach breeds a sense of inadequacy that leaves a good many administrators, teachers and students irritably aggrieved. No one measures up: there simply are not that many good colleges, teachers, and students; and primitive selection procedures usually fail to bring the three together.

Faculty resentments are particularly important because they deepen with time. The turnover of students and administrators is relatively rapid. The teachers, even when they move from one institution to another, live with their problems permanently. There are not enough books in the library or machines in the lab; or if there are, there is not enough time for research; or if there is, there are not enough secretaries or programmers. And if everything is at hand, then there is the problem of finding something to say. The pretence that all teachers are creative scholars too often leads into this impasse.

(3) *Scholars & "Standards"*

THE ACADEMIC PROFESSION. From their first foundation in the American colonies, the universities contained some scholars who understood their place in the world of learning. But they were always a minority; teaching on the college (as on the school) level was slow to become a profession in the United States. Through most of the 19th century, it remained generally the refuge of clergymen without parishes, of young men who marked time while they found more desirable openings, or of failures in other callings. Rarely then were scholars willing or able to take posts as teachers. Signs of professionalism first appeared in the 1870s and developed slowly in the next half-century, along with the growth of respect for science and learning. But only within the present generation have academic people shown any sense of strength or self-confidence.

Until recently therefore the professors were on the defensive, disposed to regard their students and society at large as hostile. The dominant concern was to fend off attack. Tenure, the vested right to a teaching post and immunity from dismissal, became the primary—indeed often the sole—concern of the profession. There was never any effort to develop standards of competence or of malpractice; the Ph.D. degree which for a time seemed likely to become the test of qualification was not a reliable criterion and has become ever less so in the past decade.

The consequences were not dangerous when numbers were small. Thirty years ago, when the few hundred historians or economists or political scientists in the country all knew each other personally or through an intermediary, an informal system of evaluation was adequate. It may not always have recognised merit; but at least it provided effective sanctions against delinquency. There are now 15,000 members of the American Historical Association, 16,700 economists, and 15,000 political scientists in the United States; and hundreds of institutions grant advanced degrees in those and other subjects. The department which hires a new member must act on the basis of letters of recommendation, the writers of which it usually does not know; and only long exposure to the stream of such letters will develop an awareness of how often they are written without standards or even honesty or out of a desire to be rid of the character being recommended. Yet once it

makes the appointment, the department is obliged to retain its new member however unsatisfactory he may prove, unless it can unload him on some other equally unsuspecting institution.

NEVERTHELESS, neither the academic profession as a whole nor any of its constituent organisations has defined the obligations of a professor. More than fifty years ago, the founders of the American Association of University Professors assumed that this would be one of its initial tasks. The task remained unperformed. To this day the Association has not explained what would be a cause for dismissal. In 1967, for instance, while enumerating the rights of students, it warned that disruptions by physical force and denial of the right to speak were "destructive of the pursuit of learning and of a free society." But it was unwilling to affirm that it was improper for faculty members to condone disruptive student action.

As a result, in most institutions there are no professional standards. In the intimate communal life of the small colleges which occupy most of the attention of the American Association of University Professors flagrant misbehaviour is still sometimes penalised. But in the large institutions, administrators and colleagues will go to any length to avoid public exposure which might lead to conflict or scandal. That explains the tolerance of plagiarists, loafers, incompetents, drunkards, drug-takers, lunatics (mild) and promiscuous sexual prowlers. At a moment of crisis the presence of even a few such volatile spirits on a campus has had the most inflammatory results. More important, the absence of an agreed-on code immobilises the decent majority.

(4) The Professor's Image

THE SCARS OF DEPENDENCE. Deep, unhealed scars that were the products of decades of neglect prevented American faculties from dealing with their problems intelligently—or at least in a manner that was not manifestly self-defeating. Until the recent past the professor commanded little respect in the United States; at best he won amiable tolerance for his incomprehensible withdrawal from the pursuit of the success his countrymen valued. In the conventional image he, like the minister,

was an impractical eccentric—heedless of reality, subject to fits of crankiness and properly held within strict limits by the men who did the world's work. Only the professors with independent wealth or with a genuine dedication to their scholarship escaped the necessity of bowing to this unflattering view of themselves.

As might be expected, the thrill—post-Sputnik—of suddenly being desired had a heady effect upon those who had long suffered from neglect. As the Federal money poured in, salaries spiralled upward; the goodies of American society which had long been counted not worth having now were within reach and the professors, jostling at the same trough with the journalist, the press agent and the business man, despised themselves for doing so. Humorists like Peter DeVries, who chronicled the woes of suburbia, now discovered the professor within their sights.

Teaching and scholarship became means toward the end of making it, a transformation which left both winners and losers dissatisfied. Having grabbed his Nobel or Pulitzer, the man who valued the prize rather than the work had to seek other ways of endowing life with purpose or at least with excitement. And those who never carried off a bauble smarted with the consciousness of failure unless they still found their reward in the classroom and the library.

The desire to justify salaries of \$25,000 to \$35,000 accelerated the trend to specialisation which, of course, also had other sources within the process by which knowledge was everywhere organised. Still, the academic market economy encouraged a high degree of morcellisation. The university which sought a historian or a historian of the United States confronted dozens of potential candidates. But once it focused on "an expert in Reconstruction" (1865–1876) the choice narrowed down nicely, sometimes to a uniquely qualified individual who was therefore worth every penny paid. The additional advantage in departments which numbered their members by the score was to reduce the risk that one would tread in another's field. Good fences make good neighbours. The disadvantage, not so evident at first, grew out of the neglect to inquire whether the man who knew all about Cassius County in the election of 1872, or about fish eyes, or about metal stress, knew anything else.

The manic excitement of the past decade, coming after a much longer period of depression, had a paradoxically frightening effect upon

faculty members. In many cases, rapid promotion and quick access to high incomes deprived professors of any sense of having earned their status or of the confidence that reliable professional norms would protect them against abuse or the loss of esteem. The *nouveau arrivé* is timid not only out of uncertainty about how to behave but also out of fear that what was so

easily bestowed on him might as easily be taken away.

I HAVE IN MIND not so much the actual, and forgivable, cowardice in the face of gun-toting or axe-wielding undergraduates but the morally more outrageous pandering to the prejudices and uninformed views of youth. Every teacher

A Spring Day

New Haven

HEADQUARTERS of what remains of the New Haven Panther Party is an old three-storey wooden house on Sylvan Avenue at the edge of the Hill Ghetto area. On Thursday afternoon, the Hill, compared to downtown New Haven, was quiet. Downtown, and in the Yale area, all you could hear were the sounds of power-saws and hammers as crews of workmen planked fresh boards across the faces of stores that had waited until the last moment to give in to panic.

The backyard of the Panther house presented a strange scene. Seven or eight black kids, most of them about seven years old, were digging up part of the yard with small shovels, shovelling the loose dirt into plastic garbage bags, and placing those bags inside rough brown burlap sacks. Helping them dig and tie the filled bags at the top were several Yale students. One of them explained they were sandbagging all the windows of the party headquarters to stop bullets.

About 15 sacks of dirt had been filled and tied when I arrived. The black girls were singing "Old Macdonald," and if the scene were in a propaganda film no one would have believed it. "You know," said one Yale to another, "doing this feels sort of romantic." Yale students characteristically stand aside and evaluate who they are, what they're doing, and how they feel while they're doing it. I was one; it's hard to escape.

THE PANTHER TALKING was about 20 and had come to New Haven from Queens to help out the crippled party here. I asked him if he'd known Alex Rackley—the man the police say Bobby Seale ordered executed as an agent. He knew Rackley, he said, and Rackley was "right on." Rackley had told him he was leaving the party's Harlem office to go to New Haven because he didn't want to get busted in connection with the Panther 21 case. "Pigs use an informer for a case, they're through with him, they're not stupid enough to use him again in the next city. He was no informer." I don't think he was lying. The Panthers say that Rackley was "murdered by the pigs." The facts are unclear.

"The most important thing we've got to convince people of about this trial," Tom Hayden told the rally Saturday, "is that the facts are irrelevant." He meant, I think, that what-

ever the circumstances of Rackley's death, they are overwhelmed by the enormities of the government's attack upon the Panthers—by larger facts. He may, however, be asking far more for belief: a leap of faith in the Panthers as the revolutionary vanguard. The Old Light Protestants who founded Yale insisted on the primacy of faith over evidence, believed in the resurrection, for instance, not because of facts—the report of the missing body, the shroud, etc.—but because they had had a faith in Christ's immortality first. After Chicago, Baltimore, and now Detroit, it's probably enough to know that the Panthers are very mortal to begin to understand what Hayden was saying.

"EITHER/OR" is the new Panther support button: black and yellow lettering on yellow and black background. It's a message to the reader: you're either part of the problem or part of the solution; a message to the system: either you free Bobby or else; to the movement: either class war or race war; a message to me: you're either part of the struggle or you're just a writer. Mayday was forcing people to look at themselves in terms of either/or.

TUESDAY MORNING two alleged "Weathermen from Boston" were busted in the commune across the street from the house I was staying in. Inside the house Jennifer, grad student, told me she couldn't decide whether to take her poems out to an instructor's suburban home for safekeeping, or to carry them on her person throughout the cataclysmic weekend to come. The first boards were going up; the National Guard began moving into town.

I hadn't been on the Yale campus since last September, but the only physical change I noticed was the flower beds around Old Campus facing the Green, site of the Mayday rally, were now filled with hundreds of flowers in full bloom. The flowers were, I was told, narcissus. Sometimes metaphors come up and club you over the head.

WHEN I WAS A SENIOR AT YALE, I went on an intense 17th-century trip, the metaphysicals, the highly sexual Catholic poets, Milton, revolutionary puritanism. I rejected good works for amazing grace, suffered the crisis of the poets during the Revolution. So what? Well, I walked out of the Strike Steering Committee meeting in Dwight Hall and found some black students

aware of his own ageing feels a twinge of envy when he surveys the ever-youthful faces before him. But for those who derive no satisfaction from what age has brought, the contrast produces also a desperate will to be liked, a frolicky imitation of student tastes in dress and opinions, a pally eagerness to deny the generation gap by disregarding all differences including those

at Yale

talking to reporters in another room. As I walked in one of them was telling NBC that the trouble with Yale is that "Yale disrupts reality. You have people here, they spend all their time studying the years 1650-1660, say, then when something happens in New Haven, they can only relate it to the Protestant uprising. Now where is that?"

LATER THAT DAY I ran into Rob Wise (real person, false name), an old acquaintance, one of the chief organisers of the Mayday rally. He had entered Yale with me, dropped out, returned, and now, he told me, dropped out for the final time. We talked about the difficulty of organising Yale students around the Panther issue. While male Yale students suffer, they are not oppressed the way the Panthers are oppressed, we agreed. The only way they can relate to the Panthers' condition is through a conscience-machine strapped to their back-ground, but really separate from themselves. There is no sense of self-interest. "They don't say to themselves 'the Panthers' struggle is my struggle,'" he told me. Supporting the Panthers is then a moral duty, not an expression of themselves.

Rob had been active in radical politics for six years but, he told me, it has been just in the last two months he's discovered what the revolution is about. What it's about, he said is this: an end to the separation of the self and the struggle, an end to making yourself go out and do revolution, and a beginning to living it. He told me that while studying at Yale he had always suffered from a kind of self-hate for not being able to adjust, for preferring activism to study and self-examination. "This year I would sit in those dining halls drinking coffee and watching the cafeteria workers run around serving me. I knew I had to leave." Thinking he was privileged made it impossible for him to realise he could also be oppressed. "Two months ago I joined a collective, and since then I've discovered that revolution is about your own life. I learned I should have hated myself, that I ought to hate the place, I hate it. I'd like to see it ripped down—ripped down in order to build—but first ripped down."

I asked him how he thought he could bring white Yale students to that position. "What I found," he told me, "is that you have to leap into revolution first, maybe your conscience or

of depth of knowledge and a flaccid acceptance of verbal and physical abuse, under the guise of accommodation. American professors whose relationship to their charges has always been quasi-parental, were particularly susceptible to the wish to be loved; like Mom and Pop they depended upon the approval of the next generation and would go to astounding lengths to

whatever makes you begin, and only then you discover your own oppression. I went through a difficult time while I was inside Yale. Now I know it's my life, and if I don't win I have nothing." I've known him well enough to see the difference—it's been a real conversion.

I WENT BACK to the freshman campus to see what was new in soma, and found something far surpassing standard Woodstock fare; Allen Ginsberg chanting Blake. About 10 seconds after I realised what was going on, I also realised that the adrenaline-amphetamine rush of the street action had dissolved. I moved through the seated crowd towards the speakers' platform, noticing that the faces looked ecstatic now, rather than drugged. Ginsberg was singing-chanting "The Echoing Green," one of the "Songs of Innocence." Actually, at the time he seemed to be making a mantra out of the words "echoing green," accompanying himself on what looked like a small accordion while a student standing next to him chanted Om. The harmonies and low vibration from the big speakers on the platform were beautiful. I climbed up on the platform and sat down on it, happily, expecting to rise several feet in the air. I had just begun when someone came up on the stage and whispered to Ginsberg. He stopped singing and said very softly, "Let's all move slowly to the gates now." Outside the freshman quadrangle the police had fired a huge volley of gas to rid the green and the streets around it of all people. The gas rose up and rolled over the wall of dorms facing the green and drifted down on to Allen's audience. We all left quietly.

THE PANTHERS weren't particularly happy with their role. They had to escalate their rhetoric to dissociate themselves from the Yale-oriented marshals who told demonstrators "cool it for the Panthers," but really meant "cool it for Yale," the Panthers felt.

"When the time comes for killing the pigs, the Black Panther Party will deal with the pigs," they told the street fighters. "But you've got to have M-14s, grenades, machine-guns, not rocks and bottles. You got to be ready or the pig will slaughter you first." The Panthers know.

RON ROSENBAUM, in the Left-wing New York weekly, *The Village Voice*

win it. In the 1960s, the lust for popularity—there all along—rose to fever heat from the additional stimulus of the substantial rewards to be gained from making good.

At the moment the willingness to be guided by student views nurtures the infantile leftism also fashionable among other newly affluent groups in American society. Not that there is more than a handful of genuine Marxists or Maoists on American campuses. The prevailing sentiment is without intellectual content. A distinguished social scientist, chairman of a major department in a major university, expressed its spirit when he apologised publicly to students who ascribed his slowness in making concessions to his hostility to radicalism: "...I cannot believe that I want to suppress radical views. Not that I can claim to be a radical, but because I am just not political enough to be credited with that motive and, in so far as I am political, I am—sort of automatically and not very reflectively—on the left..."

In so far as it contains any common element other than the desire to escape student fury by anticipating demands, faculty leftism generally coagulates around aversion to the use of police power. The *New York Times Magazine* symposium in April 1969 was representative. The learned participants shuddered in unison at the prospect of a uniform on campus. *Never?* Not quite, but only as a last resort! But when is that? Well, for instance, if there was a prospect that a building would be blown up with the probability of loss of life, but even then only after all other expedients had failed.

Let us pass by the serene assumption that the police would be willing to wait that long and to go in under those conditions. Let us regard instead the moral consequences of this "non-violent" posture. First, the argument against potential violence by the police called to protect the university becomes a defence of the violence of the extremists bent on destroying the university. Certainly committees have deplored and administrators have sternly warned—about next times. But in the last five years these gentle admonitions have not in the least deterred the tiny minority of determined extremists and they have left helpless the much larger numbers who wished to pursue their studies without interruption as well as the vast majority who were uncertain about their purpose in college.

Second, the "non-violent" position makes a choice of life over property—at any rate, that

is the glib, self-satisfied claim made for it. In this case, of course, the property consists of libraries, museums, laboratories and the apparatus that makes learning possible—the repositories, that is, of man's spiritual heritage, assembled through generations of effort. The buildings of the university are property but they are also a "temple of the intellect," dedicated to rationality and truth. By some standards—those of Unamuno at Valladolid, for instance—its "sacred precincts" were worth fighting for, dying for.

However, the turtle-necked worshippers of the young, avid for popularity, find it far more comfortable to evade such issues, to cover up fires in the libraries, vandalism in the museums, damage to research. They see love in the eyes of the Visigoths who storm through their offices. To act otherwise would jeopardise the gains so recently made, the pleasures so little enjoyed. Accommodate! Better to yield a little here, give away a little there. It can't be called rape so long as the victim yells loudly enough that he likes it.

(5) *The Array of Promissory Notes*

THE BURDENS OF UTILITY. It is an ancient weakness of the American university that its faculties, lacking confidence in the value of what they were doing, justified themselves to an unintellectual public by protestations of immediate utility. The result was a persistent disorientation: the university was diverted from the tasks it could perform to those beyond its capacity and society was repeatedly disappointed by the failure to fulfil wildly extravagant promises.

The reverend chaplain of Yale University, writing appropriately for *Playboy*, recently criticised professors who "for too long have dug ivory cellars in the ruins of the past. Too many have spent endless hours shedding light on what is finally not worth illuminating." He equated scholarship with a "refusal to be ethically responsive or discriminating," which in turn he linked to "America's present rapid progress down the road to moral oblivion." This barbaric yawp has reverberated in America down through the centuries, ever since Mr. William Sloane Coffin's predecessor at Yale in the 1760s attempted to persuade the hard-fisted Connecticut farmers to loosen their purse

strings with the promise that the University could apply the principles of mechanical philosophy to the improvement of agriculture for the public good.

Far from being cloistered or remote from everyday life, the universities of the United States have always suffered from the compulsion to demonstrate their utility to taxpayers or donors. Rarely was a professor in a position to argue that his scholarship had value for its own sake, only that it was instrumental to some other more comprehensible purpose. The university (as administrators were fond of arguing) was a service station to which society could bring all its problems for solution. Hence the vast mushrooming of activities and courses of study characteristic of American institutions of higher education.

That the universities survived and managed to preserve a humane and scholarly ingredient in their operations while carrying these burdens offers no assurance that they will continue to do so in the future. Intellectual resources already attenuated and faculties already weakened may not be adequate to the continuing strain.

The puddling out of activity in every direction has swept into the ranks of the professoriate a variety of types who have little sense of identity apart from the common source of their salaries. Some innocents, still thinking of a traditional European academic setting, may yet worry about two or three cultures; but the actuality which incorporates teachers of gymnastics and typing, of domestic science and nursing, of hotel management and animal husbandry, along with politicians out of office, journalists in search of a live audience, and bureaucrats and technicians is far more complex. The development by now has gone so far as to blur altogether the sense of the university as a unique undertaking dedicated to scholarly ends and values of its own.

It was perhaps symbolic that one of the most atrocious incidents of the Spring of 1969 came at Cornell where the threats of Black students to destroy the University forced a panicked faculty to yield to their demands. Ezra Cornell, after all, had provided an endowment to create "an institution where any person can find instruction in any study. . . ." The old gentleman was never clear in his own thinking what kind of institution that would be; but such mindless good intentions as his left a heritage of indiscriminate expansion within which any kind of study seemed as appropriate as any other.

The process of making the university useful by adding to its tasks continued relentlessly and still shows no sign of slackening. As the percentage of the age group hastening towards degrees of some sort increases, the need for providing some activity for all of them will no doubt crowd scholarship and learning to the periphery. The question is whether any place will remain at all for academic concerns, for the effort to uncover the truth and make it known.

Excessive popular expectations of what the university can do are even more dangerous. Decades of rhetoric have left outstanding an imposing array of promissory notes—to solve the problems of disease and poverty, of scarcity and war, of race and old age, that is, of advancing American man towards his birthright of happiness. It may well be that at the point at

— Niceties at Columbia —

New York City

THE COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY CAMPUS was filled yesterday with hundreds of students blocking doorways and chanting, "On Strike! Shut it down!" but there were hundreds of others, both teachers and students, who held classes anyway. Dr. Andrew Cordier, president of Columbia, expected classes to resume yesterday [7 May], but the students began barricading classroom buildings and turning away professors and students alike.

One teacher who tried to get in was Dr. Isador I. Rabi, a Nobel Prize winner who retired three years ago as a University Professor. Yesterday he walked to the front entrance of the Pupin Physics Laboratories and was blocked by a group of young men with arms linked across the door.

Dr. Rabi tried to argue with them unsuccessfully. Exasperated, tears in his eyes, he tapped his cane on the granite step and said: "What you are doing is wrong, and you are crazy. You are blocking my way. Do you want to fight with me? Would you fight with me?"

He took hold of a long-haired boy's arm and pulled him towards the sidewalk, where a group of 20 other students, who looked amused, were watching.

The youth declined to fight, and a moment later, he stepped aside to let a workman enter the building. Dr. Rabi sneaked in too, although those at the door tried to push him back out.

Alexander Alland, Jr., an assistant professor, told his undergraduate anthropology students, meeting under a maple tree outside the physics laboratories, "It's silly for us to be here arguing about niceties like grades when there is work for peace to be done."

NEW YORK TIMES

which people cease to think of happiness as a pursuit and demand it as a prize the burden of making the world perfect will prove too much for the university to bear.

Particularly if by then the university has become a partisan tool! After all, Yale's Mr.

Coffin has in mind not only involvement in general but an involvement on the right side, that is, one responsive to his particular ethic. Scholars must not simply study war and race, but must act against Viet Nam and for integration.

NOW IT MAY BE that in the future the greater battalions will more often be on the side of the angels than they have been in the past. The historical record is by no means encouraging in this respect. But the evidence is already clear that to the extent that faculties become embroiled in political controversy they lose the capacity for detachment, for independence and for rational judgment. Their members are, alas, in their rôles as citizens no freer from prejudice, emotion and self-interest than other men. And to the extent that they yield to the argument that they must make themselves useful as partisans, they are swept along by the heterogeneous armies of the young toward destinations which none of them foresee. In the process the faculties lose control of their own institutions, and their ability to direct students toward the goals of rationality and knowledge vanishes.

Dew Flower and Star

now the moth draws
strings across water
—the surface dies
dew flower and star

on the banks of the mooï and the river at umkomaas
over the swimming pools at rosebank and houghton
over the slopes of the transkei
over maritzburg on the plain
over howick (like the froth off a star)
over the rusted banks of traffic in the northern suburbs
over haartebeest poort dam
in the slamming of a car door
—surfaces less clear
(firefly across hardboard)
are held in silver pylons
dew flower and star

allemastig
in the turning of a page (less circumstance)
vreilig, soekie
lying on our sides, smoking like etna
(on the lake
each tremble
opens like a window to the knee)

Warwick Collins

The Cultural Animal

PRIMITIVE MYTHOLOGIES testify to the enduring fascination of Man with the problem of his own relationship to the natural world. For *Homo* is burdened with being *sapiens*, and one thing this *sapientia* drives him to is a ceaseless and almost passionate enquiry about his status—what T. H. Huxley aptly called *An Enquiry Into Man's Place in Nature*. And like Darwin and Huxley, the primitive seeks an answer to the eternal paradox: We are obviously part of nature, and in particular we are part of the animal world, and yet we are set apart from nature by the very fact of knowing that we are part of it. Not only does no other animal know it is going to die, but no other animal knows it is alive—in any sense in which we would normally use the word “know.” And no other animal concerns itself with the problem of its own uniqueness. But Man is obsessed with it. He is forever seeking to define himself—a task as yet uncompleted—and to do so he has to establish the boundaries between himself and the animal world. In their mythologies the primitives solve the problem in

TWO YOUNG SCHOLARS—dramatically named *Tiger* and *Fox*—have been revolutionising the study of animal and human behaviour. ENCOUNTER readers will be familiar with the views of Lionel Tiger (see “The Dangers of Finding Something Out,” in ENCOUNTER, December 1969) and his recent book entitled “Men in Groups” has been leaving its mark in all circles of anthropology and sociology. In this article, his colleague Robin Fox, who is Professor of Anthropology at Rutgers University, sets out his own views of the new issues—which have been agitating writers like Lorenz, Koestler, Ardrey, Desmond Morris, George Steiner (see his “Language Animal” in ENCOUNTER, August 1969)—against the whole intellectual background of modern social science. Fox (who is 35; Tiger is 33) was born in England, educated in Yorkshire and graduated from the University of London.

various ways—most usually by having man descend from various animal ancestors. We might like to think that this represents an anticipation of Darwin, but unfortunately most primitives believe in acts of special creation, so we have to disqualify them. One of these acts of creation, however, is usually the clue to the essential difference: it is language, fire, the art of cooking, rules about incest, etc., that are the diacritics of humanity. We do not communicate, convert energy, eat, or breed quite like the animals, and hence we make that crucial breakthrough from Nature to Culture, and become the Cultural Animal.

But not only do we become cultural, we become divine. In many of our ego-boosting mythologies we do not differ simply in degree from the animals, we differ in kind. It is not some simple attribute—like the ability to make fire—but the possession of a divine spark that renders us *in essence* different, that carves out a gulf between us and “brute creation.” Here again we can't seem to settle the matter, and much argument, as we know, ensues about where brute creation stops and the divine human starts. Any human group is ever ready to consign another recognisably different human group to the other side of the boundary. It is not enough to possess culture to be fully human, you have to possess *our* culture. Even universalistic religions which were happy to define man as an animal with a soul, were often not too sure by what criterion one recognised the possession of this *anima*, and categories of *Homo sylvestris* and *Homo feralis* were invented to take care of marginal cases. But at least in the Western world this definition sufficed (and for many still suffices) until the 18th century began to look down on such arguments as perhaps too “emotional,” and substituted “Reason” as the defining characteristic of Man. Linnaeus, to whom we owe our pretentious zoological title, was very much a child of the 18th century. Souls were not to be trusted, it seems, since one never knew quite what they were up to, and animals may very well have them. But

brute creation did not have reason and that was obvious enough. Soulful our furry friends may be, but rational they were not. They could probably adore God, but they couldn't understand Pythagoras.

DARWIN UNDERMINED this stance as much as the position of the religiously orthodox. He noted what in fact many predecessors, including Linnaeus himself, and even Immanuel Kant, had noted, and that was the striking anatomical similarity between ourselves and the rest of the order *Primates*—and ultimately between ourselves and the rest of the vertebrates. What he added was a theory that could explain how this striking relationship came about, other than by some whim of the Almighty or Lamarckian effort of will. Now this caused many people other than Bishop Wilberforce to feel that human dignity and uniqueness were in danger. That great anti-cleric Samuel Butler castigated Darwin for “banishing mind from the universe.” He had blurred the distinctions that we had assumed were inviolable. We had emerged gradually from the animal world by a natural process, not suddenly by a supernatural one. The moral was plain to the soul merchants and the reason merchants alike: we in fact differed only in degree and not in kind from our cousins. The reaction was interesting. The anatomical argument was quickly adopted and became its own kind of orthodoxy. Despite a few skirmishes the battle was over before it was fought. The anatomist Le Gros Clark could say recently that it is astonishing to think people ever doubted the anatomical continuity between ourselves and the other primates. And indeed it does seem absurd today—to the extent that when I am faced with an unrepentant fundamentalist I confess I am unable to cope with him. I have no ready-made arguments for defending the self-evident and so fare badly, thus confirming his worst fears about the conspiracy of the ungodly. In the 100 years between the appearance of *The Origin of Species* and today, a large (although still too limited) amount of fossil evidence has come to light documenting the gradual transition that Darwin saw *must* have happened, even in the absence of direct evidence. As far as anatomy was concerned then, the case rested. But human behaviour was somehow exempted from the same rubric.

Darwin published in 1873 his most remarkable work, *The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals*. Whatever we may think of his specific conclusions, his message was clear enough: in many areas of behaviour we show great similarities to our cousins; their behaviour, like their anatomy, has evolved through the process of natural selection, ergo, so has ours.

Anatomy and behaviour, structure and function, were of course intimately linked, and what was true for one was true for the other.

Even in the biological sciences, the impact of this line of thinking was not immediate, and it is only comparatively recently that biologists have been investigating in a serious way the evolution of animal behaviour systems. The reasons for this are not my concern here, although the historians of science should be working on them. But one reason we should note: investigations of animal behaviour really got going under the aegis of Pavlovian-style behaviourism, which is not evolutionary in orientation, and has scant respect for anything that is claimed to be “innate.” A similar reaction (or was it even a reaction?) happened in the social sciences. Darwin had blurred the distinctions all right, and even “reason” did not appear to be so firmly enthroned now; so Anthropology took on the role of Defender of the Faith in human uniqueness and weighed in with “culture” as the defining characteristic. Of course, as with their predecessors, they were never able to define what this was very clearly.

SO AS IN THE OLDER MYTHS of those other primitives, the nature of our uniqueness remains something of a mystery. Very roughly, “culture,” in anthropological parlance, refers to traditional modes of behaving and thinking that are passed on from one generation to another by social learning of one kind and another. We get a little uneasy when told that animal communities also have “traditions” that get passed on, so we retreat into “symbols.” Culture is couched in symbols and it is by means of these that it is passed on. Pre-eminent among the symbol systems is language—and when all else fails we can cling to language. “By their speech shall ye know them.”

The Constants & the Variables

THE SOCIAL AND BEHAVIOURAL sciences side-stepped Darwin's challenge. This manoeuvre was aided by a number of developments. Behaviourism dominated psychology, and “instinct theory” fell into disrepute. Behaviourism was rigorous and “scientific” while instinct theory (primarily under McDougal) seemed nothing more than a kind of thesaurus of human attributes. The eugenics movement which put such store in “biological” aspects of behaviour became more and more entangled with racism, and any attempt to show that there were important biological components in behaviour was regarded as incipient racism, and

still is in many quarters. In sociology, the "social Darwinists" also fell into disrepute. They were not really Darwinians in the sense in which I am using the term; they simply used analogies from Darwinian biological theory and applied them, usually wrongly, to social processes. Their wrong-headed use of evolutionary doctrines to support the excesses of *laissez-faire* capitalism eventually sent them into oblivion. With them, the proverbial baby went out with the proverbial bath-water.

Henceforth, any explanation of a social phenomenon that was "Darwinian" or "biological" was *ipso facto* erroneous in the social sciences, and that was that. Marx and Durkheim dominated sociology, and while the latter had problems with the autonomy of the subject his doctrine that the social must be explained in terms of the social and not "reduced" to any lower level—like the biological, of course—held almost complete sway. Anthropologists continued to pronounce. Sir Arthur Keith¹ even set a limit below which culture was impossible. The brain, he said, had to reach a size of 750 cubic centimetres before any fossil primate could be considered a "man." This gave substance to the anthropological belief that culture was (in the words of Malinowski) "all of a piece." One never found people with religion but no language, or law but no religion, and so on. If you had one you had all, and it must have happened at that point when the brain reached the size necessary for culture to "occur." One can immediately see the similarities between this and the Catholic doctrine as enunciated in the encyclical *Humani generis* where it is allowed that man may have evolved in body *à la* Darwin, but insisted that at some point an immortal soul was injected into the painfully evolving body. God would have had to wait, it seems, until his chosen primate had crossed Keith's "Cerebral Rubicon" before doing anything so presumptuous.

Anthropologists also were almost manically preoccupied with explaining cultural differences. They were really not very interested in what made men, but in what made one lot of men different from another lot. As a young student I had the litany chanted at me: "biological universals cannot explain cultural differentials..." And of course at one level they cannot. Muslims, I was told, take off their shoes to go into church while Christians take off their hats. Now find a biological explanation for *that*! I was never sure I wanted to find any kind of explanation for it: it seemed to me an

arbitrary thing. And anyway, what explanation was I offered? I will not bore you with the answer since I do not want to shake your faith in anthropology too much. But I will confess that even in those salad days I was plagued by the question: If we do not really know what biological universals there are, then how can we study the cultural differentials in the first place? How to study the variables without the constants? In response, I was told that biological universals were simply primitive drives like Hunger and Sex. The fact that Sex was universal didn't explain why some cultures were polygamous and others monogamous. Maybe not, I thought, but it might explain why they were all adulterous. After all, sex is a very complex affair, and might it not be that behaviour resulting from it was more than just these rather grey and amorphous urges that I was presented with? Look at the courtship of birds and animals, for example. Ah, came back the answer, but that is *genetic*, whereas human courtship is *cultural*.

WHEN ALL THIS WAS going on—some 15 years ago in London—I had no ready answer: anyway, I wanted to pass my exams. It all depends, I thought to myself (and in secret), what you want to explain. All human cultures have some kind of courtship ceremonies, and when you look at them they look very much alike despite the different cultural trappings. If all you want to explain is why in America girls wear their dates' fraternity pins while in Fiji they put hibiscus flowers behind their ears, then that's fine. But (1) it doesn't seem worth explaining, and (2) there probably is no "explanation" in any scientific sense: it is just what they do. These are simply ways of getting the same courtship job done, and the interesting thing to me is the universality of various similar symbolic devices. Has each culture independently invented the idea that the girl should declare her allegiance in this kind of way? Or is there perhaps something more subtle about courtship than we imagined, something uncultural, unlearned?

To be fair to anthropology, it was fighting on several fronts and often shot at the wrong targets. The "no-links-between-Biology-and-Culture" argument was partly an attack on the racists who wanted to explain seeming inequalities between cultures as a result of biological differences. Again the baby went out with the soap suds when anthropology strenuously set its face against *any* connection between culture and biology, even at the universal level. At best, as for example in the work of Malinowski, cultures could be seen as a response to a rather drab set of "biological imperatives"—

¹ Sir A. Keith, *A New Theory of Human Evolution*. Watts & Co. (1948).

but then this kind of Malinowskian functionalism soon fell into disrepute as well since it did nothing to explain cultural differences. While I am on with my catalogue of complaints, let me add that as far as I could see, for all its obsession with cultural differences, anthropology in fact did nothing to *explain* them. What it did was to take cultural differences as *given* and use them to explain other phenomena—largely other cultural differences. All the things that might have explained cultural differences—such as racial variation, environment, history diffusion, etc.—were at one time or another ruled out of court.

All in all then, for a variety of ideological reasons, the anthropological profession—along with psychology and sociology—kept the world safe for humanity by refusing to allow that anything about culture could be “reduced” to biology, and hence keeping the gap between us and the brutes nicely wide. We were the “cultural animal” all right, but stress was entirely on the *cultural* while the animal was relegated to a few odd things like blinking, sucking, feeling hungry, copulating. Ninety-nine per cent of our behaviour, it was held, was “learned” and hence cultural. And, what was more, there was no limit to what could be learned. The human infant was a *tabula rasa* on which culture imprinted itself, and the subsequent behaviour of the infant was therefore wholly a matter of which particular culture had been imprinted on it. The differences between cultures in their beliefs, behaviours and institutions were so great that any considerations of common biological traits were totally irrelevant.

Ethnographic Dazzle

WE GET THEN to the crux of what I want to say, by raising the question: Were not anthropologists suffering from ethnographic dazzle? I borrow the term from linguistics where “orthographic dazzle” refers to the difficulty some people have of sorting out pronunciation from spelling. In some respects and at some levels—the levels of belief, of formal institutions—cultures are dazzlingly different. Why are the Japanese the way they are, as opposed to the Americans, the Russians, or the Hottentots? This is a fascinating question. But as I have said, the anthropological answer is a rather lame “they are different because they do things differently....” Anthropology mostly tells us about the *consequences* of doing things differently, and tells it very well indeed. But are

societies and cultures really very different at the level of forms and processes? Or are they not in some ways depressingly the same? Do we not time after time in society after society come up with the same processes carried out under a variety of symbolic disguises? I think we do, and I think if we can get past the cultural or ethnographic dazzle we can see that this is so.

Thus, if one looks at the behaviour of what my colleague Lionel Tiger² has called *Men in Groups*, one finds that whatever the overt cultural behaviour at the level of symbolism, actual practices and beliefs, and even emotional and other expressive features, in society after society one thing stands out: men form themselves into associations from which they exclude women. These associations vary in their expressed purposes but in many of their processes they are remarkably uniform. A seemingly bewildering variety of male behaviour can be reduced in effect to a few principles once this is grasped. Similarly, I have tried to show that the seemingly endless variety of kinship and marriage arrangements known to man are in fact variations on a few simple themes. The same can be said of political arrangements which, despite their cultural variety, are reducible to a few structural forms. Once one gets behind the surface manifestations, the uniformity of human behaviour and of human social arrangements is remarkable.

None of this should surprise a behavioural zoologist: we are after all dealing with a uniform species divided into a number of populations. This being a species of rather highly developed mammals one would expect a lot of local differences in “traditions” between the various populations, but one would expect these differences to reflect species-specific “units” of behaviour. Thus, every species has a complex of social behaviour made up of recognisable units—a complex which distinguishes it from other species—but these units may well be put together in different ways by different populations adapting to different environments. But one does not find a baboon troop, for all its ingenuity, adapting like a herd of horses (and *vice versa*). The baboons can only adapt with the material to hand, in their stock of behaviour units—the same is true of man. The degree of flexibility in human populations is obviously greater, but a great deal of it is at the symbolic level. We can tell the story in many different ways, but it is the same old story we are telling. And if we depart too far from the plot—which we have the capacity to do—the result may well be a truly dramatic chaos. For this is man’s hang-up. Unlike the baboon or the horse we can imagine things that are different from the plot laid down for us, and we can put our

² Lionel Tiger, *Men in Groups*. London: Nelson; New York: Random House.

dreams into practice. The question then is: Will the dream work?

IF YOU ACCEPT that all behaviour is culturally learned and that man can learn anything, then the answer is: Yes... the only limit is human ingenuity... we can invent any kind of society and culture for ourselves. If you believe—as by now it should be obvious I do—that we have a species-specific repertoire of behaviour that can only be combined in certain ways with success, then the answer is: No, there are definite limits to what this animal can do, to the kind of societies it can operate, to the kind of cultures it can live with. But there is no end to its dreams and its fantasies. While its social behaviour may have strict limits, its imagination has none.

Towards a Grammar of Behaviour

I HAVE JUMPED HERE to my conclusion without detailing the whole route. Let me postpone the latter for a little while longer to press home this point. I mentioned earlier that language was the chief characteristic of our species, the crucial distinguishing feature. This is true and can be used to illustrate the point.

It is now well established that the capacity for language acquisition and use lies in the brain on the one hand and in the speech organs on the other, and overall in the complex relations between the two. Linguists like Chomsky, and psychologists like Lenneberg,³ argue that the capacity for grammatical speech is somehow "in" the brain and matures as the child matures. Thus every human child has the capacity for grammatical speech, and is ready, as it were, to be "programmed" with whatever actual grammar its culture provides. Now we know that the latter are many and various and astonishing in their variety, and that their variation is arbitrary. There is no "explanation" why the English say "*horse*," the French "*cheval*" and the Germans "*pferd*." There is no "explanation" why any particular pattern of sounds signifies an object or action (with the possible exception of onomatopoeia). This is quite arbitrary. Nevertheless, the speech patterns of all languages are known to operate on a few basic principles which linguistics have worked out,

and the semantic patterns may well also be reducible in this way once what Chomsky calls the "deep structures" of all languages are known. Once these are discovered, then we can write the "Universal Grammar" which will tell us the few principles upon which all actual grammars rest. We can do this because despite the enormous variety of "surface grammars" they all are doing the same job and are constrained to do it in a limited number of ways. Thus no language exists that a linguist cannot record with the universal phonetic alphabet in the first place, and analyse with universally applicable techniques of semantic analysis in the second. We can invent artificial languages based on binary signals, or other codes, which require different "grammars"; but "natural languages" all can be broken down first into phones, then phonemes, then morphemes, then lexemes, and so on up to the higher levels of grammaticality.

What I am suggesting is that the rest of culture is probably like this. The potential for it lies in the biology of the species—we have the kinds of cultures and societies we have because we are the kind of species we are; they are built out of our behavioural repertoire and are analysable into its elements and their combinations. Like language, the capacity for specific kinds of behaviour is in us, but exactly how this will be manifested will depend on the information fed into the system. The system here is the behaviour potential of the individual; the information is the culture he is socialised in. But in the same way as he can only learn a language that follows the "normal" rules of grammaticality for human languages, so he can only learn a grammar of behaviour that follows the parallel rules in the behavioural sphere. Of course in either case you can try departing from normal grammaticality, but in either case you will then get gibberish, linguistic or behavioural. With language by and large we don't try to manipulate because the matter is out of our hands. But with behaviour we are continually producing gibbering illiterates, and until we understand the deep structure of the behavioural grammar within which we weave our cultural variations, we will continue to do so. No one wants to produce linguistic gibberish since verbal communication breaks down; but we constantly produce behavioural gibberish and then wonder why social communication breaks down. The answer of those who believe that anything is possible since everything is cultural is—Try to invent yet more and more different languages with any kind of grammaticality you can think of. My answer is: Find out how the universal grammar works and then ring your changes within that framework; invent new behavioural languages that

³ Noam Chomsky, *Syntactic Structures*; The Hague: Mouton & Co. (1957). *Current Issues in Linguistic Theory*; The Hague: Mouton & Co. (1964). *Aspects of the Theory of Syntax*; Cambridge: MIT Press (1965). E. H. Lenneberg, *Biological Foundations of Language*; New York: John Wiley & Sons (1967).

do not violate the principles of basic grammaticality.

LET ME TRY YOUR patience with this metaphor a little further. At least two monarchs in history are said to have tried the experiment of isolating children at birth and keeping them isolated through childhood to see if they would spontaneously produce a language when they matured. The Egyptian Psammetichos, in the 7th century B.C., and later James IV of Scotland in the 15th century A.D., both, it seemed, did not doubt that untutored children would speak (although King James' hope that they would speak Hebrew was perhaps a little optimistic). I do not doubt either that they *could* speak, or that, theoretically, given time, they or their offspring would invent and develop a language despite their never having been taught one. More than that, this language, although totally different from any known to us, would be analysable by linguists on the same basis as other languages, and translatable into all known languages.

I would go further. If our new Adam and Eve could survive and breed—still in total isolation from any cultural influences—then eventually they would produce a society which would have laws about property, rules about incest and marriage, customs of taboo and avoidance, methods of settling disputes with a minimum of bloodshed, beliefs about the supernatural and practices relating to it, a system of social status and methods of indicating it, initiation ceremonies for young men, courtship practices including the adornment of females, systems of symbolic body adornment generally, certain activities and associations set aside for men from which women were excluded, gambling of some kind, a tool- and weapon-making industry, myths and legends, dancing, adultery, and various doses of homicide, suicide, homo-

⁴Actually in the interests of accuracy I should add a rider here to the effect that the experiment might be impossible to perform. It is one of the ground rules of the universal behavioural grammar of all primates—not just humans—that if you take young infants away from maternal care at a critical period then they will grow up to be very disturbed indeed and may well perpetuate this error by maltreating their own children in turn. Thus our experiment may well produce a group of very mal-adjusted adults and the whole thing founders rather quickly. But at least this gives us one element of the universal system: some method has to be found of associating mother and child closely and safely during certain critical periods. Not only can the animal not learn any *thing* at all, it cannot learn any *time* at all. It has to learn certain things at certain times—and this is true of language as of many other areas of behaviour.

sexuality, schizophrenia, psychosis, and neuroses, and various practitioners to take advantage of, or cure, these, depending on how they are viewed. One could go on and extend the list, but it will do as a start.

What I am saying is that they would not only produce (as our monarchs suspected) a recognisable human language, but a recognisable human culture and society. It may not be in content quite like any we have come across: its religious beliefs may be different, but it would have some; its marriage rules may be unique (I doubt it) but it would have them and their type would be recognised; its status structure may be based on an odd criterion, but there would be one; its initiation ceremonies may be unbelievably grotesque but they would exist; its use or treatment of schizophrenia may be bizarre, but there it would be. All these things would be there because we are the kind of animal that does these kinds of things. In the same way, one can raise in a zoo infant baboons who know nothing of the state in which their ancestors and wild cousins lived, and yet when they reach maturity in the zoo produce a social structure with all the elements found in the wilds and of which they have no experience. Their capacity to produce a unique "language" is of course much more limited than that of our naïve group of humans, but in both cases the basic grammaticality of behaviour will be operative. In the same way that a linguist could take our Garden of Eden tribe and analyse its totally unique language, so an anthropologist would be able to analyse its totally unique kinship system or mythology or whatever—because the basic rules of the universal grammar would be operating.⁴

WHAT I AM SAYING about our human tribe developed *de novo* in our experimental Eden may not seem very remarkable but it goes against the grain of the anthropological orthodoxy. Without any exposure to cultural traditions our tribe would develop *very specific* and highly complex patterns of behaviour, and probably very quickly—a matter of a few generations once they had got a language going. They would do so for the same reason that the baboons produce a baboon social system in captivity—because it is in the beast. And it is not just a very general capacity that is in the beast—not just the capacity to learn, and to learn easily—which is all the culturalists need to assume; it is the capacity to learn some things rather than others, and to learn some things easily rather than others, and to learn some rather specific things into the bargain.

This is, I think, an important point. I am not positing that initiation ceremonies or male

rituals are "instinctive" in any old sense of that term. They are an outcome of the biology of the animal because it is programmed to behave in certain ways that will produce these phenomena given a certain input of information. If this input does not occur then the behaviour will not occur or will only occur in a modified or distorted form.⁵ What I am trying to say is that the human organism is like a computer which is set up or "wired" in a particular way. It is thus in a state of readiness—at various points in the life cycle—to process certain kinds of information. The information has to be of a certain type, but the actual "message" can vary a lot. If the information is received, then the computer stores it and uses it to go on to the next task. If you confuse the system then the machine very easily breaks down, and might even blow the fuses if you really mix up the programme. Of course to push this analogy to its logical conclusion we would have to have computers feeding each other information to simulate the human situation. Only when they were synchronised would the total system run properly.

This is—although very crude—a different model from that of the old "Instinctivists" or of the "Behaviourists." To the Instinctivists, behaviour resulted simply from the manifestation of innate tendencies which in interaction produced such things as "territorialism" or "maternal behaviour" or "acquisitiveness" and the like. To the Behaviourists, the infant was (as we have seen), a *tabula rasa* and behaviour ultimately was the result of learning *via* "conditioning."⁶ Culturalists in anthropology and the social sciences share the *tabula rasa* view and see all behaviour above the primitive-drive level as a result of the learning of a particular culture. My view sees the human organism as "wired" in a certain way so that it can process information about certain things like language and rules about sex, and not other things, and that it can only process this information at certain times and in certain ways. This wiring is geared to the life cycle so that at any one moment in a population of *Homo sapiens* there will be individuals with a certain "store" of behaviour at one stage of the cycle giving out

information to others at another stage, the latter being wired to treat the information in a certain way. As an outcome of the interaction of these individuals at various stages, certain "typical" relationships will emerge.

THIS MAY SEEM either tortuous or obvious, but I can assure you it is a different way of viewing human behaviour and social structure than the orthodox one, which informs not only anthropology but our whole secular social ideology. This says: When in trouble, change the programme because we can write any programme we want to. What we should say is: When in trouble, find out what is in the wiring, because only then will we know what programmes we can safely write.

The culturalists only acknowledge a very general "capacity for culture"—if they acknowledge anything at all about the general characteristics of the species. To them, all culture is pure human invention, and is passed on from generation to generation by symbolic learning. Logically, it follows that if ever this store of culture should be lost, it is improbable that it would be invented again in the same forms. Thus something as specific as totemism and exogamy—that old anthropological chestnut—has to be seen in this view as a pure intellectual invention, and it would be unlikely that it would be invented again. I don't think so. I think my tribe with no experience of any other human culture and no knowledge of "totemism" and "exogamy" would produce both very quickly, and what is more these phenomena would be immediately recognisable and analysable by anthropologists.

In fact those anthropologists like Tylor who argued for the "psychic unity of mankind" were acknowledging a similar position. They argued that such customs had not been invented in one area and diffused throughout the world, but were stock responses of the human psyche to external pressures. They were somehow reflections of "Human Nature"—a phrase that we have been discouraged from using. The argument for psychic unity also had to face the "Constants can't explain Variables" charge, but we have dealt with that one already. The psychic unity argument, however, was never pushed as far as I am pushing it. The universal psyche for these anthropologists had no specific "content"—it was a capacity to do human things, but most of its proponents would have maintained it was a general learning capacity and that culture was invented. As I have said, at one level this is true—at the level of specific content—but we must not be dazzled by this into ignoring those basic processes and forms that crop up with regular monotony.⁷

⁵ This is in fact more like the modern theory of instinct, but to go into the ramifications of this would take us far afield.

⁶ Psycho-analysis leans to the instinctivist end but is a special case in some ways.

⁷ Here we must not slip into the error of thinking that *universal processes* necessarily produce *uniform results*. Far from it. This is not true even in the plant kingdom and is even less true in the animal.

Biology or Culture?

I CAN NOW RETURN to the problem of the route by which I reached this conclusion. The question that had been plaguing me was really "How do we know what's in the wiring and how did it get there?" For we can only find out really what it is all about if we know how it was constructed, to what end it was produced. It is no good trying to use an analog computer as if it were a digital computer since they were designed for different uses. The answer to this should have been obvious, and soon became so: what is in the wiring of the human animal got there by the same route as it got into any other animal, by mutation and natural selection. These "great constructors," as Konrad Lorenz calls them, had produced remarkable end-products in the social behaviour of all kinds of animals, reptiles, birds, fishes and insects. And it is here that the message of Lorenz and his associates becomes important: behaviour evolves just as structure evolves and the evolution of the two is ultimately linked.

We are back to Darwin's principle from which this article started and from which anthropology so disastrously departed at the turn of the century. What the behavioural zoologists (in Europe usually known as "ethologists") showed us, was that units of behaviour evolved on the same principle as units of anatomy and physiology; that a head movement that was part of a bird's innate repertoire of actions had an adaptive significance as great as the evolution of the wing itself. The head movement may be precisely the thing that inhibits the attack of another bird, for example, and over the millennia has become "fixed" as a signal recognised by the species as an inhibitor. Even if one does not accept that humans have "instincts" of this kind (I think they have a few but not many) the point that one should look at behaviour as the end-product of evolution, and analyse it in terms of the selection pressures that produced it, is well taken. If we have this marvellous flexibility in our learning patterns then this is a feature of the biology of our species and we should ask *why* we have this flexibility. What selection pressures operated to bring about this particular biological feature? Our enormous dependence on culture as a mode of adaptation itself stands in need of explanation, for this too is a species-specific characteristic, and it gets us

⁸ Konrad Lorenz, *On Aggression*; Methuen (1966). V. C. Wynne-Edwards, *Animal Dispersion in Relation to Social Behaviour*; Oliver and Boyd (1962). M. R. A. Chance, "The Nature and Special Features of the Instinctive Social Bond of Primates." In *Social Life of Early Man*, S. L. Washburn, ed., Methuen (1962).

into trouble as much as it raises us to glory. It is a two-edged weapon in the fight for survival, and the simple brutes with their instinctive head-wagging may well live to have the last laugh.

But the brutes, it transpired, were not so simple. When one looked at our cousins, the other primates, the complexity of their social behaviour was amazing. One thing the ethologists taught us to do was to compare the behaviour of closely related species in order to get at the "proto-behaviour" of the group of animals concerned. The continuing flow of excellent material on non-human primates in the wild showed us how many and subtle were the resemblances between ourselves and our simian relatives. Wider afield, the growing science of animal behaviour showed that many mammals, and vertebrates generally, had social systems which duplicated features of our own society, and in which similar processes occurred, and even similar social pathologies. Lorenz showed how aggression was the basis of social bonding; Wynne-Edwards postulated that the "conventionalised competition" which controlled aggression was itself rooted in the control of numbers; Chance demonstrated that among primates the elementary social bond was that between males rather than that between males and females, and so on.⁸ The politics of macaque monkeys suggested that Aristotle was right: in so far as he was a primate, Man was by nature a political animal. (It is significant how often, when this is quoted, the clause *by nature* is omitted.) Ants can have societies, but ants cannot have politics. Politics only occurs when members can change places in a hierarchy as a result of competition. So man is more than social, he is political; and he is political because he is that kind of primate—terrestrial and gregarious.

THE UPSHOT OF THIS is that it became more and more obvious that we had a considerable animal heritage and hence a great store of comparative data to draw on in making generalisations about our own species. And it forces upon us this observation: if we find our own species displaying certain patterns of social behaviour that duplicate those of other similar species—depending on the level of similarity of course—then we will often need to say little more about these patterns other than that they are what we would expect from say, a terrestrial primate, a land-dwelling mammal, a gregarious vertebrate, or whatever. Of course, some aspects of these patterns and a great deal of their content will be unique, but this is only to say that they will be species-specific. Every species is unique since it is the end-product of a particular path of

evolution. The real question is the nature of the uniqueness—which is where we started. And we cannot answer it until we know what we have *in common with* all other species, and with some other species, and with only closely related species.

Thus the argument that we differ from all other species as a result of the triumph of Culture over Biology I find false, because culture is an aspect of our biological difference from other species. It is the name for a kind of behaviour found in our species which ultimately depends on an organ, the brain, in which we happen to have specialised. Differences between ourselves and other primates, for example, do not stem from the fact that we have in some way *overcome* our primate natures, but stem from the fact that we are a different kind of primate with a different kind of nature. At the level of forms and processes we behave culturally because it is in our nature to behave culturally, because mutation and natural selection have produced this animal which *has* to behave culturally, has to invent rules, make myths, speak languages and form men's clubs, in the same way as the hamadryas baboon has to form harems, adopt infants, and bite its wives on the neck.

BUT WHY CULTURE? Why didn't our simian ancestors content themselves with a much less flexible, and perhaps at the time less vulnerable, way of coping with nature's exigencies? This is where another strand of evidence comes in—the material on human evolution. In Darwin's day this was practically non-existent and even now it is relatively meagre. But we now can trace with some confidence the general picture of man's evolution over at least four million years, and we have evidence that the hominid line may well go back over thirty million.

This is not the place for an exposition of what we have come to know, and all I can do is to point out some of the implications of our new knowledge. It will be recalled that Sir Arthur Keith set the limit of brain size below which was mere animal at 750 c.c.s. The modern human brain averages about 1,400 c.c.s., roughly twice that of Keith's minimum. The brain of the chimpanzee is roughly 400 c.c.s., that of the gorilla 500 c.c.s. Modern discoveries have shown that hominids have existed for at least two million years and probably longer, and that at that early date in their evolution they were indulging in activities that imply the existence of cultural traditions even if of a rudimentary form. The most striking evidence of this is the existence of tool-making industries

first in bone and horn and then in stone (wood does not survive but was undoubtedly used) in small-brained hominids in east and south Africa. Two million years ago, our ancestors with brain sizes ranging from 435 c.c.s. to 680 c.c.s.—only a little better, you see, than the gorilla—were doing very human things, cultural things, before having reached the Cerebral Rubicon. They were hunting, building shelters, making tools, treating skins, living in base camps and possibly many other things (speaking languages perhaps?) that we cannot know directly, while their morphology was still predominantly ape-like and their brains in some cases smaller than the apes. What was not ape-like about them was their dentition and their bipedal stance. In these features they were well launched on the road to humanity since both reflect the adaptation to a hunting way of life which differentiates these animals from their primate cousins.

PLEASE NOTE that I say these "animals"—I might just have easily have said these "men." And this is, perhaps, the moral of the story. What the record of evolution shows is no sharp break between Man and Animal that can be pinpointed at a certain brain size or anything else. What it shows is a very gradual transition in which changes in locomotion led the way and in which the brain was something of a sluggard. The pelvis of the *Australopithecinae*—those man-apes of south and east Africa—is strikingly human and totally unlike anything in an ape, because these were bipedal creatures; but the brain was, if anything, smaller than that of a gorilla—an animal not particularly noted for its cultural achievements.

The moral goes deeper. Once launched on the way to humanity through bipedalism, hunting, and the use of tools, our ancestors became more dependent on their brains than their predecessors had been. If they were going to survive largely by skill and cunning and rapid adaptation to the changing circumstances of the Pleistocene epoch, then a premium was put on the capacity for cultural behaviour about which we have been speaking. Man took "the cultural way" before he was clearly distinguishable from the animals, and in consequence found himself stuck with this mode of adaptation. It turned out to be very successful, although for a while it must have been touch-and-go. But because he became dependent on culture, then mutation and natural selection operated to improve on the organ most necessary to cultural behaviour, namely the brain and in particular the neo-cortex with its important functions of association and control. Those animals that were best able to be cultural were

favoured in the struggle for existence. Man's anatomy, physiology and behaviour are, therefore, in large part the *result* of culture. His large and efficient brain is a *consequence* of culture as much as its *cause*. He does not have a culture because he has a large brain—he has a large brain because several million years ago his little-brained ancestors tried the cultural way to survival. Of course, the correct way to view this is as a “feed-back” process. As cultural pressures grew so did selection pressures for better brains, and as better brains emerged culture could take new leaps forward thus in turn exerting more pressures, and so on.

Again, this is an over-simplified account, and the actual picture of the evolution of the brain is much more complex. But in essential outline it is true, and for our immediate purposes enough to make the point that our uniqueness is a biological uniqueness and that culture does not in some mysterious sense represent a break with biology. Our present biological make-up is a consequence among other things of cultural selection pressures. We are, therefore, biologically constituted to produce culture, not simply because by some accident we got a brain that could do cultural things, but because the cultural things themselves propelled us into getting a larger brain. We are not simply the *producers* of institutions like the family, science, language, religion, warfare, kinship systems, exogamy, etc.; we are the *product* of them. Hence it is scarcely surprising that we continually reproduce that which produced us. We were selected to do precisely this, and in the absence of tuition our mythical tribe would do it all over again in the same way. It is not only the *capacity* for culture, then, that lies in the brain: it is the *forms* of culture, the universal grammar of language and behaviour.

Uniqueness & Commonality

THIS, THEN, IS HOW it all got into the wiring of the human computer. Once we know these facts about human evolution there is no great mystery in principle about the production of culture by human beings and the relative uniformity of its processes. There are many mysteries of fact which will never be solved since we can only infer the behaviour of fossil man and never observe it. But in principle, once we accept that culture is the major selection pressure operating on the evolution

of human form and behaviour, and that it has produced an animal wired for the processing of various cultural programmes, then the problem of the “uniqueness of man” becomes a problem on the same level as the problem of the uniqueness of any other animal species.

Putting together the insights of the ethologists and the students of human evolution then, we can scan the behaviour of related species for aspects of behaviour that are common to all primates, and beyond that we can look to mammals and vertebrates for clues. For in the process of evolution we did not cease to be primates or mammals. In fact, as Weston La Barre⁹ has said, part of our success lies in exaggerating certain mammalian tendencies rather than in losing them (length of suckling, for example). A good deal of our behaviour, and in particular our social arrangements, can be seen as variations on common primate and gregarious-mammalian themes. Certain “unique” aspects—such as the use of true language—can then be investigated for what they are, biological specialisations produced by the unique evolutionary history of the species.

This perspective enables us to look at human society and behaviour comparatively without any necessity to propound theories of the total and essential difference between ourselves and other animals. It puts the obvious uniqueness into perspective, and does not allow us to lose sight of our commonality with the animal kingdom. We are “the Cultural Animal” all right, but both terms should be given equal weight, and one does not contradict the other. For the last time then, let me say that culture does not represent a triumph over nature, for such a thing is impossible. It represents an end-product of a natural process. It is both the producer and the product of our human nature, and in behaving culturally we are behaving naturally.

TO BURY THIS ISSUE once and for all, at least to my own satisfaction, let me add a word about the nature of culture as opposed to the nature of instinct. It is often said that man has “lost” all his instincts. This is a shade extreme. If I may paraphrase Oscar Wilde, to lose some of one's instincts is unfortunate, to lose all of them smacks of carelessness. No species could afford to be that careless. But it is true that in terms of innate mechanisms which produce items of behaviour complete at their first performance and relatively unmodifiable by experience, man has very few. Instead, it is often claimed, he has intelligence, foresight, wisdom and the like, and the enormous capacity to learn. Now in ditching instinct and opting for intelligence man took something of a risk, since in-

⁹ Weston La Barre, *The Human Animal*; University of Chicago Press (1955).

instinct does provide a surety of response that has been evolved from trial and error over millions of years. Ant societies are much better organised and more efficient than any human societies and are driven wholly on instinctive mechanisms. But again instinct has its costs. It is too rigid. Changed circumstances cannot be met by a rapid adjustment in behaviour, and insects and animals heavily dependent on instinct have to wait for processes of genetic change to effect changes in the instincts themselves before they can adjust. The higher we go up the phyletic scale the less true this is of course, and with man least true of all. Thus there is a cost-benefit analysis involved in the shedding of innate instincts in favour of more complex modes of behaving.

The crux of the matter is this: even if a species sheds its dependence on instincts, it still has to get done the same things that instincts were designed to do. To put it into our earlier language, culture has to do the same job that instinct had been doing. This is another paradox, I suppose, but an intriguing one. Because to get culture to do the same jobs as instinct had been doing, one had to make cultural behaviour in many ways like instinctive behaviour. It had to be "unconscious" so that it did not require thought for its operation; it had to be "automatic" so that certain stimuli would automatically produce it; it had to be common to all members of the population.

If we look at our cultural behaviour, how much of it is in fact "intelligent" and conscious, and how much at that unthinking automatic response level? The answer is, of course, that the vast majority of our behaviour is the latter, absorbed during our socialisation and built into our patterns of habitual thought, belief and response. Habit indeed is, as William James said, the great flywheel of society. Anthropologists speak of "covert" or "unconscious" culture to refer to this iceberg of assumptions, values, and habitual responses. And sitting over them all of course is the great evolutionary invention of conscience, or super-ego, or moral sense, or whatever you want to call it. The sense of guilt, of having broken the taboos, the rules, the laws of the tribe, keeps most of us in line most of the time. Conscience is an empty canister that culture fills, but once filled it becomes a dynamic controller of behaviour. Most of our behaviour, however, never even rises to the point where conscience and the sense of guilt need to step in. We do what we do from habit, even down to tiny little details of gestures and twitches of the facial muscles. Most of this we never think about, but we rapidly recognise when other people are not doing it (and often lock them up in asylums as lunatics). Think

only of the example of the man walking down the road in the rain without a raincoat, smiling, shoulders back, head facing the sky. Clearly a madman. He should be hunched and hurrying and looking miserable, with his jacket collar up at least. . . .

The genius of nature here stands revealed and the paradox is resolved. Of course most of our learned cultural behaviour in fact operates almost exactly like instinct. And, as we have seen, this has to be the case. The customs and usages of the tribe, although not instinctive themselves, had to do the same jobs as instincts and hence had to be built into the automatic habit patterns of the tribal members, with guilt as a safeguard. (This was not foolproof, but neither is instinct itself.) So the same effect is achieved, and those habits which have proved useful in survival become part of the behavioural repertoire of the people. But, and here is the element of genius, these habits can be changed within a generation. One does not have to wait for the long process of natural selection to operate before these quasi-instinctual behaviours can be modified. They can be modified very rapidly to meet changing circumstances. Thus, one has all the benefits of instinctive behaviour without its costs—over time that is. At any one time the rigidity of cultural habits will be just as invulnerable to change as any instinct—as we know to our cost—and habits are very conservative. Since most of them are passed on by means other than direct tuition, they tend to persist over generations despite changes in overt education. But they can be changed relatively rapidly compared with the time-span needed for changes in genetic material. Thus man can make rapid adjustments without anarchy (which does not mean that he always does so).

HERE AGAIN WE SEE learned, cultural behaviour as yet another kind of biological adaptation. At this level, other species too display behaviour of the same kind, and the higher in the scale they are the more dependent they become on habits transferred over the generations by learning rather than instincts transferred in the genetic code. But we must always keep in mind that this is not a sharp distinction. The code is not silent about learning and habits. If the position taken here is anywhere near correct, then instructions about habitual behaviour are as much in the code as instructions about instinctive behaviour.

Mind or Nothing

THIS MODEL OF BEHAVIOUR, then, sees the human actor as a bundle of potentialities rather than a *tabula rasa*: potentialities for

action, for instinct, for learning, for the development of unconscious habits. These potentials or predispositions or biases are the end-product of a process of natural selection peculiar to our species. One consequence of this view is that much of the quasi-instinctive cultural behaviour of man can be studied in much the same way and by much the same methods as ethologists study the truly instinctive behaviour of other animals. Many strands of investigation seem to be leading in this direction at the moment.

The kind of over-all investigation that emerges from this theoretical position would utilise primarily three kinds of data: data from human behaviour both contemporary and known in history; data on animal behaviour, particularly that on wild primates; data on hominid evolution with special attention to the evolution of the brain. Eventually, of course, data from genetics—molecular genetics, behaviour genetics, and population genetics—will have to be included. But this is perhaps jumping ahead too far. At the moment the best we can say is that we should be prepared to use genetic data when we become sophisticated enough to incorporate it.

I began with the theme of human uniqueness, and should end with the point that our uniqueness has to be interpreted in the same way as the uniqueness of any other species. We have to

ask "how come?", or how did culture get into the wiring? How did the great constructors operate to produce this feature which, like everything else about us, is not anti-nature, or super-organic, or extra-biological, or any of the other demagogic fantasy-states that science and religion imagine for us. Darwin did not banish mind from the universe as Samuel Butler feared: he gave us a basis for explaining how mind got into the universe in the first place. And it got there as did every other natural and biological feature: by natural selection. The tool-making animal needed mind to survive; that is, he needed language and culture and the reorganisation of experience that goes with these. And having got the rudiments and become dependent on them there was no turning back. There was no retreat to the perilous certainty of instinct. It was mind or nothing. It was classification and verbalisation, rules and laws, mnemonics and knowledge, ritual and art, that piled up their pressures on the precarious species, demanding better and better brains to cope with this new organ—culture—now essential to survival. Two related processes, thought and self-control, evolved hand in hand. Their end-product is the cultural animal, which speaks and rules itself because that is the kind of animal it is; because speaking and self-discipline have made it what it is; because it is what it produces and was produced by what it is.

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To an Emergent Politician

One can't make an omelette without breaking eggs, you
Inform us. Which is realistic. Which is even true.

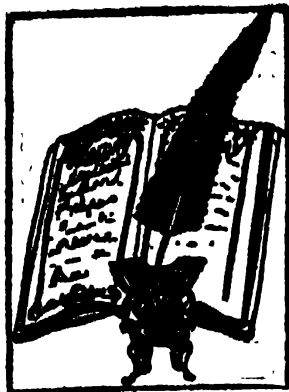
But how many eggs have been broken? And why the haste?
Who is eating the omelette? And how does it taste?

And why do you seem to relish the breaking of eggs more
Than the cooking? The ones lying smashed on the floor—

What are they doing there? May we ask how it happens
You are the only cock left in a huddle of drab hens?

But that's the beauty of imported proverbs for a gent
In your position: the way they choke domestic argument.

D. J. Enright



Column

DOES DELIGHT TO bark and bite but until recently when universities, alas, became hot news, their snarls were usually confined to the privacy of senior common rooms or the obscurity of learned journals. To-day they have a wider audience for their malice, and what goes on in college meetings or university councils is as much a matter for the gossip columnist as any debutantes' cocktail party. Thousands take pleasure in Mercurius Oxoniensis' news-letters in *The Spectator*, and there is hardly a detail of university life at Warwick which is not known to the public.

Plants that flourish in shy seclusion sometimes wilt when exposed to harsher airs, and academic controversy when conducted *coram publico* does not always bring credit to its participants. The recent debate, for instance, in the columns of the *Times Literary Supplement* must have struck many of its readers as, at best, slightly mystifying and at worst extremely bad-tempered.

For, after all, the protagonists are two very distinguished academic figures. Dr. Leavis has probably exercised a greater influence on the teaching of English in this country than anyone else of his generation and in his thousands of devoted and admiring pupils his influence still lives on. Lord Annan, once the Grand Young Man of Cambridge, has been Provost of King's and is now the head of one of this country's greatest academic institutions, University College, London. These two eminent and angry men have been denouncing each other with a vindictiveness which testifies to their continued vitality, if not to their self-control. Their teeth leave marks which are plain to everyone; their barking, on the other hand, has a tendency to dissipate itself into a confusion of sounds which makes it exceedingly difficult for anyone to understand precisely what they are barking about.

One reason for this, perhaps, is that since Newman hardly anything has inspired quite so much bad prose as the subject of university education. There seems to be something about it which drives its exponents into realms of abstraction, platitude, and well-meaning but windy rhetoric which otherwise they would never dream of entering. The prose in which the Committee of Vice-Chancellors pronounces

its *ex cathedra* judgments on higher education should be exhibited in public places as an example of how not to write English. This is no accident, because the committee represents a kind of lowest common denominator of academic opinion at a time of unexampled confusion of mind about what universities are meant to be or what purposes they are meant to serve.

IT IS STRIKING EVIDENCE of the virulence of this linguistic disease that it seems to have infected even Lord Annan and Dr. Leavis. For on other subjects Lord Annan can be an admirable writer, while Dr. Leavis has been responsible for some of the finest literary criticism of our time; when it comes to universities, however, their literary gifts seem to desert them altogether. Lord Annan, for instance, as if angrily aware that he has not made the grounds of his disagreement with Dr. Leavis quite clear, at one moment produces like a trump card the statement that the essential and exclusive virtue of the university is *the cultivation of the intellect*. Now no doubt there is a sense, though not a very helpful one, in which this statement may be true. On the other hand, so far as I understand Lord Annan or Dr. Leavis at all, I can see no reason whatever why Dr. Leavis should disagree with it nor why it should leave the slightest dent in his argument. Yet at the same time, as a description of how the universities actually function at the present time, Lord Annan's proposition in no way fits the facts. In what way, for instance, is the teaching of engineering, or agriculture, or medicine predominantly devoted to the cultivation of the intellect? I do not ask this with any wish to disparage any of these admirable and useful sciences, but merely to suggest that it is quite possible to study them at the university with hardly more cultivation of the intellect than is required to master the twelve times table. And would Lord Annan seriously affirm that all, or even most, of the young men and women who at present attend our universities are primarily engaged in the arduous task of cultivating their intellects? If so, he would exhibit a lack of understanding of his own students which I am sure he is not capable of. Lord Annan, I suppose, might reply that he is talking not of the actual but the ideal; but in that case he is simply introducing that confusion between what is and what ought to be which continually bedevils all discussion of university education. The truth is, of course, that many people attend universities for quite different reasons than Lord Annan suggests, and that universities also have quite other and humbler functions than the exalted one which he ascribes to them.

THE TROUBLE IS, I think, that in this particular discussion Lord Annan finds himself in an uncongenial role. He is by nature a progressive and an ameliorationist, with a critical eye for the weaknesses of our society and, as a humane and compassionate man, a disposition to amend them. But in this case, as against Dr. Leavis, he finds himself in the position of defending the *status quo*, and indeed it is almost essential that he should do so because he passionately desires that there should be more of it. Indeed, one of his charges against Dr. Leavis is that he is opposed to that extension of higher education which he himself so ardently desires.

Not at all, replies the Doctor. He is, it appears, as ardent as Lord Annan in the wish to expand the provision of higher education; but since, in his view, the universities are already failing to fulfil the very exalted function which he, like Lord Annan, assigns to them, how will it help them to perform it any better simply by making them larger? Will they not, rather, perform even worse?

In this respect, at least, I think Dr. Leavis has rather the better of the argument. He has, as opposed to Lord Annan, a very precise view of what the purpose of a university should be. It is to apply an essential critical vision to our society and our culture and to discover, both by teaching and by research, the means by which this critical vision can be continuously enriched and refined. The university should be a school of studies for those who devote their minds to subjecting the values of our society to informed scrutiny and examination and, by doing so, help the rest of us both to understand what they are and in what respects they deserve our acceptance or rejection. In Dr. Leavis' view, the universities should be the salt of our society; his complaint is that the salt has lost, or is losing, its savour.

IT IS ONE OF THE MYSTERIES of the debate between Lord Annan and Dr. Leavis that Lord Annan would not, I feel sure, fundamentally disagree with this view of the university. Indeed, does it not enlarge and give precision to his own view that the university's function is the cultivation of the intellect? He might more easily, I think, quarrel with Dr. Leavis' additional, but quite separate view, that the only way in which the university can be enabled to carry out its critical function is by making the study of English the centre of all its activities; in Dr. Leavis' university, English would occupy theology's empty throne as Queen of the Sciences. But there is no reason why one should not accept the first view while rejecting the second; though I am afraid that, things being as they are and Dr. Leavis being what he is, this would probably lay oneself open to the

same charges of treachery, philistinism; and incomprehension which Dr. Leavis flings so freely at Lord Annan and the gaggle of academic peers who play the part of bogeymen in his vision of university life, which at times rather resembles Dante's *Inferno* with Lord Annan, Lord Robbins, and Lord Snow in its nethermost circle.

This is a risk anyone must take who dares to agree with Dr. Leavis in spite of himself, but one would after all willingly accept it if only one could advance the argument a little further and rescue it from the slightly miasmatic atmosphere in which he and Lord Annan conduct their no-holds-barred academic infighting. For university education has by now become a matter which concerns everybody, and the university has come to occupy a position at once so crucial and so vulnerable that it requires the greatest possible measure of goodwill from all interested parties if it is to discharge the enormously heavy burdens which are at present being laid upon it. Not least among those whose goodwill is somewhat too easily taken for granted is the ordinary taxpayer. There are moments when one cannot help feeling that if a working man, who every week contributes out of his pay packet a large contribution to the high and increasing costs of a university system from which he will never directly benefit, were, in search of a little sweetness and light, to read Lord Annan's and Dr. Leavis' exchange of insults, he might well feel inclined to throw up his hands in despair; not only because of the difficulty of making head or tail of it, but because of the sheer intellectual bad manners displayed in their exhibition bout.

IT IS ONE OF THE FAULTS of the academic mind that it is prone, in the interest of higher things, to ignore the facts of what are sometimes rather ugly situations. So far as the universities are concerned, one of those facts today is that there is now no alternative to a very large expansion during the coming decade; for better or worse, the decision would appear to have already been taken by those who have the power to enforce it. A necessary corollary to this is that there will be an increasing degree of public supervision of the uses which the universities make of the increasingly large revenues entrusted to them by the taxpayer. It would appear to follow that, if the universities are to defend their freedom effectively, they will have to take greater trouble to explain their policies and their purposes to the public in language which it can understand. He who pays the piper calls the tune, and it is necessary that the public should be offered the right tunes. They are not likely to do so from the scannell piping of the Annan-Leavis

exchanges and unless they are given some rather more attractive music, there is a danger that they will be tempted to think that university education is far too serious a matter to be left to dons. It is of course a danger that should be resisted; but sometimes dons do not make it very easy to do so.

SURELY Lenin was one of the most detestable of the ideologues who from time to time have been in a position to impose their will on the human race, and not all the efforts of Soviet and many other historians and biographers have been able to conceal what a very disagreeable character he was. But because he was a great man, we still endeavour to attribute to him qualities he never possessed: imagination, compassion, artistic taste, profound sympathy with and understanding of the sufferings of his fellow human beings. We like to join the bandwagon of history and hate to think that great events can be the work of evil men.

In a sense, this is to do an injustice to Lenin, while at the same time deceiving ourselves about him; he is interesting enough as he really was without our trying to improve on him. In the many eulogies, appraisals, assessments, which have appeared during this year's centenary of his birth, I have not yet come across any reference to what may have been one of his most remarkable achievements. For it seems reasonable to believe that, among the many other things he did to set his stamp upon this century, there was one for which he is not normally given the credit; that is to say, the re-introduction of torture into Europe as an instrument of state policy.

The concept of terror, of course, was familiar to Marxist thought and was sanctified by revolutionary tradition; Marx and Engels were for it, but Lenin curiously enough was not. But terror, theoretically at least, is something different from torture; it includes the physical liquidation of one's political opponents but not necessarily their ill-treatment. Equally, police brutality has been, and remains, a feature of most bourgeois régimes; it is one of the remnants of barbarism that civilisation has never been able to eradicate. But again, police brutality is something different from torture as a deliberate instrument of policy.

Indeed, since the Enlightenment of the eighteenth century, torture had been universally discredited in Europe as a method either of investigation or of punishment, and was regarded as incompatible with the pretensions of any state which claimed to be civilised. In

this respect, the nineteenth and the twentieth century up to the First World War registered an almost unbroken progress towards more humane methods of investigation and punishment, even though police procedures might still be disfigured by sadism and brutality.

In its initial stages, the Russian Revolution followed the same code, as the Tzarist régime had before it. Though the Tzarist secret police, the Third Section instituted by Nicholas I, was guilty of every kind of irregular procedure, combined with an abysmal stupidity, there is no evidence, as far as I know, of its use of torture and this continued to be true up to the collapse of the régime.

One of Lenin's first acts was to revive the secret police, in the form of the Cheka, directed by Felix Dzerzhinsky, a Polish St. Just in whose eyes every means was justified in the service of the revolution. There is no doubt that from the earliest days of the Bolshevik régime, torture was practised by the Cheka, though never on the scale with which it was applied later by the GPU and the NKVD; and just as the Third Section reported directly to Nicholas I, so the Cheka reported directed to the Central Committee. Dzerzhinsky indeed held his authority from Lenin, who was fully aware of all his actions and must be held equally responsible for them. The pressure of events, and in particular the ferocity and savagery exhibited by both sides in the Civil War, increased the brutality of the methods employed by the Cheka, and it is significant that Stalin, as General Secretary, enjoyed the closest and most confidential relations with them.

Nothing succeeded like excess. Dzerzhinsky's efficiency, his ice-cold devotion to duty, established the secret police as one of the essential pillars of the Soviet state, and the methods which he initiated became a part of its normal procedures, though it was not until under Stalin that they were given official recognition.

It is impossible to overestimate the change in the consciousness of Europeans implied by such a development. It is ironical that the state which claimed to be leading mankind to a new and higher level of civilisation should be responsible for this regression to the perverted forms which civilisation had taken in the past and that Lenin, so often represented as the kindly father of his people, should have approved the torture of his children. It is said that he watched the growing power of the Cheka with regret; I have never seen anything in his character or in his form of revolutionary morality which would justify one in thinking he felt the slightest twinge of remorse. Credit should be given where credit is due.

G. A. Henty & the Vision of Empire

By Robert A. Huttenback

ON 24 JUNE 1872, Disraeli rose to his feet in London's great Crystal Palace and attacked the anti-imperial bias of the Liberal Party. He summoned his listeners to reject the Liberal philosophy and to take pride in an empire "which may become the source of incalculable strength to this land." In his speech Disraeli associated the Conservatives with the advocacy of empire, and ushered in the period of "prestige imperialism" during which the empire became to many Englishmen the symbol of British strength and moral rectitude.

The issue is not a mean one. It is whether you will be content to be a comfortable England, modelled and moulded upon Continental principles and meeting in due course an inevitable fate, or whether you will be a great country, an Imperial country, a country where your sons, when they rise, rise to paramount positions, and obtain not merely the esteem of their countrymen, but command the respect of the world.¹

Late Victorian England was not deaf to Disraeli's plea. To the worker in the dreary "black lands" of the industrial midlands, the vision of the British flag flying over so many parts of the world gave vicarious pride and pleasure. The stirrings of public awareness of empire made the imperial proconsul an increasingly popular figure in the children's literature of the day, and no author of books for the young was read with greater avidity than George Alfred Henty.

Henty was born in Trumpington, just outside Cambridge. His family, although not rich, was sufficiently affluent to send him first to Westminster School and then to Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. Henty was not, however, by temperament a scholar, and in the early months of the Crimean War he accepted a com-

mission in the army's hospital commissariat and forsook the tranquil backs never to return. Henty served in the dank charnel houses of the Crimea as a hospital supply officer and saw active duty outside Sebastopol, but he was invalidated home and was subsequently ordered to Italy.

To Henty, the prospects of life as an administrative officer seemed bleak and devoid of the excitement he so avidly sought. He consequently resigned his commission, and after a brief excursion into the Welsh mines, found himself at a loose end in London. Recalling that the *Morning Advertiser* had printed some short pieces he had sent home from the Crimea, Henty determined to become a journalist, and as a correspondent for the *Standard* he soon led the adventurous life to which he had so long aspired. He met Garibaldi and reported on the Abyssinian campaign of 1867-68, the opening of the Suez Canal, the Franco-Prussian War and Paris Commune of 1870-71, the Ashanti campaign of 1873 and the Russian conquest of Khiva in that same year, the Carlist War in Spain, the Prince of Wales' tour of India in 1875, and the Serbo-Turkish War of the following year.

When Henty started writing his adventure stories in 1868, he based them either on his own personal experiences or on the events of recorded history. But he often borrowed from the historians of his day with an abandon verging on outright plagiarism. Francis Parkman, in his *Montcalm and Wolfe*, described the British hero's death in the following terms:

... Wolfe himself led the charge, at the head of the Louisbourg grenadiers. A shot shattered his wrist. He wrapped a handkerchief about it and kept on. Another shot struck him, and he still advanced, when a third lodged in his breast. He staggered, and sat on the ground. . . . He begged them to lay him on the ground. They did so, and asked if he would have a surgeon. "There's

¹ Quoted in George Bennett, *The Concept of Empire* (London, 1953), pp. 258-259.

no need," he answered, "it is all over with me. . . ."²

Henty, in *With Wolfe in Canada* (p. 372) wrote of the same poignant scene:

. . . . Wolfe himself led the charge at the head of the Louisburg Grenadiers. A shot shattered his wrist. He wrapped his handkerchief around it and kept on. Another shot struck him, but the still advanced. When a third pierced his breast he staggered and sat down. Two or three officers and men carried him to the rear and then laid him down and asked if they should send for a surgeon. "There is no need," he said. "It is all over with me. . . ."

Parkman and Henty portray Montcalm's demise almost identically: "Montcalm," the historian and novelist both aver, "was borne by the tide of fugitives towards (toward) the town. As he approached (neared) the walls (gate) a shot passed through his body." Perhaps Henty thought it sufficient to refer to "the excellent work entitled 'Montcalm and Wolfe' by Mr. Francis Parkman," in his preface.

Where borrowing from Parkman at least manifested good literary and historical taste, Godfrey Davies, in his analysis of Henty's use of history,³ concluded that Henty too often gained the inspiration for his tales from the works of a few rather indiscriminately chosen writers, whose errors and prejudices he slavishly repeated. Henty based three of his books, *The Young Buglers*, *Under Wellington's Command* and *With Moore at Corunna*, very largely on Sir William Napier's *History of the War in the Peninsula*. Napier was a devout Whig and a bitter critic of the Tory government in office during the Peninsula War. He admired Napoleon and detested the Spaniards. Henty, as a consequence, has the hero in *The Young Buglers* lead the French to a Spanish guerrilla stronghold; while British prisoners, in *Under Wellington's Command*, fight with the French against the Spaniards! Wellington is informed of both events and smiles in approval. Davies contends that had the two incidents actually occurred, Wellington, well aware of the great contributions of the Spanish irregulars, would promptly have sent for the provost marshal. To be charitable, one could conclude that Henty's young readers, despite inaccuracies in detail and

major distortions of fact and interpretation, did gain a general sense of history.

TWENTY-FIVE OF HENTY'S BOOKS concern themselves with incidents in British imperial history, and in them he broadcasts his views on imperialism and the men who established and increased the British empire. Henty was, in attitude, a typical member of the British upper class, and was no innovator. But as he was read by virtually all boys who grew up at the turn of the century and by most in the generations that followed, his works gained a significance as social commentary that they do not merit as literature.

Henty's imperial tales were all didactic, and his purpose was very much the same as that of J. E. Welldon, the headmaster of Harrow, who in 1899 wrote:

An English Headmaster, as he looks to the future of his pupils, will not forget that they are destined to be citizens of the greatest empire under heaven; he will teach them patriotism, not by words only but by example. . . .

He will inspire them with faith in the divinely ordered mission of their country and their race; he will impress upon their young minds the convictions that the great principles upon which the happiness of England rests—the principles of truth, liberty, equality, and religion—are the principles which they must carry into the world; he will emphasise the fact, that no principles however splendid, can greatly or permanently affect mankind unless they are illustrated by bright personal examples of morality.⁴

Through the adventures of his heroes Henty was determined to "teach patriotism," "to inspire faith in the divinely ordered mission of the country and the race," and finally to offer "bright personal examples of morality." "Character," that quality so dear to the Victorian heart, was what a boy had most need of—character and a strong body. Charlie Marryat, for example, is described as:

slight in build, but his schoolfellows knew that Charlie Marryat's muscles were as firm and hard as those of any boy in the school. In all sports requiring activity and endurance rather than weight and strength he was always conspicuous. Not one in the school could compete with him in long-distance running, and when he was one of the hares there was but little chance for the hounds. He was a capital swimmer and one of the best boxers in the school. He had a reputation for being a leader in every mischievous prank; but he was honourable and manly, would scorn to shelter himself under the semblance of a lie, and was a prime favourite with his masters as well as his schoolfellows. (*With Clive in India*, 1887).

² Francis Parkman, *Montcalm and Wolfe* (Boston, 1922), vol. 2, p. 308.

³ Godfrey Davies, "G. A. Henty and History," *Huntington Library Quarterly*, XVIII (1955), pp. 159-169.

⁴ Rupert Wilkinson, *The Prefects* (London, 1964), pp. 101-102.

And indeed much was expected of a boy. Percy Groves' uncle asked before sending him to India (*Through the Sikh War*, 1897): "Can you run as far and as fast as most of them? Can you take a caning without whimpering over it? Do you feel in fact, that you are able to go through fully as much as any of your companions? Are you good at planning a piece of mischief, and ready to take the lead in carrying it out?"

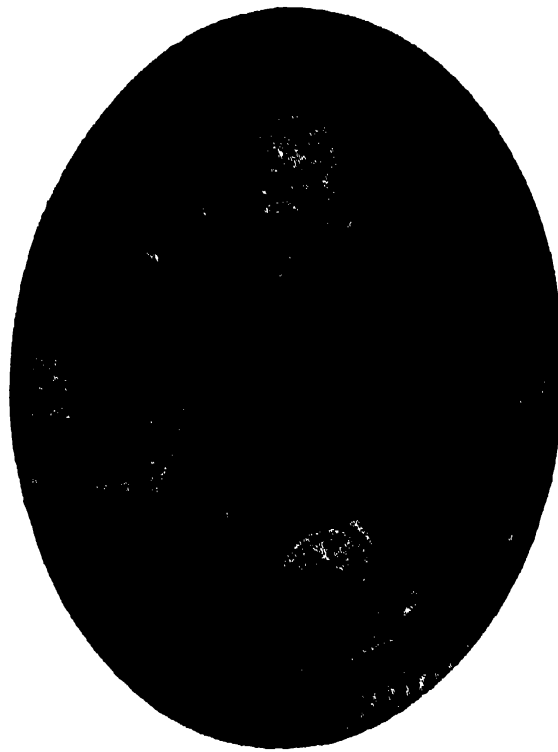
Percy was not found wanting; neither were Reuben Whitney, Jack Robinson, Lisle Bullen, Angus Campbell, and all the others whom Henty attached to the great men of history in such epics as *With the Allies to Peking*, *The Dash for Khartoum*, *With Roberts to Pretoria*, *Through the Sikh War*, and *With Kitchener in the Soudan*. Henty cared little for intellect; "pluck" was what was needed. "Give me a lad with pluck and spirit," one character proclaims,

and I don't care a snap of my fingers whether he can construe Euripides or solve a problem in higher mathematics. What we want for India are men who can ride and shoot, who are ready at any moment to start on a hundred mile journey on horseback, who will scale a hill fort with a handful of men or with half a dozen Sowars tackle a dacoit and his band. What do the natives care for our learning? It is pluck and fighting power that have made us their masters.... (*With Clive in India*)

Henty's central characters were nearly always poor at the outset, and often they were the sons of recently widowed mothers. But Henty rarely held a boy's poverty against him. "I do not believe," he wrote in *By Sheer Pluck*, "that a boy is one whit less liked, or is ever taunted with his poverty, provided he is a good fellow." But most of Henty's "good fellows" were either the lost and unsuspecting sons of noblemen or were of an aristocratic but recently impoverished line. At any rate, superior breeding almost always manifested itself in the long run. Yorke Haberton, for example, was "a good specimen of the class by which Britain has been built up, her

colonies formed, and her battlefields won—a class in point of energy, fearlessness, the spirit of adventure, and a readiness to overcome all difficulties, unmatched in the world."⁵

Sometimes Henty indulged in what can at best be called literary licence to preserve his stereotype. Yorke encounters Cecil Rhodes during the course of his adventures. The great man, of course, engages him in conversation. "So you were at Rugby!" Rhodes exclaims, "I am a public-school boy myself, you know, and there is always a fellow-feeling among public-school boys, even if they were not at the same school." In actual fact, the closest Rhodes ever got to a public school was the local grammar school, which he left at the age of sixteen. Since Rhodes represented the kind of success Henty admired, it became necessary to alter the fabric of history so that the proper moral lesson could more easily be taught; for Rhodes certainly *should* have gone to a public school.



G. A. HENTY

ALL HENTY'S HEROES were gentlemen and adventurers. They were modest and brave. Rex Bateman, who was instrumental in saving the situation during the Boxer Rebellion, "if he had been in the army... would certainly have earned a V.C. for the way in which he silenced those guns." But he shrugged off his valour casually. "I don't think... that in an affair of this sort the risk is anything compared

with that which one runs in a regular fight. These little excursions I have made have had very little risk in them—practically none" (*With the Allies to Peking*, 1903). Henty was more interested in physical courage than moral virtue. He considered action superior to contemplation and was not concerned with scholars, businessmen, or politicians. The financial implication of imperial enterprise held no fascination for him. He could never have written *By Wealth and Stealth—the Story of the British Acquisition of the Suez Canal*.

Henty's "imperial" novels nearly all followed the same pattern. They usually opened with a letter addressed to "My Dear Lads," his youthful readers, which emphasised some homely

⁵ *With Roberts to Pretoria* (London, 1902), p. 16.

truth. In one of these he exhorted his readers, "never act in haste, for repentance is sure to follow. In this case, great anxiety and unhappiness were caused through a lad acting as he believed for the best, but without consulting those who had every right to a voice in the matter." "Cowardice," he later averred in *The Dash for Khartoum*, "is of all vices the most contemptible," just as bravery is of virtues the most estimable.

The hero of Henty's novels is first encountered during his formative years. Some unfortunate happening—a death in the family, an unfair trial—soon sends him to seek his fortune in the colonies. The journey is no ordinary one; it is the passage outward bound, the test to which each man must submit to discover his real "self," to prove the strength of his character, and to acquire the right to return. Once on board the vessel carrying him away, the hero encounters the native servant of a fellow passenger, and during the next few weeks conscientiously busies himself with linguistic studies. He thus gains a perfect mastery of the language of northern India, Malaya, or such other exotic place as might be his destination.

Our young friend concludes his voyage at a most happy moment. Trouble is brewing on the perimeter of the empire, and those in authority immediately recognise the unique talents of the recent arrival. In disguise and accompanied by a loyal native servant, he invades the enemy's lair. Capture inevitably follows, but at least death is averted through the sacrifice of the devoted native retainer. "Half a dozen bayonets darted into the faithful old servant's body." She fell dead, "a victim of her noble fidelity" (*In Times of Peril*). In prison the English boy is characteristically not inactive. He may even convince his captors that they should pledge fealty to the British. If he succeeds in this, his erstwhile antagonists soon become convinced of the wisdom of their decision:

Some of the young men grumble, but the old ones rejoice at the change. Formerly they had to go to the plough with their spears and swords beside them because they never knew what marauders from the hills might sweep down, besides, when there was war they might be called away for weeks, while the crops were wasting upon the ground. . . . Now the Rajah has no longer to squeeze the cultivators; therefore they pay but a light rent for the lands, and the Rajah is much better off than his father was; so that on all sides there is content and prosperity . . . (*The Tiger of Mysore*, 1895)

Other conquerors, many of them, India has had, but none of them have made it their first object to care for the welfare of the people at

large. The Feringhees have wrung nothing from the poor to be spent in pomp and display; they permit no tyranny or ill-doing; under them the poorest peasant tills his fields in peace (*Rujub the Juggler*).

If the hero cannot induce the misguided natives to submit, he must at least save his own people. He escapes through a most ingenious stratagem and pluckily returns to the British lines with vital information. For his notable achievement the hero is commissioned the youngest lieutenant in the British army and is attached to whatever great man happens to be about—Clive or Wolfe or Kitchener. A series of hazardous campaigns follows, during the course of which our hero wins the V.C. and rescues the daughter of the commanding general from the clutches of the natives who have captured her. No wonder Henty was so widely read. Either consciously or unconsciously he satisfied his audience's psychological needs through such devices as the rescue, which catered to the "saving fantasy"—the stuff of so many youthful daydreams.

The war is finally won, and the maharajah sees the error of his ways and the futility of all attempts to resist the power of the British *Raj*. One of his soldiers shakes his head in disbelief:

The Sikhs are no cowards, and yet though they must have been two to one, and had strong intrenchments behind which their guns were sheltered, they could not withstand them [the British]. . . . The Sikhs have found their masters, and after all their boasting have been defeated on their own ground, and with numbers, position, and everything in their favour. (*Through the Sikh War*)

Later a Kashmiri officer of the defeated maharajah, as he comes to realise the beneficence of British rule, wishes for British control of his own home:

What a blessing it would be to the country! In the first place, there would be neither over-taxation nor oppression. All would live and till their lands and work their loom, secure of enjoying their earnings in peace. Money would flow into the country, for the sahibs would come in great numbers from the plains for health and for sport, and would spend money freely, and would buy our manufactures from the weavers and silversmiths at first hand, while now they have to be sent down to the market at great expense, and in troublous times at great risk.

The empire was indeed the culmination of human existence, for it combined the moral virtues of humanitarianism, honesty, and fairness with the practical appeal of material progress.

MEANWHILE, THE HERO is made a captain and adds a Distinguished Service Order to the Victoria Cross already on his chest, and he is not yet even twenty-one! With remarkable good sense he marries the general's daughter. His new father-in-law is a man of considerable means, and he settles upon the happy couple an income of three thousand pounds a year. This sum, combined with a share of the prize money realised through the sacking of several rich towns, usually enables the hero to leave the army and to buy an estate in the home counties. He now leads the life of a country squire, becomes a justice of the peace, and for many years represents his rural constituency in Parliament.

HENTY'S BOOKS rarely strayed far from this successful formula. He was really not too interested in the empire for itself, using it, rather, as a sort of Darwinian laboratory. Failures died or were disgraced, while the successful hero never stayed in the colonies, but, having proved himself, returned to the higher existence in Britain. Henty's biographer, G. Manville Fenn, a contemporary who himself wrote successful boys' books, attributed Henty's popularity to the desire of a boy "to become a man and read what men do and have done."⁶ "Henty," Fenn continued, "wanted his boys to be bold, straightforward, and ready to play a young man's part, not to be milksops. He had a horror of a lad who displayed any weak emotion and shrank from shedding blood, or winced at any encounter." What of the weakest emotion of all? It rarely entered the pages of a Henty novel. His heroes might marry, but this union was more a submission to a respected institution than a triumph of powerful emotion. For as Fenn was at pains to point out, "There was nothing namby-pamby in Henty's writings... and [he] never made his works sickly by the introduction of what an effeminate writer would term the tender passion." Everything had to be quite manly and above reproach. "No," Henty told a questioner, "I never touch on love interest. Once I ventured to make a boy of twelve kiss a little girl of eleven, and I received a very indignant letter from a dissenting minister." When Dick Holland proposes to Annie in *The Tiger of Mysore*, it is because he remembers her "not like this, you know, but as the dear plucky little girl of the old days." The best thing that could be said about a girl was that she had all the virtues of a boy.

⁶ G. Manville Fenn, *George Alfred Henty* (London, 1907), p. 333.

⁷ Roland Oliver, *Sir Harry Johnston and the Scramble for Africa* (London, 1959), pp. 235-6.

The qualities Henty propagated as necessary for successful imperial service were much the same as those considered desirable by the men in the field themselves. Sir Harry Johnston, the "Prancing Proconsul" of Central Africa, once wrote to Cecil Rhodes in the following terms:

I have done yeoman service for the British South Africa Company. As far as it was honest to go I have gone in helping to substantiate their claims, and in the advancement of their interests. I have spared neither the risk of my own life, the abandonment of all ideas of comfort, nor the right to rest at times like other people. I do not recollect having spent one single day as a holiday during the two years and a half which I have worked in Central Africa. Sundays and weekdays, morning and evenings, I am to be found either slaving at my desk, or tearing about the countryside on horseback, or trudging 20 miles a day on foot, or sweltering in boats, or being horribly sea-sick on Lake Nyasa steamers. I have to carry on in my office, myself, a most onerous correspondence in Swahili, which I have to write in the Arabic character, in Portuguese, in French, and in English. I have had to acquire a certain mastery of Hindustani to deal with the Indian troops. I have learnt three native languages besides Swahili in order to talk straight to the people. I have undertaken grave responsibilities, and I have devoted myself to the most wearisome and niggling of tasks. One day I am working out a survey which has to be of scrupulous accuracy, and another day I am doing what a few years ago I never thought I should be called upon to do—undertaking the whole responsibility of directing military operations. I have even had myself taught to fire Maxim guns and seven pounder cannon, I, who detest loud noises and have a horror of explosives....⁷

Henty's fictional heroes held in common with Johnston and the other proconsuls a dedication to duty. "Carrying-on" was their watchword. The difference between the real and the make-believe lay in the fact that Henty's characters rarely identified themselves with the areas in which they served, whereas men such as Johnston and Rhodes became deeply committed to the various parts of the imperial domain.

HENTY'S FEELINGS TOWARD the indigenous peoples of Britain's overseas possessions were also characteristic of his times. Although he by no means denigrated all non-white peoples. Henty was a firm believer in the uniqueness of the European and particularly of the Anglo-Saxon. Afghans, for instance, were brave and independent but unruly and ill-disciplined. And yet: "when led and organised by English officers there are no better soldiers in the world.... Guided by British advice, led by British officers, and, it may be, paid by British gold, Afghanistan

is likely to prove an invaluable ally to us when the day comes that Russia believes herself strong enough to move forward towards the goal of her hopes and efforts for the last fifty years, the conquest of India" (*For Name and Fame*, 1885). Despite the fact that Henty usually portrayed "good natives" as heroically self-sacrificing, faithful servants or dedicated companions, they could be appreciated by Henty's characters also as worthy opponents. The rajah of Bithri (*In Times of Peril*) is treated well for having been an honourable and decent foe. Some peasants captured during the Mutiny are not put to death because they "have fought bravely for their country, and have done their duty, according to their light."

No native, however, had in full the qualities reserved, by God, solely for Englishmen. When Perry Groves (*At the Point of a Bayonet*, 1905) admits to Nana that he is really English and has only disguised himself as a Mahratta, Nana is not surprised: "There are many as tall as you, but they have not your width of shoulders and strong build. Lastly, I have wondered how a young Mahratta should be en-

dowed with so much energy and readiness, be willing to take heavy responsibilities on his shoulders and be so full of resources." The rajah of Tripataly tells his sons (in *The Tiger of Mysore*):

We in India have courage; but it is because our princes are brought up in indolence and luxury that the English, though but a handful in point of numbers, have become masters of such wide territories. Surajah is as brave as Dick, but he would be the first to tell you that it is to Dick that he owes it that, on their first excursion together, he escaped with his life, and that in this last adventure he attained rank and position, and has returned with these valuable gifts.

Yet the rajah has still hopes for his sons, as "Your grandmother was an Englishwoman, and I want to see that, with the white blood in your veins, you have some of the vigour and energy of Englishmen."

THE BENEFICIAL ASPECTS of imperial rule were of course emphasised by the imperial statesmen of Henty's day, and it would



A "SAVAGE" BILL OF FARE

be a mistake to assume that many Englishmen did not genuinely feel it their duty "to carry the White Man's Burden." Imperialism was to some the state religion, and its faithful needed a moral and ethical dogma. The end of Slavery as a major issue in 1833 forced members of the next generation to find a new cause, and for many of them it became Imperialism. Sir Harry Johnston boasted that at the age of thirty-two his only religion had been the expansion of the British Empire. Sir George Goldie, the creator of a British Nigeria, later reminisced,

All achievement begins with a dream. My dream as a young child, was to colour the map red. In 1877 I left England (largely to escape from personal entanglements) to explore the interior of Nigeria. . . . On the journey back I conceived the ambition of adding the region of the Niger to the British Empire.

Margery Perham describes Lord Lugard, the great British governor in both East and West Africa, as having

the lasting habits of his Christian training. These merged with his more conscious standards which were those, he claimed, of an English Gentleman, derived immediately from his family, public school and army training, and ultimately, perhaps from the code of the medieval Christian knight. It was a double caste in that he felt himself to belong to a class within his nation and to a nation within Africa, both of which, he believed, had the code of *noblesse oblige*.⁸

The imperial public servant greatly ameliorated the conditions of everyday life in Africa and India, but he often found it difficult to maintain his own humility and to avoid slipping easily into paternalism or, worse, into the conviction of his own racial superiority. On the other hand, it is not surprising that he did. As Dr. Perham remarks: "It would have been difficult for an Englishman of the '90s, entering Africa and seeing the nakedness, ignorance, cruelty and superstition, not to believe his race was superior and therefore justified in imposing its dominion."

It was when feelings of racial uniqueness were at their strongest that imperialism was the least attractive. Francis E. Younghusband, the leader of the British invasion of Tibet in 1904, wrote:

No European can mix with non-Christian races without feeling his moral superiority over them. He feels, from the first contact with them, that

whatever may be their relative positions from an intellectual point of view, he is stronger morally than they are. And facts show that his feeling is a true one. It is not because we are any cleverer than the natives of India, because we have more brains or bigger heads than they have, that we rule India, but because we are stronger morally than they are. Our superiority over them is not due to mere sharpness of intellect, but to that higher moral nature to which we have attained in the development of the human race.⁹

Henty reflected these same sentiments in his fiction. In his mind there appeared to be a scale of racial evolution with Europeans at the top, followed by various Oriental peoples. He might admire the intellectual and physical powers of Indians, Chinese, and Arabs; but they could not possess the basic morality and "character," "pluck," "dash," and "good-fellowship," that were so distinctly European and particularly British. Africans, according to Henty, did not have even those attributes he credited to other non-Europeans. But here again he was merely introducing into his stories the warped views and prejudices of his age. Mr. Godenough, another of his characters (*By Sheer Pluck*), described Africans as being

just like children. . . . They are always laughing or quarrelling. They are good-natured and passionate, indolent, but will work hard for a time; clever up to a certain point, densely stupid beyond. The intelligence of an average negro is about equal to that of a European child of ten years old. A few, a very few, go beyond this, but these are exceptions, just as Shakespeare was an exception to the ordinary intellect of an Englishman. They are fluent talkers but their ideas are borrowed. They are absolutely without originality, absolutely without inventive power. Living among white men their imitative faculties enable them to attain a considerable amount of civilisation. Left alone to their own devices they retrograde into a state little above their native savagery.

In his heart of hearts Henty had his doubts about all non-British peoples, and his stentorian and myopic patriotism was only matched by that of British imperial officials themselves. Joseph Chamberlain, the Secretary of State for the Colonies at the turn of the century, once told an audience:

I believe in the British Empire and, in the second place, I believe in the British race. I believe that the British race is the greatest of governing races that the world has ever seen. I say that not merely as an empty boast, but as proved and evidenced by the success which we have had in administering the vast dominions which are connected with these small islands. . . .

⁸ Margery Perham, *Lugard, the Years of Adventure 1858-1898* (London, 1956), pp. 197, 482-3.

⁹ *The Heart of a Continent* (London, 1896), pp. 396-7.

The old British spirit still lives in the Englishmen of today. . . . I say that he is indeed a craven and poor-spirited creature who despairs of the future of the British race.¹⁰

Cecil Rhodes expressed the same sentiment more lyrically: "As I walked, I looked up at the sky and down at the earth and I said to myself this should be British. And it came to me in that fine, exhilarating air that the British were the best race to rule the world."¹¹

Henty could not have agreed more, and it is not surprising therefore that the Dutch rivals of the British in South Africa should have become the objects of his scorn. Admittedly, the Boers were good horsemen and cut a fine figure while young, but "in after-life they often became heavy" (*The Young Colonists*). They were "brave and tenacious when fighting under the cover of rocks," but "had not the heart to venture even once to face the British in the open" (*With Roberts in Pretoria*). The Boers were "an inferior race almost without even the elements of civilisation, ignorant and brutal beyond any existing white community" (*With Buller in Natal*). Not only that, the Boers were dirty and unsavoury in appearance. They slept in their clothes and only gave themselves a shake upon arising. On very exceptional occasions they would rub themselves with water. However, Henty admitted, with some charity, that "four times in the year . . . the Boers indulge in a general wash." As for education, the Boers, by and large, had none; and "very many Boers are scarcely able to sign their names." The difference between an Englishman and a Boer is clearly depicted in the same passage: "The Boers, as they rode up, leapt from their horses, and with shouts of exultation walked along the

wagons, striking at the men, hurling every epithet of contempt and hatred at them, even spitting at them. Many of the women were also struck, as well as being grossly insulted." Deeply incensed, the virtuous Cairns, an English captive, cried: "And these scoundrels call themselves Christian men, and their friends speak of them as simple pious farmers! I call them, both from their appearance and their actions, as unmitigated a set of ruffians as are to be found on the face of the globe."

LIFE was uncomplicated for Henty, and it held few mysteries. The difference between right and wrong, virtue and vice was always clearly discernible. To Henty, when all is said and done, imperialism was the achievement of great-hearted and noble men acting mightily in a most worthy cause. That he was a dull and repetitive writer did not seem to disturb his readers. In recent press notices I note that both J. Paul Getty, the prototype of a billionaire, and Arthur Schlesinger, Sr., the recently deceased dean of American liberal historians, have admitted to being "greatly influenced" by Henty's works.

Henty's own adventurous career, his large frame and bearded face, personified the self-confidence of late Victorian England. In the eyes of many British subjects, their nation, peopled by a race unique in physical and spiritual attributes, had reached the apogee of civilisation. Its invincible arms enforced, for the benefit of the world as a whole, the policies of an enlightened government serving a virtuous queen. Certainly Henty's ideas, or the bright imperial image he drew, were not original. His importance lies rather in the extent to which he heightened and tinted with life an already existing stereotype and so coloured the attitudes and opinions of future generations of British and, for that matter, American schoolboys.

¹⁰ Speech at the Imperial Institute, 11 Nov. 1895; in Bennett, *The Concept of Empire*, p. 315.

¹¹ Basil Williams, *Cecil Rhodes* (London, 1938), p. 55.



THEATRE

Dr. Miller's Transplant

By John Weightman

THE WONDERFUL THING about Shakespeare is that he is practically unbreakable. Stretch him this way and that, turn him upside down, inflate some characters and deflate others, do all the men as women and all the women as men, make him pop or baroque or existentialist, and he survives just as well as when it was the fashion to make him the perfect English gentleman, the patriot, the Christian. "Others abide our question, thou art free"—free to be turned into anything that the spirit of the times or the genius of the producer happens to be concerned with. The explanation, I suppose, is that Shakespeare operates at a quite unusual level of intellectual interchangeability; he has no opinions, prejudices, or contours, only marvelously expressed perceptions arranged in loose masses which are open to infinite manipulation. Thus Jonathan Miller is able to take *The Merchant of Venice* out of the 16th century, that is out of the violence and colourfulness of the Renaissance, and reset it in the late 19th century or *belle époque* period, the great philistine epoch following the Industrial Revolution, and it still functions up to a point. True, it shudders and jumps, and there are considerable phenomena of rejection, yet for the duration of the evening the experiment is an acceptable and fascinating one.

But why, it may be asked, was such an experiment necessary? The reason is, no doubt, that Shakespeare's one and only treatment of the Jewish question is now rather difficult to handle in a straight manner. It would be embarrassing to do Shylock traditionally, as a bearded figure in exotic garb snarling out his hatred of the Christians. Our present concern with the racial question creates no difficulty with Othello; he can be presented as a race-conscious blackamoor, because there is no irredeemable evil in his character, and in any case the main burden of guilt is borne by the enigmatic, and quite European, Iago. But Shylock, in Shakespeare's text, is clearly a diabolic pole of the action, in contrast to the strong, white radiance of Portia. He still has a great deal of the medieval monster about him, and as he whets his knife

on the sole of his shoe in ghoulish preparation for revenge, he is meant to thrill the audience with memories of all the dark sacrifices the Jews were supposed to indulge in. He is a blood-thirsty bigot, living in a state of war with the Gentiles, and only tolerated by them because he fulfils a necessary and despised role, like an Untouchable. It is true that he has a beautiful daughter who elopes with a Gentile and is received into polite society, but it is frequently the case that mythic monsters have beautiful daughters, since the fear inspired by the monster can stimulate sexual interest in the beauty that has come from the beast.

In short, Shakespeare quite frankly accepts anti-Semitism in those places where he exploits the traditional concept of the Jew. Of course, he offsets this concession to popular feeling by the big speeches in which Shylock asserts his common humanity, but the play, on a literal reading, is weighted against the Jew, as was no doubt inevitable in the religious and sociological conditions of the time. The virtuous Antonio spits on Shylock as a matter of course, the clown Gobbo is keen to leave him, his daughter abandons him without a qualm, the Duke speaks to him with dignified contempt, and Portia not only gets the better of him in the trial scene, like a virgin quelling a dragon, but also reduces him to poverty and abjuration. Then Gentile society, after expelling the Jewish monster from within its midst, enjoys a happy postlude of poetry and music, full of classical references—"In such a night as this..." The play can be read as a sort of cleansing ceremony and if, even so, Shylock rather than Portia remains the dominant figure, this is because the Devil always tends to steal the show when he gets half a chance, and Shakespeare is too good a writer not to give him a whole chance.

DR. MILLER UNDERTAKES to turn this anti-Semitic play, if not into a frankly pro-Semitic one, which would be too sentimental a thing to do, at least into an "unpleasant" one, in which all the characters are tarred more or less with the same brush. The first effect of transferring the action to the late 19th century is that the gap between Jew and Gentile is immediately narrowed. Instead of being an exotic figure from the ghetto, Shylock looks like a gentleman on the Stock Exchange, in fact exactly like the orthodox English Jews I see every Jewish holiday going past my window in their Sabbath best on their way to the synagogue. Sir Lawrence Olivier does a perfect imitation of the first- or second-generation immigrant with a business in the City and a house in Ranulf Road. This makes nonsense of a number of lines in the play about the radical difference between Antonio, who is "The Merchant of

Venice" of the title and Shylock, the usurer. Shakespeare's monster labours under the weight of the Church's reprobation, because he lives on usury. No doubt, by the time of the Renaissance, many hidden forms of usury were practised by Christian merchants, but the official condemnation still survived. At any rate, Shakespeare takes it as being fully valid. Antonio lends money without interest, and the business of the pound of flesh (which Shakespeare picked up from traditional sources, as he picked up the story of the three caskets) is more credible if we see it as a mythic reaction to the horror of usury. Antonio can accept the stipulated form of compensation as a grim Jewish/Christian jest, precisely because he is not used to thinking in terms of interest and can therefore conceive of the pound of flesh as a kind of metaphor. But by the end of the 19th century, usury was a universally accepted principle, the Jews were perfectly integrated in this respect, or rather Christian society had been integrated to them, Disraeli had been Prime Minister, Edward VII had close Jewish friends, the Rothschilds were at the height of their power, and so on. It is impossible to imagine a rich, 19th-century Jew whetting his knife on the sole of his boot to carve his due out of a Christian, and in fact Dr. Miller has to transfer the gesture from Shylock to an assistant. Dr. Miller may argue that the knife and the pound of flesh remain valid as symbols of the hostility still latent between Jew and Gentile. This is quite true, but a serious credibility gap arises from the fact that the Gentiles have to speak as if usury were foreign to them, when their dress proclaims that they are living in the heyday of capitalism. This is the major difficulty that Dr. Miller has not managed to solve. Since both Shylock and Antonio are in 19th-century dress, they cannot speak to each other as if they belonged to different worlds, yet Shakespeare's rhetoric and symbolism are based on the assumption that they do. Therefore the two actors, Sir Lawrence Olivier and Anthony Nicholls, have to give muted performances which, however interesting, impose a strain on the actual language of the text.

WHILE THUS SCALING Shylock down from the status of medieval monster to the more comprehensible role of sardonic, literal-minded, modern English Jew, Dr. Miller subtly discredits the Gentiles by undermining their poetry and introducing a strong element of "Beyond the Fringe" farce into the action. Frequently, when a character launches into a purple passage, background music strikes up in such a way as to make the lyricism just a shade too sweet to be tolerable. What, in Shakespeare's text, is presumably meant as direct enjoyment of lyrical

emotion is pushed, by the 19th-century music, in the direction of Victorian phoneyiness. A doubt is cast on Bassanio's feeling for Portia by the musical underlining of "*In Belmont is a lady richly left.*" "*Tell me where is fancy bred*" becomes a hilarious ballad sung by two simpering ladies. Even the transcendent lyricism of Act V, Scene I—

*In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand...*

is brilliantly ruined by Lorenzo being made to pace up and down with a pipe in his mouth, like an enthusiastic but slightly crass *Eng. Lit.* don quoting Shakespeare rather than acting him. In a sense, this is beautifully effective, because it emphasises the fact that Shakespeare is not at all scrupulous about where he brings in his poetry. It doesn't necessarily reinforce truth of character or situation, but may be stuffed in in handfuls simply to elevate the mood. Dr. Miller doesn't want the Gentile characters to benefit indiscriminately from such an advantage, and so he systematically sabotages their higher flights. He goes so far as to extinguish Portia's great solo: "*The quality of mercy is not strained...*" I imagine that most famous actresses of the past must have stood in the attitude of the Statue of Liberty to declaim this tirade; Miss Plowright leans across the table and, in a flat voice, develops the argument exactly in the manner used by Mrs. Barbara Castle when, as Minister for Transport, she defended the merits of the breathalyser on television.

The general effect of this process is to tarnish Shylock's adversaries. Bassanio is a rather jaded playboy who borrows three thousand ducats in order to court a wealthy heiress and so restore his fortunes. Portia is a mature, bustling lady who knows exactly which pretty young man she wants and immediately takes control of his life, although she makes a formal statement of submission. Lorenzo, Gratiano, etc., are all part of a rather heartless, upper-class set who look upon the disagreement with the Jew as an episode which interrupts the even tenor of their privileged lives. The only profoundly serious, metaphysical character is Shylock; when he has been defeated, browbeaten, deprived of his possessions and forced into apostasy, he staggers off into the wings and sets up a howl of pain comparable to the bellowing of Oedipus in the moment of tragic revelation. This howl is echoed right at the end of the play when, contrary to any indication given by Shakespeare, Jessica is left on the stage to muse alone while a Jewish chant rises in the silence. As Dr. Miller has arranged things, this chant sounds genuine, whereas the neo-Platonic ecstasy which had preceded it by a few minutes—

*Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold....*

was made to seem like Pre-Raphaelite decoration. It is really a considerable achievement to stand Shakespeare on his head in this way on the stage of the National Theatre, with the co-operation of such a body of remarkable actors.

DR. MILLER'S VIGOROUS SHIFTING of the emphasis reminds us again of some curious incidental features of the play. Perhaps they are just accidents, resulting from the fact that Shakespeare threw the borrowed elements together with more concern for immediate theatrical excitement than for fundamental coherence. But with him one can never be sure; they may be mysterious quirks of genius.

The story of the caskets is the main puzzle. Is it just a lot of nonsense that cannot be significantly related to the main action? Dr. Miller treats it as such and gets some of his funniest effects by guying the two unsuccessful suitors. The Prince of Morocco is turned into a naive, loud-mouthed barbarian (a touch of anti-wog racialism here?), while the Prince of Aragon becomes a doddering, sententious ancient who brings the house down with a lot of business about putting endless lumps of sugar into his coffee-cup. There is no need to listen to what they actually say; they create their impact merely through their comic stage presence. And since they are completely ridiculous, they devalue the whole operation. It is a foregone conclusion that Bassanio will choose rightly because, impoverished though he is, he is the only man in the running. In any case, Portia has already chosen him, and it is difficult to believe that such a strong-minded lady is really subject to an irrational condition laid down in her father's will. Moreover, the test itself is childish; how can such an international series of suitors have consistently chosen the wrong caskets? Portia dismisses the earlier ones as fools when she describes them to Nerissa, but why should she be courted only by nitwits if, as Bassanio says,

*...the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors...?*

But perhaps it is significant that, in Shakespeare's text, the two visible suitors, the Princes of Morocco and Aragon, are *not* figures of fun; they are bombastic heroes who might have come out of a tale of chivalry, and they have a touch of unreality about them, when they are compared to Bassanio.

Suppose we say that the casket business is not nonsense, to be "Beyond-The-Fringed" to the last degree to make it tolerable for a modern

audience, but myth, or perhaps more accurately a mixture of myth and realism characteristic of the transition from the medieval to the Renaissance world? Bassanio, after a hectic youth, is attracted to the lady who is going to save him both materially and emotionally, and she is the first woman who is more important to him than Antonio. She is a princess in the tower of Belmont, only to be reached by the knight who successfully passes a ritual test imposed by her father. It can happen that even a strong-minded woman has been so conditioned by her father that she is only free to choose according to the concept of maleness she has derived from him. Portia's viciousness about the earlier suitors may be an expression of her sexual impatience while she is waiting for the man she knows to be the right one. Also, all women are caskets, to be unlocked rightly or wrongly according to the behaviour of the man. One would expect an affinity between Portia and the gold casket, because her locks--

Hang on her temples like a golden fleece....

yet she does not respond to the gold and silver of high romance. The man who gets her is neither Morocco nor Aragon, who opt for gold and silver, but Bassanio (much in need of gold and silver) who opts for the workaday realism of lead. Why? Perhaps because there is a fundamental, mysterious prosiness about the sexual relationship, which is stronger than the illusions of romance. And this prosiness may not be simply economic, although economics come into it; it is a sort of resolved hostility, such as is represented by the amiable bickering about the ring, which intrudes so surprisingly on the trial scene.

IT MAY WELL BE that my suggestions are nonsense too, but I feel that Shakespeare was getting at something deeper than mere nonsense in all this. It is important for the balance of the play that Portia, like Shylock, should move between myth and realism. If she is depoeiticised from the start and turned into a straightforwardly competent, not-suffering-fools-gladly sort of person, such as Miss Plowright is bound to present in this production, she no longer comes down from the heights of allegorical sublimity to the middle ground of humanity for the meeting with Shylock, who has come up from the lower depths. She needs to be both allegorical Lady and woman, if she is to make sense of the various levels of action through which she passes. Dr. Miller shows that Shakespeare's poetry is not always to be taken at its face value, and this is a major strength; but I wonder if the pattern of ironies and sublimities is not a good deal more complex than his interpretation allows.

NOTES & TOPICS

Lenin's Heritage

By Leonard Schapiro

TYRANNY, brutality, and injustice are associated with Communists of all kinds, from China to Peru, in the past fifty years. For how much of this is Lenin to be blamed? From the days of Trotsky in the 1920s to those of the New Left in the '70s Lenin has been made to appear as the true saviour, betrayed by his epigones, who would have inaugurated the golden age of free, unalienated, socialist man. How far is this true? Now, of course, no one in his senses would equate in terms of human qualities, of intelligence or integrity Lenin, on the one hand, with a Brezhnev or a Jacques Duclos or a Walter Ulbricht, on the other. Lenin certainly invented and created the *apparatus*—the hard core of disciplined party professionals who are intended to enable the party to manipulate and control the entire country. Much of his writing after 1900 was concentrated precisely on the importance of this kind of party. But Lenin himself never became what is usually described as an *apparatchik*—the skilled, quite unscrupulous manipulator, and one who is little more. For one thing Lenin always retained, even at the most critical moments of Bolshevik power (as in 1918 or in 1921), sufficient authority to persuade and rally his colleagues without resorting either to force or to fraud. Stalin was in an entirely different position. A man with little glory to his credit in the past, apparently undistinguished both in theory and in matters of practice, with enemies on all sides who, towards the end, quarrelled even with Lenin, could stay in power only by fraudulent manipulation and ultimately, when he felt confident enough, by wide-scale terror. There is, therefore, no need to question the view, often expressed, that had Lenin lived longer things would in all probability have been very different, both in Russia and outside.

But different in what respect—in degree or in kind? Certainly, individual liberty never formed

¹ He evidently attached great importance to it, because he made careful arrangements for the manuscript to be preserved "in case they bump us off." It was published in 1918, when the Bolsheviks were in power.

any part of Lenin's doctrine except for purposes of polemics against the repressive character of the Tsarist régime. In 1902, in discussions about the party programme, Lenin is quite explicit: it is all right, he says, to promise the peasants all kinds of liberties during the period of the bourgeois revolution; when the socialist revolution takes place, they will turn against it, and will have to be forced. Repeatedly after 1905, he defined his idea of dictatorship as naked force, unrestrained by law of any kind. Terror was an integral part of Russian social democratic tradition, both Bolshevik and Menshevik: it was justified in the minds of these socialists by a rosy vision of the French Revolution. The class enemy would resist, and had to be destroyed. It was a natural step after 1917 to lump together as the "class enemy" the capitalist entrepreneur, the ex-police officer, the socialist who was critical of Bolshevik methods, and the peasant or worker exasperated by governmental brutality and incompetence. (The only difference was that the capitalist or ex-police officer, being more useful, stood a better chance of escaping alive.) There is no reason to suppose that Lenin thought differently in this respect, and indeed all the evidence suggests that he fully supported the need for terror right to the end of his active life.

NOW IT COULD BE ARGUED, and with some justice, that the dictatorship and the terror which Lenin envisaged before 1917 were regarded by him as a temporary necessity only. But what is to be regarded as temporary? (Forty years of terror would be needed, was what Lenin told one visiting socialist.) And, in any case, what was to succeed the temporary dictatorship and terror? In September 1917, before the seizure of power, and before the chances of it looked really promising, Lenin wrote his *State and Revolution*.¹ *State and Revolution* contains the vision of the kind of Utopia which Lenin claimed to promise. Of course, he argues, force in the form of the state, with its repressive mechanism, is necessary even after the victorious revolution: the class enemy has to be crushed. But the happy future is already in sight: the State begins to wither away immediately after the Revolution. Since the new revolutionary state power is supported by the overwhelming majority, the amount of force it has to use becomes decreasingly small. The need for rules and orders, where exploitation no longer exists, decreases: in the end there will be no need at all for rules, since all will readily and voluntarily accept the few restrictions which are required for the good life. Order will be enforced as easily as it is where passers-by intervene to protect a woman from being assaulted.

Did Lenin believe all this, Lenin, the practical

creator of the *apparat* of the party—which, incidentally, is mentioned once only in passing in *State and Revolution*? Certainly, as time went on Lenin grew very impatient when reminded of what he had written in *State and Revolution* about the state “withering away,” and about the way in which government could be carried on by any one. He also increasingly stressed after 1918 the need for state discipline and for repressive forces, and ceased to talk of the utopian vision of the William Morris world of the future—the “fairy tale,” as Lenin called it, that anyone can run the state, although in fact the fairy tale had figured so prominently a few years before in *State and Revolution*. The “fairy tale,” which derives from the works of Marx and Engels, is squarely based on the assumption that when the socialist revolution happens the overwhelming majority are on the side of the revolutionaries who seize power in their name. (Indeed Lenin made this assumption himself in September 1917 when he wrote *State and Revolution*.) The Bolshevik seizure of power two months later did not remotely resemble the revolution envisaged by Marx and by *State and Revolution*. It was a coup d'état by a minority which at most commanded support in the capital and a few centres elsewhere, but certainly not among the peasant majority of the country.

THE ELECTIONS to the Constituent Assembly (which Lenin eventually dispersed by force) which were held eighteen days after the Bolshevik seizure of power, proved this. In this election, probably the only really free election on a national scale held in Russia before or since, the country voted overwhelmingly for socialists of all kinds and against Communism. Now it is obvious that a minority striving to assert, as Lenin did, its own complete monopoly of power against a majority, can only do so by the increasing exercise of force. Besides, as Lenin himself recognised towards the end of his life, the Bolshevik seizure of power from the Provisional Government was, in Marxist terms, a premature seizure of power, an attempt to impose socialism before socialist consciousness and conditions were ripe for it. Both Marx and Engels had repeatedly condemned such an attempt, and Lenin himself recognised, writing in 1922, that he had not, as it were, acted according to the book. “*On s’engage, et puis—on voit*,” he had written in 1917 and now repeated, reflecting on what had happened. “Act first, and then see what happens,” is a fair enough description of Lenin’s policy in 1917: in 1922 he justified this policy by blaming the irresolute incompetence of the Provisional Government. — can see his point of view in this respect.

BUT, IN TRUTH, theory about freedom or dictatorship played little part in the development of Soviet institutions. Lenin was quite determined that he and his party (provided they followed his own views) were alone fit to govern, and that all others, socialists included, should be ousted from government by fair means or foul—he was not particular about the means. By 1921, when he had achieved monopoly of power for his party, party members began to jib at the strict discipline which the party machine demanded of them. Outside the party, peasants and workers alike were in a greater or lesser state of revolt against the rule of the communists. With some logic Lenin perceived that one cannot, as a communist rank-and-file member, expect freedom for self if one is at the same time actively engaged in denying it to others in the soviets or in the trade unions. And so, in March 1921, at the Tenth Party Congress, the foundations of the modern communist party in the Soviet state, and outside, were laid down. Freedom of debate was severely restricted, and unanimity was imposed by force through the rule outlawing factions on pain of expulsion. When Stalin became General Secretary a year later, he found the instruments of oppression all ready made for him.

This pragmatic indifference to individual liberty which characterised Lenin was not however, as it probably was in Stalin’s case, merely a consequence of an overwhelming lust for power. Lenin believed in the message of Marx: that the proletarian state, by ending exploitation of man by man, would put an end to alienation, and would enable all men (except those who were misguided enough not to accept it) not only to live in freedom, but to enjoy the material means to do so. The realities of Soviet life after November 1917 no doubt made the Utopian vision recede even further: but it is unlikely that Lenin ever abandoned his faith. Certainly those who followed Lenin, or thought they were following Lenin, by joining one of the Communist parties which grew up after the Russian Revolution were in very many cases inspired by the same faith.

Is it, then, Marx who is to be held responsible for the things which can properly be objected to as reprehensible in communist rule? In one sense this would seem to be a very unjust identification. Marx’s Utopia always depended on the premise that social conditions had become ripe for a social revolution: in particular, that the proletariat had, by the operation of the economic law which he expounded, become the overwhelming majority in the highly industrialised country to which alone Marx’s analysis was intended to apply. Both Marx and Engels had repeatedly criticised premature

seizure of power by revolutionaries who then proceeded to impose what they called Socialism by force. Lenin's revolution was in no sense in line with what Marx had written about. It took place in a country where the peasants were the great majority of the population, and it took place long before the proletariat had acquired the kind of political experience and consciousness which Marx had postulated for his imaginary revolution.

BUT, IN ANOTHER and more general sense, the link between Marx and Lenin is less remote. For both of them individual liberty was only a means to an end, and not an end in itself. Both of them believed (deriving their faith from Rousseau) that men could only be truly free in a state which was actually "their own" state, and not just a state in which they were represented. Within this self-delusion, "one's own state," there could be no need for the individual to be given the means to defend his right as an individual against the power of the state—since it was after all himself! Both Marx and Lenin believed that this ultimate freedom

was only to be enjoyed by the proletariat and those who accepted its lead, and that all others could properly be deprived of all liberty and rights. Both believed in dogmatic certainty, and in intolerance as a virtue. But the liberty of the individual can only exist where it is an end in itself—and the supreme end at that. Liberty will, moreover, only survive where those who enjoy it wage a constant struggle not only to preserve their own liberty against encroachment but to extend it to those who do not yet enjoy it.

Freedom for supporters of the government only, for the members of one party only... is no freedom at all. Freedom is always freedom for the man who thinks differently.

Rosa Luxemburg's criticism of Bolshevism (written in 1918—what would she have said in 1921?) still retains its validity. Liberty cannot be made subordinate to other aims without losing both liberty, and, as often as not, the other aims as well. In the words of de Tocqueville, "those who seek in liberty anything other than liberty itself are destined for servitude."

Of Heretics & Intellectuals

An Interview with IGNAZIO SILONE

ANYONE who, like you, took part in the founding of the Italian Communist Party in 1921 and left it in the '30s, at the beginning of the Stalinist degeneration, will probably agree with Raymond Aron's sarcastic remarks about Sartre and other intellectuals' tardy admission that they had been "mistaken."

SILONE: Quite honestly, this isn't what concerns me most in this subject. First of all, I want to make it quite clear that I personally

was in no way ahead of them. Apart from the fact that we belong to different generations, I don't think minds can be synchronised like watches. Besides, it isn't a case of individuals, however well known. What is happening in many Communist parties is a real *scisma*, something that will expand those involved in it and its critical concern with serious basic problems.

—But the rebels are nearly always "intellectuals."

IGNAZIO SILONE—born in the Abruzzi on 1 May 1900—has recently celebrated his seventieth birthday. Among his books are "Fontamara" (1930) and "Secret of Luca" (1959) both published in new editions by Cape, and "Bread and Wine" (1937), and "Emergency Exit" (1969), published by Gollancz. He was a contributor to Richard Crossman's famous "The God that Failed" (1950). A new and revised edition of his pre-war "School for Dictators" was recently published. His two articles on "Re-Thinking Progress" were published in *ENCOUNTER* (April and May 1968). "The Story of a Humble Christian," a biography in dramatic form, will be published this year by Gollancz.

SILONE: The initiative is often taken in public by intellectuals, but what about, say, the metal workers' union in Prague? And then, which intellectuals do you mean? Among them you find not only revisionist sympathisers and liberal fellow-travellers but men like Roger Garaudy, Ernst Fischer, Adam Schaff and others, who were front-rank organisers and militants in the Party; spiritual leaders, like Ernst Bloch, whose whole life has been devoted to the philosophy of socialism; and entire ruling groups, like the editors of the *Literární Noviny* in Prague. It may seem a paradox that, just when the intellectuals were said to be in decline, movements that have shaken the whole political framework have arisen among them. The role of the Czech weekly was directly connected with that of the

revolutionary Petöfi Circle in the Budapest of 1956. Antony Liehm has quite rightly said that his literary review cast the first gleams of light in Prague. After a few weeks of surprise and hesitation at the audacity of some of its appeals, ordinary people came to realise that the writers and philosophers were expressing everyone's secret thoughts. This happened in other places too. In other words, you might say that it was dictatorship that put the intelligentsia back into the vanguard, where they had been up to 1848 but not since. By suppressing freedom and the rights of man, the dictatorships restored the claims of the so-called "bourgeois" revolution. This is a heritage which concerned everyone, but men of letters, at least on the Left, are its most sensitive interpreters.

—Yet it was only after the dramatic Soviet military invasion of Czechoslovakia that the protest widened.

SILONE: Yes, it did, after that masterpiece of military strategy, with its theoretical corollary that the satellite countries have only a limited degree of sovereignty in their relations with Russia. What kind of internationalism was it advancing? A policy that can be defined by recalling that Russia made the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact in 1939; that later it was first in favour of, then against, the Chinese People's Republic—even going as far as to threaten war; first against, then in favour of, Gaullism; first in favour of, then against, the State of Israel; and so on, supporting some States in the Third World and opposing others which have an identical social structure. There is no point in seeking consistency, or anything that could justify international solidarity, in such a shamelessly chauvinistic policy.

But what Russia has been reduced to internally under Brezhnev and Kosygin we know—in spite of a ferocious censorship that recalls that of Zdanov—from Solzhenitzyn, Sinyavsky, Daniel, Ginsburg, Grigorenko, and even moderates like Tvardovsky. The decline is general. Official ideology has become a deceptive kind of state religion, and one that has taken over (and discredited) the name of Marxism. The Party which—as conceived even by Lenin—was to control bureaucracy and guarantee the leadership of the working classes, has for a long time been integrated with the governmental machine, from top to bottom, and no one controls those who do the controlling. Finally, the hierarchically organised class that directs and administers the economy has become a hereditary one, and this is what has done most to divide the people into opposing classes and castes. Before seeking for the remains of socialism in what actually transpires in Russia we

should first make a pitiless criticism of its abuses. Once free of juridical and ideological pretence, there is the danger of discovering that precious little that is really new and revolutionary is left in the present conditions of the Russians workers and peasants.

—Do you think that the present dispute among the Communist leaders might have some lasting significance?

SILONE: Let's get back to the intellectuals. They have always been extremely important in the Communist organisation. Unlike the socialists, the Communist Party has always been very much concerned with them, and those it could not recruit directly it attached to itself as *compagni di strada*, fellow-travellers. Many people will remember what happened in Italy after the last war. In order to have access to the main publishing firms, to film production and to a number of university courses, many youngsters were compelled to humiliate themselves by joining the Communist Party; in this way, they also took on an aura of opposition, if not of martyrdom. But in the rest of Europe the Communist influence on the intelligentsia, new and old, went back a good deal further into the past. Anyone who really wants to find out about it should take the trouble to read, say, the minutes of the international congresses in Amsterdam or at the Salle Pleyel in Paris, which took place during the Spanish Civil War, under extremely influential men like Romain Rolland, Henri Barbusse, André Gide, and André Malraux (to name only the French). By the end of World War II many of them had gone from the scene, but the effect of their example survived. Recalling this may help towards an understanding of the special relationships then established between Left-wing intellectuals and Communism, and of the present revolt of Sartre and his colleagues.

—On another occasion you used the formula "the end of a pact" (fine d'un concordato).

SILONE: I think it can still be used. A pact of the kind I mean is a hybrid compromise of mutual aid between a political power and a spiritual power. In the relations between Russia under Stalin, Khrushchev or Brezhnev and the Western intellectual *élite*, this was perfectly clear: the intellectuals proclaimed that the Soviet state was the "incarnation of humanity's noblest aspirations," the "heir of the humanistic tradition," and that its constitution was "the most liberal and democratic ever known in history." Russia (and various Communist parties on its behalf) not only gave them the material benefits I have already mentioned but assured writers and artists, who are always saddened by isolation, "contact with the masses"

and the illusion of being at the head of the most progressive movement on earth, in perfect harmony with history. The value of a novel, a painting, or a symphony was of course determined by the Party's critics, according to how much or how little its author participated in the *concordato*. One of the ritual obligations was to send messages of solidarity to victims of reactionary oppression—but to say nothing about the labour camps in Siberia. Disgusting displays of the kind will surely not be repeated in the near future—if only because the cumulative sense of shame has become too great.

—But later? Do you think the pattern could be reversed?

SILONE: Of course. I'm not talking about Italian electoral prospects, but about the decline of European institutions and ideologies. Can an institution in crisis return to being a free and liberal movement? Can a formalised ideology emerge once again as a part of a progressive enlightenment? No, a river never returns to its source—I'm sure of that, at least.

—Sartre, writing about Paul Nizan, once argued that "a solitary Communist is lost."

SILONE: You can't generalise about loneliness and company. It's something personal and psychological, and so it naturally varies a good deal. You can feel isolated as a card-carrying member of a popular party, and in harmony with the universe in a hermitage. That sentence of Sartre's (which he certainly wouldn't repeat now) is very much like the maxim: *Nulla salus extra Ecclesiam*. It depends on the church and on the situation which might make the opposite just as true: *Nulla salus in Ecclesia*. All the same, it's an advance that this time the Communist Party hasn't put out the ridiculous and stupid old choice of "Communism or Fascism." In the old times of the fascist era this was always advanced as: "*Rome or Moscow!*" Life has become more bearable because the elements of choice have grown. As Ernst Bloch, one of the noblest of socialist thinkers (and himself an ex-Communist), once wrote: "What matters is to learn to hope."

Letter from Paris

A New Sartre?

By François Bondy

SARTRE, of course, was a mature forty-year-old before he was attracted to politics, which until then had remained on the edge of his experience. Politics hardly concerned him at all at the time when his fellow student at the *Ecole Normale*, Paul Nizan, became a communist; he did not become politically involved when, in a Germany that was already Hitler's *Reich*, he studied philosophy; even when he was released from prisoner-of-war camp his relationship with the *Résistance* remained principally on a general anti-Nazi, socialist level, without any special commitments. These he developed later, when he edited and published *Les Temps Modernes* together with Maurice Merleau-Ponty. However, at precisely that time he moved closest in spirit to the then monolithic world communism of Stalin's last period, although Merleau-Ponty was already detaching himself and arriving at those critical considerations of *Les Aventures de la dialectique*, which displaced his earlier views on "Humanism and Terror," (these he himself later criticised as a subtle justification of the Moscow show-trials).

In those political years up to the turning point of October 1956—when he vigorously championed the cause of the Hungarian Revolution—Sartre parted company with numerous friends whose attitude towards the Soviet Union and the Communist movement had to him of late seemed *too* detached, *too* critical. The polemics of those times (he later regarded them as, in the main, "outmoded") were nonetheless included by Sartre in the various volumes of *Situations*. (He omitted, probably due to an oversight, an essay of 1949 on the necessity of European Unity in the face of American and Russian intimidation.) That the French proletariat, the Communist Party, and faith in the Soviet Union and Stalin must form an indivisible unity was a conviction which in the years 1948–1955 Sartre had formulated most precisely and explicitly without in the process sacrificing his formal independence—he did not join the Party—or his criticism as an existentialist of a Marxism which had become dogmatic and narrow-minded.

THE STRUGGLE AGAINST colonial régimes prompted him to the sharpest possible condemnation of France in both Indo-China and Algeria (as well as of the Americans in the Viet Nam war). In this he was more consistent than the French Communist Party itself. By contributing the foreword to Frantz Fanon's famous book Sartre helped the prophet of colonial upheaval to a significant public resonance. In the first, gigantic volume of his *Critique de la Raison Dialectique* Sartre undertook to lay a theoretical foundation for his political attitude. There, to be sure, he revealed himself as being closer to anarchism than to communism. He mistrusts all institutions and party machines, which merely paralyse the masses and put "practical inertia" in the place of revolutionary energy. He turns against all forms of elections and points to those great moments in history when the masses themselves—and not just their representatives—take action, and they then become a "groupe" instead of a passive "serie."

In the last year or so several interviews and essays have been published which reveal a Sartre who is partly the same and partly changed and more critical towards his own old positions. These new pronouncements could fill a new volume of *Situations* and would then form a basis for discussion in a way that the following drastically abbreviated résumé cannot offer.

On 3 March 1969 Sartre gave his views on the events of May 1968, in which the coincidence of the student unrest and the massive strike almost brought down de Gaulle's government. He warned the students not to accept the reforms offered by Education Minister Edgar Faure which the National Assembly had unanimously endorsed. "You must fight, yes, you must fight. Violence against violence..." They must persist in "revolutionary refusal" against all forms of participation and join in with the revolt of youth against "those hardened, decayed, shattered children called adults." Culture, particularly history and literature, must be totally governed by "Practice"; everything else is to be regarded as "selective compulsion" and "humanistic illusion." According to Sartre, "Culture is the new 'Practice' which elucidates itself in defining what it is doing." All other knowledge would make the students into slaves of monopoly capitalism.

It was a passionate confession to a sort of permanent cultural revolution against traditional bourgeois education and its institutions. If Sartre had, despite his taking their side in May 1968, found little response among the young members of the "New Left"—Herbert Marcuse and, in France, Henri Lefebvre commanded more attention—then he placed himself in a position which was diametrically opposed to theirs by his attitude to the conflict

between Israel and the Arabs (to which he had previously devoted an extensive issue of *Temps Modernes*, which had appeared immediately after the Six-Days-War). He has also expressed his opinions on the matter in a conversation with Arturo Schwarz, editor of the Milan journal *Quaderni del Medio Oriente*. This conversation was reprinted in October 1969 in the Jewish magazine *Arche* in Paris. Sartre has tried to remain objective in this conflict. He sees the collision between two just causes, whereas in France (and not only here) the "New Left" overwhelmingly declared its solidarity with the Arabs and in particular with El Fatah, and condemned Israel as an "outpost of imperialism." For Sartre the threatened extinction of the State of Israel remains an absolute danger, a disastrous project which must be opposed (although he reproaches the State of Israel for displaying recently more inclination towards a "capitalist" than a "socialist" economic structure). "Israel was not the aggressor," he has concluded, and the annihilation of minorities such as Israel in the middle of the Arab world would lead to as little real progress "as Stalinism did to socialism." In the case of the Middle East conflict, as in Biafra, an "objective complicity" had begun to develop between the Western Powers and the similarly imperialistic Soviet Union.

A new development in Sartre's position was to be found in a long interview for the *New Left Review* of which *Le Nouvel Observateur* (16.1) has given a much more complete rendering. This is a backward glance over his own career, and the French weekly published it under the rather too sensational title "SARTRE VERSUS SARTRE." Sartre explains here that the class struggle is for him *still* the basic factor, precisely as it was for Marx. "There still remains the same struggle between the same classes, and the way to victory remains the same..." On the question of the Chinese cultural revolution Sartre, who admits that he is not really adequately informed, declares himself to be disturbed by a contradiction: "To preach total freedom of the individuals within a group and at the same time to put into the brains of these individuals those pebbles known as the Thoughts of Mao is wholly incongruous..." The French Communist Party is for him "the most conservative party in France." Sartre fears the possible bureaucratic distortion of a revolution which would triumph in a Western country. For his own part, he says he will not write a continuation of the autobiography begun with *Les Mots* (*Words*) but a "political testament," by which he does not mean advice but rather a report on the end of a life. "I shall show how a man can enter politics, and in particular what sort of mistakes I made and what has followed from them..."

A FOURTH REPORT of the political Sartre is his introduction to the French edition of the book by Antonin Liehm, *Trois Générations* (Gallimard). He entitled this introduction: "The Socialism that Came in from the Cold."

Sartre calls this socialism simply the "Thing," portraying it as a dehumanised petrified order which is no longer capable of improvement or reformation. The peoples who are burdened by the "Thing" should rise up, seize control of it, in order to throw it on to the rubbish heap. This sort of organisation—he writes—follows its own logic, and in its manner of total repression it has not "degenerated" but on the contrary remains true to its innermost nature. Henceforth, as in the West, the old structures must be destroyed and new ones created—but at the same time it must always be ensured that our future does not resemble this form of socialism. Apparently Sartre did not develop this troubled reservation about a revolution in the West, which could lead to *less* freedom, until he was outraged and depressed by the occupation of Czechoslovakia.

IN THE *Temps Modernes* of January 1970 there appeared a conversation between Sartre and certain unnamed members of the Italian Communist opposition group "*Il Manifesto*." In this connection one might recall that Sartre was a friend of Togliatti and that he has constantly confronted the French Communists with the example of the open-mindedness of their Italian comrades. Once, according to Sartre, he regarded American imperialism as the arch-fiend and felt himself obliged to support its opponents unconditionally. Today he sees in the Soviet Union, too, a form of imperialism and thus contradicts his own attitude of 1952. He adds—and this may well disappoint his readers—"I have started to write an analysis of the Stalinist Soviet Union. It was to have formed part of the second volume of the *Critique de la Raison Dialectique*, which however will probably never appear..." Now Sartre, like Marcuse, sees in Capitalism still more the creation of superfluous requirements which contribute in a deeper sense to the enslavement of the people than the repression and exploitation of the labour process. (Alas, the philosopher cites as his only example of unfortunate consumer coercion and artificially-created needs—the automobile.)

Sartre admits that his own Utopia is not only the abolition of the State but of all politics in its hitherto accepted meaning in favour of a total self-administration. Between the necessity

of a disciplined Revolutionary party and the danger of its petrification through the repression of spontaneous new experiments and ideas Sartre sees a constant tension; it remains a contradiction from which, he says, he still does not see any way out.

WHAT can be deduced from these recent statements? Sartre remains revolutionary in face of "Capitalist Society" and "Bourgeois Culture," but is now equally revolutionary towards any form of totalitarian socialism (and he no longer exempts even Yugoslavia from his criticism). He thinks in the West more of "Alienation" than of "Scarcity" (which was still in his *Critique de la Raison Dialectique* the basic category). His abhorrence of a totalitarian communism is a curious mix of partly liberal and partly libertarian analysis. In his hectic years of engagement from 1949 to 1956 Sartre gave the impression of being as over-political as he had previously been unpolitical. This abrupt to-and-fro between extreme involvement and cool disinclination is still conspicuous, indeed remains as clear as the inner relationship between these two only seemingly opposed attitudes.

Sartre recommends that young people should not study history. "What benefit can you get from learning something about the Punic Wars or the Crusades...?" But he himself sees his way rather as historical. His positions are now more finely shaded than ever before. He is partly still an extreme activist, partly however—and to a greater degree than ever before—a restless self-critical conscience.

Struggle, certainly. But what he is now worried about is to avoid certain undesirable results of the great struggle. Sartre once called any criticism of Stalinism tantamount to "robbing the Billancourt workers of hope." Today he regards such criticism as absolutely necessary. Instead of "Revolution at any price" he now says "Revolution, yes, but *not* at the price of ending up with a society which is totally impersonalised, which only expropriates and alienates people in a different way..." Thus his new positions are at once battle-cry and reflection. For a quarter of a century Jean-Paul Sartre has been a politically committed thinker. He still is, today; but it does look as if he is now just as committed to ideas, to theory, to thought itself—as a process of differentiation and of assimilation of manifold historical experience—as he used to be to action, to commitment, to "Practice."

On Fig Leaves

By Benn W. Levy

IN HER LATEST PRONOUNCEMENT upon the difficult issue of pornography, Miss Pamela Hansford Johnson writes, "It is obvious that the whole debate arouses the most furious emotions." Very soon the truth of this becomes evident. I suppose I should know better than to argue with an angry woman, ejaculating "Tush!" and "What impudence!" But, although I am not so "Panglossian" as to believe her corrigible, I cannot refrain from a modest attempt to rescue the case put forward by the Arts Council's Working Party from the smog in which she has enveloped it. I make no complaint that Miss Hansford Johnson's approach is emotional rather than rational except insofar as it is always hard to argue with an exclamation mark.

It is hard too to contend against a welter of bald *ex cathedra* statements. She tells us that "We are going too far and too fast"; that sexual display is "cheapening"; that it is permissible (apparently) for authors to fictionalise horrors already documented but not to fantasticate imaginary ones, as "we have horrors enough already"; that the growing acceptance of nudity is "puerile"; that Marlowe's *Faustus* "was thrown quite out of balance" by a naked Helen toddling across the stage (did she really toddle?); that those who believe that shock may carry some therapeutic value are "impudent"; that "The person who says, 'It doesn't hurt me, therefore it can't hurt you' is" (guess what!) "a kind of intellectual snob" (I read this one twice but there it was); that we "are raising ugliness all round us. No beauty, terrible or otherwise, is being born..."

This kind of thing affords little foothold for rational argument and, I suppose, is not intended to. It illuminates the writer more than the subject. It is Mrs. Mary Whitehouse's

declaratory technique on a slightly more sophisticated level. But perhaps I may find a foothold elsewhere.

FIRST, I AGREE with Miss Hansford Johnson about the strange difficulty in sustaining dispassionate discussion. She is not unique in this. People on both sides can be found who react impatiently against unwelcome reasoning. If it is more common among the repressives than the permissives, that could be perhaps because they are secretly plagued by the unresolved problem of how far they really want to go and by what means, and are therefore irascibly evasive when pressed to commit themselves in concrete terms to concrete expedients which would immediately be open to rational criticism. It is safer and easier to emit a Cassandra-howl about "the way things are going" than to propose remedies. How to expurgate the arts, who shall do it and on what principle defined in what manner, these ultimate and essential questions are habitually by-passed for the very good reason that they are unanswerable—or at least so far unanswered. It is understandable that to be asked them should be irritating, for they are manifestly reasonable and relevant questions, whose answers should influence attitudes.

There are of course bold extremists like Professor Morse Peckham who argues that the great beauty of Obscenity Laws is precisely that they can never make sense and therefore provide police and magistrates and other politico-legal functionaries with the ideal opportunity for the exercise of that arbitrary power which is the essential hallmark of a stable society.

Miss Hansford Johnson, however, does not commit herself so far. Although she is not above taking a so popular swipe at "liberal intellectuals," she is anxious in the same breath to affirm her own membership of the club and is careful not to jeopardise it with even the mildest proposals for increased repression. In this I cannot see, lambaste me though she may, that her practical position is very different from my own. After all, the climax or anti-climax of her fulminations is merely the mild hope that, "if we start thinking in the right way, we may start doing the right thing for our rickety society." This clarion call may not excite my weary old heart to danger-point but I can endorse it, hoping additionally for enlightenment as to what the right thing is.

This is the third contribution to the discussion of "The Pornography of Violence."

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON's article appeared in the February ENCOUNTER, and JOHN CALDER's in the April. MR. BENN W. LEVY was a member of the Working Party of the Arts Council, and the actual author of its report recently published by André Deutsch (30s.) under the title "The Obscenity Laws." Mr. Levy is a former Labour M.P., and the author of many plays.

OF COURSE we differ about the interim position, for whereas I would abolish the Obscenity Acts for the reason that Professor Peckham defends them, Miss Hansford Johnson considers that for the present, as far as the laws are concerned, everything is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. It seems they are just exactly right—even though they are a complete dead letter in the matter of depicted violence. She would neither tighten them nor relax them. I cannot think why not. If they have no influence on the situation that she deplures, then they may as well go. *Cui bono?* If on the other hand their laxity contributes to it, then surely they should be amended. Or does she accept our view that there are over-riding objections to a rigorous law designed to punish an indefinable crime?

I do not expect a plain answer. Her escape route is established. Her book *On Iniquity* was only designed "to ask questions." Her article was only designed to discuss the matter in "general terms." Besides, she "did not want to see any more censorship or any less, *until* [my italics] the effect of violence and sadistic sex, via television, the cinema screen and (to a lesser extent) books, had been thoroughly investigated."

But now, it seems, at long last, the effect *has* been established, thanks to the pioneering of the Eisenhower Commission. "We now have evidence enough, statistical and clinical," says Miss Hansford Johnson. And it is now "time enough to begin to draw some tentative conclusions." For action? Her own conclusions are still confined to the pious little hope quoted above.

Nevertheless, I pricked up my ears. The Eisenhower Report, apparently, was a treasury of "hard evidence." Excellent. Just what we had been looking for. If only they could have published their findings before we concluded ours! "They did not ask for opinions"—like the wretched Working Party, who even asked for Miss Hansford Johnson's—"but stated facts obtained from mass surveys." Eagerly I secured a copy of their Report.

But my hopes were short-lived. Miss Hansford Johnson had misrepresented their Report no less than our own. The Commission, exactly like ourselves, had not thought it reprehensible to listen to and quote the opinions of those whose experience entitled them to be heard; nor had they confined themselves to scientific or pseudo-scientific experimental, clinical studies. The only difference was that the Commission seems to have been highly selective about whom it consulted (or at least quoted), for opinion is presented implicitly as unanimous, whereas we quoted (and printed

fully in Appendices,) protagonists on both sides of the argument. This, according to Miss Hansford Johnson's private vocabulary, betrayed our "bias." If, like the Commission, we had suppressed views that conflicted with her own, we too perhaps might have earned the accolade "factual."

In truth, the only factual statements in the Eisenhower Report drawn from mass surveys were those showing the very high incidence of violence in the mass media. Our own Report contained similar statistics to precisely the same effect. The Commission does *not* quote the currently rising crime-rate and assume that there is a direct causal connection between the two, though Miss Hansford Johnson of course does. But evidently the Commission knows the difference between *post hoc* and *propter hoc*. It avers, on the contrary,

There is much that is not fully understood and little that is proven beyond a reasonable doubt about the full impact of the mass media. It is difficult to design studies linking human behaviour or personality formation to media content in view of the vast array of other variables in the social environment that converge to shape a person's conduct and values.

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We too emphasised this probably insuperable difficulty. As Lord Annan put it, "assessments of the anti-social effects of these things upon an individual could never be more than speculative because human behaviour was the result not of one but of a multiplicity of causes."

But Miss Hansford Johnson's "beaming optimism," if I may borrow her vivid phrase, overrides these two moderate and, on the face of it, not very controversial statements. All we need, she says, is "a little patience" and all shall be revealed to us. (So perhaps, after all, it has not been revealed as yet.) Meanwhile we must accept her assurance that the revelation, when it comes, will vindicate her own pre-judgment. What I tell you three times is true.

I REGRET that John Calder in an article that otherwise I find persuasive appears to share this simple faith in the revelations to be expected from statisticians and psychological research workers, though he does not of course assume foreknowledge of their findings. My own scepticism stems from the surely unanswerable proposition expressed in the quotations above from Lord Annan and the Eisenhower Report. But even if Mr. Halloran's study group (or another), given sufficient funds and another ten or fifteen years of time, which is the minimum period he mentioned for possible results, emphasising in all honesty that, even then, results were no more than a possibility; and supposing, too, that at the end of it all it were possible to demonstrate "beyond a reasonable doubt" not only the infectious consequences of depicted violence but also the statistical extent of the infection, what then? Do we set about the Augean task of expurgating all the arts, past, present and to come? And if we accept exceptions, which? And if we do discriminate, who is to be the discriminator? And how are we to evaluate the profit to society from protecting (and purifying?) the minority of psychopaths and corruptible non-psychopaths in danger and weigh that advantage against the social damage to be suffered from a wholesale spoliation of the arts? And are future artists to be confined to portraying life not as they see it but as someone (who?) thinks it ought to be? And if not, where is the line to be drawn? And by whom?

If Mr. Halloran should be successful, we have only ten or fifteen years in which to find answers to these old and stubborn questions. Miss Hansford Johnson may be sanguine, Mr. Calder rather less so and I not at all.

APPROPOS OF FACTS, it is worth noting here that in America the crime rate has risen while the incidence of violence on mass media has

dropped. I know not whether research workers build much on this or little. For my part I find nothing conclusive about it or even surprising. But Miss Hansford Johnson should be surprised out of her wits. Perhaps she was. Perhaps it explains her vehemence. Her respect for facts, however, does not compel her to mention this awkward discrepancy in the movement of what, on her assumption, ought to be parallel graphs. Perhaps it is only my bias that has led me to do so. But I cannot help thinking that Mr. Calder's correlation of crime and violence with personal, social and political frustration rather than with televising might be more conclusive if a graph could be undertaken.

ALAS, ANY EXPECTATION of "hard evidence" in the Eisenhower Report will be disappointed. There are a few vague references to "laboratory experiments" and "the vast majority of experimental studies" and "psychiatric and psychological literature," none of them specified. There is not even an appendix of sources to allow us an assessment of their value. This is all the more significant because, when they do have hard evidence (*i.e.*, on the analysis of violence in the mass media), they are quick to quote their authorities. But, apart from such figures which are common to both Reports, they had evidently been no more successful than ourselves in the search for hard evidence as distinct from opinion—or than the Danish Commission who had already ransacked the world for it in vain and whose investigations are not even mentioned in the Eisenhower Report.

However, Miss Hansford Johnson, having perhaps foreseen the possibility that someone else might read the American Report, has fully prepared herself for the contingency. Willing as ever to make the best of two worlds, she hedges her bet by informing us that hard evidence doesn't really matter after all and cannot even be expected. She writes, "you cannot prove moral harm as you can prove a proposition in physics or biology: therefore it is necessary to 'speculate' on some kind of an informed basis." So much for the hard evidence previously alleged to have been uncovered by the Eisenhower Commission. But what if the speculators differ, as they do and as the Working Party and the Danish Commission admitted?

I DO NOT EXPECT a plain answer; but let me underline the difficulty by citing a passage in Miss Hansford Johnson's own article, in which she criticises the "clean-up campaign" on the ground that their targets are not always her targets. She recalls their protests at a particular television play which she herself ruled to be

"quite inoffensive." But who was right? This it never occurs to her to ask. Obviously both parties were untroubled by a doubt. Yet how is a censor or a law to reconcile their conflicting certitudes? The question is not merely whether to repress or not, but also what to repress.

This hard fact of subjective judgments and values in conflict is, of course, basic to the whole problem. Some people regard fig leaves as obscene, others regard genitals as obscene. Who is to control whom? Or, as the only other option, should we shoulder fully the responsibility (which, ultimately and effectively, is non-transferable in any case except in an infinitesimal degree), of controlling ourselves and influencing each other by precept and example? To dismiss this option, it seems to me, is to opt for force, which is not self-evidently a cure for violence.

Certainly the problem of subjectivity was not something that we as a Working Party could shrug off as Miss Hansford Johnson can. For we were charged with finding, if we could, a formula that could be used in law as a basis for just judgments on what would harm society and what would not—or, in legal parlance, what is and what is not obscene. Fig leaves or genitals? After a great deal of hard work we could devise no tenable definition; and certainly could find no existing one. One would have thought that the surest way for our critics to confound us would have been to supply the deficiency. But nothing has been forthcoming. For the most part they ignore the problem or, a few, deny its existence. Miss Hansford Johnson denies the difficulty of defining even what is "art" or "good taste." No problem. "We are perfectly used to sorting out the rubbish from the rest." Who in the world are "we"? Magistrates, by some lucky coincidence? Juries? Her next sentence suggests that the reliable authorities she has in mind are professional critics. But unfortunately they do not preside over obscenity trials, or perhaps fortunately, as history demonstrates that they are as fallible as the rest of us. Even when they are called as expert witnesses, they are liable to contradict each other and, when they don't, they are still liable to be ignored by the Courts. The same is true of psychological "experts." What criterion for repression does Miss Hansford Johnson propose? If she rejects repression altogether in favour of persuasion, then she aligns herself with the Bishop of Woolwich and, worse still, with the Working Party. I do not expect a plain answer.

THE THEORY held by some authorities (if there is such an animal in these fields) that the depiction of violence so far from inducing emulation may diminish aggressive impulses

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by vicarious satisfaction is one that Miss Hansford Johnson finds particularly provoking. The Eisenhower Report, she says, is "far too factual to be accused of the 'catharsis theory' bias so noticeable in the report of the Arts Council." Our bias consisted in reporting each of the two conflicting theories and withholding judgment in the absence of hard evidence on either side.

My own opinion (which is only "speculation on an informed basis" and was not voiced in the Report) is that out of the vast film, book and tele-viewing public the tiniest fraction may have their aggressions exorcised, that the tiniest fraction may be induced to emulation and that the overwhelming majority are unaffected. But, perhaps because my instinctive recoil from depicted violence is as strong as Miss Hansford Johnson's, I would echo her hopes for its elimination, though I know no better than she does how to set about it. Such hopes, of course, are wholly illogical because I know that violence will not vanish from the arts until it has vanished from life. Only the most innocent of optimists could think otherwise. Nor will fig leaves produce the miracle.

Depended from the above reference to the theory of catharsis Miss Hansford Johnson writes a footnote, which is surely a classic among non-sequiturs.

It is fair to state *at this point* [my italics] that Lord Goodman was hoping for the reform of the Obscenity Laws and not the demand for total repeal.

It would have been fairer still to state that so was our Chairman and so were most of us; and that only the balance of argument after nine months' study forced us unanimously against the tide of our original inclinations. This information was available to Miss Hansford Johnson; it was even disclosed in the Chairman's Foreword. But perhaps, as she says, "there are certain states of fury which make reading an impossibility," let alone honest controversy.

In this connection I am impelled to refute certain allegations concerning the Bishop of Woolwich who seems to have become an unexpected football in the discussion. There is no ground whatever for imputing to us the patronising view of him as "a nice young man but an awkward one." (He is forty-one.) On the exact contrary, we wrote,

He himself reminded us that repression could also be psychologically injurious. . . . [He had] his own view of sexual propriety . . . but, although he claimed the right to proselytise this view, he rejected . . . any claim to impose it by law on his fellow citizens; a self-denying ordinance which the Working Party fully endorses and seeks to emulate.

And which I dare to recommend to Miss Hansford Johnson and Mrs. Whitehouse.

The motive for misrepresenting our attitude is, of course, Miss Hansford Johnson's anxiety to insist that the Bishop (unlike herself?) is depraved and corrupted as a result of his reading, so she is outraged that we, having met him, should have ventured to express a doubt. In fact he himself, as John Calder recalls, particularly corrected us when the phrase was imputed to him and substituted the milder words "not unscathed." Well, nobody is unscathed, whether he has read *Last Exit* or not. Of course books are not "neutral." What is? Why pick on books? People can be gravely scathed by marriage and by friendships. But, although Victorian parents sought to exercise quite a strict censorship over both, it is possible that the attempt was as misguided as it was ineffectual. Alas, not only the arts but every aspect of experience, even schools and churches, can scathe us and there is little enough that we seem able to do about it, though doubtless the Bishop and Miss Hansford Johnson and even I will, in our various ways, go on trying. My own impression remains, however, very sincerely that the Bishop, a meticulously honest man, was one of the least depraved characters I have ever met. If that was our impression, I do not see why it was so naughty to record it, though I do see that it was vexing for Miss Hansford Johnson that we should have questioned the ornithological identification of the solitary swallow who was to prove her summer.

FINALLY, I should like to suggest a broader and deeper level on which the problem of obscenity might be profitably discussed.

"Society insists on its own safeguards," says Miss Hansford Johnson. Does it? I had thought the essence of her case was that society is doing nothing of the kind. That is why she and Mrs. Whitehouse feel called upon to intervene. What they want and what society wants are clearly different things; which doesn't, of course, mean that the two ladies are wrong and society right. It does remind us, however, that the commercial moguls of screen and television who dish out their super-abundant diet of violence, are motivated not by a rootless satanism but by their experienced assessment of what society demands, and that the Courts and the Home Office endorse this assessment. Otherwise the Obscenity Laws, designed howsoever inadequately to apply a brake, would not have been allowed to lapse, as far as violence is concerned, into a dead letter.

Now, as I cannot share the Panglossian faith that society is always wise enough to insist on its own safeguards, I have to ask whether the

judgment of society in this matter is at fault, as it so often has been in the past, or whether error is in its critics.

There is an interesting and relevant passage in the Eisenhower Report.

40% of the poor black adolescents and 30% of the poor whites believe in the true-to-life nature of television content, as compared with only 15% of the middle-class white youngsters.

Assuming that the phrase "true-to-life" means what it says (and it can hardly be taken to mean a mere superficial verisimilitude or "naturalism"), I incline to the pessimistic view that the poor blacks and the poor whites are right and the bulk of middle-class whites wrong. For art, good or bad (bad, even more obviously) is not parthenogenetic. Ultimately the creative imagination has no source to draw upon, no parentage, but life itself. Even the crudest bestialities of books and screen and television would be meaningless, incomprehensible unless they reflected in various degree corresponding bestialities in ourselves. As a fellow-writer of fiction I cannot believe that Miss Hansford Johnson will dissent from this, in spite of the strange passage in which she reprimands Edward Bond and which seems to argue that only what has been documented in the newspapers is true and that all else is to be condemned as inadmissible fantasy.

If this is what she really means, I can only declare my contrary view that the inescapable function of all art is to reflect and illuminate life, that, having no other available raw material, it cannot do otherwise, that good art illuminates powerfully and sometimes even novelly and that bad art illuminates weakly and crudely. If the mirror that art holds up to life is, as I believe, in its essence neutral and amoral, it is inevitable that certain moralists should deplore the immoralities included in the reflection, especially (as I do) the enormous area in which we observe the ugliness of our own violence. But to deplore it is, none the less, as inept as it is to deplore the climate. Indeed it *is* the climate. It is too vast and impervious to be affected by tiny haphazard attempts at expurgation. A fig leaf cannot conceal a storm cloud, let alone dissolve it. It will not even adhere. Not Dr. Pangloss himself would have believed otherwise. Even to think in such terms seems to me a trivialisation of the mighty problem that violence presents.

IT MAY BE THAT the gulf between Miss Hansford Johnson and myself derives from our differing *a priori*s. She thinks in terms of degeneration, I of unregeneracy. Her view of society seems to be tinged with the concept of the once Golden Age, of the Noble Savage corrupted by the

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encroachment of civilisation. In the Golden Age he was blessedly without genitals. Now that he has acquired them, with some accelerating help from the mass media, what else can be done but recommend a fig leaf, for fear that exposure may corruptly multiply them?

By contrast, I myself maintain—continuing the same metaphor—that genitals are no novelty. I have come to believe in the doctrine of original sin. And this I equate with violence. Nor am I contradicted by “psychiatric and psychological literature”; nor by anthropologists nor by anyone who without sentimentality has observed an angry baby. I would even define civilisation, if it is to mean anything worth having, as the laborious attempt to mitigate our violent native propensities.

I wish I could persuade Miss Hansford Johnson to take the phenomenon of violence a little more seriously. It is the agent of death, no less. It threatens not only individuals but, in all likelihood, man as a species. It is ubiquitous and pervasive and innate. It is the air we breathe. Absence of it is unknown both in societies and in individuals. It is the product of fear and the cause of it. It is the universal scourge, the congenital disease.

Neither Miss Hansford Johnson nor I are immune to it, for its manifestations are not confined to the physical. In this at least she agrees with me since she accuses herself of raising her voice which she “regrets.” Raising the voice is a fair enough metaphor for indulging one’s aggressiveness, for the desire to inflict injury, for (in my terminology) original sin. As there was nothing to prevent Miss Hansford Johnson from amending the regretted aspects of her article, then either the regret was insincere or, more probably, the temptation was irresistible. My own failure to turn the other cheek is a similar example of unregeneracy. I cannot think expurgating the arts, even if it were practicable, would redeem either of us.

THE ONLY SERIOUS COUNTER to original sin is the developing consciousness directed against it. Civilisation, as it is called, is nothing less than the gallant, infinitely slow and perhaps hopeless Promethean attempt to resist and re-draft the laws of nature, not to conceal them.

The prospect may be discouraging to those who reduce the problem to a study of the annual ups-and-downs in the post-war crime rate of a given city but less so to those who find the perspective of recorded and deducible

human history more significant. After all, it is only yesterday, a mere few thousand years ago, that the idea of non-violence as a code of behaviour began to germinate in man’s consciousness, the idea that violence was his enemy and not his friend, that unbridled self-interest, the antithesis of love, is the root of all cruelty, that the use of violence, hitherto accepted as the weapon of self-preservation, could well lead to self-destruction. And, although these revolutionary paradoxes ran counter to all instincts and behavioural habits, they not only survived but have perceptibly prospered. Even within the butterfly span of my own life-time advances are discernible. The kids’ noble slogan “Make love not war” would have been unthinkable in Kipling’s day. There would have been no applause but only uniform disgust at the burning of draft cards. Pacifists faced social ostracism. Even Miss Hansford Johnson’s estimable revulsion at cruelty would have been seen as soft-minded crankiness by her not distant forefathers who in juvenile literature, in schools, in sermons, in their modes of domestic discipline, in conditions of employment offered it to their own children without shame. Sex was shameful, not violence. The fact that Miss Hansford Johnson has reversed the emphasis is itself indicative, though she is evidently still a little hung up on the Victorian view of sex as “cheap” unless subjected to certain constrictions which seem arbitrary to many of her juniors and to myself.

IT IS CLEAR, therefore, that anyone who, like I myself, regards the age-old problem of violence not as a little local difficulty but as the central and eternal problem of civilisation must be excused if he views with some impatience the proffered remedy of a fig leaf for the arts. The precept “*Hide it and it will cease to be*” is an excursion into optimism, beaming or otherwise, that cannot be dismissed as merely frivolous but innocuous, for by thus belittling the problem it could erode concern, comforting us with the illusion that we are doing something when we are doing nothing. Let Miss Hansford Johnson shift her attentions from the mirror of art to the dire human infirmity it reflects. She would be better employed in a pacifist sit-down in Trafalgar Square. A long-term contribution? Oh, yes. And possibly as ineffectual even in the long term as fig leaves. But worth a try.

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The Zero at the Bone

On Ernst Jünger — By GEORGE STEINER

ERNST JÜNGER'S *In Stahlgewittern* ("The Storm of Steel") appeared in 1920 and brought him immediate fame. It remains the most remarkable piece of *writing* to come out of the First World War. I emphasise "writing." Guy Chapman's *Passionate Prodigality* is a more penetrating, unbroken act of human perception; the political reach of Barbusse's *Le Feu* is greater. But Ernst Jünger came nearer than any other writer, nearer even than the poets, to forcing language into the mould of total war.

This is in part a matter of technique: the lapidary sentences, so different from the sinuous hesitance of normal German literary and philosophic prose, the violent similes, the play of graphic, uncontrolled turbulence against abstraction. In part it stems from Jünger's resolve to make the job of writing a counterpart to that of combat. War and his personal virtuosity at the game—seven times wounded, platoon leader Jünger received Germany's highest military award in September 1918—became the visionary core, the final touchstone of the entirety of Jünger's work. The chaotic hell of the Somme and Langemarck grew into more than a searing memory or an instance of life turned lunatic. The fire-storm of the big guns, the moon-landscape of craters and flares, the somnambular frenzies of hand-to-hand fighting, seemed to Jünger to compact certain essential truths and mysteries in man. After such battle there could be no peace, only an armistice. To write essays, poems or novels as if language itself had not passed through barbed wire and poisoned air, looked to Jünger like romantic evasion, like a bourgeois tactic at a time when the moorings of bourgeois civilisation had been fatally loosed. Though inextricably a part of violence, language was nevertheless the last zone of assured survival. In March 1943, in occupied Paris, Captain Jünger noted in his diary:

When all buildings shall be destroyed, language will none the less persist. It will be a magic castle with towers and battlements, with

primaeval vaults and passage-ways which none will ever search out. There, in deep galleries, *oubliettes* and mine-shafts it will be possible to find habitation and be lost to the world. Today that thought consoles me.

The notion of language as an absolute, as the locus of ultimate reality and survival, is one of the two mainsprings of Jünger's art. The other is the pursuit of the biological sciences. Beginning almost immediately after 1919, Jünger turned to the study of botany, of ichthyology and entomology. His acquaintance with crustaceans, lepidoptera, with endless varieties of coleoptera, gastropod molluscs and arachnids goes far beyond the amateur. Above all, Jünger is a passionate botaniser. There are few pages in his diaries and travel books, fewer still in his two allegoric fictions, on which we do not find some exact glimpse of plant-life. *Victoria Regia* blooms in the hot, battle-scarred marshes; the red woodland orchid "with the pale tip to the petals" shimmers in the dusk; a few days after learning of the death of his only son on the Italian front, Jünger observes the fibrous, yellow-green frond of blossoms on the hazel-bush outside his window. Many values relate to this taxonomic compulsion. Like André Gide, Jünger regards zoology and botany as a school for precise feeling; the eye of the beetle-hunter, of the collector of orchidaceae becomes as penetrating and scrupulous as that of the sniper. Having immersed himself in the wasteful destruction of men, Jünger finds a guarantor of reality in the tenacity and profusion of organic life. That low perennial herb *Convallaria majalis*, the lily of the valley, will blow cool and luminous when our concrete bunkers are dust. But plant morphology, the comparative study and classification of flora, has an even deeper meaning. Linnaeus is Ernst Jünger's tutelary spirit. Like Goethe, Jünger, ~~deems~~ ^{deems} the classification of floral species to be a supreme metaphor of reason, of the secret concord between the image of order in the human soul

and the realities of significant relations in nature. By assembling the great *Hortus Plantarum Mundi*, man comes as near as is possible to the lost Garden of creation. Moreover, to recognise plants by their sporophylls, as Linnaeus did, is to "read" an alphabet or cypher of life more ancient, more universal than any human idiom. In the tendril of the vine, in the hieroglyphs on the wings of the tiger-moth, the logic of creation is writ deep. The classic artist is one who can make his individual speech or form similarly suggestive of a hidden unity, of a total design of truth.

JÜNGER COMPLETED the manuscript of *On the Marble Cliffs* on 12 August 1939. A summer of exceptional radiance was drawing to a close. By the spring of 1940, some thirty-five thousand copies of *Auf den Marmorklippen* were in circulation. After that, the authorities stopped further printings. But the book was not harried methodically, let alone pulped or burned as were many others. Re-issued after the author's "amnesty" in 1948 (Jünger had refused to appear before a German "de-nazification" tribunal), the novel had, twenty years later, passed the hundred-thousand mark.

Home from a long war, the narrator and his brother Otho (they are brethren both in the flesh and in a fraternity of elect spirits) settle in a hermitage carved into a spur of the marble cliffs. Below them stretches the Marina, a beauteous lake bordered by a land of ancient cities, sanctuaries and vineyards. The two warrior-sages seek to spend their lives in botany and contemplation. In the chalice of the blue-starred gentian might lodge the inner penetralium, the secret towards which all magic, trance, alchemy and Kabbala direct their seemingly disparate but ultimately conjoined striving. In the Rue-Garden Hermitage dwell Erio, the elf-child of a brief erotic encounter which the narrator had in war-time, and his grandmother, the earth-witch Lampusa. A brood of lance-head vipers weave their golden, whistling round about the hermitage. The Marina is shadowed by black forests. Here rules the Head Ranger, a cunning, savage tyrant. His horde of thugs and killers are the Mauretians; their raids and propaganda are undermining the ancient modes of cultured life in the land of Marina. Between Marina and Mauretania lies the Campagna, an intermediary terrain of steppes and rough pasture. It is inhabited by archaic, hospitable people and Belovar, their wild patriarch.

On the Marble Cliffs recounts the doom of this unstable triad. The herdsmen of the Cam-

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pagna are deserting their pastoral deities; strange enervations fester in the Marina. One day, probing into the Mauretanian forest, the brothers come upon the Flayer's Copse:

Over the dark door on the gable-end a skull was nailed fast, showing its teeth and seeming to invite entry with its grin. Like a jewel in its chain, it was the central link of a narrow gable frieze which appeared to be formed of brown spiders. Suddenly we guessed that it was fashioned of human hands fastened to the wall. So clearly did we see this that we picked out the little peg driven through the palm of each one. On the trees, too, which ringed the clearing bleached the death's-heads. . . . At the same time there bore down upon the wind a clinging heavy and sweet smell of corruption which made us shiver to the marrow of our bones. Within us we felt the melody of life touch its darkest and deepest chord.

When the *Oberförster* unleashes his attack, the narrator joins a troop of farmers and peasants to do desperate battle. The actual mêlée is fought mainly between Belovar's noble greyhounds and the giant mastiffs of the Mauretanians. Pursued by Chiffon Rouge, the Ranger's favourite killer-bloodhound, the narrator flees down the cliffs to the hermitage. Summoned by Erio, the vipers interpose a barrier of flame and venom between the brothers and the murdering pack. The realm of the Marina goes under in an apocalypse of fire, blood and crashing masonry. Otho and the narrator board a vessel, mysteriously ready for them, and escape to a far shore. There, in the mountain fastness of Alta Plana, the halls of Ansgar bide their festive coming.

ADMIRERS OF Ernst Jünger, apologists for the right-wing élitism and nationalist mystique he advocated in the 1920s and '30s, have hailed *Auf den Marmorklippen* as anti-Nazi. It has been widely asserted that this arcane fable is the only major act of resistance, of inner sabotage, carried on by German literature under Hitler. Jünger himself has been more circumspect, and rightly so. The depiction of the Head Ranger and his Mauretanian gangs is obviously directed against Nazism. The very name "Chiffon Rouge" evokes the blood-red banners which went before the marching SS. Jünger's narrative of the processes of menace and subterranean blackmail whereby the forest horde insinuates itself into the daily lives and even dreams of Marina and the Campagna, is a first-class piece of political observation and satire. His account of the visit to the hermitage of Braquemart and the young Prince of Sunmyra is both acute and prophetic. In this scene

probably the subtlest in the book, the impotence of traditional elements in German society, the surrender to opportunism or elegant despair of those forces that might have challenged Hitler, are deeply etched. But no scheme of straightforward political allegory or subversion fits. Even the bestial image of the Flayer's Copse is less trenchant or unambiguous than might appear. The analogy with the concentration camps about which Jünger had heard and intimated a good deal as early as 1939, but against which he never raised a public cry, is evident and graphic. But the dwarf who plies his butcher's craft in the clearing of Köpels-Bleek belongs less to the macabre repertoire of National Socialism than he does to the world of Wagner's Mime or to the malignant trolls of Scandinavian saga. And how betrayingly bathetic, how devoid of genuine fury is the reference to the "melody of life" with which the passage closes. Belovar can be equated with no recognisable contemporary political stance. His roistering homestead, his patriarchal fierceness, suggest a version of pastoral as Teutonic, as deep-rooted in the ideal of *Blut und Boden* as were the Nordic fantasies of Rosenberg.

WHAT IS ONE TO MAKE of the end of the fable? For all its manifest terror the destruction of the Marina elicits from Otho and the narrator a highly ambivalent response. The spectacle of ruin seems to them filled with a strange beauty and somehow justified or, at least, sanctified by doom. (Meditating on the plot against Hitler in July 1944, which he had refused to join, Jünger wondered whether a nation ought, by mere accident and artifice of individual deeds, to escape its tragic destiny.) Though fleeing for their lives, the elect brethren acquiesce, at a disturbingly central level, in the barbaric triumph of the Mauretanians:

No house is built, no plan laid, of which decay is not the corner-stone, and what lives eternally in us does not lie in our works. This we perceived in the flames, and yet there was joy in their radiance. . . . Our hearts felt that the fires in the sky had begun to lose something of their balefulness; they were mingled with the red of dawn.

For the lordly few there is sanctuary in Alta Plana. How, except by gross simplification, can one read this Nietzschean, hieratic close as an attack on Hitlerism, let alone a call to active resistance? Though he writes from an obvious propagandistic bias, Helmut Kaiser, one of Jünger's East German critics, is scarcely wrong when he characterises the "message" of *On the*

Marble Cliffs as one of haughty, almost vindictive despair. The existence of the Marina is doomed not only because the evil powers of the forest are so great and ruthless. The humanistic values of life in the vineyards and comely cities are not worth preserving. They are sapped by bourgeois decay. Let Heraclitean fire purge all.

The true consistency of Jünger's parable is personal. The vipers that guard the narrator are immediately cognate to the Orphic and literal snakes (group *Ophidia*, order *Squamata*) which obsess Jünger's fantasies and with which his meticulously recorded dreams are replete. Brother Otho stands for Friedrich Georg Jünger, himself a poet and naturalist. Father Lampros has his recognisable model in the Jünger circle. Above all, the portrait of the narrator is insistently autobiographical. He has Jünger's port and style of vision. He too dwells among serpents, flowers and ancient, stately things. He too is a soldier who makes of battle a *rite de passage* into the hidden places of the spirit. His inward home is the *Burgunderland*, a partly historical, partly emblematic amalgam of French and German latinity which fascinates Jünger as it did Stefan George and Ernst Robert Curtius. At the nadir of the Reich, Jünger still joined other Knights of the Order of *Pour le*

mérite in commemorative ceremonies in Berlin. Similarly, the warrior-dreamers of the *Marcklippen* intimate the survival, beyond all present disaster, of an occult chivalry. At many points, it is difficult to distinguish between allegory and personal memoir. In July 1943, for example, Jünger's diary alludes to a "mysterious" visit from von Trott, a visit which presumably took place in 1938 or 1939 and had some relation to clandestine action against Hitler; in the dialogue with Braquemart and the young Prince, that visit is already recorded.

ERNST JÜNGER'S FAIRY-TALE is as cold and inert as its haunting title. Though composed of the short sentences which are characteristic of his manner, it achieves the laboured solemnity of a slow-motion film. No shaft of humour dents its burnished panoply. The tale is brimful of pain and violence. Yet they are seen in a distancing light. The battle of the great hounds is one of the cruellest set pieces in modern fantasy. The narrator himself compares the scene with the pit of hell. Nevertheless, the dominant note is one of unreality, of ceremonious stillness. It is as if all the madened, wildly moving shapes were transfixed in the heavy cadence of a dream. Where have

Hannah Arendt

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we seen that murderous chase before, that ornate blaze of spears and torches in a night-forest? In the paintings of Uccello. Uccello is an arresting painter; but he is also a minor master, or one whose brilliant work is marginal to the main energies of renaissance art. Eroded by sentimentality and middle-class taste, his hard enamelling, his static violence, re-appear in the Pre-Raphaelites. Jünger's eye is strikingly akin to that of Millais and Rossetti. Both aesthetics register the same minute details of flora and fauna, the same tints of precious stones and woven silk. Jünger's journals record a mania for curiosa, for 18th-century erotica, for the florid and gilt *bric-à-brac* of European and oriental mundanity. He shares with painters and poets of the *fin-de-siècle* an amateurish interest in sadism. On the Paris quais, Captain Jünger pores over dusty chronicles of chastisement and execution. Cannibalism haunts his imagination and he notes, with a curator's precision, what evidence there is of its re-emergence on the Russian front and in the starving prison camps.

The inspirers of Jünger's sensibility are French rather than German. It is the post-symbolist and decadent movements in French literature he draws on most directly: Huysmans, Léon Bloy, Octave Mirbeau, whose *Jardin des supplices* conjoins in its very title two of Jünger's abiding interests. In its terrible detachment, Jünger's *Strahlungen*, the record of his years in occupied Paris and of his conducted tour on the Caucasian front, is reminiscent of some of the Goncourt journals, particularly for 1870-71. In both cases the ultimate strategy is one of experience made static by elegance. Whether he is noting the purchase of a rare engraving or the massacre of Jews, Jünger maintains a fastidious, quietly observant discipline of feeling. Watching a raid on the Renault works in March 1942, the chevalier of the marble cliffs comments that several hundred are reported slain and over a thousand gravely hurt: "but seen from my quarter, the affair

looked rather like stage-lighting in a shadow-theatre." This is the focus of the dandy. I mean the word in its strong, *condottiero* form, as comprehending asceticism and cool courage. The dandy confronts the sum of life but keeps it at gauntlet's length. Like his counterparts in the dramas of Montherlant, there is one temptation only which Jünger finds it really difficult to resist: *die Versuchung zur Menschenverachtung*, the temptation to despise human beings. Now I suspect that this attitude is more current among highly cultured men than is advertised. But Jünger makes a virtue of what is, essentially, a grave defect of consciousness, an atrophy at the vital centre.

A "TWENTIETH-CENTURY CLASSIC"? Perhaps so. But in an almost mathematical sense. *On the Marble Cliffs* is a theorem of limitation. It enacts the precise incommensurability between a certain cast of abstract humanism or high civilisation and the realities of modern terror. In its ritual tranquillity, in its candid suggestion that flight into archaic-utopia (the domain of privacy, of aesthetic and antiquarian cultivation) is the only way out, Jünger's legend embodies a tragic failure of nerve. Otho and his brother are custodians of ruin, as they are herbalists. Their powers of effective response are withered at the root. Jünger professes to have spent a lifetime in combat against nihilism; the spectre of nihilism haunts his post-war rhetoric. Yet there is in his own outlook—physically and psychologically implicated in the violent fabric of history as his personal career has doubtless been—a profound nihilism. Reading his work, one experiences what Emily Dickinson termed "a zero at the bone."

The incapacity to feel lest feeling grow corrupt and banal is perhaps the paralysing dilemma of a classic, necessarily élitist culture. *Auf den Marmorclippen* has importance as a statement of this dilemma. The nocturnal word which Jünger himself applies to this condition is *tristia*. Through it blow the coldest winds from Limbo. Robbed of his only child, seeing Germany collapse into hideous abjection, Ernst Jünger attends a final, absurd meeting of local Nazi officials. He watches Hitler's thugs scheming their last act of murder or getting ready to scurry for cover. Yet no cry, no leap of rage escapes him. He notes in his diary: "I lack the capacity for hatred." There have been too many moments in our savage time when such absence of hatred is the same as the absence of love.

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The Unexplained Revolution

Was it "Court" v. "Country"? — By G. R. ELTON

AMONG THE UNSOLVED PUZZLES of English history, the Civil Wars of the 17th century stand high. There we have, on the face of it, a series of enormous events—war in England among Englishmen, a king publicly beheaded, twenty years of violent upheaval. Something, surely, was very badly wrong with the body politic, or so it would appear. Revolutionary situations and civil wars do not happen without good cause, and the good causes of those events have been passionately hunted ever since. But the hunt turns up more mythical unicorns than usefully edible prey. Did the factions divide over the true nature of the constitution: was it a conflict between royal absolutists and parliamentary constitutionalists? This is a supposition hallowed by tradition: but it has been shown that the leaders and spokesmen of all shades of opinion really held fundamentally identical views.¹ Was it a war for puritanism, for liberty of conscience against a repressive anglican uniformity? Such issues grew prominent as the war advanced, but revolutionary puritanism is rarely found before 1640, and in the early years of the Long Parliament the one thing that prevented Pym's party from breaking up was his careful avoidance of the religious issue.² Or was it, as all major revolutions are supposed to be, the outcome of a deep-rooted social split, between classes or within the governing class? The volumes which have been written around that supposition do not

need listing here; yet in the end, neither the old Marxist view (bourgeois Parliament v. feudal king), nor a neo-Marxist view (the revolt of the "industrious sort"), nor an anti-Marxist social classification of falling and rising gentries have supplied the answer because in every case the facts stand awkwardly to the theory. At present it looks as though only two kinds of historians can be satisfied that they know why the Civil War happened: those content with their ideologies, whatever the facts may say, and those content to believe that the wickedness of this man or that will serve for an explanation.

IT IS INTO THIS SITUATION that Professor Zagorin has stepped forth with yet another attempt to tell why those dire events occurred.³ His approach is not entirely original, but he employs it more consistently and fruitfully than anyone since Clarendon. In short, he sees the years leading to war as marked by the growth of two groups identifiable in and out of Parliament—one clustered round the king and his Court, the other clustered round a parliamentary leadership and characterised in the main by a comprehensive dislike of all things connected with the Court. The second (the Country) he regards as the bearer of revolution, or at least as the essential instrument for preparing the ground for revolution by destroying the power of the first. He rightly dismisses the various determinist interpretations and can find no applicable social categories into which to divide supporters and opponents of the Court: both groups were composed of men of the same stamp, standing, convictions and attitudes. Even religion does not define them, though extreme high-Church men leaned always to the Court and extreme puritans to the Country. Using these categories, he investigates the structure of parliamentary and, in the end, also extra-parliamentary conflict, and though perhaps he does not get very far in uncovering the grass roots of either sector he scores some excellent points. He is especially good on the disastrous effects of Buckingham's régime which "sowed disaffection in the Court and was the prime cause of enmity on the political scene" (p. 59). He handles the tricky question of puritanism with becoming care and wisely avoids identifying it with sectarianism.⁴ His treatment of Pym's party—its triumph and decline in the

¹ Margaret A. Judson, *The Crisis of the Constitution* (1949); R. W. K. Hinton, "Government and Liberty under James I," *Cambridge Historical Journal*, vol. 11 (1957), pp. 48-64.

² Recent analyses of puritanism have made it ever more difficult to know what the thing was, but they agree in showing that mainline puritanism was non-revolutionary, that until 1626 it looked like winning anyway, and that if there was a revolution it was not puritan. E.g., C. H. George, "Puritanism as History and Historiography," *Past & Present*, vol. 41 (1968), pp. 77-104.

³ Perez Zagorin, *The Court and the Country: the Beginning of the English Revolution*. Routledge & Kegan Paul, £3; and Athencum, New York, \$10.

⁴ But he grossly exaggerates when he speaks (p. 157) of puritanism "tenaciously" preserving its identity for seventy years. Historians' lives would be easier if this were remotely true.

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first two sessions of the Long Parliament—is highly illuminating, a long overdue descriptive analysis which will do nothing but good. His refusal to be tied by theory, and his attempt to deal through real people, are both admirable. He has unquestionably made an important contribution to the debate which should be heeded by all. But if precedent is anything to go by, this account is likely to be swallowed rather than criticised, as all the explanations of the revolution have been when first they appeared. Therefore: is he right?

DESPITE his rejection of theory, Zagorin depends in the last resort on his schematic categories which he treats as real and solid. There is not much question about the Court: it existed. Zagorin defines it as the "thrang of ministers, courtiers, officials, and servants" which clustered round the king and, at the centre as well as in the localities, governed for him. He excludes the unpaid local officials, such as sheriffs and justices of the peace, a distinction just worthy of acceptance. Altogether, this is an adequate first definition, but for the purposes served here it needs a great deal of refining. A fuller understanding of administrative history and its problems might have led to some distinctions in all this welter. A secretary of state and a feodary of the Court of Wards may both be called members of the Court, but they are so in very different ways. Working stiff and sinecurists, administrators and household officers and lawyers, cannot really be so readily thrown into one great bag and never be distinguished again. Differences of employment, security, and standing affect political attitudes and actions, the one thing that matters here; and so do personal preferences. And even if the crude definition were enough, it says nothing about party: many men with Court office found themselves at times in opposition to Court policy. There is no need to go into detail; the case of John Pym will suffice to call the category in question. We are told that he must not "be classified as an official," even though he held a receivership of revenue for close on thirty years and that very office is explicitly included among those which "the Court swept out to include" in the localities. Clearly, the definition may be too simple—especially as failure to hold office may, as we shall see, be read quite another way. And lastly, Zagorin's use of Court as equal to the king's political party hides a fundamental fact of the history of the time: the fact that a great deal of the political conflict occurred among the Court factions. Throughout, the members of the governing clique were usually more troubled by one

another than by any regular opposition from the alleged "Country."⁵

The difficulties caused by the notion of the Court are child's play compared with the doubts that must hang about any attempt to classify the Country. The author is, in fact, aware how thin the ice is that he skates on. Again and again, he is careful to stress that the Country is not really a party, a coherent body of men pursuing consistent political ends. But in fact he does regularly treat it as just such an entity, an agent of positive action "doing" this or that, nor is it easy to see that if he had heeded his warning he would have been able to do anything at all with a thing that becomes manageable only when its elusive reality is overlooked. His definition begs all the questions:

The Country was the first opposition movement in English history whose character transcended that of a feudal following or faction.

But was "the Country" really an "opposition," and was it a movement at all? He has not shown it to be any of these things, and has indeed pointed out that it was really an exculpatory concept in the mind. The term, as he demonstrates, was used from the 1620s onwards to signify in general a position of doubt in the face of the government, and it is true that the dominant group of 1640 embodied a coalescence, under a leadership, of oppositionist particles that can be traced variously through the previous twenty years. But as against this, Zagorin has not succeeded in showing that the party of his dreams—the identifiable body of men promoting opposition to an equally solid Court group—ever existed at all. The jump from a discussion of the term to the description of a party in action is only, one fears, a jump. What Zagorin has proved (and this is important enough) is that the term was currently employed by those who wished to claim the respectability of a patriotic interest for their often very diverse resistance to the king's doings. To go beyond this is to fall back into the morass of "Whig" history, a point brought out when he slips casually into identifying this partified Country with Parliament itself (p. 90)—the Parliament which, of course, supplies his evidence for a struggle between two parties.

That the notion of a consistent "Country" opposition will not do is well illustrated by the action of its alleged leaders. Some of them may

⁵ Zagorin makes no reference to the outstanding recent treatment of Jacobean politics, Menna Prestwich's *Cranfield* (1966). Patrick Collinson's important study of *Elizabethan Puritanism* (1967) is said to have come out too late for use (p. 160, n. 2). In a book which itself reached the public eye towards the end of 1969 there are surprising omissions.

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well be thought of as "Country" by any definition, especially (and significantly) the puritan peers like Saye or Bedford. But the men who opposed the Court in the Commons do not fit so well. We have already noted the puzzle posed by Pym. Was Coke, that old official, "Country"—he who switched to opposition in Parliament only half-way through the 1621 session when the coveted treasurership went to Cranfield? Was Wentworth, promoter of the Petition of Right, who came to terms with Buckingham and took long-sought office as soon as the 1628 Parliament rose? Noy, the notorious attorney-general of the 1630s, had been another leading supporter of the Petition. Even Eliot, most passionate of "opposers," held local office, was a Buckingham client, and was rightly thought to be working for advancement. I am not suggesting that these men and others like them, did not often oppose Court politics or advocate moves to counter the king's line of action, but nothing in their behaviour was as consistently and fundamentally "oppositionist" as the scheme of Zagorin's book demands (and gets). Their position has been subtly misinterpreted: what moved them was not adherence to a Country opposition to the Court, but a sincere and proper desire to improve the Court by joining it; as so many of them proved at the first

opportunity, from Wentworth's misunderstood "apostasy" to the wholesale elevation to office which accompanied the calling of the Long Parliament. They rightly believed that political life involved the exercise of power, and they believed with equal justice that they would manage the power of office better than the creatures the king delighted to honour. If they were "Country," this was only because for one reason and another the "Court" was closed to them; but this sort of "Country" is no use to Zagorin's purpose of discovering "the beginning of the English Revolution." Court and Country are useful concepts in defining certain attitudes and occasional positions, as well as offering political poles for ambition and opinion to gather round. But they were not movements or parties, not entities by means of which the political battles were fought. The Country, as it appears in Zagorin's book, did not exist at all, and his Court oversimplifies the realities. What we are really faced with is politics—the rivalries and differences among the monopolisers of power and those seeking to break into the monopoly (neither a group without its own internal and intense differences)—and nothing so far enables us to say that in these political realities the future revolution was being prepared.

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THUS, THIS ATTEMPT to explain the situation of 1640-1642 by means of a comprehensive generalisation fails, like its predecessors. Since Court and Country are proper terms to use, though not necessarily quite in the sense used here, Zagorin's account is superior to those which use the improper categories of class or of precise religious parties. But it remains true that the struggle of Court and Country led really not to what actually happened—the overwhelming of the king's government, rebellion, civil war—but to the sort of political mêlée which is commonplace in any live political system. If we are to break out of this impasse, we must attend to two ingredients in this particular story which Zagorin's preoccupation with his parties has caused him to ignore too much: the existence of "real" issues transcending the struggle for power, and the changes brought by time. Revolutionary inklings occur among the fringe elements of the Country and in some speeches and sermons, as Michael Walzer has sufficiently proved; though these were far from prominent before the war, they should have been mentioned here because they may help to explain how solid gentlemen could move from exasperation, to rebellion.

More important, if the nature of opposition is to be properly grasped, the dark spectre of Protestantism's fate in Europe needs to be con-

stantly kept in mind—but I do not remember it being mentioned at all. The Palatinate does not make the index, and the one mention of the Thirty Years' War (p. 4) fails to see the point which is not that revolution in England should be explained by the direct effects of the war. In fact, the English situation alone explains nothing: let us not forget the tears of Germany.⁶ And lastly, the one thing strikingly missing here is a full account of the Eleven Years' Tyranny. The "Country" which stood forth in 1640 was the product of the 1630s; the book obscures the quite fundamental differences between the age of Buckingham and the age of Laud. Like so much else lately written on this period, even this work, which includes some excellent narrative and much splendid reality, still suffers from attending too much on social analysis and too little on history.

If we are ever to get further with what is after all an important problem, we need (it seems to me) to start again. We need to reconsider our preconceived notions about this age of upheaval and especially to ask ourselves whether a situation in which highly intelligent and ingenious answers, offered by historians of manifest worth, so regularly fail to satisfy does not arise from the causes usual in such cases; namely, that the question is wrongly put. It seems to me that the usual posing of the question contains at least two misleading essentials.

In the first place, we still have no history of these times which remembers that no one knew of the ultimate outcome. The whole search for "the beginning of the English Revolution" in the previous forty years' history rests on the supposition that 1640 was implicit in 1628 and 1621—and further back still. But was it? So far, at least, we do not seem to do very well on the assumption that it was. We need now to understand these events—these disputes and crises—in their own right, because only in that way

shall we succeed in discovering how and why the normal, if agitated, life of affairs, with its successes and failures, its satisfactions and exasperations, came in the end to a point where normal gave way to exceptional and unpredictable. I do not call for a shutting of eyes to the ultimate crisis, but for an investigation which is not blindly fixated on that last explosion.

And secondly, a more radical suggestion still may be made. Have we perhaps, in a way, misconceived the exceptional character of the events to be explained? We take it for granted that the rebellion and Civil War prove things to have been drastically amiss. But was this so? Was political conflict even of a drastic kind so unusual? Was war among Englishmen—and we might remember that it would have been a very different war if Scotsmen and Irishmen had not also been involved—so totally out of the reckoning?

THERE ARE QUESTIONS, but so far there are no answers. I do not doubt that the Civil War was a national disaster, or that people were in measure surprised by it. But the common view makes it a monstrosity in creation, and it does so because we labour under another conventional notion, that of the Tudor peace. One hundred and fifty years before Edgchill, rival armies were moving about the English countryside—and they were far from new then. Since those days, several major and many minor risings had occurred; real war had on occasion been barely averted. No Tudor ever made the mistake of supposing that physical violence between factions of Englishmen had ended for ever. The country carried arms and was trained to them. Certainly no one in 1640 wanted civil war, and not many positively hoped for it even in 1642. That in fact it came is something that needs explaining from the sequence of events and the clash of men in affairs. But it seems to me that the resort to arms and the lapse into revolution were easier for that generation than historians since that day, aware of what the war was to be like and how futile its outcome, have been willing to recognise.

⁶ *Lacrimae Germaniae*, a German sermon of 1638 which was at once translated as a shot in the campaign against England's failure to intervene in the war.

AUTHORS & CRITICS

Malcolm Lowry, New York Publishing, & the "New Illiteracy"

By Matthew Corrigan

"...even the forms that madness takes, let alone the way in which madness is evaluated, are controlled by the culture in which it occurs."—LIONEL TRILLING in *Beyond Culture*

IT IS IRONY of the kind Malcolm Lowry himself would have appreciated that a decade after his death a New York publishing house should be releasing a novel by him which in effect the novel his publishers plagued him to deliver, to their expectations, the last eight years of his life. But he could not and would not deliver it then, and in a way he has got even with them by refusing to deliver it now.

When Lowry died in 1957 he had no book in print in English. Had he wanted to purchase a copy of his masterpiece *Under the Volcano* he would have had to settle for a German or French translation. Since his death there have appeared three American editions of that novel, by three different publishers. Among the manuscripts left behind by Lowry when he died were the drafts of three-and-a-half novels, hundreds of poems, at least half a dozen short stories, essays, playscripts and journals amounting to several hundred pages. At least two of the unfinished novels have deserved fair publication before now: *October Ferry to Gabriola* (waiting to be edited before publication) and the heavily edited, recently published, *Dark As the Grave Wherein My Friend Is Laid*.¹

Despite whatever personal enthusiasm accompanied the appearance of the *Grave* manuscript in the summer of 1968, its publication in this manipulated version comes to represent a perfect testament to the intellectual and moral blindness of the New York publishing world. While Lowry was alive, struggling, and writing this

novel, at least two publishers disowned him (*i.e.*, wrote him off) because his talent did not seem likely to subscribe to their expectations of the novel *genre* either in subject-matter or form; and now, in death, publishers (albeit different ones) still unconsciously want that novel from him. In his introduction to this edition Professor Douglas Day tells us there were 705 pages of typescript, "already yellowing and crumbling," which he decided amounted to "a novel." The publishers agreed—and Professor Day set to work with Mrs. Lowry to "splice" and "cut" the manuscript to about one-half. It is not clear from Professor Day's remarks whose idea it was to edit the manuscript in this way. We have been led to believe the edition is a compromise of interests and purposes. In the introduction he lists the choices open to an editor confronting the Lowry manuscript, and seems himself to have preferred an edition closer to Edmund Wilson's version of Fitzgerald's *Last Tycoon*; that is, an edition which retained some of the flavour of the rough draft, including the notes Lowry made to himself at the different stages of his working on the novel, none of which are provided in this chaste edition. He does not say, finally why this was not done, nor do the publishers—and the book was placed on the market, at least in America, as the "new Lowry novel."

Now I AM FULLY aware and appreciative of the fact that Mrs. Lowry wants to be careful with every word of her husband's released at this time, a worry that allows her to believe she can continue to rewrite him. During Lowry's lifetime she worked closely with her husband, and he often told people she knew as much about his writing as he did. I am sure she did, and still does. But when an author dies something happens to his work. It may become more important for his future reputation that the unfinished work remain so, rather than be brought to some kind of tentative and artificial conclusion. I doubt seriously if anyone, even the author's *alter ego*, even his muse, has the right to tamper in any way with what has been left uncompleted. What can be gained in the long run by doing so?

This edition of Lowry's unfinished manuscript, while it gives those of us who admire him as a writer, and who are troubled by the problem of his failure, something to work with, and to enjoy vicariously, is nevertheless an edition which will have to be redone some time in the future. This is a fact of literary history too large to argue here. Nor do I want here to impugn Mrs. Lowry's claim that she must edit and if necessary rewrite her husband's rough drafts. In her own way she is right, and must receive a justice different from that

¹ *Dark As the Grave Wherein My Friend Is Laid*. BY MALCOLM LOWRY. Edited by Douglas Day and Margerie Lowry. New York (New American Library, \$5.95), 1968; London (Jonathan Cape, 35s.), 1969.

deserved by you or me, or by a publisher, were we to attempt the same thing. As it stands, however, *Dark As the Grave* is neither Lowry's novel nor his manuscript, and the publishers are to be held culpable at some future date for having beneficently overseen the production of such a pastiche. Lowry is not Thomas Wolfe; he cannot be edited with scissors and pastepot, which is what was finally done with this manuscript after the initial disagreement among the parties concerned over how it should be treated. The publishers—who ordinarily exercise such strong control over their product—for once in their lives (and for the right reasons) ought to have insisted on publishing the text and notes as they stood, making some allowance typographically—not editorially—for the non-specialist reader.

I have been told their hands were tied, that they claim in this instance a purity of motive. I am not convinced, however, that had they had complete freedom with this manuscript, the end result would have been much different. I can think of no exceptions in American publishing to what I am suggesting here. What a publisher's editor says he wants and what his firm allows are the standard definitions of optimism and defeat in this business. American publishers generally lack imagination when it comes to such challenges. They are usually insecure on questions of artistic values, as they are on intellectual and moral ones. Their treatment of Lowry while he was alive stands as adequate evidence of this.

IN THE PAST, American publishers have tried too ardently to make an author's unfinished manuscript conform to a finished format. The ghost of Maxwell Perkins—whose contribution to American literature will have to be drastically re-examined one day—looms large over the industry and has given it a rather spurious self-confidence. The idea that a man's unfinished work is not respectable unless it can somehow be stuffed into the mould of the novel, and advertised accordingly, is typically American. The editors' concern for Lowry's repetition within the manuscript (e.g., a particular incident appearing "in as many as five different versions, none immediately obvious as superior in quality to the others") is but one indication of brain-washing in this regard. As critics today we have too many presuppositions, too many ideas *about* literature. So what if there are repetitions? So what if Lowry lost interest in the novel form (the real point which everyone misses), that glass-house hybrid that never did get justified, and whose assumptions of form its greatest practitioners have torn asunder? The notebooks of many great writers are interesting

for this fact alone: that they show us the mind of the author trying to extricate itself, descriptively, from the same labyrinth. Often the very patterns of such repetition carry the final message. Joyce's *Portrait* is full of repetitions (whole sentences, some of them needless if we look too closely at the text), as it is also of assumptions which Joyce thinks he has made legitimately within the context of *Portrait* but which in fact are based on incidents and epiphanies found only in *Stephen Hero*. What right would anyone have to edit these?—though of course they could be expunged and a reader not know the difference.

Serious writing about self-consciousness always risks repetitiveness. It would be different if this Lowry manuscript could be turned into a "respectable" novel, one that stands on its own two feet. But it can't, any more than Lowry could be turned into a best selling novelist in his own day. The manuscript depends for its aesthetic existence on Lowry's other works, particularly on *Under the Volcano*, but also on his letters; in fact it concerns the man who has written *Volcano*, and the second thoughts he has on revisiting the actual and psychic locus of that novel. With this in mind, it would seem feasible to publish the *Grave* manuscript simply as a journal—dropping the label "novel" altogether, which is misleading, and which sets up expectations in everyone's unconscious, the editors' included. The world does not need a new novel by anybody, and we do not need to be fed the myth that Lowry left behind a "couple of nearly finished novels" which some magnanimous publisher is now going to issue; it is an injustice of an aesthetic and moral nature to do so.

Besides, let's face it, Malcolm Lowry is not for public consumption. To pretend in any way that he may still win a popular reputation is to extend further the mythology that has pervaded the world of New York publishing—a world where such an unbelievably low percentage of what is produced annually proves of any lasting value (all things considered, a percentage lower than ever before, but also lower than in any analogous situation in Western culture) that one is forced to conclude not only that there is nothing left in that literary jungle working for literature, but that there may be indistinct forces working *against* it. In spite of the uniqueness of his vision and the appropriateness of his sense of terror Lowry's true importance is an elusive thing, to be approached with delicacy and a certain peace of mind. We may not in our time be able to determine this importance except in fits and starts—as was the case of the writers with whom Lowry is most closely affined: Blake, Poe, Melville, Kafka. The least we can

do, though, is not make things more difficult for a future which may well see his terror, his excess, his vision, less pathologically than we can.

IN A COUNTRY like France the unfinished novel of so important a writer would have been published more or less as it stood, regardless of the challenge this presented to editor, typographer, or reader. (There is nothing in American publishing, for example, comparable to the 1957 French publication of Valéry's *Cahiers*, a sumptuous facsimile edition of his notebooks in 29 volumes.) In America there is thought to be something disgraceful about publishing a man's complete *oeuvres*, including the pieces that do not fit. By choosing the line of least intellectual resistance in all things America has reached the stage where she believes her own consumer myths. Plastic conformity has become the absolute of expediency, and everything from cereal to cities is pre-fabricated, pre-stressed, pre-chewed. There was a time when a serious author, even in America, kept journals, knowing full well that these too were part of his being as a writer and would play an important part after his death in allowing him to be understood, at least if what he had to say throughout his life was altogether valid. But American writers do not keep journals any longer. American publishers do not want to publish journals. Just as there is no market for unfinished novels, there is no market for journals. That we are told these things seems to be sufficient to believe them. Such unfinished material as is left behind by our writers is relegated to the hermetically-sealed depositories of our universities, where it lies dormant until an equally predictable piece of cultural charlatanism takes place—some assistant professor, with an eye to his future, convinces a junior editor in New York that with a little manual labour a "wholeness" might be arranged in such and such's work, so that it could be published. While this has happened the author has rotted away, a generation has passed possibly, and another dice throw has been realised by the fortunes of taste. What has also happened in the meantime, and this most significantly, is that the New York publishing world has had a change of blood—to explain partly, but never to justify, its seeming change of heart toward the dead author.

And indeed who is to say after a writer is dead that his letters, journals, unfinished manuscripts are not as important as his two or three novels? Renard's or Gide's or Pavese's journals mean to many what their finished creative works fail to mean. One could argue—as I believe Cyril Connolly once did—that Gide's *révélés* are rallied together almost haphazardly and with a

sometimes disappointing economy of spirit from the life-world inhabited so fully by the volumes of journals. Lowry's growth as a writer would now seem to reveal a gradual stripping off of the masks which fiction (and particularly the novel) has imposed. It is just possible he was on his way to discovering something new about literature and the possibilities of reconstruction left open to it after Joyce's rather extensive demolition-job. As he wrote in his letters: "Unquestionably what one is after is a new form, a new approach to reality itself. . . ." Such a task finally had to lie outside the novel form as we know it. It is not our concern, however, whether he succeeded in his design or not. It is enough to remark that he was one of the last major writers to believe in the visionary power of suffering and one of the last to try to write about it. As a result he found most contemporary writers, novelists especially, dishonest in what they had to say. As he put it in this manuscript:

What liars writers are sometimes, and what feeble accounts they give of their despairs. His [own] agonies must be far from unique yet it seemed to him that if but one person had survived such a thing to breathe purer air and love the light that there was hope for the human race. For one man's agony belongs to all men and to God.

In an age lacking a sane understanding of its own powers Lowry tried to find a more honest and appropriate voice for literature. While he was living his publishers didn't understand these things, as they did not understand the writing habits that were fostered by such instincts, preferring to chalk up his recalcitrance and delay to alcohol.

IT IS TRUE, OF COURSE, that Lowry was a dipsomaniac and a difficult person to deal with—yet when the whole story is told it will be evident, I believe, that he suffered in addition to his own personal demons, but not necessarily because of them, an indifference that can be listed among the subtle injustices which certain ages, in different ways, have perpetrated on their best artists. No one denies that he did not help matters; but history is full of great writers who would not know how to behave in a plush Park Avenue office—and the implications of this should disturb no one. He had the decency, at least, to keep to himself. Some authors thrive on insensitivity, their own included; others are destroyed by it. Lowry was bent on destroying himself anyway—his art was the only reprieve from suicide he accepted—so that all we want to pay attention to here is the degree to which publishers might have been re-

sponsible for the aggravation not of his personal but of his artistic losses.

Reading through the manuscript of *Dark As the Grave* one is almost forced to argue that here was a fine creative mind ruined not by alcohol or by anything as confusedly explained as "the age" but ruined for reasons that had to do with itself in dialectic with what we can only call its primary objective world. This world for Lowry was one he never knew and seldom entered in understanding; its cruelty and indifference he accepted as he accepted the fire that raged through his shack and destroyed his manuscripts—never thinking he could fight back to any advantage. The world of New York publishing and those great judgment-day board meetings which threatened his survival as a writer were part of this world he did not understand. His escape to a hand-to-mouth existence in the backwash of British Columbia, becoming a self-enlisted outcast right out of Conrad, was an unconscious gesture against this misunderstanding. So was his growing involvement with nature; so were the letters he wrote to his New York agent and to publishers, painstaking letters which, as he was writing them, bridged for him, or so he thought, the carefully measured distance between himself and that concrete thermos (significantly, almost the furthest distance by straight line from New York he could manage in North America). The letters helped until he was left with the silence of expectation, awaiting a reply which seldom came in kind, a note suggesting he could survive as a writer cut off from society, that his instincts were right. Instead he received little encouragement and almost none of the kind he needed—the kind that would have nurtured the creator in him at all costs and not tried to find, where it no longer existed, the mere maker of novels. The world of New York publishing—which he confused foolishly with the audience every writer expects and has a right to, else he dies as a writer and becomes something else—and the mind of Malcolm Lowry were never bridged at all.

IT IS DIFFICULT not to see the publication of this Lowry book in the larger context of literature's plight in America. We know now from studies of the past that a literature reflects an age not merely in basic content and form but also in its psychic tendencies. Such tendencies are to their own age usually concealed or subliminal—but that they exist and actually inform the growth and stature of that literature can no longer be denied. The agonised posture of our economically crazed society has been more and more making itself evident in

our literature. New York publishing exists on a purely mercantile level and serious writing on an increasingly academic one, and the best writers must wait it out most of their lives in small magazines (which now take up to eighteen months to publish a piece from the date of acceptance). They can, of course, do what many of them have felt forced to do, namely, sit down and write a best-seller. It is a mark of the sickness of our literacy that almost no serious American writer in the last few decades has not attempted to turn out such a "pot-boiler."

What is even more disheartening is the lack of enlightened experimentation that has come to be a part of the creative unconscious of the writer in the States, the lack of which has to do with the loss of language skills (and perhaps in the end meaningful literacy) so evident on all levels of our culture, political especially. If the writer in America becomes self-conscious and tries to experiment, his work enters the anathematised category of "serious writing" for which there is no longer even an assured opening in the small magazine. He has to publish the book himself or try to interest one of the small presses in it. (This is analogous to "off-Broadway" theatre, where one expects to find the best of what is being offered; or to "educational" television, which one needs a special device to receive, and which is almost the sole exhibitor of the kinds of worthwhile non-mythopoeic programming the basic networks in the U.K. provide.) After all these years of struggling to establish a democracy which reinforces an elementary freedom of speech, even a speech that is acceptably lyrical, we have not yet managed to centralise in our culture what is truly worthwhile and ennobling.

It is a simple fact that publishing in America has come to reflect the larger context of the plastic *Lebenswelt* we have forced upon our children—and against which some of them have responded with just revenge, by showing us how surrealistically they can make themselves at home in this world. The influences in publishing, of course, are more devious, more unconscious; the results, however, are easy to spot. To speak with New York publishers about this is to confuse them and what they believe in their hearts to resolve itself to "an honest day's work." The results begin with the startling fact, already suggested, that the big houses have nothing directly to do with literature: they do not know what it is, what it has been in the past; they do not seem to know what it can be today; and their predictions for the future could be handled by a literate fourth-year student in any of our better universities. They are completely at the mercy of the slag heap of manuscripts which builds at their feet and from

which they feel compelled to select the year's quota of books. If a book of genuine merit is accepted, almost always publishers do not know how to handle it. Such books are often accepted at the price of one or two dismissals or resignations on the editorial staff. In many cases such books are then not published but "privated" by them. (The phrase is William Gaddis', and the history of the rejection and publication of his novel *The Recognitions* is a kind of horror story.) It is almost a universal practice in America to switch publishers after a writer has had some kind of notable success, suggesting not only that a forceful "agent" has entered the wings and has negotiated a better arrangement for the author elsewhere, but more unconsciously, suggesting the author's growing dissatisfaction with the first company for other than monetary reasons and his willingness to enact some kind of ritual revenge. It is also common practice to deal with yet another publisher for one's third or fourth book. The human relationship that one finds operating between author and publisher in other times and other cultures has been eradicated almost entirely; as a result so has any sense of there being one or two houses that stand above the others in consistency of quality (as Gallimard does in France).

In some cases the switch on the part of an author from one publisher to another has to do with a phenomenon which seems uniquely American, and which seems to have been inspired by the world of Big Business. I am referring to the migration of editors from one firm to another; editors who often use their list of authors—as professors in this country do their list of publications—to bargain for better jobs. (The Lowry account, for example, changed publishers twice because of an editor, and the manuscript of *Dark As the Grave* went through the hands of no less than four publishers' editors in three years, all of whom left to work for other companies.) Much has been written over the last decade on this emergence in American publishing of the editor as key figure. An author tends to speak of his "editor" rather than his "publisher"; in many cases the editor has become the amanuensis for the author's inspiration—literally taking his creative insights in hand and helping him shape them. The original owners of a number of prestigious New York houses—remembering perhaps when things were a little different, when they and not their editors took Thomas Mann to lunch at the Algonquin—have publicly deplored this phenomenon. Inevitably the reasons for their displeasure tend to overlook the real structural causes for such editorial unrest. A number of critics have complained more honestly about the surreptitious effect of

team-enterprise on writers and on literature. There is no question but that literature suffers in any struggle to uprear its head from an editorial bull-session. The point, of course, is not that an individual writer suffers (in fact the reputations of many second-rate writers are made this way), but that such a mass tampering with creative instinct affects literature unconsciously, and in ways not easy to talk about. American television, films, and merchandising generally, have recorded for posterity the effects of corporate intelligence upon creative intuition. The effect, simply, is that art does not grow under such bell-jar conditions.

IN THE CASE OF some of the better younger writers we see the effects of all this most seriously. They begin their careers individually enough, but after the second book there is a formal sameness which makes their novels indistinguishable; they become mere tailors of neat 250-page novels. Look, for example, at Frederick Buechner, John Hawkes, Thomas Pynchon, Charles Haldeman, or the late Edward Wallant; these writers have not developed as their individual talent gave promise. One can sense in their later books something of the exhaustive struggle of getting that first book accepted; or, what is more frightening, one can sense the presence of an editor looking over the writer's shoulder. Something equivalent to their innocence as writers has been lost. In few other authors is the ulterior presence of the New York publishing world more noticeable than in Malcolm Lowry. In a very real sense *Dark As the Grave* becomes a book symbolic of the frustrations of the modern author: his failure to be understood, to have his work accepted, his too easy access to self-doubt, his struggle to shape his despair so that it comes out in twelve neat chapters, "a novel." It is much more than this, of course, but the manuscript is definitely scarred by the author's anxieties *qua* author, many of which his readers could have done without.

Let me give some examples. In one of Lowry's letters to his New York publisher he tries to justify the fact that he is working on a novel about a writer. Instinctively the reaction is negative. Without reading the result of his labours (*Dark As the Grave*, in fact) the publisher reminds him there is no market for books about writers. Lowry disagrees and cites Chekhov and Pirandello. Besides, he is obsessed with the subject. Now this incident has made its way into *Dark As the Grave*. Early in the manuscript Lowry takes time out to discuss why he thinks it should be possible to write about writing:

Usually if the writer wanted to talk about his own struggles, he disguised them as those of a

sculptor, or a musician, or of any other character, as though he were ashamed of his profession. It was a pity. For to learn something of the mechanics of his kind of creation, was not that to learn something of the mechanism of destiny? There was even a sort of unwritten law about it. Indeed it was the first thing you learned: the reader does not want to hear about your rejected play. That was true: still, why not? Half the world was like a writer who has had his play rejected. In fact the world at times seemed very like a rejected play itself. Or a rejected novel, like for instance, *The Valley of the Shadow of Death*, by Sigbjørn Wilderness [i.e., *Under the Volcano*, by Malcolm Lowry].

If we continue on in the manuscript and in Lowry's letters we realise that the argument is aimed not only at the reader. In effect Lowry is trying to justify to himself the reasons for his self-absorption as a writer, now that the prerogative of self-consciousness has been stripped from the modern will. The book essentially is about the artist analysing his instinct to create, an instinct that seems to him at odds with life as it was then being lived, with survival. It is just after World War II; he has completed the fourth and final version of *Under the Volcano* and sent the novel to his New York agent once again. *Grave* begins with Lowry and his wife travelling to Mexico from their home in Canada. His intentions are compounded. He wants partly to revisit the places and people he has written about in his novel, partly to "exorcise" some old feelings, partly to re-awaken others he may have forgotten about. The trip, as we might expect, is fraught with despair. A significant part of that despair, however, is the fear that the years spent coming to terms with his demented alcoholic past (in writing *Volcano*) may have been spent in vain, as the first reports from publishers on the revised version of the novel are again negative.

So much of the tension in this unfinished novel and in the later work is describable in terms of Lowry's running conflict with New York. I do not mean artistic tension—which is always justified in terms of the work itself. I mean plain anxiety. Lowry's fears group themselves around a common nucleus. In this novel he actually lists them. They are fears of rejection, of fire destroying his house and work (Lowry had lost the manuscript of a novel in a fire), of abusing his powers as a writer through alcohol and despair, of isolation from his age and its literature: fears of eviction, both spiritual and physical. His frustration with publishers can be seen as central to these fears. For some reason he was unable not to be affected by their judgment on his work. The third version of *Volcano* had been sent to his New York agent in 1940, and subsequently rejected by twelve

publishers. He had worked on it for another four years (altogether he spent nine years on the novel) before sending it out again and undertaking this trip to Mexico. In *Dark As the Grave* we learn in detail of the effects on Lowry of its rejection once more. The implication of the new rejections is that the manuscript is too agonised, too complicated. Wilderness, Lowry, discusses with himself and with us the effects of this "cruel criticism":

... the usual bad news from America, this time something new in the language of rejection. The American editor, or reader, even pretended to have read it twice (which he might well have done without knowing it, Sigbjørn had said, since the same firm had rejected it before in a previous version as far back as 1940). "I do not give this opinion merely because I think it wouldn't sell.... My sense of its second-handedness deepened on rereading."... A sense of poignance, of loss, of absolute failure now came over Sigbjørn again.

A reader's report from Jonathan Cape, suggesting Lowry re-work *Volcano*, precipitates a suicide attempt, apparently real, as is almost everything else described in this novel. The extraordinary thing is how these incidents of rejection become almost *leitmotiv* throughout the manuscript.

... he was being invited to rewrite it. What! To rewrite it again? His mind travelled right back nine solid years of continual failure from New Year's Eve, 1945, to New Year's Eve, 1936, when he was here also, in Cuernavaca.... But then it [the novel] had been in a state, or nearly a state—yes, he could see by the letter—in a state they would have accepted it outright. For what they wanted to do, in effect, was for him to undo all the work he had done since then upon it, and put it back into its simplest, or at any rate its first form. But, he thought, here was temptation indeed, to give in.

Then Lowry draws a conclusion his admirers and his detractors already know, and which is implicit in all he has said thus far:

... it was failure and nothing else that had made his book more and more complicated and added all the different levels of meaning.

IT IS UNFORTUNATE that Lowry let publishers affect him in this way. His great mistake was relying on their judgment. New York editors were simply not the best people to understand let alone nurture the kind of ideas that came to him in the desperate solitude of British Columbia. Yet he had nowhere else to turn. He was indeed isolated; he was not a member of an intellectual coterie; he had no academic friends. In fact he may not have needed that much outside commentary on his work, for he had (with

his wife's help) an almost impeccable sense of its own rightness. But it may have helped offset the brusque criticism he was to receive from editors all his life; criticism, we tend to think, that did almost as much as alcohol to confound the development of his genius; and did so by questioning the instincts of that genius, sending it reeling aimlessly into doubt and self-analysis, the whorl of which was left on this work especially. This is not to suggest that in another age or under different conditions Lowry would have been a greater writer. That question is not possible now. It is to suggest that the shape of the work may contain, as part of its structural uniqueness, something of this unnatural imbalance of tensions. It is important that an artist develop *within* and *by means of* the state of tension that sets itself up necessarily between his own world and that of his age; between his intuition and its conception in the immediate environment. The old idea of an artist developing entirely on his own, outside his time, must be re-assessed. He outlives his time to be sure, and seems in retrospect to have forged its vanguard—but his being as a writer, and the body of work which is that state of being actualised, are themselves products of that state of tension. The writer must grow as an artist within his own time, not in some other, and certainly not only in his mind, though we can confuse the evidence of an author's life to think otherwise.

EVENTUALLY *Under the Volcano* found a New York editor who liked it and who was willing to fight the publishers for its acceptance; his name was Albert Erskine and he worked for Reynal & Hitchcock (now defunct). And Jonathan Cape changed his mind and decided to take a chance on the novel, after Lowry wrote him one of the longest justifications ever written about a work by an author to a publisher. In *Grave* Lowry bemoans the "appalling waste of time" spent on this letter, time he could have used more creatively.

Volcano, of course, was a critical success. When Lowry's editor moved to Random House he brought Lowry with him. In good faith Lowry was offered a contract the terms of which ("three books in two and a half years") it was never possible for him to meet, and he said so from the start. He worked on so many novels simultaneously that none got finished on time. Random House terminated the contract. It was not, however, only a question of needing more time. Nor was it simply a question of encouragement—which, in the years following *Volcano*'s publication, he received from Erskine. What he really needed was understanding, someone who knew how his mind worked, who realised exactly what kind of an artist he was,

and who then, on the basis of that terrifying knowledge, knew how to deal with him. Undoubtedly Erskine could have supplied such understanding—even tried to do so; but his hands were tied. When they wrote to each other they often included, in addition to the official letter (for the files), a friendly note in which each spoke his mind. The situation became worse, their friendship became tense. During the final years, when Lowry needed understanding most, it was not forthcoming. Glib judgments were made on his work-in-progress by editors. He was told it would probably not be acceptable. In effect he received messages from New York suggesting if not what to write then how to do so. That he had earned no liberty in their eyes as a writer after the critical success of *Volcano* was the most difficult thing for him to understand.

Lowry's final letters to Erskine give us some idea of the effect of all this:

...did they think, by some legerdemain, this callous discouragement and schoolboy punishment technique was going to cause me to suddenly finish it overnight? [26 January 1954]

...it would seem better, all round, that so long as I continue on my own that the status of the work remain, so to say, my own, or more my own, stage secret. In other words, I don't think I want to send you any more bits and pieces... I can't risk any further discouragement, not in the usual sense, and I don't mean this in a carping spirit, only that my self-critical faculty tends to be slightly manic-depressive, and to be frank, there are times when in process of creating I seem to need encouragement even if I think myself what I'm doing isn't entirely right, which certainly isn't fair to you; the second reason is that because of the peculiar way it seems I have to work, it's unfair to the work itself; for instance I honestly don't know at the moment whether I shall cut 200 pages out of *Gabriola*'s 500-odd and I won't know until it's finally (*sic*) typed. [22 May 1954]

And in the final letter to this editor (at least the last one printed in the *Selected Letters*), two years before his death, written from the neurosurgical ward of the Brook General Hospital in London, where he and his wife were recovering from breakdowns of one kind or another:

Needless to say I feel badly not to have delivered the goods, some goods, long ere now, it was a great pity for me we had to sever the umbilical cord with Random House at the time we did: moreover I got very discouraged, not only by the reception but by the lack of a word from anyone in regard to what small things I did publish: both "The Bravest Boat" and "Strange Comfort" have become classics in French and Italian... [July 1955]

NOW ONE CAN ARGUE that the probable reason for the failure of so many talented novelists and for literature itself to develop in America beyond a certain stage lies outside the world of publishing, has to do with something deeper in the national psyche—and of course this would be true. But someone has to be responsible for the result, and it seems to me the writers themselves have suffered but not the publishers. What justification can there be for a New York publishing house which in one decade triples its assets yet at the end of that period is publishing less lasting literature (I am not talking of great literature) than in its first struggling years? Publishing, because of its failure to maintain itself as a promoter of culture, because of its failure to *understand* culture, has come not only to reflect our deepest cultural failings but actually to reinforce them. In the same way that so many of our national organisations have come to epitomise the failure of imagination and intellect to realise themselves, publishing has settled for documenting unconsciously that failure. It is helpful to remember that, as a profession, publishing once possessed a kind of intellectual integrity, an integrity which represented the university to the masses. Today, in America, against its own intentions, it lacks any kind of distinctive or believable voice; along with our best newspapers and magazines its voice has levelled off as a spokesman, a kind of urban half-wit, for what R. P. Blackmur called in the 1940s "the new illiteracy."

Perhaps 90 per cent of publishing today in America is the product of its own waste and the waste of our age. There was a time when literature, history, and philosophy existed by themselves on the one hand, found for themselves a publisher (if necessary were published by the author himself), then went on to find an audience. The system worked on a purely aristocratic basis: a kind of divine right of minds. The situation has changed. An ever more unenlightened democratic spirit has taken over here in the name of efficiency and profit. Literature, philosophy, history and the social sciences no longer exist primarily in the minds of the person writing on these subjects or of the person who may develop a taste for them but in the minds of the publishing world. I exaggerate, of course, but it is almost true, and it is as true of magazine as it is of book publishing. Almost all our leading magazines design the content of their issues beforehand, even their fiction. They know generally what they want and know where they can solicit it. They prefer to publish an established writer, whose name is as durable as certain soap products, rather than risk an "unknown." They do not ask Nabokov out-

right for his latest piece of 1930 sex but they know he'll come through anyway, and not upset the computed balance of their issue. Increasingly this has become the approach of book publishers as well. It is not simply a matter of anticipating or "tuning in" to taste. Nor is it a matter of creating taste intelligently. It is a much more invidious transaction. Taste is tampered with, its instincts strangulated, its possible range reduced to the most manageable proportions.

The process is visible in microcosm in the car and fashion industries. Changes are graduated so that (a) companies never outdo their creativity in one year and thus find themselves bankrupt of ideas the next; (b) the public finds the line of least resistance is still in buying "the new line." A famous fashion-designer in New York has recently remarked that he could stretch his imagination to its most baroque, come up with a ridiculous, impractical shoe for women, and that all he would have to do to make that shoe take over the market (and thus inform taste for the next few years) would be to compromise with common sense just a little: to bring the design of the shoe a degree or two back towards the "normal" shoe. The secret of controlling taste, then, is a kind of outrageous individuality coupled with a basic accepted design. It has nothing to do with genuine creative expression or self-discovery. It is a matter of altering just a little the basis of taste so that next year's fashions will go on to reflect our alterations, while being controlled by them. The results may be a permanent dissociation of taste from intelligence, creative and otherwise. As a result it is not outrageous to imagine American culture becoming—in that perfect image so much with us in this astronomical age—the product of its own waste.

IN AMERICA WE TOLERATE the illusion that television, Hollywood, publishing, give the public what it wants: that mass media are passive in nature. The same largess of error is at work here as in thinking private advertising fulfils a public need. Blake, I am sure, would have something to say about the way we confine ourselves to what we believe to be a requisite smallness of imagination. Examine, for example, the list of best-sellers in the *New York Times* any week of the year—and you find a list of "formula B" books which have nothing to do with the creative imagination that works its way through even the dullest culture, and which finally helps to define it. Here are books which have nothing to do with what we might call instinctive audience needs, expectations, or demands—but which owe their existence solely to the publishing industry itself, or more accu-

ately, to the effects of that industry. (Even the number of pages, in some cases, is decided beforehand.) Publishing is now so committed to these books that they are its worst enemy, without its realising why. It literally cannot get away from them, any more than Detroit can get away from making a Detroit-like car. After a while the acceptance of the formula, like the acceptance of the cliché, becomes an unconscious thing; we cannot break the mould, we can only continue to fill it.

What seems to have happened is this. (And perhaps the seeds were contained in the institution from the start; Alexis de Tocqueville, we recall, noted that American democracy introduced a distinctive "trading spirit" into literature.) Not only does American publishing no longer represent, except accidentally, the most imaginative adventures of the human spirit; but it has become cemented in our economy as a permanent obstacle to that spirit proliferating. What I am suggesting, simply, is that publishing now exists as a positive shaping force in our culture. It is no longer just a medium through which man's efforts at maintaining a worthwhile culture pass without interference. Its structure of prejudice has changed the shape of almost everything that passes through it. There is no longer an individual creative spirit on "its other side" which it then locates and presents to a waiting public. It has developed—like so many of our institutions that were meant originally to *serve* in some way—too much of a mind of its own. In a similar fashion the press and television networks shape everything that passes through their machinery; and certain ideas just cannot get a hearing. It is almost symbolic of the breakdown I am suggesting (a breakdown of culture, language, learning) that the major publishing houses in America have now been sold to the larger communications media—to the newspaper and television empires, thinking innocently that they can avoid infiltration of the same kinds of mediocrity. In fact what such transfers mean is that publishing has sold out to the very monolithic, impersonal forces which it once considered its natural enemy.

Publishing in this country suffers from more than the absence of a conscience: it has become co-respondent in the divorce of literacy from taste. The extent of its own ethics does not rise above requesting an author not to send his manuscript to more than one house at a time. It does not matter that some houses keep a manuscript six months before arriving at a decision, and then, if it is negative, often get a secretary to word it. One has the feeling after dealing with some New York publishers that the elaborate veneer (the advertising, the plush

offices) houses a kind of restless neurotic energy and almost no mind to focus it.

SOCIOLOGISTS WHO HAVE TURNED their attention to modern American publishing have emphasised the changes which going on the stock market and amalgamation have brought about in the concept of publishing. Publishing is big business in America—which means it has to be as successful as possible to offset its tremendous expenses. Costs of publishing a book, we should realise, increase in some proportion to the size of the house concerned. Thus a large house publishing a first novel has to sell more copies to break even than a small one publishing the same book. Fiscal pressures often mean a firm is psychologically less free than it was in its youth, though of course this is not something that is registered on the company's books. In a business where company earnings must be reported quarterly to anxious stockholders (whose interest cannot remain literary) the prospect of slow or long-range projects is not very acceptable; the pressures put on editors, and indirectly, on writers, is thus immeasurable. Publishers, caught in their own business, have discovered that there are enough possible instant successes to enable them not to worry about finding the permanent work. Literature, as an ideal, is easily lost sight of; so is the humane, as a tactic for survival.

PUBLISHING, as I have said, should provide a knowledgeable link between the innocent public and the world of creative and intellectual achievement. But in fact it works almost blindly, though always with the best intentions. In America, at least, it is so desperate not to do the wrong thing in making a decision on, say, a book about Ezra Pound, it sends the manuscript to one of the foremost critics of Pound for his advice. This particular professor—a man of exceptional critical instinct, who rather enjoys his role as undercover man for the world of Pound literature (along with the fee he gets)—has recently admitted receiving for approval almost every major manuscript on Pound submitted to publishers over the past five years. On the surface there is nothing wrong with this; but then, on the surface, there is little wrong with the behaviour of any large corporation. The professor whose advice the publishers (each unknown to the other) solicit is no longer a young man. His own work on Pound has been around long enough to be a classic, and to be out of print. As with anyone who has devoted his life to criticism, he has many enemies; undoubtedly there are people in the academic profession *he* does not like. Yet

it is before his intelligence that almost every serious manuscript on Pound must now pass and receive some kind of ratification. If he does not like a manuscript he can so weaken the editors' confidence in it that they hesitate—and in hesitation (a principle in publishing) there lies always the final truth. The chance is not taken and the manuscript is rejected. Now the professor is a brilliant man and we assume a just one. But it is conceivable that an important new book on Pound might find its very existence in displacing his. The purpose and outlook of criticism change with each age (Pound himself has said so); at some point in his career this professor is going to witness the old order of perception (with regard to Pound) collapse, and in this collapse he may well see his own books diminished. They are not literature and probably will not grow in stature. The decision the professor comes to then will depend on more than intelligence; on more even than human charity. The bubble reputation will be at stake. (It may help at this point to remember some epic prejudices maintained in the past. Virginia Woolf and Wyndham Lewis both disliked Joyce's work, the latter doing all in his verbal power to destroy it; Pound himself eventually disowned Joyce.)

Now I mean to cast no aspersions on this critic. I personally would trust his judgment when it came to a critical book on Pound. I merely want to draw attention to the situation in itself. Its insidious potential is perhaps best commented upon by another example. A poet-translator teaching at an East Coast university had a critically acclaimed translation of *Beowulf* circulating the publishing houses for years. He undertook the translation because he felt the need of a modern version that students could use, and also because, as a poet, he felt challenged by this poem, one of the earliest in any modern language. One publisher after another lost interest in his manuscript until finally he discovered, quite by accident, that the *same* academic reader had rejected it each time—a well-known medievalist at a well-known university. Presumably the professor received a stipend every time he rejected the manuscript—but reject it he did.

I use the above only as examples, and perhaps unfair ones. But consider this kind of thing happening all across the board and you get a glimpse of a type of inbreeding that may have worse effects on the future of the Humanities than any notion of intellectual incest. That the publishers are driven to such extremes indicates on one level the nature of their fear not to be out of what is happening. Granted publishers must and should seek advice. The issue is the manner of their doing so. The example given

above is, I think, different from T. S. Eliot's calling in a friend at Cambridge to scrutinise a new manuscript he is excited about: the difference is the one between the computerised factory and the corner store; it is a human difference. No single person should ever become in the eyes of a publisher the official custodian of a myth, not even the Pound myth. The logic on the part of publishers equals in a way the logic of a Madison Avenue firm that calls in an efficiency expert. In seeking, unquestioningly, this kind of opinion, publishers reveal their own true image and something of the respectability and glamour with which they yearn to adorn anything intellectual that passes through their hands. One is reminded of the classic instance in 1957 when the Ford Motor Co. tried to contract Marianne Moore to think up the name of a new series of cars it wanted to put on the market. My general point is that corporations tend to become so mindless in such matters that their behaviour displaces both individuality and imagination.

IT IS A SAD FACT that a writer in America with a serious book may wait longer now than ever before to find a publisher; conceivably he might not find one at all. John Barth, ranked by many academics as one of our best living authors, had his first novel rejected by ten New York publishers; Joseph Heller's *Catch-22* circulated the New York houses for years before someone picked it up; so did Salinger's first book. And Lowry's *Under the Volcano*, as I mentioned, was rejected initially by twelve publishers. Barth's case is worth considering. His first novel, re-issued in 1967 by his *new* publisher, contains the following prefatory note:

The *Opera* was my first novel; I was twenty-four, had been writing fiction industriously for five years, and had had—deservedly—no success whatever with the publishers. One finally agreed to launch the *Opera*, but on condition that the builder make certain changes in its construction, notably about the stern. I did, the novel was published [1956], critics criticised the ending in particular, and I learned a boatwright little lesson. In this edition the original and correct ending to the story has been restored, as have a number of other, minor passages. *The Floating Opera* remains the very first novel of a very young man, but I'm pleased that it will sink or float now in its original design.

There are other examples, but these authors are fairly representative. Now it may be polite to pretend that purely commercial interests were at stake in all these negative decisions, but this just cannot be the case. What was lacking, I am afraid, had something to do with intelligence and taste—and not even intelligence of a par-

ticularly high order. That so many publishers could make the wrong decision on so many important books is frightening. One recalls a statement made by Virginia Woolf (when she and Leonard Woolf were planning the Hogarth Press)—that the nurture and sustenance of literature depend on a publisher with intelligence at least equal to that of the author he intends to publish. It is possible that were it not for publishing houses like the Hogarth Press and human forces in publishing like the Woolfs and T. S. Eliot some of our modern classics might not have made it into print, or done so only at tremendous emotional and artistic cost to their authors.

ONE SUSPECTS the situation will get worse. It is becoming harder and harder to discover the decent things that are being published. The publishing houses in many cases can't tell which books of their year's assortment are worthwhile and which are not: often they try hardest to sell the trash and fail altogether to know how to advertise or promote the worthwhile. The best books still get "remaindered" or go out of print before they are discovered. A classic example for some future study on American publishing is the case of Marshall McLuhan. His first book, published in 1951, was remaindered. When he finally made a name for himself his new publishers literally dumped him on the market, providing the unsuspecting reader with no preparation whatsoever for the serious as well as the comic side of his genius; as a result the initial reviewers in the pulp journals floundered hopelessly in an attempt to understand what had hit them.

There was a time one could trust the best reviewers but even this has changed. Some review organs—notably the *New York Review of Books*, which received its initial support from the publishing establishment and is still "subsidised" by them through advertising—deliberately seek controversial reviews. The general effect is often the pursuit of diatribe and mudslinging: the breaking over cold stones of human reputations. Controversiality often disguises a real disinterest in literature; a yearning for power, to manipulate rather than inform. Reviews often are written to aggrandise the reputations of the reviewers, and only incidentally do justice to the books under review. Many serious books are "destroyed" by insensitive reviewers, and by "destroyed" I mean that the not so impartial booksellers, and the public, are discouraged from purchasing them; and the book dies in an obscure first printing. Criticism which could be the greatest check on *ersatz* literature and bad publishing becomes just another vehicle of confusion.

HEGEL REMARKED that the Roman era was the prose of history. The craze for non-fiction as opposed to fiction (in books, in magazines) is but another comment on the essentially Roman nature of our civilisation. We prefer the factual to the truly imaginative. For one thing it is easier to read, easier to assimilate and to forget. Most leading U.S. magazines prefer waterish commentary to a respectable short story or a truly imaginative essay, commentary which has almost no life of its own and whose insight will have to be replaced next issue with more of the same. The situation suggests not only the willingness of editors to give in to what they think the public wants (not realising that the public seldom knows what it wants; that potentially its horizon of taste is limitless, though of course it can be treated as though it is not) but more deeply confirms something in themselves and in our age, some unwillingness to re-discover the power of the imagination, to reassess the place of the "irrational" in life. The loss of an important dimension of literature in our lives is, I suspect, comparable to the loss of imaginative structures in our daily speech. A language that moves glacier-like towards the anonymous jargon of *Time Magazine* is a language that does not enjoy itself, that is no longer conscious of its well-springs in man's individual imagination.

PERHAPS THE MOST SERIOUS failing of our culture which publishing today reflects and in its own way does everything to accommodate (often by doing nothing) is the "new illiteracy." It is a different organism altogether from the one R. P. Blackmur spoke of in the '40s, and has to be viewed today as a disease of language as much as something intellectual or moral. American English would seem to have only so many light years left; it is diminishing in potency and style at a rate greater than any language perhaps at any other time. One can see this everywhere. Literacy as we once knew it is no longer important, is dead in effect; its replacements the mere paralinguistic shadows of articulateness, a new soft currency. We are returning, as McLuhan suggests, to an oral culture—and in this, along with everything else ingenious, America leads the world. But it is not even a kind of oral culture we can recognise. In most oral cultures of the past spoken language was on a high level of development. Our age is different. There is no pressure upon us in our daily lives to communicate by means of language: one depends on newspapers or magazines for instant information; and both have become accessories after the fact of television. The image has replaced the word, the headline

the sentence. Letter writing (once so developed an art that it could inspire a type of literature, the novel) has almost gone out of existence. One has only to pick up a newspaper in any American city to see the extent of the damage. Compare the prose therein to a newspaper written fifty or one hundred years ago. The syntax is of another order altogether. It is not syntax in the truest sense; nothing "holds together." It is mere *parataxis*, telegraphy. Six words bearing no relation whatever to each other become a headline.

One example. A year or so ago *Time* did an article on Mahler in its music section. A photograph of the Bohemian composer was reproduced, showing him in one of his dour moods. The caption beneath the picture read

GUSTAV MAHLER (circa 1905)
A fanatic whose time is now

If we think about it we can see here a perfect example of how, when language fails, profound understanding does too, and *vice versa*. Everythink is "wrong" with this caption. In essence it tries to say all that the article itself says, and the kind of readers *Time* seems to want will realise this and not bother to read the article. (Much of contemporary journalism happily could do without verbal language altogether and is working unconsciously towards that day.) This is typical of the treatment given the serious artist by the new corporate mentality. Where the medium functions without any conscionable intelligence there is little chance of fair judgment. Language becomes insensitive of clearness and distinction. Intelligence gets traduced, and everything is shrivelled to the condition of a fad. The "attitude" of this caption is interesting. It would seem to be perceptibly condescending (the word "fanatic" has only one meaning in America), an apology for any superfluity of feeling that might have crept into the article itself.

Our best novelists, and there are some who

are very good, have almost no interest in language, or if they do it is an embarrassingly elementary interest. Our best poets generally have overlooked the issue, although traditionally the poet has been the custodian of language, and in those ages when he found the basic language lifeless or insufficient in some way for his purpose, struck out against it. No articulate statement exists in the literature of America today, either creative or critical. Only an "outside" group, the so-called Black Mountain poets, most eminent of whom is Charles Olson, have challenged the situation and tried to pinpoint the dead nodes of contemporary vernacular in order to rebuild the lyric idiom from scratch. But with the exception of Olson (a fanatic, perhaps, whose time is not yet) their ideas have been paltry and esoteric.

Nor are the academics much less blind to what is happening. Almost all our universities now have departments of linguistics, and new journals and books on the subject spring into existence every year. Yet there is almost a consistent failure on the part of American linguists to consider language on the European level of enquiry (along the lines, say, of Roman Jakobson or de Saussure); they are arithmeticians all, and show no interest in the power being drained from language.

Literature, and all that it represents, will survive in America, although it may have to go underground to do so, and we may have to witness the total transformation of the publishing establishment from its present half-hearted sponsorship of literature into institutions of public entertainment. That this transformation is already under way no one can seriously doubt. In the interim we can only lament the loss of some fine specimens of the creative spirit in transcendence, and in the great works that somehow make it into print, sympathise with the authors for the anguish they have undergone to acquire such freedom.

LETTERS

Calder's "Violence"

HOWEVER RIGHT or wrong Pamela Hansford Johnson may be in her attribution of violent acts to violent art [ENCOUNTER, February], John Calder's attempted reply to her [ENCOUNTER, April] is full of causes imputed where ignorance prevails.

1. "The mass media reflect the violence in society...but they do not cause it," Calder assures us. Then he adds that the mass media may "determine the forms of violence...but they are most unlikely to be the root cause." Now we have causes, and root causes, and quarrels but no knowledge.

2. After telling us what does *not* cause violence, at least not at the root, Calder tells us what does: "frustration." He goes on, then, to list the sources of frustration. People are "frustrated" by "political and social discrimination," by "class exploitation," by having no place to play, by boredom, by sexual and financial restrictions, and "lack of opportunity." In addition there are teen-age "emotional and sexual frustration" and the childhood frustration of "having something to communicate, but not knowing how."

This encyclopedia of "frustration" describes so wide a range of the human predicament that it defines nothing. We are left with everything causing everything and with "frustration" an empty label that is useful only as intellectual dressing on Calder's explanation.

3. On the same page that Calder assures us that the mass media cannot cause violence, he "knows" that they can "create needs for consumer goods, securities, and pleasures. An enormous advertising industry is geared to make us want everything from toothpaste to Marilyn Monroe...."

It seems fair to conclude that the mass media "cause" what it is congenial for Calder to believe they cause.

4. Out of this swamp of ignorance and inconsistency Calder comes carrying a cure for violence. "The answer to violence," he says, "is self-understanding, an awareness of what the frustration is, and the use of reason to cure or come to terms with it."

Nonsense!

GWYNN NETTLER

University of Alberta,
Edmonton, Canada

Scooping Mr Fedub?

IN HIS Column of May 1970 your contributor R wrote about the falling standards of editing in the leading British newspapers. It is all the more ironical that in the same Column he has fallen for what is a prime example of such lackadaisical editing in one of Britain's "class" newspapers, *The Guardian*. He refers to "a recent letter to Konstantin A. Fedub, Secretary of the Union of Writers of the U.S.S.R. (the smuggled text of

which was published in *The Guardian*)" from Alexander Tvardovsky, the recently deposed editor of *Novy Mir*.

As it happens the letter published in *The Guardian* in an abridged form on 13 March 1970 appeared in full in *Survey* magazine, almost two years before, in its July 1968 issue. It was addressed to Mr. Konstantin A. Fedin, the then Secretary of the Soviet Writers Union.

R criticises Mr. Dennis Potter of *The Times* for expressing opinions in such a way that "a careless or hasty reader" might get a false impression. But even an unhasty and careful reader of *The Guardian*'s introduction to Tvardovsky's letter, including R, could have had no real idea of the precise facts of the case. For the sake of belated "exclusivity" and sensationalism, and in its editorial haste and carelessness, *The Guardian* implied (though did not state) the newsy topicality of the document and misspelt the name of the addressee.

I am fed up with Mr. Fedub and so should R be.

Survey,
London

LEOPOLD LABEDZ

"Fidel's New Class"

JOHN MANDER's review [ENCOUNTER, April] of four books, including Herbert L. Matthews' *Castro: A Political Biography*, was marred by at least two blunders, one quite incredible at this late date and the other probably the result of mere carelessness.

Mr. Mander still seems to think that it suited Castro, late in 1961, "not only to claim that he was a Marxist-Leninist, but that he had *always* been one" (Mr. Mander's italics).

In Mr. Matthews' own book, which Mr. Mander was supposed to be reviewing, page 188 of the American edition tries to expose this myth. Mr. Matthews gives his own translation of the crucial sentence as: "I am a Marxist-Leninist and I shall be a Marxist-Leninist until the last day of my life." In effect, Castro said that he would always be a Marxist-Leninist, not that he had always been one.

In 1962, my book, *Castro's Revolution: Myths and Realities*, gave the literal translation as: "I am a Marxist-Leninist, and I will be one until the last day of my life" (in the original Spanish: "*Soy marxista-leninista y lo seré hasta los últimos días de mi vida*"). Mr. Matthews himself notes that "the writings of Theodore Draper and other careful students of the Cuban Revolution set the record straight for scholars and for history—but the myth lives on" (p. 189). It even lives on in a review of Mr. Matthews' own book. What could be more ironic than that?

Mr. Mander may also have led some readers to confuse my work with that of Messrs. Huberman and Sweezy. He must know better, but it would have been more responsible if he had not heedlessly counterposed Mr. Matthews' Fidel with "Mr. Draper's or Messrs. Huberman and Sweezy's in their frankly apologetic account." Unfortunately, Mr. Mander never makes clear what my account was, except that he seems to agree with Mr. Matthews that I took Castro's "wordy rhetoric for

"Anyone who can still believe that Castro said he had always been a Communist—and use this myth as a taking-off point for understanding Castro—might well pay more attention to Castro's words, and even his wordy rhetoric.

Mr. Matthews' book seems to have brought out the worst in some British reviewers. Mr. Matthews is hardly the best authority on what I wrote, but it is something of a shock to find myself so credulously represented in the pages of *ENCOUNTER*.

THEODORE DRAPER

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MR. DRAPER has evidently not quite caught the drift of my article. I did not say that Castro *had* always been a Marxist-Leninist, nor did I take this myth "as a taking-off point for understanding Castro." I merely pointed out that he had claimed to be a Marxist-Leninist late in 1962, and that the words "*Soy Marxista-Leninista y lo seré hasta los*

últimos días de mi vida" (which Mr. Draper quotes in the original Spanish) imply a claim to *have been* a Marxist-Leninist, against all the evidence, long prior to that statement. My main line of argument, as Mr. Draper must surely concede, was that Castro was to be understood as a *caudillo* in the Latin American tradition, rather than as a Communist leader in the European tradition.

I hope not to have confused readers' minds as to the distinction between Mr. Draper's writings, which are well known to readers of *ENCOUNTER*, and those of "Messrs. Huberman and Sweezy in their frankly apologetic account." Mr. Draper has been accused of many things: not yet of that. But in regard to the assessment that Castro was *not* a Marxist-Leninist in the *Sierra Maestra*, but subsequently attempted to maintain that he had always been one, I cannot see that Mr. Draper, Mr. Matthews, and myself disagree in any material point.

London

JOHN MANDER

"Robin Day's Troubled Reflections"

By Donald Tyerman

IT IS RIGHT that journalists, whether on television or in print, should have a conscience about the consequences of what they are doing. For that reason, the "Troubled Reflections" of Mr. Robin Day in the May *ENCOUNTER* are a welcome and noteworthy event. They add to the doubt of some people whether the Independent Television Authority has chosen the right man from its short list to be its next Director-General.

It is, however, the habit of all journalists to overstate the importance, for good or bad, of what they do. Television, like printed journalism, is a symptom not a cause, a means not an end; it is not *sui generis*. By definition, of course, mass communications reach and affect more people than older means, even in a country like this one where newspapers go into all households. But it is important not to exaggerate this new pervasiveness. I do not, believe, for instance, that Mr. Day is right, in any useful sense, when he says that "President Kennedy was known to the world as no other American President before him." I believe that President Wilson and President Franklin Roosevelt were known to the world even more.

I believe also that, more topically, the spread of ideas of conflict and violence by old-fashioned speech broadcasting (which still ranges the world more widely than television does), as well as by the printed word, has been even more potent than their spread by television pictures in today's main crisis areas—that is, in South-east Asia itself, in Nigeria/Biafra, and in the Middle East. Mr. Day may point out that this is simply because countries locally concerned in these contentions have not yet

had television services of the kind that hypnotise us and the Americans. My reply is that, without the aid of television operating in the way that he describes, we have had in these countries the *same* sort of consequences, in the projection of conflict and violence and in the inflammation of passion and prejudice, that he seems to present as being the *peculiar* dangers of the pictorial journalism that he practices. My conclusion is not that Mr. Day is at all wrong to insist as he does on the risks and responsibilities of television, in the retailing of news and the dissemination of views. It is rather that these are the risks and responsibilities of all kinds of journalism, whether in print, by radio, or on television.

I RECOGNISE the special points that Mr. Day makes: that television, where it has been fully developed, can have a peculiarly direct and instant effect; that television, being tied to pictures, has a primitive, selective and imitative influence; that television, because of technical limitations of channels and stations, is placed in a falsely authoritative, or hortatory, position. I remain convinced, though, that this simply means that television is a special case of the perennial, and paradoxical, problem of purveying information and ideas. It is, for all its distinctive and potent features, just the latest means of doing this, and its problem is paradoxical, as with all journalism, because it can be used equally for good or for ill. The medium is not the message; it is the message that can be, as in all the media, well or ill purveyed.

The paradox is then that, though the dangers which Mr. Day describes among the effects of television are certainly real, all of us who believe, as he does, in freedom and choice as the goals of society must believe equally in the widest spread of

MR. DONALD TYERMAN was for many years
Editor of *The Economist*.

information and ideas, and must believe therefore in the widest spread of television for this purpose. Certainly we must not fall back on the insidious fallacy, used so often in the past against the Press, that if the people did not know they would not care, that if they were not shocked they would stay quiet and content. Television does not invent what happens, any more than newspapers do, though it may select events more arbitrarily and exaggerate them more crudely. It does not create, but reveals, conflict and violence. It has shown the Viet Nam War, not made it what it is. This may be disadvantageous in public competition with unfree societies (though the people of both Viet Nams, for instance, probably do not need television to tell them what goes on). But this is precisely the difference between free and unfree societies—that news and opinion are, or ought to be, unfettered in the one, while they are controlled, conformist, and quietist in the other. (The kind of “tranquillised” Press and television that Vice-President Spiro

Agnew in America and some critics here would like to see already exists—in the Soviet Union.)

Mr. Day is right to be troubled by the imperfections of his kind of journalism, just as every newspaper editor ought always to be troubled by the imperfections of his kind. But Mr. Day is even more right when he suggests that the remedy is not to “tranquillise” or confine television.

It is not television that is, or can be, imperfect, dangerous, shocking or tendentious; it is, as in newspapers, those who use it. It needs, as the Press does, “the freedom, responsibility, and independence” that Mr. Day asks for. There is no case at all for putting it under wraps; those who suggest this, because of the “crude shock images” that television, as Mr. Day confesses, can too easily project, really want to brush under the carpet what television can, and ought to, disclose. The challenge is to the professional responsibility of the television journalist, as to all other journalists. More power to Mr. Day’s elbow!

On TV Violence

WHAT IS BASICALLY WRONG with the entire approach to the study of TV violence is the assumption that it is imitative violence that is the main danger; that the mere display of guns being fired, men being coshed, buildings being burned, aeroplanes being sabotaged will encourage others to do the same.

In my view imitative violence is the least important aspect of the problem. There will be a small psychotic, unstable group who will be attracted by this imitative urge, but this could not possibly account for the rise in violence amongst the young for which TV is being held partly to blame.

The case that links TV with social violence is based on the hypothesis that any medium as absorbing and demanding as the small screen, which the young watch for three to four hours a day during the most formative periods of their lives, must be an environmental factor as significant in their lives as such other environmental factors as their home, their neighbourhood, their school and their church.

Everyone would agree that bad parents, a violent neighbourhood, poor schooling, would affect a child. Why, then, should not TV, which dominates many a child’s mind and time more than any of these other factors, also affect a child? Once we agree on that assumption, we must ask ourselves what is the total mosaic, the total message that TV is presenting to the adolescent, growing mind.

ABOUT VIOLENCE the box generally has four things to say.

First, violence is usually done by the good man for moral reasons. He wins his case by being better at the karate chop, faster on the draw, more adept at the kick in the groin than his opponent. The best man is the man who is best at violence.

Second, violence does not hurt very much. A razor slash shows no blood. An Indian falls painlessly from a horse. A gunshot wound is never seen. The consequences of violence are hidden, diminished, anaesthetised.

Third, there is little pity for the victims of violence. Unlike the great classics where pity and terror were the means of purging us of violence—when Gloucester’s eyes are torn out in King Lear we feel revulsion or when a king is murdered in the Greek tragedies we suffer the agonies of his children and wife—in TV there is rarely any concern for the relatives of the Russian spy that has been obliterated by an X-ray gun or the children of the gangster who has plunged from a cliff in the final scene.

Fourth, society demands no explanation for violence. There are no sanctions to be paid for killing or mayhem. Instead of standing trial for murder or manslaughter, the hero is usually rewarded with a smiling blonde and approving fade-out music.

COUPLED WITH THIS total message of the desirability and virtue of violence in the right hands is the other message that comes from the box that life is trivial, frivolous, greedy, silly. If life is so unworthy isn’t violence the moral way to change it?

To prove or disprove this thesis needs research over a long period of time—probably 10 or 12 years—while a generation of young telly addicts are studied carefully and dispassionately.

Politicians want quick solutions to this question and there are none. The TV hierarchy is keen only on sticking their heads in the sand until the rumpus goes away. The idea that you can measure violence on TV with a stopwatch is the silliest assumption of all.

*Milton Shulman in the EVENING STANDARD
(London)*

Koestler & the "Confessions"

THE FASCINATING "COLUMN" by "R" on the relevance of Arthur Koestler's novel *Darkness at Noon* to the Stalinist show-trials of the late 1930s misses only one point, but, I fancy, a crucial one.

The fictional Rubashov was based partially, no doubt mainly, on Trotsky. There was, however, one important difference between the two men and that was that the real-life enemy of Stalin was not in the hands of the NKVD and consequently was free from physical torture. (He was not free from death by an ice-pick but that's not the same thing; you don't make men talk by killing them.) The result was that although Trotsky was the chief accused at all the trials, it was always *in absentia*. And he alone never confessed. No amount of sophisticated theorising about the need to "save the revolution," even at the expense of one's own life and reputation, produced any semblance of a confession.

Torture alone was sufficient (in which can be included the actual or threatened torture of family and friends). As a Marxist, I feel some reluctance to quote a medieval school-man, but I fancy Occam's Razor is good enough here. Show me as much as a thumb-screw and I will sign anything you like. What need to look further?

It might also be worth mentioning the startling case of Krastinsky, the former deputy-Foreign Minister, who thought so little of saving his revolution that he summoned up the courage needed to tell Vyshinsky in open court that he retracted his confession which had been obtained under torture. The shocked judge adjourned the trial till the following day when the heroic wretch duly retracted his retraction. It is better for one's sleep to avoid trying to imagine what happened to him in the intervening few hours.

It is inescapably clear that physical pressure is the only answer needed for the "confessions" and that, in this matter, Koestler's otherwise fine book was too clever by half.

L. E. WEIDBERG

London

Scottish Poets

IN HIS long article, "The Spoken Word" [ENCOUNTER, January], Patric Dickinson says: "The Scottish poets? This must bring up the quality of the poetry which it is not primarily my business to discuss..." Why should the "Scottish poets... bring up the quality of the poetry," and not, for instance, the English poets whom he has commented on previously? Does he, for instance, mean that such a question arises in the case of Hugh MacDiarmid but not in those of, e.g., Vernon Watkins and Norman Nicholson?

It is this kind of remark that almost drives me into the arms of the Scottish Nationalist Party.

Oban,
Argyll

IAIN CRICHTON SMITH

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AUTHORS

James Morris writes: "I must acknowledge the kindness of Mr. Clinton V. Black, Government Archivist of Jamaica, and of Mrs. Jack of Walreddon Manor; also the debt I owe to Mr. Geoffrey Dutton's biography of E. J. Eyre, *The Hero as Murderer* (Collins, 1967)...." James Morris' most recent book was the first volume of his planned trilogy of Empire, *Pax Britannica* (Faber, 1968)...

Robin Fox's "The Cultural Animal" will appear in *Man and Beast: Comparative Social Behaviour*, edited by Wilton Dillon, to be published shortly by the Smithsonian Institution Press...

Professor Robert A. Huttenback lectures at the California Institute of Technology. He is the author of several scholarly studies in British imperial and Indian history, including *The British Imperial Experience* (1966). He has just completed a work on *Indians in South Africa, 1860-1914*. An earlier version of his article, under the title "G. A. Henty and the Imperial Stereotype," appeared in the *Huntingdon Library Quarterly*, XXIX (1965).

The interview with **Ignazio Silone** was conducted by **Gastone Duse** of the Italian socialist newspaper *Avanti*, and was translated by **Isobel Quigly**...

François Bondy is an editor of the Swiss weekly *Die Weltwoche* in Zurich. His article in this number is part of a long study of "Sartre's Politics" which will appear in Professor Maurice Cranston's forthcoming volume on *The New Left* (Bodley Head)...

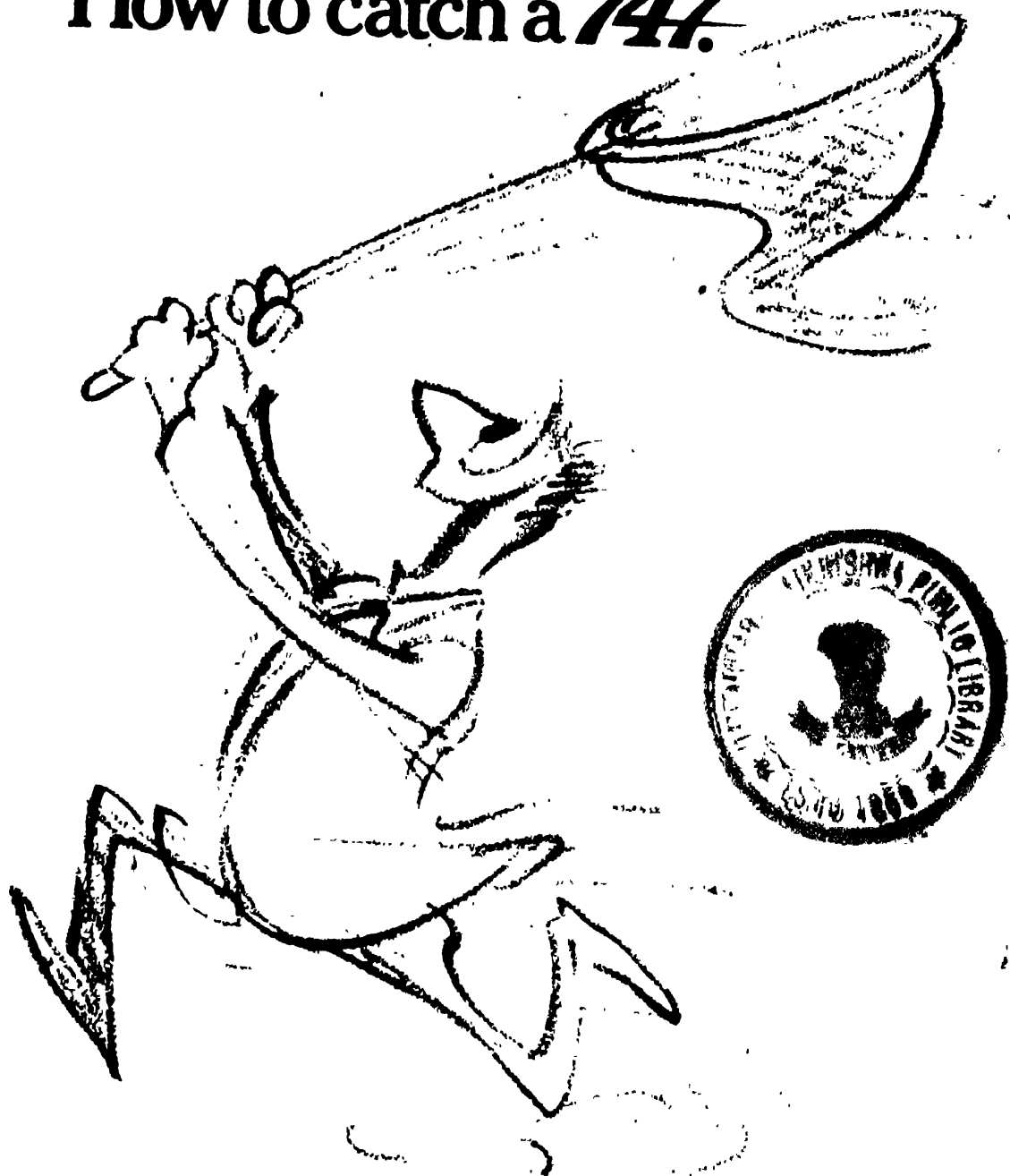
George Steiner's article in this number will form the introduction to the Penguin edition of *On the Marble Cliffs* to be published as a Penguin Modern Classic in August. He is now an Extraordinary Fellow of Churchill College. This spring he is receiving the first Zabel Award from the American Academy of Arts and Letters for "original and experimental contributions to the study of literature..." He will be a Guggenheim Fellow for 1971, and is working on a full-scale study of the poetics and linguistics of translation. He is delivering the T. S. Eliot Memorial Lecture next March...

G. R. Elton is Professor of History at Clare College, Cambridge. Among his works are *England Under the Tudors* (1955) and *Reformation Europe* (1967)...

Matthew Corrigan is a young Canadian teaching in the English department of the State University of New York at Binghamton. His fiction and criticism have appeared in a number of North American journals...

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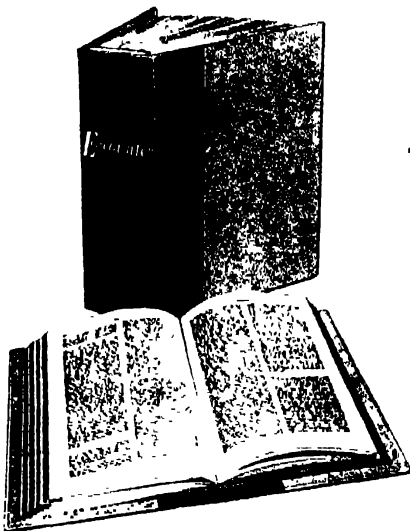
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THE CUALA PRESS

IUP announces the publication of the books and broadsides of The Dun Emer and The Cuala Presses. All of these books were originally issued in limited editions and many contain material which has not since been reprinted, including 14 titles with contributions of Yeats. One book, "Synge and the Ireland of his time" by W. B. Yeats, exists only in its original edition of three hundred and fifty copies. There were seventy-seven official titles. The IUP set includes in addition to these the four most significant of the privately printed volumes.

Although the press always published a preponderance of Irish authors the editorial policy of W. B. Yeats was to include a representative selection of contemporary international writing. In this way writings of Rabindranath Tagore, Ezra Pound, Edward Dowden and John Masefield among others were to be found in the list of publications.

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*H. Bustos Domecq
on Universal Theatre*

NOTHING in this admittedly rainy fall season of 1969 is less up for debate than the fact that Melpomene and Thalia are the youngest Muses. After twenty-five or more centuries, the mask that wears the grin as well as the mask of her tearful sister have at last overcome (as drama critic Myriam Powell-Paul Fort has so often maintained) almost insuperable obstacles. In the first place, there was the enslaving influence of names whose genius is above argument—Aeschylus, Aristophanes, Plautus, Shakespeare, Calderón, Corneille, Goldoni, Schiller, Ibsen, Shaw, Elmer Rice. In the second place, a succession of ingeniously wrought architectonic bulks that ranged all the way from those plain courtyards wide open to every rigour of drizzle and snow flurry (such as the one in which Hamlet delivered his monologue) down to the elaborate revolving stages of today's modern opera temples—to say nothing of such concomitant features as orchestra pits, prompters' boxes, and ladies' and gentlemen's powder rooms. In the third place, there were the overwhelming personalities of the mimes—Beerbohm Tree, that giant, etc.—who intruded between spectator and Art for no other purpose than that of reaping a rich harvest of applause. In the fourth and last place, were cinema, theatre of the air, and television, which, by purely mechanical means, broadened and popularised past evils.

THOSE WHO HAVE unearthed the prehistory of the *new* New Theatre wave aloft, as fore-

runners, two precursors: the Oberammergau Passion play, acted by Bavarian farmhands; and those truly popular, multitudinous presentations of *William Tell* which burgeoned out across cantons and lakes in the selfsame setting that first produced this (to be quite candid) hackneyed historical romance. Other investigators, even more antiquated, hark back to those guildsmen of the Middle Ages who enacted the history of the world out of rustic oxcarts—fisherfolk performing Noah's Ark, and contemporary pastrycooks the Last Supper. All this, though undeniably true, hardly blurs the now venerable name of Bluntschli.

IT WAS IN THE SWISS city of Ouchy, sometime back around 1909, that Georg-Adolphe Bluntschli gained his much-discussed reputation as an eccentric. Time and time again, with a well-aimed jerk of his elbow he tipped waiters' trays, managing to get himself soaked not infrequently in Kümmel when not in grated cheese. Typical—but apocryphal—is the incident on the grand staircase of the Gibbon Hotel of his having introduced his right arm into the left sleeve of a raincoat with a Scotch-plaid lining into which Baron Engelhart was struggling unsuccessfully to button himself up. Nobody would dream of denying, however, that he did put that swiftest of aristocrats to flight one day by the sudden display of an outdated Smith-Wesson made entirely of almond-studded chocolate. It has also been conclusively proved that Bluntschli was in the habit of

venturing out onto the peaceful waters of Lake Geneva in a rowboat, where, under cover of darkness, he would mutter a brief aside or else allow himself a yawn. Further examples of his eccentricities are on record. We now definitely know that he smiled or sometimes sobbed in the funicular; and as to his conduct on streetcars, more than one witness has sworn as to having seen him swagger down the aisle, ticket tucked into the band of his boater, troubling some fellow passenger for the time. But around 1923, increasingly conscious of the significance of his Art, Bluntschli forswore such far-out experimenting. From this point on, he strolled along the streets, he found his way into offices and shops, he entrusted a picture postcard to a mailbox, he purchased tobacco and smoked it, he leafed through the morning papers, he behaved—in a word—exactly like the most inconspicuous of citizens.

THEN, IN 1925, HE DID what all of us end up doing (*absit omen!*)—he passed away one typical Thursday, well after ten P.M. Had it not been for the kindly-disposed disloyalty of his eternal friend, Maxime Petitpain, who in the unavoidable funeral harangue revealed it in words that are now classic, Bluntschli's message to the world would have been buried with him in the peaceful cemetery of Lausanne. Incredible as this may seem today, the address delivered by Petitpain and reproduced in its entirety in the biweekly *Petit Vaudois*, had no repercussions whatever until 1932, when, from the back files of the newspaper, it was brought to light by the now celebrated actor and producer Maximilien Longuet. This promising young man, who had obtained the coveted Shortbread Award to study chess technique in Bolivia, ended by consigning to the flames—like Hernán Cortés before him—both chessmen and chessboard and, without as much as crossing the traditional Rubicon between Lausanne and Ouchy, gave himself up body and soul to those principles bequeathed posterity by Bluntschli.

IN THE BACK-ROOM of his bakery, Longuet brought together a limited but select group of illuminati who in their way not only constituted the posthumous executors of what has come to be called "the Bluntschli plan," but who also put this plan into action. Let us, in gilded capitals, stencil the names our memory still retains, even though they may be somewhat mixed up or even apocryphal—Jean Pees and Charles (or Charlotte) Saint Pe. This bold conventicle—on whose banner, we have no doubts, was inscribed the cry "*Out into the streets!*"—without an instant's delay confronted all the risks of public indifference. Not for a single second condescending to advertising gimmicks or to billboard posters, they went out, a hundred strong, into the Rue Beau Séjour. Not all of them left the aforesaid bakery at the same time. First, one threaded his quiet way due south, then another due northeast; a third rode on bicycle; not a few took the streetcar (some in patent-leather boots). No one suspected a thing. The populous city took them for common passersby. The conspirators, showing exemplary discipline, neither greeted one another nor exchanged a wink. X strolled along the streets. Y found his way into offices and shops. Z entrusted a picture postcard to a mailbox. Charlotte (or Charles) purchased tobacco and smoked it. Tradition has it that Longuet waited at home, tense, biting his nails, his whole attention glued to the telephone, which at long last would bring him one of the two horns of the dilemma: *succès d'estime* or flat failure.

IS THERE ANY READER UNAWARE of the outcome? Longuet, after the long centuries cited earlier, had struck a death blow to the theatre of stage properties, set speeches, and box-office queues. The new theatre stood on its own legs! The unprepared, the most ignorant, you yourself, are the actors; the script is life, and all the world's a stage.

(Translated from the Spanish by Norman Thomas di Giovanni in collaboration with the authors)

Alfred Adler

and the Style of Life

WE ARE sufficiently used to psychology by now to agree that the psychological theory we like best does us the most good, and that the one that does us the most good is bound to seem the best. This happy degree of tolerance, which was impermissible in the dogmatic days of the 1920s and '30s, has brought us to the point where, if we follow Jung, we feel only faint surprise that a friend should go to Freud, or that Stekel should mean so much to the French, or that Wilhelm Reich and his "box" should have charms so different from those of B. F. Skinner and his "box." Our religious brethren reached this amiable stage long ago, and though the Methodist family thought it unfortunate that a near relation should become an R.C. or a Druid, they agreed mournfully that any religion was better than none. Psychology only began catching up with religion's equanimity during the Second World War, when all sorts of emergency treatments, including hypnosis, were practised with some success, and the use of new drugs called for a reassessment of all the old psychologies. It was high time,

ALFRED ADLER was born a hundred years ago in Vienna. His last years were spent in the United States; he died in Aberdeen during a lecture tour of Scotland in 1937. Among his available works are "Understanding Human Nature" (1928), "The Education of Children" (1930), "The Science of Living" (1930), "What Life Should Mean to You" (1932), and with his associated "Guiding the Child on the Principles of Individual Psychology" (1930)—all published by Allen & Unwin. "The Practice and Theory of Individual Psychology" (1929) is published by Routledge.

because the dogmatists of the old schools had brought matters to a point where one was afraid to die of cancer for fear of being accused of neurosis—and from there it could only have been a step to feelings of guilt over stopping short of eternal life.

That each of us is peculiarly attracted by the teachings of a particular school is now perfectly clear, though why we opt for one in preference to any other is itself an amusing psychological question that each school would answer in its own way. The personal nature of the choice is strongly underlined by the fact that the personality of the theorist can be a decisive factor: a neophyte can wander despairingly from school to school before finding his chosen teacher; and even within a single school, teaching one doctrine, psychologists will be as variable and relatively effective as Fathers in Christ. It is not the truth that saves us, but the finding of our favoured exponent, whose truth then becomes our truth with little difficulty.

For these reasons I must write in a personal manner about Alfred Adler, whose anniversary is celebrated this year. His favourite maxim was *Alles kann auch anders sein*, so I shall not argue that what he taught was the sole, imperishable psychology; I shall only insist that it has never perished for me. My strong confidence in him began when I was his paid translator at the age of 23, and someone said to him at a party: "I don't think Nigel is looking very well." Adler replied at once: "He probably needs a *cheque*," and wrote one on the spot. I remember with deep affection the immediate improvement in my health; and I am sure it will not sound boastful if I add that when I had a cheque or two of my own to press upon nervous younger men, it was a pleasure to

observe in them, too, the same brisk heightening of muscle-tone, the disappearance of hysteriform symptoms, the renewal of the comic spirit.

THIS MEANS that I am pledged to what used to be called "surface" psychology by the "deep" schools—those who have the natural but curious idea that the psyche is built in composted layers, forming a kind of "depth" into which one peers or lowers grappling-hooks. This was never Adler's view: he believed strongly that what most psychiatrists call the "unconscious" was generally the place where they put any characteristics they were unable to grasp. He used the term himself, to describe acts that the doer failed to understand, but his "surface" view of the matter was neatly expressed in a back-handed compliment he once paid to Freud for his "significant attempt to read between the lines of consciousness."

*Both read the Bible day and night,
But thou read'st black where I read white.*

This view was part of Adler's insistence on the "unity of the personality." Conscious, unconscious, physical movements, ways of speaking, manners, sexual tendencies, neurotic aberrations were all elements of the one unified personality, which he refused to believe could ever become "split," "ambivalent," or affected by a tussle between "ego" and "libido." Behind all a person's most varying, apparently contradictory forms of behaviour he saw always a single strategic plan, which produced numerous tactical devices of various sorts as means of attaining its end. He had great admiration for some of these tactics, because so much intelligence went into the making of them, and because when one failed, another of a different sort could be sent out from headquarters immediately. Where smiles, for instance, failed, tears could win the day—and Adler respected tears. "Water power" was his name for them.

THE MULTIPLE EXPRESSIONS of a unified personality he called "the style of life," a term which is now coming into vogue without anybody knowing how and where it began. The aim of every individual style was always basically the same—to reach a goal of superiority.

This striving was the dynamo of the Adlerian system, and his breach with Freud came from his insistence on it. Whatever arguments may be brought against it, it has always seemed to

me to be the most natural and obvious fact that we all begin life small and relatively helpless and embark immediately on finding ways of overcoming this disability and increasing our strength. The style of life that we build for ourselves is directed to this simple end of advancing beyond our first "feelings of inferiority" and achieving a certain self-confidence, a tenable position in the world, and an escape from what Janet was the first to describe as a human "*sentiment d'incomplétude*." Adler never tired of stressing the immense physical differences between a child and its parents—the smallness of the first, the comparative immensity of the second; and it has always seemed astonishing to me that all schools of psychology do not start at this point. As a parallel, he stressed equally the demands that this disparity made upon the ingenuity of the child, and the elaborate techniques it was bound to develop in order to hold its own against superior power. It is this plain, elementary conception of human growth in a powerful environment that has given the Adlerian system its strongest position, which is in the schoolroom. Never popular among intellectuals, never even remotely "fashionable," it has commanded devotion among school-teachers ever since Adler's early days in Vienna.

The "inferiority complex"—the condition that results when the striving for superiority is blocked, and discouragement sets in—is the best known of Adlerian concepts. He did not invent it; it was invented for him by an American journalist many years after Jung had introduced the word "complex" into psycho-analysis and caused everything to be termed a "complex" of sorts. Adler accepted the attribution, but used the phrase very little. Such a "complex" was a neurotic extreme, virtually a dead end. But "inferiority feeling" was a general omnipresent condition, as was the endless movement away from it to a "superior" position: it was this movement that interested him.

Adler had a great deal of difficulty trying to find a phrase that expressed this aspiration accurately and completely. When he was still on friendly terms with Freud he presented it as an "aggression drive," and as such it was well received and became, after sexual subsumation, his only contribution to psycho-analytical theory. In recent years it has been picked up by ethologists and become a highly respectable basis for theories of human and animal behaviour. But Adler himself rejected it as inadequate fifty

years ago, as he had already rejected an earlier coinage, "the masculine protest." He felt that aggression was merely one of the many ways towards the superiority that he was trying so hard to define. He looked for a word that would embrace as many aspirations as there were individual styles—one, say, which could include the persons who found superiority in humility, or in the maintaining and exploiting of a weakness, as well as those who found it in wealth, ostentation, despotism, or some other blatant form of "will to power." He wanted a general term that would describe every man's need to rise above himself, but I don't think he ever found a satisfactory one. The Ansbachers' use the phrase "striving for perfection," but I think it is as much open to question as any other. Those who strove to be perfect were not people whom Adler approved of very much: he thought that an intense vanity was bound to be present in such a life-style and would make life excessively disappointing for the aspirant and painfully humiliating for everyone else.

I have always quarrelled with him a little about this, first, because a certain struggle for perfection is present in all the arts, second, because if he had striven to get halfway to perfection in his own writing, he would have left a much more valuable body of work. Freud was not content to revolutionise psychology; he helped to revolutionise German prose. But Adler was a born talker who refused to give time and attention to writing. His "works" were largely accumulations of talks—piles of them, jotted down by somebody and slung over to people like me to translate and hack into book form. Some of the results, including my own, were very peculiar indeed, so I am in a position to say that the Ansbachers have done a noble job of trying to sort out and re-assemble the numerous papers and books. To make Adler presentable is like trying to tidy up after carnival, and though I believe the job must be done—talking being a totally different art from writing—I sympathise with the Adlerian physician, F. G. Crookshank, who believes that to edit Adler is to lose Adler. "Few writers and speakers have suffered more at the hands of translators and editors," he says, and having

been one of the latter, I know he is right. I would only like to remark that few translators and editors have suffered more than Adler's.

THIS REMINDS ME of one of the few psychological discoveries I ever made myself, without any help from Adler. Long ago, I read that Goethe had said of Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*: "How greatly it is all planned!" As this is just what *Doctor Faustus* isn't, I was very puzzled, until I thought suddenly that what we praise in others is often what we hope to achieve ourselves, and that what Goethe admired in *Doctor Faustus* was the *Faust* that Goethe was planning so greatly himself. Perhaps the same tendency came into action when Freud and Adler praised one another—which they occasionally did. Adler, who rated common sense and guessing very high indeed, and was a prodigiously good guesser, chose as Freud's "chief merit" his "detective art of guessing through common sense." Freud, glancing up from his excellent prose, repaid the compliment by describing Adler as "a brilliant writer." This forcible interchange of personal virtues may be best explained by Carl Furtmüller's short statement: "Both men were domineering."

They had little else in common, and the difference between them is an engaging one. Each represented a particular Viennese attitude and cast of mind, and the two could not have been more different. Freud had all the academic severity and authority that has been ingrained in Viennese medicine since its Jesuit beginnings. Adler represented all the endearing, easy-going habits that are classed as Viennese *schlamperei*. Freud gives the impression of a man who always looked tidy; of Adler one can only say that he could manage, sometimes, to appear tidy. That Freud was an austere father-type is as clear as that Adler was a rebellious son: the difference in their ages (Freud was fourteen years older) emphasised this difference. It is sad to look over some of the old papers of that first circle of psychologists and see how many came together in common enthusiasm in the early 1900s, only to split off and go their separate ways before very long. But, as Furtmüller, Adler's old friend, says, it was as much a question of time as a divergence of theories. Either you sat under Freud, or you carried your chair to another room.

Freud could faint readily when his paternal authority was disputed. But Adler could behave like a very bad small boy when he felt imposed

¹*The Individual Psychology of Alfred Adler*, edited by Heinz and Rowena Ansbacher (Harper, 1967). *Superiority and Social Interest*, by Alfred Adler. Edited by Heinz and Rowena Ansbacher (Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1965).

upon. He very much resented being expected to make a good impression on people, particularly important people, and always behaved worst when called on to appear at his best. Those who were fond of him were always trying to bring him together with influential people, but never with much success. John Dewey of Columbia admired his work and could have done even more than he did for him; but I still remember with pain the evening they were brought together, Adler sulking crossly on one side of the table, and Dewey on the other, his hair hanging lankly over his forehead as he looked down sadly at his black-edged fingernails. I can recall no conversation whatever.

I suspect that the same obstinacy deprived Adler of the degree of *privat dozent* in his younger days. The Viennese authorities demanded a neurological thesis for this: Freud, though he was already a psychiatrist, provided the "correct" paper and obtained the degree. Adler, though an experienced neurologist, provided a purely psychological thesis and went unblest. It is a characteristic story.

WE MAY TAKE IT FOR GRANTED, I suppose, that every psychological theory is rooted to some degree in the inventor's childhood and never quite loses the infantile touch. I don't know what the first Behaviourists were like as small boys, or what dove descended on young Jung. But Adler was a small, rachitic boy who had a long way to go: his interest in medicine was excited by his nearly dying of pneumonia, and I imagine that the remarkable early work he did on organic inferiorities and their psychological compensations (surely the first real exploration into what we call now psychosomatic medicine?) grew out of his own experiences, as did his conception of human beings aspiring to rise from small beginnings. It was the deficiencies of human beings that absorbed his interest—how they met them face to face, how they outwitted them, how they made up for them, how they at last overcame them—or how at last they surrendered to them. It seemed clear to him at an early stage that the painter is often the man who has begun with inferior eyes, the composer one who has had trouble with his ears, the runner one who has begun with weak legs. It is the inferiority that concentrates the attention, and it is the attention that produces the ultimate superiority. But *Alles kann auch anders sein*, and Adler did

not form a rigid rule from his conclusions. He did deploy them very widely and very successfully, and as a consequence of this could never see sexuality as the primary human impulse. A person's sexual behaviour, he believed, was simply one expression of his style of life, and always in harmony with other aspects of his character. He was sure that Freud had hoodwinked himself by taking too literally such phrases as "penis envy" and "castration fear," and embodying them into a primarily sexual theory. Such envy and fear were, indeed, to be found, but they were to be understood symbolically, as indications of the *sentiment d'incomplétude*, as imagined threats to personal superiority. He saw the "Oedipus" situation in the same light: the powerful father might well be the child's rival for the attentions of the mother, but it was wrong to phrase the rivalry in sexual terms. I think we see clearly here the irreconcilable position in which Freud and Adler found themselves, each man relatively willing to consider the ideas of the other, but only provided the ideas were translated into his own terms and weighed for their importance on his own scales.

We find something of the same sort in the distinction between Freudian "fantasy" and Adlerian "fiction." Freud, as we know, uncovered the importance of "fantasy" when working with Breuer on hysterical cases: he had reason to be sarcastic when Adler, many years later, began to stress the huge significance of "fiction" in the style of life. It is important to attribute the origin of the general conception to Freud before remarking that Adler's particular use of it was characteristically different. The difference between Freudian "fantasy" and Adlerian "fiction" is again the difference between two sorts of minds, both stubborn, opinionated, and with no desire to agree on either means or ends. Adler turned to another source for the sort of "fantasy" he wanted.

The source was H. Vaihinger, whose book *The Philosophy of As If* was published in 1911. The theme of this remarkable book—which drew upon much of Kant, Nietzsche and Schopenhauer and runs parallel in some ways with the "science of possible solutions" of Alfred Jarry and his merry "pataphysicians"—was the necessary creation of fictitious worlds and fictitious selves by means of which semblances of "truth" were obtained: "positivist idealism" was Vaihinger's term for this. Though truth in the purest sense could never be reached in this way

—or in any way, for that matter—a practical resemblance to truth called “the most expedient of errors” was always available. Vaihinger made much of the fact that this expedient method, whose venerable lineage goes back to the sceptical master Carneades, was the link between science and art, since it was used freely in both, e.g., if zero is useful, zero is assumed, “as if” it actually existed, just as perspective is expediently invented by the painter. Indeed, our very lives, to say nothing of our sanity, depend upon our behaving “as if” our fictions are true; it is only when they become too absurd or impractical to be deemed expedient that we become lost in the “fantasy world” of the hysteric.

VAIHINGER SUPPLIED what Adler needed to explain the shaping of the style of life; he also encouraged Adler’s natural optimism by the enthusiasm he showed for human ingenuity in the making of useful fictions. For Adler, as a psychologist, the most important human fiction became the individual himself—his virtual self-creation out of whatever raw material came to hand. Since the final aim was to reach a superior position, the material would be used discreetly and meaningfully. What suited the style of life would be built into it, what displeased it would be adapted or rejected in the manner of a novelist or an architect.

It was this choosiness—or “tendentious apperception,” if we want our phrases grand—that made Adler reject absolutely the idea of any dominating influences such as heredity, or environment, or physical qualifications. These were merely the stones that each builder picked over and shaped according to the needs of the “style” in which he was working. Where there was hope and self-confidence, any disadvantage could serve as a stimulus, and the reality of it could be played down in the pursuit of the “fiction” that would compensate for it. Where little hope or confidence existed—where the odds against the child seemed irresistible—the defect could still be built into the style, but as a lasting excuse for failure. Adler described this form of discouragement in one of his best passages:

It is the fault of my parents, my fate; because I am the youngest, who was born too late; because I am a Cinderella; because I am perhaps not the child of these parents, of this father, of this mother; because I am too small, too weak, have too small a head, am too homely; because I have a speech defect, a hearing defect, am cross-eyed, near-sighted; because I have misshaped genitals, because I am not manly, because I am

a girl; because I am by nature bad, stupid, awkward; because I have masturbated; because I am too sensuous, too covetous, and naturally perverted; because I submit easily, am too dependent and obedient; because I cry easily, am easily moved; because I am a criminal, a thief, an incendiary, and could murder someone; my ancestry, my education, my circumcision are to blame; because I have a long nose, too much hair, too little hair; because I am a cripple; because I have been pampered, and because I have been discriminated against.

This list is not complete, though I think it might be called comprehensive. Each of us can add his particular misfortune if Adler has omitted it, or, since *Alles kann auch anders sein*, re-phrase any weakness that is not applicable as written. The important thing—the very essential of the particular complaint—is that it must satisfy the person who makes use of it and show to his complete satisfaction that despite his best efforts, the malignancy of fortune has been too much. That fortune should go to so much trouble with one is, of course, not only a consolation, but can even cause one to enjoy a certain sense of superiority.

This theory of the building of an individual style of life has been described as “Adler’s crowning achievement as a personality theorist.” I think that statement is true. He carried the idea that every personality is a self constructed “fiction” farther than anyone had carried it before, and I believe that he showed better than anyone what marvellous ingenuity went into the fabrications of selves.

I HAVE NEVER UNDERSTOOD why he had no influence at all on writers of fiction: what, after all, could be more tempting to the novelist than the idea of Every Man His Own Novel? I know that the longer I lived with it, the more delightful and intelligent I found it, and capable of almost infinite extension and elaboration. In *Cards of Identity* I tried to carry it to the lengths it seemed to demand—a novel of characters who are their own novels. How can I not think with tenderness and affection of the man who stood behind it, whose ghost directed it? Moreover, to me at least, the word “identity” is only a fictitious disguise. What it really means is Adler’s style of life—that magnificent product of each man’s overwhelming genius and self-devotion.

It is easy to look back afterwards and see clearly how one came to write something and where the ideas in it came from. What I find

so curious and interesting is the extent to which one understands what one is doing at the time. When I wrote that particular book I knew only too well how much of Adler was going into it and could have expatiated on this matter endlessly. It all seemed like a work of full "consciousness"; it was many years before I understood the whole "unconscious" range of Adler that was present in it. Psychologists of another school might explain to me gently, but with a smile, that this failure to understand one's whole scheme was a necessary sort of "repression"—that one would not wish to know that one was merely repeating in paraphrase the ideas of one's own master or "father." I think that Adler himself would not have dismissed this explanation: he would have seen at once that my self-esteem and "superiority" were involved. But he would also have stressed the fact that failure to understand is precisely what the "unconscious" is. He would also have observed that any distinction here between "conscious" and "unconscious" proved unimportant and insignificant, in that both worked towards the same fictitious unity and were made to serve the same inventive faculty.

Finally, his fondness for approximate truths, for "as if" solutions, would have made him tolerant of the thesis—which is strongly expressed in the book—that psychology itself is the final stage in the making of "useful fictions" and must consist largely in a skilled re-writing and editing of personal novels that have been misconstrued by their creators. Hence the power at the disposal of the charlatan or Big Brother, who uses psychology to re-write the fictions of others in forms that are useful to himself.

He had a natural impishness, rather like Gurdjieff's, in liking to see the inventive faculty exercised. Once, he had to go to a very boring party in New Jersey and said to me: "I think you had better come too." "How can I? I have not been invited." "Never mind. You can be somebody else." He added: "I shall depend on you not to let me down." I am proud to say that I did not, though when he saw that I was getting away with my invented self (a rather important man) much too easily, he did everything he could think of to trip me up, plying me in front of everybody with numerous questions to which I had to give plausible answers, including a most personal account of "my" married life. I count that evening of pure self-invention as one of the real victories of my career, and I am

happy to be able to add that Adler admitted I had done good service in the cause of "positivist idealism."

It is *ONLY* when the fiction of the style of life is too misshapen or absurd that "fantasy" takes over, and "as if" becomes impractical. But how is one to decide the point at which this happens? Neurosis itself provides the answer, and the neurosis appears when fantasy overpowers normal fiction and the unfortunate creator finds that he has "painted himself into a corner," as they say. The fictitious self becomes untenable, because it is too remote from social reality. This, Adler believed, is always sure to happen when the personal fiction is built in such a selfish way that it excludes other people from its considerations. A style of life that is not "socially interested" cannot go very far without causing infinite discomfort both to its possessor and other people.

Adler's "social interest" caused great misgivings in the old days because it smacked of ethics rather than psychology. This was not helped when he described Freudianism as "the psychology of the pampered child," or dropped remarks that were not only unscientific but shocking. "Even clergymen can help people" he once said—out loud. Today, I don't think we mind so much an insistence on personal psychology being seen in a social context, or on the individual being virtually incomprehensible unless his fiction is studied in relation to the elements to which it is an answer. The making of an "image" and the maintenance of personal "identity" are matters of common parlance today, and in proportion as they have emerged, the despised "ego" has emerged too, as fabricator of its tendentious designs. "The proper question," writes Joseph Wilder, "is not whether one is Adlerian but how much of an Adlerian one is." I think this is well illustrated in the writings of the "aggression" school of ethology, which takes up the point of view that Adler introduced into psycho-analysis but abandoned as inadequate. By the time these theorists have presented "aggression" in all its aspects, such as make-believe, display, communal relations, protectiveness, tribal government and even affection, it has virtually ceased to be worthy of the name. As Sundberg and Tyler say: "It is as though other persons, when they reach a certain stage in their development, feel a need to break with Freud on essentially the same grounds that Adler originally did. . . ."

ALL PSYCHOLOGICAL THEORISTS seem to change their ground as they grow older, to emphasise in later years aspects of their theories that they ignored or played down before. In the last half of his life, Adler became less and less interested in what people said and more and more absorbed by their physical movements. The fiction of the life-style—the “private world,” as he called it—became more and more like the fiction of a shadow drama, to the point where he could tell students: “If we want to understand a person we have to close our ears. We have only to look. In this way we can see as in a pantomime. . . .” The idea of the internal organs speaking what he called “organ dialect” was, of course, one of his very earliest conceptions, but his dismissal of words in favour of external gestures, posture, and gait made a physical whole where there had been only an internal half before. Even speech he translated into movement, regarding stammering as a form of physical hesitation. Physiognomy he described as “movement which has become form,” and to lay a patient on a couch struck him as a dreadful mistake, since it deprived the psychiatrist of everything but the patient’s untruthful words. Here again, it seems to me, he was obliged to value the “unconscious” a great deal

more highly than he usually did, in that he infinitely preferred the veracity of the unconscious action to the fiction of the spoken word. Indeed, he recognised “a vast gulf between a man’s conscious thoughts and his unconscious motivations,” and I think his critics might fairly argue that this “gulf” implied more than he was prepared to consider. Once you admit that one aspect of the person is truthful and another aspect untruthful, the idea of an absolutely consistent unity of personality becomes open to question.

For the rest, we are left with a pantomime invented and played-out by self-made actors before a large audience of self-made men. It is all a work of art, complete with its comedies, its tragedies, its brilliant successes, its flops, its spells of tedium, its endless dramatics. I don’t know if this is a true picture of human behaviour; I only know that it has always struck me “as if” it were and that I owe more than any dishonest words can express to its humorous creator. When absolute truth comes along and it will no longer be possible to say *Alles kann auch anders sein*, I shall have to change my allegiance: meanwhile, I shall continue to stand contentedly at the point where all fictions sing together in loud, expedient disharmony.

Electoral Post-mortem

PANTECHNICONS, the nearest we have to tumbrils, move into Downing Street. The shifting crowd of gofers is of the kind you find outside the Old Bailey at the end of a sensational case. There were cheers but also some vindictive booing when Harold Wilson left for the Palace to resign. (Stanley Baldwin's garden railings were requisitioned for the war production he was blamed for neglecting.) The evictions take place immediately, as swiftly as retribution. At 11 o'clock the night before I saw somebody take odds of ten to one on Labour. At 11.15 it was as good as over. Harold Wilson will have Salford West written on his heart. There were cheers at the Savoy Hotel. "I think it must be good news, sir," said a beaming waiter at the foot of the stairs. The Prime Minister was staring a television set and his future in the face at the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, a setting hitherto for triumph only. Imagine that drive through the night, despair piled upon exhaustion. Edward Heath had kept on smiling at defeat and now in Bexley he must be laughing all over his face. At Number 10 they started packing through the night. The Prime Minister's party reached home, no longer home, at 7.30 a.m. Friday 19 June. One of the girls was asleep on the floor; she was put to bed weeping. The senior Ministers who were in London met for half-an-hour in the Cabinet Room before it was all over. The portrait of Walpole looked down reproachfully at Prime Minister Wilson. He was characteristic in defeat and delivered a last homily on leaks to the press: no memoirs, no Sunday newspaper revelations.

THREE WEEKS BEFORE, an age in politics, it was beginning. On Friday 29 May Harold Wilson caught the afternoon train to Cardiff. The Prime Minister, the man who the country was about to judge on his record, his policies and his words, was in that instant transmogrified before the very eyes of the chaperoning reporters (and in the presence of his borrowed press aide for the campaign, William Camp,

the brilliant salesman of public commodities—first gas, then steel) became once more Harold Wilson, electioneer extraordinary, gold medallist of '64 and '66. He nestled down in his compartment over the first speech of the campaign like a duck taking again to water. The reporters swopped stories. Marcia Williams was on board. Gerald Kaufman was on board. Alfred Richman was on board. For Harold Wilson a train is a bandwagon and his started to roll.

The rally that night in Cardiff took place in a windy football stadium. For Labour it was to be an open-air election. There was none of the atmosphere of 1964, an enervating, throbbing campaign; nor of 1966, a ruthless, confident consolidation of the narrow '64 result. But who are reporters to build theories on the feel of public meetings? Our polls were of straw, Dr. Gallup's of science. In any case Wilson said he was going to win, Wilson knew he was going to win, Wilson looked like he was going to win, the Tories thought Wilson was going to win; and the pollsters agreed with them all. That night he turned in a winning *performance* and he was judged on performance, no doubt as he intended he should be, for the remainder of the campaign. "Let no one underestimate the influence of the Prime Minister of the day," said George Thomas, the Secretary of State for Wales, who perhaps had been reading some political science; "I believe the British people have admired the durability, the courage, the integrity of Harold Wilson." Jim Callaghan, the Home Secretary, was there too. "How the Tories must yearn for a leader with one-tenth of the sagacity, resource and courage," he said. It was to be Wilson *v.* Heath.

Edward Heath was in Bexley the first weekend. Bexley is car-polishing, lawn-watering country—a not-much-to-say-about-it suburb. On Saturday he chatted around the shopping centres, inquiring about prices rather like an inspector from the Ministry. Prices to the economist are Statistics, PRICES, RETAIL INDEX OR; prices to the politician are what people pay in shops. One might have learnt more in the shops

of Bexley than in the schoolroom—polished parquet, “No Smoking”—where Mr. Heath that night addressed (that was the word the chairman used) a polite gathering. But we had been programmed for *performance*. How did Ted compare with Harold in the beauty contest? How would he look and sound on telly? Where is the new Ted Heath? Who was the old Ted Heath? Will the real Ted Heath stand up? Will this Ted Heath please sit down? Why can't a Ted be more like a Harold?

The school looked like an early warning station. OB vans in the playground, great masts and antennae stretching into a clear evening sky. The schoolroom *was* a TV studio, the mobile Tory set—a backdrop of washy concentric blue circles, obsessive spinning optical illusions on blank white flats—erected on the platform, and wherever Heath was to be seen thereafter. Ted was blue too, dark suit, light shirt. Tax cuts, price stability, honest government—they were his themes and throughout the campaign. Never had it so good? “Under Labour you’ve never had it!” (offering himself up to *Private Eye*). He did it again at Newcastle later when he turned to the British housewife. “Where’s yours?” shouted a heckler. “We bachelors have to learn to do many things for ourselves,” said Mr. Heath, innocently explaining that he knew a bit about shopping. At Bexley, that first night I saw him, the press table winced, sympathetically but already despairingly, as his tongue tripped and he nearly promised to abolish the income tax. We first saw that look of panic, shy fastidiousness rather than lack of nerve. He was patient and articulate in explaining the ins and outs of Value Added Tax, he didn’t trim on Law-& Order or the Common Market or Immigration or Powell. But already we had cast him, and thought he had type-cast himself, as the loser. The polls said and had been saying for years that Ted Heath just hadn’t clicked.

THERE WERE GROUNDS other than the form of the performers and the findings of the polls for believing that Wilson and Labour would win and Ted and the Tories lose. The conventional wisdom went like this:

1. The way the British system works makes it more likely than not that a sitting government will obtain at least a second full term. The Prime Minister’s prerogative of dissolution means a huge advantage of timing, all the greater for Dr. Gallup and Lord Keynes. Two political scientists had written:

¹ David Butler & Donald Stokes, *Political Change in Britain* (1969), p. 13.

² In my column in *The Guardian*, 17 June 1970.

The polls in Britain may now have assumed a political importance greater than in their country of origin—largely because British elections have no fixed dates. The Government is able, with the improved barometers of party strength, to exploit the country’s mood to party advantage; a Prime Minister’s power to choose when to go to the country has become an increasingly important asset to the incumbent party, thanks to Keynesian management of the economy, or at least to improved forecasting of economic trends.¹

2. The swing required to unseat Labour (4.3 per cent on 1966 for the Conservatives to form a government with overall majority) would be unprecedented in the post-war period, excepting the quite unusual 1945 election.

3. Demographic and social changes were working, although slowly, in Labour’s favour. Butler and Stokes had helped to give the impression, although this is a gross over-simplification of a highly complicated analysis, that Labour was developing in the direction of the Democratic Party in the United States in the sense of becoming the party with the largest natural constituency.

4. Labour had become, or was becoming, the party of government, or a governing party, in a more immediate sense. As I argued, embarrassingly now, on the day before the Election:

... tomorrow promises to be an historic day. In an atmosphere devoid of all excitement the country will decide upon, for the first time in its history, a long and continuous period of Labour government. The conventional view of the two-party system will have been exploded: Labour is no longer the party which rules for brief and frantic spells before lapsing into its traditional oppositional role, while the ever-ready Tories pick up the pieces. We have not had a period of radical government as in 1945–50, we have had a period of Wilsonian government; the Conservatives are in disarray, for the moment the party of the wilderness no less than Labour in the fifties. Think back ten years and it is an astonishing reversal of roles.²

5. Political memories are short. Money in the pocket and rising expectations on polling day are important factors; they were in 1955, 1959, and 1964 (when the Conservatives very nearly pulled it off against their record and all the odds). The “wages explosion” was Harold Wilson’s election boom—the Tories kept saying so, accusingly.

6. Our elections were becoming more “Presidential.” Television made them so; the propaganda advantages of the government of the day weighed heavy. In a choice between leaders Mr. Wilson had the advantage; on this the polls had been consistent and in agreement.

7. There were a number of minor factors in Labour’s favour. The constituency boundaries

had been gerrymandered to give Labour an estimated 15-seat advantage; the additional two hours for polling would help Labour to get its vote out, offsetting superior Conservative organisation; under-21 electors, voting for the first time, were expected to divide at least marginally in Labour's favour; immigrants, politicised for the first time, could tip the balance to Labour in a handful of marginals; the Tories' Unionist stronghold in Ulster was suffering an erosion. Also it was summer and the weather fair; there was some evidence to be had from previous elections that although the rain falls on Tories and Labour alike the Tories have the umbrellas.

8. Finally the polls, for all their limitations, could accurately enough indicate the likely result. No party in arrears when a campaign began had ever won on the day. The statistical error was great (as much as 6 per cent) and the polls were not predictions but measurements of "voting intentions only." They were inevitably out of date by the time they were published, and there was evidence that opinion had become unusually volatile. Nevertheless, if the polls all pointed in the same direction, and if they moved in that direction, they were—taking them altogether—as reliable a guide as there was, impressively correct on most past occasions. Moreover, there was a check this time; they broadly confirmed a Labour recovery measured by actual voting in two sets of local government elections. Field-work carried out during the first weekend of the campaign (May 28-June 1) put Labour variously 4.0, 5.0 and 5.1 per cent ahead. Only one poll gave the Conservatives a lead (2.0 per cent) and there were reasons to think it maverick. By the next weekend the same poll put Labour 2.0 per cent ahead. By then a wide variation had developed (2.0 per cent to an astonishing 12.4 per cent) but Labour was all the while ahead.

THE DAILY PRESS CONFERENCES began on 11 June. They were all within five minutes' walk of each other. The accommodation was inadequate in descending order of grotesqueness reflecting the respective wealth of the parties. The position of the Liberals neatly symbolised their position in the election. They met in a small room en route between the grotty hall which Labour had hired in the back streets of Westminster and the Tory headquarters in Smith Square. They met at half time between Labour (10 a.m.) and the Tories (11 a.m.). They were thus squeezed between the two parties, hopeful that people would drop in on the way. The Labour and Conservative press conferences were with rare exceptions taken by Mr. Wilson and Mr. Heath. Irwin Ross, the American journalist, thought they were the "best show in town." (We should have taken Mr. Ross as an omen,

for he is the author of a study of President Truman's triumph over polls and pundits in 1948.) Ross was surprised that television and the British press made so little of the morning conferences. The reason is that television is debarred, by disagreement with the press, from televising the question and answer; the result is that on the screen it looks like politicians making statements, not responding to cross-examination. A second reason is that our newspapers don't go in for transcripts, like the *New York Times*—we no longer have a newspaper of record left. The morning conferences provide the evening papers with their midday headlines, the daily newsmen with angles and themes, and journalists of all varieties with an opportunity to meet, drink, and gossip. Fleet Street is wedded to the notion that anything that happens early one day is not "news" the next day, the story having been preempted by television and radio. Thus the press conferences (as in the two previous campaigns) tended to be regarded as rival performances—a treatment which suited Harold Wilson well.

Mr. Wilson was often at his brilliant best in gliding away from questions, amusing and flattering his audience, setting the pace and the direction of the day's electioneering by raising questions which he knew would be carried to his opponent, and in general confirming his reputation as the best news editor in Fleet Street. Mr. Heath showed that he could stand up to pressure, resist diversions and trivialisations, that he was a serious, determined fellow. But the effect of following after Wilson, of having committed himself to policies and pledges (where Wilson had none) and of his habit sometimes of refusing to answer questions at all, or complaining about their subject matter, contributed to the general feeling which persisted throughout the campaign that here was the man against the ropes, putting up a plucky but unavailing resistance to superior skill and strength. Indeed, a good many reporters began to feel sad for him and to go easy on him; baiting Ted became embarrassing and unseemly. Then came Mr. Enoch Powell to plague him further and in the eyes of many, given the atmosphere and presuppositions which had built up, to finish him off.

ENOCH POWELL was fighting another election altogether. He was fighting it physically in the West Midlands, old stronghold of the working-class Tory tradition and now one of the chief concentrations of recent immigrant population; but his words, his warnings, his increasingly paranoid, apocalyptic and unbalanced pronouncements were addressed *via* the television cameras (which he also attacked, Agnew style) to the nation as a whole. Like the

polls, like the pundits and like everybody else, Powell—almost certainly—expected his party to lose. Having, in his own phrase, “left his card” at the election of Conservative Party leader in 1965 he was now, in the eyes of his former “Shadow Cabinet” colleagues, preparing for a post-election assault on the soul of his party and a bid for its leadership. On Thursday 11 June (with the national newspapers on strike but the TV cameras in expectant attendance) Powell uttered his McCarthyisms, hinting that Enemies of the Country were at work in the department responsible for—compiling the immigration statistics!

One of Powell's offences in this election was that he was causing excitement. I heard him at a meeting in the previous week (on Wednesday 3 June) at Smethwick where he spoke in fulsome support of a candidate, Brian Rathbone, who proclaimed himself nothing but proud to follow in the footsteps of Peter Griffiths, the “leper” of Smethwick 1964. Powell at that meeting dealt with inflation, developing his well-worn theme that the people had been “brain-washed” into accepting the blame for the deterioration of the currency whereas the blame, he endeavoured to demonstrate by Powellite logic, belonged solely and wholly with the Governments who printed money. One saw more clearly, perhaps, what he was about, hearing him on this theme than on more emotive ones, such as immigration. He was preaching—and preaching was the word for it in the revivalist atmosphere of his appearances—on the conspiracy against the people, attacking not only socialism, but by implication his own party, and its treacherous leadership, for supping with the devil at the high table, or rather the centre table, of the post-war consensus. Powell in this election was the voice, or sought to be, of the dispossessed and the alienated, the plague-on-both-your-houses activists and the *lumpen* non-participants. In part this was a mischievous function, certainly in so far as he was aiming to arouse unjustified phobias and to the degree that he fanned prejudice, though he denied this intent. But in part his role may have been a necessary one, for nobody else was voicing powerfully the nation's misgivings about “Britain in Europe”—a subject which came through at all the meetings I attended where questions were permitted. If we have in this country a “silent majority,” I thought, perhaps it is better that it should break silence at election times than bottle up its grievances and hates for extra-parliamentary expression between times. Powell's rhetoric may have caught the feelings of many undecideds who wanted to vote Tory or against Labour. The effect could not be measured; it felt important.

AT HIS PRESS CONFERENCE the morning after the Powell speech Heath came in for the worst drubbing of the campaign. He once again rejected Powell's doctrines and statements; he once again disavowed Powell as a Cabinet colleague; but he obstinately refused to repudiate Powell as a candidate or as a Conservative. He did not dare to divide his party in the country. The next night (Saturday 13 June) Powell went further. He warned that the peril facing the nation was more serious today than in two World Wars, the “enemy within” was a greater threat than the Kaiser or than Hitler. Ugly violence was reported from this meeting, a violence latent in the meeting I had seen where a gang of pro-Powell skin-heads made its first appearance. On Monday morning Heath looked an unhappy man. He was flanked at the press conference by Quintin Hogg and William Whitelaw, “shadow” Home Secretary and Tory Chief Whip, two men of fierce and impeccable opposition to Enoch Powell and everything he had come to stand for. Mr. Heath read out a carefully prepared statement which repeated his position and made it clear that he would take no further questions on the subject and add not a further word. His press conference petered out in silence in less than fifteen minutes. That was the end of the matter. It seemed to mark, symbolically, the end of the election campaign, the beginning of a new and fascinating chapter of the history of the Conservative Party—in opposition. An end-of-term atmosphere set in; it was all over now but the counting. Yet at that moment, if the opinion polls were ever at all near the mark, the tide was flowing strongly in the Tory direction.

THE EXCITEMENTS surrounding Enoch Powell apart—interrupted only by a four-day stoppage of the national papers—the campaign had been repetitive, predictable, and uninspiring. Labour's case was its case against the Tories. The Tories' case rested upon the state of the economy—first an indictment against inflation, then an allegation of imminent economic crisis, finally a warning of a further devaluation. The stages of escalation measured the decline of the Conservatives' hopes that they could turn the tide of opinion, smash through the complacency and cockiness of Wilson's campaign. But nobody, except perhaps the voters, seemed to notice the sharpening of the battle. Wilson's walk-about style was wearing thin by the end but it was still making pictures for the television screens, and that was what was thought to count. Heath was still seen mostly mouthing his warnings and his promises in front of that same blue and white mobile

stage-set; not only did he seem to be saying the same thing every night, he seemed to be saying it in the same place. When Heath did walk about it looked, at least to the critics, as if he was imitating Wilson. The newspapers printed stories, some of them untrue, about the tricks he had missed in the way of setting up photo angles or making human interest copy. They reported how Wilson never missed a trick. The Prime Minister from the outset had set the terms of the campaign (or thought he had) and the media judged it by those terms throughout. According to the polls his campaign was succeeding, Heath's making no impact. What other way was there of assessing its effect on an undemonstrative, sun-drenched people?

While the presses were stopped, the TV cameras glowed as usual. I was too much with the campaigners to see the television campaign as a whole. But earlier (on Monday 8 June) I had spent a night before the box. That was the night the Wilson technique broke down. An electric storm affected the signalling on the line from London to Nottingham. His train was so hopelessly late that he jumped off in the middle of nowhere and was escorted by police cars to his destination. In Nottingham he found himself speaking from what looked to viewers like a lavatory window. The amplification system was defective and the hecklers vociferous; for once his method backfired on him, for on this occasion he was for once trying to say something. He was trying to nail allegations (supported by the former Governor of the Bank of England, Lord Cromer) that the economy was heading for crisis. It was hard to grasp the content of his statement over the television. Meanwhile, Ted Heath was for once walking about a bit—in Exeter I think it was—and was also seen hammering away at the economic theme in a speech. The Tories had an effective party political broadcast that night, with Chris Chataway and Geoffrey Johnson Smith doing their "News at Ten" act (too slick, many thought; effective in my opinion) and with Iain Macleod re-entering the battle, malevolently crouching to spring. Over the stretch of a whole evening's viewing, "points for the Tories" I noted. But the next day I flew north with Heath and saw him in the flesh again, on the platform and in a Newcastle Constitutional Club (swallowing half a pint in a pint man's world). And I heard his people poor-mouthing the campaign, and not because they were worried about complacency but because they genuinely, fatally—like the rest of us—could not believe that they would win. It was in this state of knowledge, or frame of mind, that in Glasgow the next night (Wednesday 10 June) I watched Robert Kee's interview with Edward Heath

and on the next night, back in London, his interview—or confrontation—with Harold Wilson.

THE KEE INTERVIEWS may well have been important. Kee was attempting the impossible; he was trying to prevent television, outside scheduled party political time, from being used by the politicians to say exactly what they wished, how they wished and without regard to the questions. The interviews were set up in an armchair ambience, congenial for the letting down of hair. Some of Kee's interests, which he pursued—for example, Viet Nam with Wilson—had not figured in the campaign and were apparently of no interest to either electors or politicians. Indeed, foreign policy—to the ever-amazement of foreign correspondents at our parochialness—had hardly had its look in at all. In Heath's case Kee's object was to see if he was a real live human being; in Wilson's case it was to find out if he could explain the future instead of endlessly vindicating the past, to see if he believed in anything beyond his own reelection. The Heath interview was uncommonly lively and probably did the Conservative leader some good. The Wilson interview was a near disaster, brilliant television in terms of blood and thunder on the screen, useless from the point of view of communicating information, and for Wilson—I suspect—damaging not in that he failed to cope with Kee's exasperation with him, or lacked dignity, but because it was demeaning for him, as Prime Minister and in the final week of the campaign, to be so subjected. Acquittal never quite removes the stain of having stood in the dock. Some of us who saw it, and who had seen the televising of the World Cup football games, invented the fantasy of the instantaneous "action replay" applied to politics. The question would be repeated in slow motion, a commentator's voice would overlay the reply and say "And now you see the Prime Minister gliding away from the question to the left, feinting to the right, and now he's broken through the defence, and he shoots..." Wilson scored on television as a performer during the campaign, but television for all that may have damaged him as a politician and Prime Minister.

IN THE FINAL MOMENT there were clues if we had but seized them. On the last night the nerve began to crack in the Wilson camp as the news came through of the final opinion polls. They related to the weekend before polling day (four days still to go) and suggested, though confusedly, a swing back to the Tories. The last of them all, published in the *Evening Standard* on polling day itself, gave the Conservatives a marginal lead. The Prime Minister heard of it

in Liverpool the night before. "He's beginning to face the fact that he may not pull it off," said an aide. And as at the beginning there was the atmosphere to build a hunch upon. In 1964 and in 1966 the eve-of-poll rallies at the St. George's Hall had been exciting affairs. Afterwards cheering, singing crowds had marched the Wilsons along Lime Street to the Adelphi and they had appeared by popular request on the balcony. There was nothing like that this time. The life had gone out of the campaign on the Monday, and perhaps there had never been real life in it. "That was a bit lively," the Prime Minister said to me as he returned quietly to his hotel. I nodded politely.

On the Tuesday the balance of payments figures had been published. The surplus, headpiece of Labour's election edifice, was slipping. "Too late," thought Wilson, "it's too late for anything like that now." He was confident enough as he took the last train of his campaign. On the way to Manchester he chatted up the press and he relaxed with them again that night in his Manchester hotel. But it was the reporters who were pressing him (without success) on his plans for Cabinet-making and the Prime Minister who was saying "You chaps keep talking about the peace settlement when I'm still fighting the war."

What was his war? It was to prove a point he kept making during the campaign, sometimes in public, often more extensively in private. It was a cherished aim throughout his Prime Ministership, no exaggeration to say the chief objective of his five-and-three-quarter years. It was to show that Labour had become the governing party, the middle party, the party not primarily of protest (although he conceded protest a subsidiary role) but of power. And he believed that the enemy had played into his hands and ceded him the hallowed middle ground. Selsdon Park was the key event. He seized upon it as an opportunity to hang the Tories' past around their necks, to brand them as the party of food taxes, the ruthless and uncompassionate party. He invented, and treasured, the conceit of "Selsdon Man." The Selsdon Park meeting of the Tory high command took place at the end of January, at a suburban-country hotel, a fit setting for the stereotype which Wilson was to pin upon the event. And it was about that time that the Prime Minister

began to think seriously of an early election, to realise that his government's record was not a sufficient platform for winning it, and to project himself as the man who could beat Heath in a personality contest and—most essential at that early stage—to look like a winner from the outset. The strategy was not as conscious or as neat as this but, I suspect, it was something like this; and until the very last moment it was remarkably successful. He did look like winning; most people thought he would win; and probably he nearly did win.

How, THEN, did he manage to lose? Could the respondents to the opinion polls have led him deliberately and cruelly up the garden path to his doom? It is a poetic explanation but hardly a plausible one. Three tentative findings from a preliminary, and chastening, *post-mortem*:

First, the rhetoric of Selsdon may have struck a chord in the country, amplified by Enoch Powell to the net advantage of the Tories. This is impossible to prove or disprove on a constituency-by-constituency analysis; it finds some support in impressionistic evidence gathered by candidates on the doorsteps.

Second, the condition of the economy was wrongly judged by Labour and judged aright by the Tories. The evidence of people's pockets confirmed the force of the Conservative propaganda on prices; the housewife knew better than the Treasury forecasters. And we now know that production was still stagnant at the time of the election and, more important, that wage inflation had not worked through into consumer spending. The "wages explosion" had been defeated by the "prices explosion." Labour had failed to engineer its election-time boomlet.³

Third, the disillusion, disappointments and humiliations of early years had not been expunged. A Labour revival was in progress—there is no doubt of that—but it was neither complete nor consolidated when Harold Wilson went to the country. It will be said that the Conservative campaign won the election. Certainly an unusual number of people changed their minds in the last stages, not merely absenting themselves from the polls (though some did) but in larger numbers defecting from Labour to the Tories. Women and "affluent workers" were chief among the converts.⁴ The Tory propaganda worked efficiently on the doubts of the doubters. But it is unlikely that the campaign was the prime cause of Labour's defeat. The "party of government"—and so it was by comparison with the 1950s—had not governed well enough. The past was too well remembered, the present rewards insufficient, and the future too much like a broken promise. "*Labour cares*," said the slogan; Labour's people didn't care enough.

³ On the day after polling a Negro garage proprietor in Clapham (where a black Labour candidate was defeated) said "It may surprise you but I voted Conservative. I don't like Enoch Powell but I'm less worried about him than the Selective Employment Tax..."

⁴ See the retrospective poll carried out by the Opinion Research Centre and published in the *Sunday Times*, 28 June 1970.

Race & Colour in Islam

By Bernard Lewis

I CAN THINK of no more appropriate way of beginning a discussion of this subject than by quoting a famous passage from Professor Toynbee's *Study of History*, documented, like so much in that massive work, with a moving personal experience.

For instance, the Primitive Arabs who were the ruling element in the Umayyad Caliphate called themselves "the swarthy people," with a connotation of racial superiority, and their Persian and Turkish subjects "the ruddy people," with a connotation of racial inferiority: that is to say, they drew the same distinction that we draw between blonds and brunets but reversed the values which we assign to the two shades of white. Gentlemen may prefer blondes; but brunettes are the first choice of Allah's "Chosen People." Moreover, the Arabs and all other White Muslims, whether brunets or blonds, have always been free from colour-prejudice *vis-à-vis* the non-White races; and, at the present day, Muslims still make that dichotomy of the human family which Western Christians used to make in the Middle Ages. They divide Mankind into Believers and Unbelievers who are all

potentially Believers; and this division cuts across every difference of Physical Race. This liberality is more remarkable in White Muslims today than it was in the White Western Christians in our Middle Ages; for our medieval forefathers had little or no contact with peoples of a different colour, whereas the White Muslims were in contact with the Negroes of Africa and with the dark-skinned peoples of India from the beginning and have increased that contact steadily, until nowadays Whites and Blacks are intermingled, under the aegis of Islam, through the length and breadth of the Indian and the African Continent. Under this searching test, the White Muslims have demonstrated their freedom from race-feeling by the most convincing of all proofs: they have given their daughters to Black Muslims in marriage.*

* A. J. Toynbee, *A Study of History* (1939), vol. I, p. 226. For the historical study of Muslim racial attitudes, the reader may look elsewhere. The problem of relations between Arab and non-Arab Muslims in early Islamic society was first examined, with a wealth of documentation, in the first volume of Ignaz Goldziher's classical *Muhammedanische Studien* (Halle, 1888), published in English translation as *Muslim Studies* (1967); that of colour in K. Vollers, "Über Rassenfarben in der arabischen Literatur," in *Centenario della nascita di Michele Amari* (Palermo, 1910), vol. I, pp. 84-95. Briefer and more general accounts are given in R. Levy, *The Social Structure of Islam* (1957; a revised edition of the author's *Sociology of Islam*, 1931-33), and in G. E. von Grunebaum, *Medieval Islam* (2nd ed., 1953), pp. 199ff (the German version, *Der Islam im Mittelalter*, 1963, pp. 256ff, has fuller documentation). The place of the Negro in Arab-Islamic society was extensively studied in an excellent German doctoral thesis: G. Rotter, *Die Stellung des Negers in der islamisch-arabischen Gesellschaft bis zum XVI Jahrhundert* (Bonn, 1967), which deserves a wider circulation. I have profited greatly from this work. Finally, mention may be made of an article in Arabic, by 'Awn al-Sharīf Qāsim, on the Blacks in Arabic life and literature, published in the first issue of the *Bulletin of Sudanese Studies* (Khartoum, 1968), pp. 76-92.

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The reader will find the detailed annotation at the end of the article (pp. 35-36).

The Arabs, that is to say, as swarthy whites, felt superior to the fairer-skinned peoples to the north of them but were entirely free from any feeling of colour prejudice directed against their darker southern neighbours. Prejudice against those of fairer skin, clearly, is felt to be no more than an amusing paradox. What counts is prejudice against those of darker skin, and since this is lacking, the Arabs and Islam may be pronounced free from infection.

Similar views may be found expressed in the writings of another observer of Islam—the late Malcolm X.

The colour-blindness of the Muslim world's religious society and the colour-blindness of the Muslim world's human society: these two influences had each day been making a greater impact, and an increasing persuasion against my previous way of thinking. . . .

There were tens of thousands of pilgrims, from all over the world. They were of all colours, from blue-eyed blonds to black-skinned Africans. But we were all participating in the same ritual, displaying a spirit of unity and brotherhood that my experiences in America had led me to believe never could exist between the white and the non-white.

THE MIDDLE EAST is an ancient land of myths in which the mythopoeic faculty—the ability to create myths, to believe in them, and to make others believe—has by no means died out. It would be wise to subject any widely held assumption regarding this area to critical scrutiny.

Such a scrutiny might begin with another, very revealing passage from the same work—the *Autobiography of Malcolm X*.

There was a colour pattern in the huge crowds. Once I happened to notice this, I closely observed it thereafter. Being from America made me intensely sensitive to matters of colour. I saw that people who looked alike drew together and most of the time stayed together. This was entirely voluntary; there being no other reason for it. But Africans were with Africans. Pakistanis were with Pakistanis. And so on. I tucked it into my mind that when I returned home I would tell Americans this observation; that where true brotherhood existed among all colours, where no one felt segregated, where there was no "superiority" complex, no "inferiority" complex—then voluntarily, naturally, people of the same kind felt drawn together by that which they had in common. . . .¹

Malcolm X was an acute and sensitive

observer, whose life was tragically cut short before his powers had reached their full maturity. With the inevitably heightened perceptions of an American Negro, he was able to see in the pilgrimage at Mecca a certain colour pattern—though the beliefs which he had acquired and still cherished at that time prevented him from realising the full implications of what he saw.

Even the reader whose acquaintance with Arabic literature goes no further than *The Thousand and One Nights* may feel some doubts about the validity of this myth. His doubts might begin at the very beginning—with the framework story. King Shahzamān, it will be recalled, left home to visit his brother King Shahriyār, but turned back to collect something which he had forgotten. Arriving unexpectedly at his palace at midnight, "he beheld his wife sleeping in his bed, and attended by a male negro slave, who had fallen asleep by her side." The king, enraged by this sight, killed both offenders with his sword as they lay in bed, and then resumed his journey to visit his brother. There the situation was even worse. While King Shahriyār went hunting, not only his wife, but twenty female members of his household, came out and were (to follow the Victorian translator's discreet usage)* "attended" by twenty male black slaves.

The King's wife, who was distinguished by extraordinary beauty and elegance, accompanied them to a fountain, where they all disrobed themselves, and sat down together. The King's wife then called out, O Mes'ood! and immediately a black slave came to her, and embraced her, she doing the like. So also did the other slaves and the women; and all of them continued revelling together until the close of the day.²

King Shahzamān and King Shahriyār were clearly southern gentlemen, with sexual fantasies, or rather nightmares, of an Alabama-like quality. This southern impression in the *Arabian Nights* is confirmed if we look more closely into that work. Negroes appear frequently in the stories that make up the *Arabian Nights*. Where they do, it is almost invariably in a menial role—as porters, household servants, slaves, cooks, bath-attendants and the like, rarely if ever rising above this level in society. Perhaps even more revealing in its way is the story of the good Negro slave who lived a life of virtue and piety, for which he was rewarded by turning white at the moment of his death.³

WE THUS HAVE two quite contradictory pictures before us—the first contained in the *Study of History*, the second reflected in that other great imaginative construction, *The Thousand and*

* I have preferred Lane's sometimes rather coy translation to that of Sir Richard Burton, who not only preserves but also greatly augments the indecencies of the original. His is the more serious misrepresentation.

One Nights. The one depicts a racially egalitarian society free from prejudice or discrimination; the other reveals a familiar pattern of sexual fantasy, social and occupational discrimination, and an unthinking identification of lighter with better and darker with worse.

What, then, are the realities? There is a distinction which it is important to make in any discussion of Islam. The word Islam is used with at least three different meanings, and much misunderstanding can arise from the failure to distinguish between them. In the first place, Islam means the religion taught by the prophet Muhammad and embodied in the Muslim revelation known as the Qur'ān. In the second place, Islam is the subsequent development of this religion through tradition and through the work of the great Muslim jurists and theologians. In this sense it includes the mighty structure of the *Shari'a*, the holy law of Islam, and the great corpus of Islamic dogmatic theology. In the third meaning, Islam is the equivalent not of Christianity but rather of Christendom. In this sense Islam means not what Muslims believed or were expected to believe but what they actually did—in other words Islamic civilisation as known to us in history. In discussing Muslim attitudes on race and colour, I shall try to deal to some extent at least with all three, but to make clear the distinction between them.

Early Attitudes

THE ULTIMATE ISLAMIC TEXT is the Qur'ān itself, and it is fitting that we begin our enquiry there. There are, perhaps surprisingly, only two passages in the Qur'ān which have a direct bearing on our problem. The first of these occurs in Chapter XXX, verse 22, and reads as follows:

Among God's signs are the creation of the heavens and of the earth and the diversity of your languages and of your colours. In this indeed are signs for those who know.

This occurs as part of a larger section enumerating the signs and wonders of God. The diversity of languages and colours is adduced as another example of God's power and versatility—no more.

The second quotation, Chapter XLIX, verse 13, is rather more definite.

* This would appear to be the original meaning of the Arabic *shu'ūb wa-qabā'il*. According to some later commentators the terms *shu'ūb* and *qabā'il* denote, respectively, non-Arab and Arab groupings.

O people! We have created you from a male and a female and we have made you into confederacies and tribes* so that you may come to know one another. The noblest among you in the eyes of God is the most pious, for God is omniscient and well-informed.

It will be clear that the Qur'ān expresses no racial or colour prejudice. What is perhaps most significant is that the Qur'ān does not even reveal any awareness of such prejudice. The two quotations show a consciousness of difference; the second of them insists that piety is more important than birth. The point that is being made, however, is clearly social rather than racial—against tribal and aristocratic rather than against racial pride.

In the Qur'ān, the question of race is obviously not a burning issue. It became a burning issue, in later times, as can be seen from the elaboration on these texts by subsequent commentators and by the collectors of tradition.

The evidence of the Qur'ān on the lack of racial prejudice in pre-Islamic and the earliest Islamic times is borne out by such fully authenticated fragments of contemporary literature as survive. As in the Qur'ān so also in the ancient Arabian poetry, we find an awareness of difference—a sentiment of an Arab as against Persian, Greek, or other identities. We do not however find any clear indication that this was felt in racial terms, or went beyond the normal feeling of distinction which all human groups have about themselves in relation to others.

ON THE SPECIFIC QUESTION of colour, ancient Arabian literature is very instructive. The early poets used a number of different words to describe human colours, a much wider range than is customary at the present time. They do not correspond exactly to those that we use now, and express a different sense of colour—one more concerned with brightness, intensity, and shade than with hue. Human beings are frequently described by words which we might translate as black, white, red, green, yellow and two shades of brown, one lighter and one darker. These terms are usually used in a personal rather than ethnic sense, and would correspond to such words as swarthy, sallow, blond or ruddy in our own modern usage rather than to words like black and white. Sometimes they are used ethnically, but even then in a relative rather than an absolute sense. The Arabs, for example, sometimes describe themselves as *black* in contrast to the Persians who are *red*, but at other times as *red* (or even *white*) in contrast to the Africans who are *black*. The characteristic colour of the Bedouin is variously stated as *green* or *brown*.

There is some evidence of hostility in Islamic poetry between the reds and blacks in the sense of the Persians and Arabs—probably an Arab reaction to the disdain which the civilised Persians showed for the semi-barbarous peoples on the desert frontier.⁴ As between Arabs and Africans the situation is more difficult to assess. There are verses (indeed many verses) attributed to pre-Islamic and early Islamic poets which would suggest very strongly a feeling of hatred and contempt directed against persons of African birth or origin. Most if not all of these, however, almost certainly belong to later periods and reflect later problems, attitudes, and pre-occupations. Such projection backwards into early Islamic or pre-Islamic times is a very common feature, and a recurring difficulty in Islamic scholarship.

During the period immediately following the death of the Prophet, the great Islamic conquests took the new faith to vast areas of Asia and also of Africa. A new situation was created, and many changes can be observed in the literature of the time.

THE FIRST OF THESE is the narrowing, specialisation, and fixing of colour terms applied to human beings. In time almost all disappear apart from *black*, *red*, and *white*, and these become ethnic and absolute instead of personal and relative. Black, overwhelmingly, means the natives of Africa south of the Sahara and their offspring. White—or occasionally (light) red—means the Arabs, Persians, Greeks, Turks, Slavs, and other peoples to the north and to the east of the black lands. Sometimes, in contrast to the white Arabs and Persians, the Northern peoples are designated by terms connoting dead white, pale blue, and various shades of red. In some contexts the term black is extended to include the Indians; but this is not normal usage.

Together with this specialisation and fixing of colour terms comes a very clear connotation of inferiority attached to darker and more specifically black skins. A story is told concerning the Arab conquest of Egypt which, if authentic, may well be the last surviving example of the older attitude. The story tells how a certain Arab leader called 'Ubāda ibn al-Sāmit took a party of Muslims to meet the Muqawqis, the great Coptic functionary who at one point led the defenders of Egypt. 'Ubāda (the chronicler tells us) was "black" and when the Arabs came to the Muqawqis and entered his presence 'Ubāda led them. The Muqawqis was frightened by his blackness and said to them: "Get this black man away from me and bring another to talk to me."

The Arabs insisted that 'Ubāda was the wisest, best, and noblest among them, and was their

appointed leader, whom they obeyed and to whose judgment they deferred. The Muqawqis asked: "How can you be content that a black man should be the foremost among you? It is more fitting that he should be below you."

"Indeed no," they replied, "for though he is black, as you see, he is still the foremost among us in position, in precedence, in intelligence and in wisdom, for blackness is not despised among us."⁵

There are two interesting points about this story. The first is that the black man appears as a figure of terror rather than of contempt, though that element is not entirely lacking. The second, and far more important, is that 'Ubāda is not an African nor even of African descent but (as the chroniclers are careful to point out) a pure and noble Arab on both sides. Here black is still a personal and relative term describing an individual's complexion and not an ethnic absolute denoting the distinguishing marks of a race. "*Blackness is not despised among us*" means no more than that persons of dark complexion are not considered inferior to those of light complexion. The episode of the noble but swarthy 'Ubāda occurred at the very beginning of Arab expansion. Under the patriarchal caliphs and still more under the Umayyad caliphs, we find ample evidence of a radical change of attitudes.

"The Crows of the Arabs"

THE EVIDENCE FOR THIS comes in the main from two groups of sources. The first of these is literary, especially poetry and anecdote. Several Arabic poets, of the pre-Islamic and early Islamic periods, are described as "black," and are known collectively, to the literary tradition, as *aghribat al-'Arab*—"the crows of the Arabs."⁶ Some of them—mostly pre-Islamic—were Arabs of swarthy complexion; others were of mixed Arab and African parentage. For the latter, and still more for the pure Africans, blackness was an affliction. In many verses and narratives, they are quoted as suffering from insult and discrimination, as showing resentment at this, and yet to some extent as accepting the inferior status resulting from their African ancestry.

One such was the poet Suhaym (*d.* 660), born a slave and of African origin. In one poem he laments:

*If my colour were pink, women would love me
But the Lord has marred me with blackness.*

In another he defends himself (in striking anticipation of William Blake):

Though I am a slave my soul is nobly free

Though I am black of colour my character is white.

In the same mood:

My blackness does not harm my habit, for I am like musk; who tastes it does not forget. I am covered with a black garment, but under it there is a lustrous garment with white tails.⁷

These lines are also attributed to Nusayb (d. 726), probably the most gifted of these black poets. He was very conscious of his birth and colour, for which he endured many insults. On one occasion the great Arab poet Kuthayyir said mockingly:

*I saw Nusayb astray among men
his colour was that of cattle.
You can tell him by his shining blackness
even if he be oppressed, he has the dark face
of an oppressor.*

Challenged by his friends to reply, Nusayb refused with dignity. For one thing, he said, God had given him the gift of poetry to use for good; he would not misuse it for satire. For another, "all he has done is call me black—and he speaks truth." Then Nusayb said, of his own colour—

*Blackness does not diminish me, as long as I have this tongue and this stout heart.
Some are raised up by means of their lineage; the verses of my poems are my lineage!
How much better a keen-minded, clear-spoken black than a mute whiter!*

But all the same:

If I am jet-black, musk too is very dark—and there is no medicine for the blackness of my skin.⁸

Probably the last of the early black poets in Arabic was Abū Dulāma (d. ca. 776), a slave who became the court poet—and jester—of the first Abbasid Caliphs. In his verses, the acceptance of inferiority is unmistakable. To amuse his master, Abū Dulāma makes fun of his own appearance, of his aged mother, and of his family—

We are alike in colour; our faces are black and ugly, our names shameful.⁹

The Arab anthologists tell us something about the lives of these men. Several anecdotes show Nusayb's awareness of his colour problems. In an autobiographical fragment, he remarks that before he went on his first journey to Egypt, he consulted his sister, a wise woman. She reminded him that he combined the disadvantages of being black and ridiculous in men's eyes. He then recited some of his verses, and she was persuaded that their merits gave

him some prospect of success. In another passage, Nusayb is quoted as appealing to an Umayyad prince for help for his daughters: "I am afflicted with daughters; my colour has rubbed off on to them, and they are left on my hands."¹⁰

A rather different story tells how Nusayb lunched one day with the Umayyad caliph 'Abd al-Malik and, after obtaining the Caliph's promise of safety, said to him:

My colour is pitch-black, my hair is woolly, my appearance repulsive. I did not attain the favour which you have vouchsafed me by the honour of my father or my mother or my tribe. I attained it only by my mind and my tongue. I adjure you by God, O Commander of the Faithful, do not cut me off from that by which I have attained my position with you.

The point of the story is that the poet chooses an opportunity and uses his wit to secure immunity from execution. But the passage vividly illustrates the association already accepted at this time of blackness, ugliness, and inferior station.

Another story, only slightly later, tells of the black poet Ibn al-Musajjih. Seeking for a lodging in Damascus, he managed to get himself accepted by one of a group of young men, the others being reluctant. He accompanied them to a singing girl's house, and when lunch was served he withdrew saying "I am a black man. Some of you may find me offensive. I shall therefore sit and eat apart." They were embarrassed, but arranged for him to take his food (and later his wine) separately. Then slave-girl singers appeared, and Ibn al-Musajjih praised their performance. Singers and owner alike were affronted by the impudence of "this black man" in daring to praise the girls, and he was warned by the other companions to mend his manners. Later his identity was revealed and then all vied in seeking the company of the famous poet.¹¹ These episodes show both the nature and the limits of social discrimination against the dark-skinned.

Another aspect of prejudice is illustrated by an early chronicler, Jahshiyārī, who, in a history of ministers and secretaries, tells an anecdote about a certain 'Abd al-Hamīd, the secretary of the last Umayyad Caliph. The caliph had received the gift of a black slave from a provincial governor. He was not greatly pleased with this gift, and instructed his secretary to write a letter of thanks and disparagement. 'Abd al-Hamīd, we are told, wrote as follows:

Had you been able to find a smaller number than one and a worse colour than black you would have sent that as a gift!¹²

Jahshiyārī's purpose in telling this story is not

Men & Ideas

to insult blacks but to illustrate the readiness of wit of 'Abd al-Hamīd—but the story vividly reflects a common attitude.

The Boast of the Blacks

THE WHOLE QUESTION was discussed in a special essay by Jāhiz of Basra (ca. 776–869), one of the greatest prose-writers in classical Arabic literature and said by some of his biographers to be of partly Negro descent.¹³ Entitled “The Boast of the Blacks against the Whites,” the essay purports to be a defence of the dark-skinned peoples against their detractors, refuting the accusations commonly brought against them, and setting forth their qualities and achievements, with a wealth of poetic illustration. They are strong, brave, cheerful, and generous—and not, as people say, “because of weakness of mind, lack of discernment, and ignorance of consequences.” Another false charge is stupidity. To those who ask, “How is it that we have never seen a Negro* who had the intelligence even of a woman or of a child?” the answer, says Jāhiz, is that the only Negroes they knew were slaves of low origin and from outlying and backward areas. If they judged by their experience of Indian slaves, would they have any notion of Indian science, philosophy, and art? Obviously not—and the same is true of the Negro-lands. Jāhiz also defends the equality of Negroes as marriage partners, and notes the paradox that discrimination against them first arose after the advent of Islam: “It is part of your ignorance,” he makes the blacks say, “that in the time of heathendom, [*i.e.*, in pre-Islamic Arabia] you regarded us as good enough to marry your women, yet when the justice of Islam came, you considered this wrong.” Another point is that the blacks are more numerous than the whites—if, with Jāhiz, one includes the inhabitants of India, South East Asia, and China (1). A curious quotation follows: “There are more blacks than whites, more rocks than mud, more sand than soil, more salt water than sweet water.” In conclusion, Jāhiz argues against the common equation of blackness with ugliness, and argues that black is beautiful—in nature, in the animal kingdom, and in man. In any case, blackness is not a punishment as is commonly alleged, but a result of natural conditions:

* The word rendered “Negro,” in this and the immediately following quotations, is *Zanj*—strictly the natives of East Africa south of Ethiopia, and thence more generally Bantu-speaking Africans.

This exists in all things. Thus we see that locusts and worms on plants are green, and we see that the louse is black on a young man's head, white if his hair whitens, red if it is dyed.

Jāhiz was a great humorist and satirist, and the reader of his defence of the blacks soon begins to feel that its intention is not wholly serious. This feeling is strengthened if one compares the essay with his remarks about blacks in his other writings.

Despite his putative African ancestry, he did not think highly of Africans.

We know that the Negroes (*Zanj*) are the least intelligent and the least discerning of mankind, and the least capable of understanding the consequences of actions. . . .¹⁴

“The like of the crow among mankind are the Negroes, for they are the worst of men and the most vicious of creatures in character and temperament.

“They [the Shu'ūbiyya] maintain that eloquence is prized by all people at all times—even the Negroes, despite their dimness, their boundless stupidity, their obtuseness, their crude perceptions and their evil dispositions, make long speeches. . . .”¹⁵

The last passage gives the clue to Jāhiz's purpose. The Shu'ūbiyya were a faction of non-Arab Muslims, mostly Persians, who protested against Arab privilege and superiority in the Islamic Empire, and objected to the central position accorded to Arabic culture. A characteristic form of Shu'ūbī polemic was to laud the achievements and capacities of their own peoples, and decry those of the Arabs. Jāhiz was a fervent defender of the Arabs and the Arabic cultural tradition against all comers, and especially against the Persians, who alone among the conquered peoples offered a serious challenge to Arab supremacy. His defence of the blacks, though in parts no doubt intended seriously, must be understood as a parody of Shu'ūbiyya tracts, intended to throw ridicule on Persian pretensions by advancing similar arguments on behalf of the lowly and despised blacks.

The Voice of Piety

ANOTHER KIND OF INFORMATION on racial attitudes comes from religious literature—and specifically that which by apt quotation seeks to condemn racial prejudice and discrimination. During the centuries which followed the death of the Prophet, pious Muslims collected vast numbers of what are known as *Hadiths*—that is to say, traditions concerning Muhammad's actions and utterances. A very large proportion

of these are certainly spurious—but this, while it may nullify their value as evidence of the Prophet's own views, still leaves them as important evidence on the development of attitudes during the period in which they were manufactured. A number of these traditions deal with questions of race and colour. There are some which specifically condemn one or another race. Thus the Prophet is quoted as saying of the Ethiopian: "When he is hungry he steals, when he is sated he fornicates."¹⁶ This is undoubtedly spurious, but is also well-known in early and modern times as an Arabic proverb about the Zanj.¹⁷

Such traditions are few, and are not regarded as authoritative. A larger body of traditions survives, the general purport of which is to deplore racial prejudice and to insist on the primacy of piety. One of the commonest is the phrase ascribed to the Prophet "I was sent to the red and the black"—an expression taken to embrace the whole of mankind.¹⁸ With the passage in the Qur'ān already quoted as point of departure, the manufacturers of tradition—for these too are almost certainly spurious—have as their purpose to insist that true merit is to be found in piety and good deeds, and that these take precedence of gentle, noble, or even of purely Arab birth.

These traditions, and those opposed to them, clearly reflect the great struggles in the early Islamic Empire between the pure Arab *Conquistador* aristocracy claiming both ethnic and social superiority, and the converted among the conquered, who could claim neither ethnic nor family advantage and perhaps for that reason insisted on the primacy of religious merit.

HERE I MAY DRAW ATTENTION to a rhetorical device very common in Arabic usage—an argument by the absurd. It is, however, very different from that device which we call

* The same author, in a treatise on morals, admonishes his reader with a no doubt imaginary example: "Even if you were king of all the Muslims, you should know that the king of the Sudan, a wretched black man with bare genitals, and ignorant, has a wider kingdom than yours..." (*Kitāb al-Aḥlāq wa'l-Siyar*, ed. with French tr. by Nada Tomiche, Beirut, 1961, Arabic text, p. 67, tr. p. 86.) Ibn Hazm didn't care for Jews either. His anti-Jewish tract was analysed by E. Garcia Gomez in *Al-Andalus* (1936), vol. iv, pp. 1-28, and, with other similar material, by M. Perlmann in *Proceedings of the American Academy for Jewish Research* (xviii, 1949), pp. 269ff. The Arabic text was published in Cairo in 1960, in a critical edition by Dr. Ihsān 'Abbās. Ibn Hazm's case against the Jews is basically religious, but with perceptible racial overtones.

the *reductio ad absurdum*. The purpose of the *reductio ad absurdum* is to demonstrate the falsity of an argument by stating it in its most extreme and therefore absurd form. The Arabic rhetorical device to which I refer has the opposite purpose—not to disprove, but to emphasise and reaffirm; it is thus not a *reductio ad absurdum*, but rather a *trajectio ad absurdum*, if I may coin a rhetorical term. A principle is asserted and an extreme, even an absurd example of it is given—but the purpose is to show that the principle still applies even in this extreme and absurd formulation.

One cannot but be struck by the number of times the black man is used to point this type of argument. Thus, in asserting the duty of obedience, of submission to authority however unlikely the form in which it appears, Muslim jurists cite a dictum attributed to the Prophet:

Obeys whoever is put in authority over you, even if he be a crop-nosed Ethiopian slave.¹⁹

This combination of qualities is clearly intended to indicate the ultimate improbability at once in physical, social, and racial terms. On the subject of marriage:

Do not marry women for their beauty, which may destroy them, or for their money, which may corrupt them, but for religion. A slit-nosed black slave-woman, if pious, is preferable.²⁰

Piety must overcome inclination, though it cannot redirect it.

The same theme occurs in stories about Abu Dharr, an early Muslim hero who is often cited as a model of piety and humility. As examples of his humility it is mentioned that he married a black woman, "for he wanted a wife who would lower him and not exalt him," and that he was willing to pray behind an Ethiopian.²¹ The point is most forcibly made by the famous Ibn Hazm (994-1064),* who observes that

God has decreed that the most devout is the noblest²² even if he be a Negress's bastard, and that the sinner and unbeliever is at the lowest level even if he be the son of prophets.²³

The sentiment is impeccably pious and egalitarian—yet somehow does not entirely carry conviction. Significantly, Ibn Hazm makes this remark in the introduction to a treatise on Arab genealogy, in which he tries to demonstrate the importance and dignity of this science. In another somewhat equivocal tradition, an Ethiopian says to the Prophet, "You Arabs excel us in all, in build, colour, and in the possession of the Prophet. If I believe, will I be with you in Paradise?" and the Prophet answers "Yes, and in Paradise the whiteness of the Ethiopian will be seen over a stretch of a thousand years."²⁴

The moral of this and of countless other anecdotes and sayings of the same kind is that piety outweighs blackness and impiety outweighs whiteness. This is not the same as saying that whiteness and blackness do not matter. Indeed the contrary is affirmed in such tales as that of the pious Negro who turns white, and the parallel stories of white evil-doers who turn black. A vivid example occurs in the *Risālat al-ghufrān*, a vision of heaven and hell by the Syrian poet Abu'l-'Alā' (973-1057). In paradise the narrator meets an exceedingly beautiful *houri*, who tells him that in life she was Tawfiq the Negress, who used to fetch books for copyists in the Academy of Baghdad.

"But you were black," he exclaims, "and now you have become whiter than camphor!"*

To which she replied by quoting a verse:

*If there were a mustard-seed of God's light among all the blacks, the blacks would become white.*²⁵

The same association of light with good is shown in the Muslim hagiographic literature, which depicts the Prophet himself as of light or reddish colour. Similar descriptions are given of his wife 'Ā'isha, his son-in-law 'Alī and his descendants, and even of his predecessors, the Prophets Abraham, Moses, and Jesus.²⁶

Conquest and Slavery

THIS GREAT CHANGE of attitude, within a few generations, can be attributed in the main to three major developments.

1. The first of these is the fact of conquest—the creation by the advancing Arabs of a vast Empire in which the normal distinctions inevitably appeared between the conquerors and the conquered. At first, Arab and Muslim were virtually the same thing and the distinction could be presented as a religious one. But as conversion to Islam proceeded very rapidly among the different conquered peoples, there

* In one of his letters (edited and translated by D. S. Margoliouth, Oxford, 1898, text p. 61, translation p. 67) Abu'l-'Alā' remarks that "names do not prove any real superiority in their subjects; many a hideous ill-smelling black is called Camphor or Amber; many an ugly creature has the name "New Moon" or "Full Moon."

† 'Antara is said to have lived in the sixth century, but most of the poems ascribed to him belong to a later period, and reflect a later situation. Some appear to be the work of Suhaym, Nusayb, and other Negro or half-Negro poets of the early Islamic period. It is easy to see why they should have made the great pre-Islamic half-breed their hero, and ascribed to him problems which did not exist in his time. See R. Blachère, article "Antara" in the new edition of *Encyclopaedia of Islam*.

came into existence a new class—the non-Arab converts to Islam, whose position rather resembled that of the native Christians in the more recent European empires. According to the doctrines of Islam—repeatedly reaffirmed by the pious exponents of the Faith—the non-Arab converts were the equals of the Arabs and could even outrank them by superior piety. But the Arabs, like all other conquerors before and since, were reluctant to concede equality to the conquered, and for as long as they could they maintained their privileged position. Non-Arab Muslims were regarded as inferior and subject to a whole series of fiscal, social, political, military and other disabilities.

The struggle for equal rights of the non-Arab converts was one of the main themes of the first two centuries of Islam. Another theme of comparable importance was the struggle of the half-breeds for equality with the full-breeds. Even among the Arabs in the early empire a clear distinction was maintained between those who were of free Arab parentage on both sides and those who, though their fathers were free Arabs, had omitted to provide themselves with free Arab mothers. They were the children of concubines and therefore necessarily of persons of other races. Superior to the non-Arab Muslims, they were definitely inferior to those who were of free Arab stock on both sides. As their numbers became greater their demand for equality became more insistent and was eventually realised.

Among these two groups, the non-Arab converts and the half-breed Arabs, colour as such does not seem to have been a significant issue. The literature preserves the memory of a bitter struggle in which the three parties are Arabs, half-Arabs, and non-Arabs. The identity of the non-Arab component seems to have been of secondary importance, at least to the Arabs, though it may have been among the non-Arabs themselves. The significance of an African origin as distinct from other possible non-Arab origins lay in its visibility. The son of an Arab father and a Persian or Syrian mother would not look very different from the son of two Arab parents. The difference was in effect social and depended on social knowledge. The son of an African mother, however, was usually recognisable at sight and therefore more exposed to abuse and discrimination. "*Son of the black woman*" was a not infrequent insult addressed to such persons. The half-mythical poet 'Antara† was the son of an Arab father, of the tribe of 'Abs, and a black mother. A verse ascribed to him runs:

*I am a man, of whom one half ranks with the best of 'Abs.
The other half I defend with my sword.*²⁷

Incidentally the Caliph 'Umar himself is said to have been the grandson of an Ethiopian woman—a relic of the earlier attitude. An early Arab author, Muhammad ibn Habīb, tells us that one day, during the lifetime of the Prophet, a man insulted 'Umar and called him "*Son of a black woman*" whereupon God revealed the Qur'ānic verse "O believers. People should not mock other people who may be better than they are." (Chapter xlix, verse 11).²⁸ The story is almost certainly a pious invention, but none the less interesting for that. It occurs in a rather brief chapter on great men who were the sons of Ethiopian women.

2 A factor of importance was the wider range of experience which conquest brought to the Arabs. Before Islam, their acquaintance with Africa was substantially limited to Ethiopia, a country with a relatively high level of moral and material civilisation. During the life-time of the Prophet the good reputation of the Ethiopians was further increased by the kindly welcome afforded to Muslim refugees from Mecca. After the conquests however there were changes. Advancing on the one hand into Africa and on the other into south-west Asia, the Arabs encountered fairer-skinned peoples who were more advanced and darker skinned peoples who were more primitive. No doubt as a result of this they began to equate the two facts.

3. Coupled with this expansion was the third major development of the early Islamic centuries—slavery and the slave trade.²⁹ The Arab Muslims were not the first to enslave black Africans. Even in Pharaonic times Egyptians had already begun to capture and use black African slaves, and some are indeed depicted on Egyptian monuments. There were black slaves in the Hellenistic and Roman worlds—but they seem to have been few and relatively unimportant. The massive development of the slave trade in black Africa and the large-scale importation of black Africans for use in the Mediterranean and Middle Eastern countries seem to date from the Arab period. Inevitably, it influenced Arab (and therefore Muslim) attitudes to the peoples of darker skin whom most Arabs and Muslims encountered only in this way.

* This attitude is exemplified in the story of a black pagan king who is tricked and kidnapped by Muslim guests whom he has befriended, and sold into slavery in Arabia. Meeting them again years later, he shows contempt but no resentment, since they had been the means of bringing him to Islam (*Kitāb 'Ajā'ib al-Hind*, ed. P. A. van der Lith, Leiden, 1883–86, pp. 50–60; French translation in *Mémoires Jean Sauvaget*, (Damascus, 1954), i, pp. 221–7).

To the Muslims—as to the people of every other civilisation known to history,—the civilised world meant themselves. They alone possessed enlightenment and the true faith; the outside world was inhabited by barbarians and infidels. However, in this outside world which lay beyond the vast borders of the Islamic oecumene, the Muslims recognised certain distinctions. To the East there were India and China, countries which were pagan but which were nevertheless respected as possessing some civilised attributes. To the West lay Christendom, first Byzantine then European, recognised as a rival faith, a rival culture, and a rival world order. Apart from these there were the northern and the southern barbarians: the white barbarians of the North, Turks, Slavs, etc., and the dark-skinned barbarians of the South, in Black Africa.

Both were seen primarily as sources of slaves—to be imported into the Islamic world, moulded in Islamic ways, and, since they possessed no religion of their own worth the mention, natural recruits for Islam. For these peoples, enslavement was thus a benefaction, and was indeed often accepted as such.*

Neither group was held in very high regard.

The Discovery of Africa

AVICENNA, the great physician and philosopher (980–1037), drew a picture, in the last chapter of his book of healing, of the ideal Muslim state as he conceived it. Even in Utopia somebody had to do the rough and dirty work, and for this God in His wisdom had provided. He had placed, in regions of great heat or great cold, peoples who were by their very nature slaves, and incapable of higher things—"for there must be masters and slaves." Such were the Turks and their neighbours in the North, and the Blacks in Africa.³⁰

Muslim geographers and historians have something to say about both groups—rather less about the dark peoples of the South.³¹ In the earliest Arabic references, black Africans are called either *Habash* or *Sūdān*, the former designating the Ethiopians and their immediate neighbours in the Horn of Africa, the latter (an Arabic word meaning blacks) denoting Negroes in general. It sometimes includes Ethiopians, but never Egyptians, Berbers, or other peoples north of the Sahara. Later, after the Arab expansion into Africa, other and more specific terms are added, the commonest being *Nūba*, *Bujja* (or *Beja*), and *Zanj*. *Nūba*, from Nubia, usually designates the Nilotic and sometimes also the Hamitic peoples south of Egypt—i.e., roughly in the present area of the republic of the Sudan; the *Bujja* were nomadic tribes be-

tween the Nile and the Red Sea; *Zanj*, a word of uncertain origin, is used specifically of the Bantu-speaking peoples in East Africa south of the Ethiopians, and sometimes, more loosely, of black Africans in general. The term *Bilād al-Sūdān*—"land of the blacks"—is applied to the whole area of black Africa south of the Sahara, from the Nile to the Atlantic, and including the Western African Negro states of Ghana, Songay, etc. Some authors distinguish carefully between the different groups of black Africans; others tend to lump them together under the general heading of Sudan, i.e., blacks. The *Zanj* are the least respected—the Ethiopians the most. The *Nuba* and *Bujja* occupy an intermediate position. The term *Ifriqiya*—an Arabic borrowing from the Latin *Africa*—is used in classical Arabic only of the Maghrib, usually just the eastern Maghrib.

"Overdone and Burnt..."

FROM THE 9TH CENTURY ONWARDS, Arab and other Muslim writers provide information about the movement of slaves from the black lands towards the North and the East—across the Red Sea and Indian Ocean to Arabia and Iraq, down the Nile to Egypt, and across the Sahara to the slave-markets of North and North West Africa.

"They export black slaves," says Ya'qūbī (9th cent.) speaking of Zawīla, "belonging to the tribes of Mīra, Zaghāwa, Maruwa, and other black races who are near to them and whom they capture. I hear that the black kings sell blacks without pretext and without war...."

"To the Zanj," says Mutahhar ibn Tāhir al-Maqdisī (10th cent.), "food and clothing are imported; from them come gold, slaves and coconuts."

"They bring wood, copper and beads," says Idrīsī (1100-1165), of the Moroccan merchants in Takrūr, "and they take away gold-ore and castrated slaves."³²

There are many other similar references, and in the eleventh century the Christian physician Ibn Butlān wrote a sort of slave-traders' vademecum which is a useful source for the history of pre-colonial Africa.³³

Muslim authors sometimes discuss the ethnic origins and native lands of their black slaves. They have some slight information about Nubia, with which arrangements for the regular supply of slaves to Egypt were set up at an early date.

* The same idea was expressed at an earlier date by Jāhiz: "If the country is cold, they are not cooked in the womb; if the country is hot they are burnt in the womb." (*Hayawān*, vol. iii, p. 314)

About the Zanj they know rather less. Ibn Khurradādhbih (820-912/3), the earliest original Muslim geographer, mentions the Zanj country as one of those from which goods—unspecified, but presumably slaves—reached Aden. He records only two facts about the land of the Zanj; that it is on the Eastern ocean, and that anyone who goes there will inevitably get the itch.³⁴ Ibn al-Faqīh (ca. 902-3) has some further geographical information, and also some ethnology, of earlier provenance. According to a reliable authority (he says), the inhabitants of Iraq occupy the ideal intermediate position; their children are therefore born with good minds, bodies, characters and abilities, and of the best light brown colour. This is because they are done to a turn in the womb. They thus differ both from the Slavs and other pale peoples of the North, whose infants are underdone in the womb, and are therefore born "with something between blond, buff, blanché and leprous colouring," and from the Zanj, Ethiopians and other blacks, whose infants are overdone and burnt,* and come out "black, murky, malodorous, stinking, curly haired, with uneven limbs, deficient minds, and depraved passions."³⁵ On the blacks in general, Mas'ūdī quotes Galen, who, he says,

mentions ten specific attributes of the black man, which are all found in him and in no other: frizzy hair, thin eyebrows, broad nostrils, thick lips, pointed teeth, smelly skin, black eyes, furrowed hands and feet, a long penis and great merriment. Galen says that merriment dominates the black man because of his defective brain, whence also the weakness of his intelligence.³⁶

This description is repeated, with variations, by later writers. Most geographers speak of the nudity, paganism, cannibalism and primitive life of the black peoples. Of the neighbours of the Bujja, Maqdisī has heard that

there is no marriage among them; the child does not know his father, and they eat people—but God knows best. As for the Zanj, they are people of black colour, flat noses, kinky hair, and little understanding or intelligence.³⁷

A Persian treatise on world geography, written in 982 A.D., devotes barely five out of two hundred pages to the black lands.

As regards southern countries, all their inhabitants are black on account of the heat of their climate. Most of them go naked. In all their lands and provinces gold is found. They are people distant from the standards of humanity.

Of the Zanj: "Their nature is that of wild animals. They are extremely black." Of Zabaj: "This country and its inhabitants are all like the Zanj, but they are somewhat nearer to humanity." On the Sūdān:

Most of them go about naked. Egyptian merchants carry there salt, glass and lead, and sell them for the same weight in gold. A group of them wanders in this region of theirs, camping at the places where they find more gold ore. In the southern parts there is no more populous country than this. The merchants steal their children and bring them with them. Then they castrate them, import them into Egypt, and sell them. Among themselves there are people who steal each other's children and sell them to the merchants when the latter arrive.³⁸

At the opposite end of the Islamic world, Sā'id al-Andalusī (1029–1070), a *qadi* of Toledo, is brief and cutting. In a book on the nations who had cultivated science and learning, he enumerates these as the Indians, Persians, Chaldeans, Greeks, Romans, Egyptians, Arabs, and Jews. Some others, such as the Chinese and the Turks, he allows to have achieved distinction in other respects; the rest of mankind he dismisses contemptuously as the Northern and the Southern barbarians, "who are more like beasts than like men." He has a few well-chosen words to say about each.

For those who live furthest to the north, between the last of the seven climates and the limits of the inhabited world, the excessive distance of the sun in relation to the Zenith line makes the air cold and the atmosphere thick. Their temperaments are therefore frigid, their humours raw, their bellies gross, their colour pale, their hair long and lank. Thus they lack keenness of understanding and clarity of intelligence, and are overcome by ignorance and dullness, lack of discernment, and stupidity. Such are the Slavs, the Bulgars, and their neighbours. For those peoples on the other hand who live near and beyond the equinoctial line to the limit of the inhabited world in the south, the long presence of the sun at the zenith makes the air hot and the atmosphere thin. Because of this their temperaments become hot and their humours fiery, their colour black and their hair woolly. Thus they lack self-control and steadiness of mind and are overcome by fickleness, foolishness and ignorance. Such are the blacks, who live at the extremity of the land of Ethiopia, the Nubians, the Zanj and the like....

Even the most ignorant peoples, Sā'id goes on to explain, if they are sedentary, have some kind of monarchical government and some kind of religious law. The only peoples "who diverge from this human order and depart from this rational association are some dwellers in the steppes and inhabitants of the deserts and wilderness, such as the rabble of Bujja, the savages of Ghana, the scum of Zanj, and their like."³⁹

Sā'id does not use such language when speaking of the fairer-skinned barbarians of Europe. Indeed, with the passage of time Muslim authors express a more respectful attitude

towards the white peoples of the north, and a less respectful attitude towards those of black Africa. The 13th-century Persian writer Naṣīr al-Dīn Tūsī remarks that Negroes differ from animals only in that "their two hands are lifted above the ground," and continues: "Many have observed that the ape is more teachable and more intelligent than the Negro."⁴⁰ A century later, a similar point was made by the great Ibn Khaldūn. Distinguishing between white slaves and black slaves he remarks:

The only people who accept slavery are the Negroes, owing to their low degree of humanity and their proximity to the animal stage. Other persons who accept the status of slave do so as a means of attaining high rank or wealth, as is the case with the mamluk Turks in the east and with those Franks and Galicians who enter the service of the state in Spain.⁴¹

Black and White Slaves

THE TOTAL IDENTIFICATION of blackness with slavery which occurred in North and South America never happened in the Muslim world. There were always white slaves as well as black ones. Nevertheless, the identification of blackness with certain forms of slavery went very far—and in later centuries white slaves grew increasingly rare.

Already in medieval times it became customary to use different words for black and white slaves. White slaves were normally called *mamlūk*, an Arabic word meaning "owned," while black slaves were called *'abd*. In time, the word *'abd* ceased to be used of any slaves but black ones and eventually, in many Arabic dialects, simply came to mean a black man irrespective of whether he was a slave or not. This transition from a social to an ethnic meaning is thus the reverse of the semantic development of our own word "slave," which began as the designation of an ethnic group and became a social term.

It is not only in terminology that black and white slaves were distinguished. For one thing, white slaves, especially females, were more expensive; for another, black slaves were far more severely restricted in their social and occupational mobility. Ibn Butlān, in his handbook, suggests a proper ethnic division of labour for both male and female slaves. For guarding persons and property, he recommends Indians and Nubians; as labourers, servants, and eunuchs, Zanj; as soldiers, Turks and Slavs.⁴² In the central Islamic lands, black slaves were most commonly used for domestic and menial purposes, usually as eunuchs, sometimes also in economic enterprises, as for example in the gold mines of 'Allāqī in Upper

Egypt where (according to Ya'qūbī) "the inhabitants, merchants and others, have black slaves who work the mines,"⁴³ in the salt-mines, and in the copper-mines of the Sahara, where both male and female slaves were employed. The most famous were the black slave gangs who toiled in the salt-flats of Basra. Their task was to remove and stack the nitrous top-soil, so as to clear the under-soil for cultivation, probably of sugar, and at the same time to extract the saltpetre. Consisting principally of slaves imported from East Africa, and numbering some tens of thousands, they lived and worked in conditions of extreme misery. They were fed, we are told, on "a few handfuls" of flour, semolina, and dates. They rose in several successive rebellions, the most important of which lasted fifteen years, from 868 to 883, and for a while offered a serious threat to the Baghdad Caliphate. The leader of these black rebels was a white man.⁴⁴

Even religious groups with what some would nowadays call radical and progressive ideals seem to have accepted the slavery of the black man as natural. Thus in the eleventh century we are told that the Carmathians established a kind of republic in Bahrain, abolished many of the prescriptions regarding persons and property which conventional Islam imposed—and had a force of thirty thousand black slaves to do the rough work.⁴⁵

A COMMON EXPLANATION of this status, among Muslim authors, is that the ancestor of the dark-skinned peoples was Ham the son of Noah who (according to Muslim legend) was damned black for his sin. The curse of blackness, and with it that of slavery, passed to all the black peoples who are his descendants.

This story, though widespread, was by no means universally accepted. Ibn Khaldūn and many other writers reject it as absurd and attribute the blackness of the Negro to climatic and geographical causes. The idea however that blackness and slavery are associated is clearly expressed in this story. Another sign of this association is the occasional argument adduced by jurists—usually black jurists—against the enslavement of black Muslims. Muslim law unequivocally forbids the enslavement of free Muslims, of whatever race, and was usually obeyed in this. That the point had to be argued in favour of Muslims of Negro race shows that argument was sometimes needed.⁴⁶

WHITE SLAVES were rarely used for rough labour, and filled higher positions in domestic and administrative employment. In early though not late times there were white

eunuchs, but they were castrated by a different and much less brutal process. The military slave, so prominent a figure in Islamic history, is overwhelmingly white. In the East he is usually of Turkish origin, in the West of Slavic or other European origin.

Black military slaves are not unknown and indeed at certain periods were of importance—as for example in medieval Egypt, until they were disbanded by Saladin. They reappear under the Mamluk sultans in a menial role, as servants of the knights. There was a clear distinction between these servants, who were black slaves, and the knights' orderlies and grooms, who were white and free.

Later, black slaves were admitted to units using firearms—a socially despised weapon in the Mamluk knightly society. When a Sultan tried to show some favour to his black arquebusiers, he provoked violent antagonism from the Mamluk knights, which he was not able to resist. In 1498 "a great disturbance occurred in Cairo." The Sultan (according to the chronicler) had outraged the Mamluks by conferring two boons on a black slave called Farajallah, chief of the firearms personnel in the citadel—first, giving him a white Circassian slave-girl from the palace as wife, and second, granting him a short-sleeved tunic—a characteristic garment of the Mamluks.

On beholding this spectacle [says the chronicler] the Royal Mamluks expressed their disapproval to the Sultan, and they put on their . . . armour . . . and armed themselves with their full equipment. A battle broke out between them and the black slaves who numbered about five hundred. The black slaves ran away and gathered again in the towers of the citadel and fired at the Royal Mamluks. The Royal Mamluks marched on them, killing Farajallah and about fifty of the black slaves; the rest fled; two Royal Mamluks were killed. Then the amirs and the Sultan's maternal uncle, the Great Dawādār, met the Sultan and told him: "We disapprove of these acts of yours [and if you persist in them, it would be better for you to] ride by night in the narrow by-streets and go away together with those black slaves to far-off places!" The Sultan answered: "I shall desist from this, and these black slaves will be sold to the Turkmen. . . ."⁴⁷

In the west of Islam black slave troops are more frequent, and sometimes even include cavalry—something virtually unknown in the east. They became important from the 17th century, after the Moroccan military expansion into the Western Sudan. The Moroccan Sultan Mawlay Ismā'il (1672–1727) is said to have had a reserve of 150,000 black slaves, from whom he selected and trained his fighting troops. After his death in 1727, a period of anarchic internal struggles followed, which some con-

temporaries describe as a conflict between blacks and whites. The philosopher David Hume, writing at about the same time, saw such a conflict as absurd and comic, and used it to throw ridicule on all sectarian and factional strife:

The civil wars which arose some few years ago in Morocco between the *Blacks* and *Whites*, merely on account of their complexion, are founded on a pleasant difference. We laugh at them; but, I believe, were things rightly examined, we afford much more occasion of ridicule to the Moors. For, what are all the wars of religion, which have prevailed in this polite and knowing part of the world? They are certainly more absurd than the Moorish civil wars. The difference of complexion is a sensible and a real difference; but the controversy about an article of faith, which is utterly absurd and unintelligible, is not a difference in sentiment, but in a few phrases and expressions, which one party accepts of without understanding them, and the other refuses in the same manner. . . . Besides, I do not find that the *Whites* in Morocco ever imposed on the *Blacks* any necessity of altering their complexion . . . nor have the *Blacks* been more unreasonable in this particular. . . .⁴⁸

Black military slaves reappear in 19th-century Egypt; their recruitment was indeed one of the main purposes of the Egyptian advance up the Nile under Muhammad 'Alī Pasha (reg. 1805-1849) and his successors. Collected by annual *razzias* from Darfur and Kordofan, they constituted an important part of the Khedivial armies, and incidentally furnished the bulk of the Egyptian expeditionary force which the Khedive Isma'īl sent to Mexico in 1863, in support of the French.⁴⁹

BETWEEN white and black military slaves—even where the latter were numerous and powerful—there was always one crucial distinction. Whereas white slaves could become generals, or provincial governors, sovereigns, and founders of dynasties, this hardly ever happened with black slaves in the central Islamic lands. Their opportunities for advancement during slavery were very limited. Only one of them ever became the ruler of a Muslim country outside the black zone—the famous Nubian eunuch Abu'l-Misk Kāfūr, "Musky Camphor," who in the tenth century became regent of Egypt (and a very capable one). Historians clearly regarded this as remarkable, and the great Arab poet al-Mutanabbī found in Kāfūr's blackness a worthy object of satirical abuse. In one of his most famous poems, he bitterly attacks the master of Egypt:

*Whenever a wicked slave assassinates his master
or betrays him, has he to get his training in
Egypt?*

*There, the eunuch has become a chieftain of the
runaway slaves, the free man is enslaved, and
the slave is obeyed.*

*The slave is no brother to the godly free man,
even though he be born in the clothes of the
free.*

*Do not buy a slave without buying a stick with
him, for slaves are filthy and of scant good.*

*I never thought I should live to see the day when
a dog would do me evil and be praised into the
bargain,*

*nor did I imagine that true men would have
ceased to exist, and that the like of the father
of bounty would still be here*

*and that that negro with his pierced camel's lip
would be obeyed by those cowardly hirelings.*

*Who ever taught the eunuch negro nobility? His
"white" people, or his royal ancestors?*

*or his ear bleeding in the hand of the slave-
broker? or his worth, seeing that for two
farthings he would be rejected?*

*Wretched Kāfūr is the most deserving of the
buse to be excused in regard to every baseness
—and sometimes excusing is a reproach—*

*and that is because white stallions are incapable
of gentility, so how about black eunuchs?*

In another poem he remarks:

*More stupid than a slave or his mate is he who
makes the slave his master*

*One who holds you by his word is unlike one
who holds you in his gaul.*

*The morality of the [black] slave is bounded by
his stinking pudenda and his teeth.*

*He does not keep his engagements of today, nor
remember what he said yesterday.*

*Hope for no good from a man over whose head
the slaver's hand has passed,*

*And, if you are in doubt about his person or
condition, look to his race.*

*One who is vile in his coat, was usually vile
in his caul.*

*He who makes his way beyond his merits, still
cannot get away from his root.⁵⁰*

The same limitation of opportunity applies to the emancipated slave. The emancipated white slave was free from any kind of restriction; the emancipated black slave was rarely able to rise above the lowest levels. In Umayyad times, we still hear of black poets and singers achieving some sort of social standing even though they complain of discrimination. In later times the black poet as a figure in Arabic literature disappears and none of any consequence are reported from the mid-eighth century onwards. A few religious figures—saints and scholars—are said to have had black ancestry, but these again are exceptional. What is more important is that the black is almost entirely missing from the positions of wealth, power,

and privilege. Muslim authors attribute this want of achievement by black slaves and freedmen to lack of capacity. The modern observer will recognise the effects of lack of opportunity.

The importation of black slaves into the central Islamic lands began at the time of the conquest and has continued without interruption to the present century. During the Ottoman period there seems to have been a decline in this process. It was revived however during the early nineteenth century when, as a result of the Russian conquest of the Caucasus, the main source of supply of white slaves for the Islamic world was stopped. Deprived of their Georgians and Circassians, the Muslim states turned elsewhere, and a large-scale revival of slaving in black Africa took place. This was furthered by the Egyptian advance up the Nile at the time of Muhammad 'Alī. Other supply routes led through Morocco and Tunisia and across the Red Sea to Arabia. Black slaves for domestic use were very common during the nineteenth century in Egypt, in Turkey and in the other Ottoman lands, and some survivors can still be met in these countries.⁵¹ On the evidence of European travellers, they suffered terribly at the hands and under the lash of slavers and slave-dealers, from capture until final sale, but were well treated by their urban masters.

The abolition of legal slavery was accomplished in most Muslim countries during the 19th century, with some difference for whites and blacks. In the British, French, Dutch and Russian Empires—in that order—general abolition was imposed by the imperial authorities. The first Muslim ruler to emancipate black slaves was the Bey of Tunis, who in January 1846 decreed that a deed of enfranchisement should be given to every slave who desired it. The abolition of black slavery was completed after the French occupation. In Turkey, the most important surviving Muslim state, the Sultan had decreed, as far back as 1830, the emancipation *en bloc* of white slaves of the Christian religion. Decrees against the slave trade were issued in October 1854 (for whites) and February 1857 (for blacks). The Hijāz, containing the holy cities of Mecca and Medina, was however exempted from this clause, and it is quite clear that the flow of slaves from Africa into Arabia continued for a long time. Apart from commercial channels, the supply was augmented through the practice by which a wealthy pilgrim brought a retinue of slaves from his own country and sold them one by one—as a kind of travellers' cheques—to pay the expenses of his pilgrimage.

An obvious question, since so many Negroes entered the central lands over so long a period, is why they have left so little trace. There is

nothing in the Arab, Persian, and Turkish lands that resembles the great Negro and mulatto populations of North and South America. One main reason for this is that a large proportion, perhaps indeed the majority, of the black males entering Islamic lands were castrated before entering. Eunuchs were employed by families even of moderate means, and also in the service of mosques. Concubinage at higher and intermarriage at lower social levels seem to have taken place, but must have been on a rather limited scale and, probably for social more than biological reasons, produced few offspring who survived. Even now members of the comparatively small number of recognisably negroid families in the Middle East tend to intermarry among their own kind, though this is not a firm rule, nor would intermarriage with others be regarded in quite the same way as in Western countries.

Equality and Marriage

THE WHOLE QUESTION of miscegenation requires closer examination. The pious Islamic viewpoint is quite clear—there is no innate superiority of race and therefore no bar to racial intermarriage. In practice however the pious principle is frequently disregarded or even overruled. Marriage is regulated by the holy law of Islam, and is indeed the only issue on which questions of race and colour can become the concern of the law. This occurs under the legal doctrine of *Kafā'a*, which might be roughly translated as equality of birth and social status in marriage.⁵² The rule of *Kafā'a* requires that a man be the social equal of the woman he marries. It does not forbid unequal marriages, and is thus in no sense a Muslim equivalent of the "Nuremberg laws" of Nazi Germany or the *apartheid* laws of South Africa. Its purpose is to protect the honour of respectable families from the inevitable foolishness and waywardness of women; its effect is to allow families, if they wish, to stop unsuitable marriages. The principle of *Kafā'a* may be invoked by the father or other legal guardian of a woman in order to prevent her from contracting a marriage without his permission, or to annul it if contracted without permission or with permission fraudulently obtained, provided there is no child or pregnancy. The rule operates to restrain a woman from marrying a man who is below her, and thus disgracing her family. For a man to marry a woman below him does not matter—the woman is in the inferior situation anyway, and no immediate social injury can therefore result.

Kafā'a is determined by a number of matters

—by piety, moral character, wealth, occupation, and three which have a direct bearing on our present problem: freedom, Islam, and descent. Freedom refers to the question of whether the prospective bridegroom is free, freed, or slave, and involves not only his personal status but that of his immediate forbears. A freedman is not as good as the son of a freedman, and he in turn not as good as the grandson of a freedman. This principle is pursued up to three generations, after which all Muslims are deemed equally free. The same is true of Islam. Non-Muslims are of course excluded. But that is not all. The convert is not as good as the son of a convert; the son of a convert is not as good as the grandson of a convert. Here too the rule is limited to three generations, after which all are equal in their Islam.

Descent is another matter. Partly it is a social question—the distinction between “good” (i.e., well-connected or well-descended) families and others; partly however also it is concerned with ethnic origins, and the jurists insist very clearly on the distinction between Arab and non-Arab. A non-Arab man is not the equal of an Arab woman in any circumstances. Even the manumitted slave of a non-Arab owner is not the equal of the manumitted slave girl of an Arab owner. Generally speaking the jurists do not bother to distinguish between the various kinds of non-Arabs, though some make the general observation that the non-Arabs are ranked among themselves just as are the Arabs.

Occasionally, however, writers on the subject make reference to the question of colour. Sometimes they express the pious view and assert that a man of true piety, “even a black,” is acceptable. In this connection they quote the story of Bilāl, the Ethiopian Muezzin of the Prophet, who wished to marry an Arab girl. Her family refused, and the Prophet (according to tradition) then sent a personal message to the family asking them to give their daughter to Bilāl. The story is probably not authentic since it deals with a prejudice which does not seem to have existed in the Prophet’s lifetime. It is one of many such tales invented for the purpose of proving the egalitarian point. There are other dicta the purport of which is the exact opposite. According to one tradition the Prophet said, “Be careful in choosing mates for your offspring, and beware of marrying the Zanjī, for he is a distorted creature.” Another tradition quotes the Prophet as forbidding intermarriage with blacks with the words “Do not bring black into your pedigree.” The same idea is expressed in a verse quoted by Mas’ūdī:

*Do not intermarry with the sons of Ham, for they are the distorted among God’s creatures, apart from Ibn Akwa’.*⁵⁴

THERE IS AMPLE EVIDENCE that such marriages—of black men with white women—were frowned upon. The black poet Nusayb had a son who sought to marry an Arab woman; he had this son beaten for aspiring to such a marriage, which he himself regarded as improper, and he advised the girl’s guardian to find her a true Arab husband.⁵⁴ In earlier times it seems to have been virtually impossible for a Negro to marry an Arab woman. Later it became theoretically possible but was in fact usually excluded by the rule of *Kafā’a*, the general principle of which was, in the form adopted by the jurists, “marry like with like.”

For a white male to mate with a black woman was in general considered acceptable—with Nubians and other Nilotics much more than with the true Negroes. Such mating usually took the form of concubinage rather than marriage. Some authors disapprove even of this, because of the harm it brought to a family’s honour. Thus, the Syrian author Abu’l-‘Alā’ remarked in a letter:

We often see a man of mark who has in his house women of high degree setting above them a girl in a striped gown purchased for a few coins and so we may see a man whose grandfather on the father’s side is a fair-haired descendant of ‘Alī while his maternal grandfather is a black idolator.⁵⁵

Many stories are told of people with an African mother or grandmother and with a dark complexion, who were subject to insult and humiliation on this account. A vivid example occurs in a satire ascribed—probably falsely—to Hasān ibn Thābit:

*Your father is your father and you are his son
Miserable little son and miserable father!
Your mother is a black Nubian woman
With fingers like dung-beetles.*⁵⁶

Even today, in North Africa, a man with negroid features, even of the highest social status, is described contemptuously as *ould khadem*—the son of a slave-woman.

A Variety of Stereotypes

A QUESTION OF SOME INTEREST is that of stereotypes. As in other societies where such prejudices exist we find a whole series of traditional accusations directed against Negroes. The most frequent are that the Negro is stupid, that he is vicious, untruthful and dishonest, that he is dirty in his personal habits and emits an evil smell. The Negro’s physical appearance is described as ugly, distorted, or monstrous. The point is made in an anecdote about the poet known as al-Sayyid al-Himyari—the Himyarite Sayyid (723–789).

The Sayyid was my neighbour, and he was

very dark. He used to carouse with the young men of the camp, one of whom was as dark as he was, with a thick nose and lips, and a negroid (*muzannaj*) appearance. The Sayyid had the foulest smelling arm-pits of anybody. They were jesting together one day, and the Sayyid said to him: "You are a Zanjī in your nose and your lips!", whereat the youth replied to the Sayyid: "And you are a Zanjī in your colour and arm-pits!"⁵⁷

Ibn Butlān notes of the Zanj women that

their bad qualities are many, and the blacker they are the uglier their faces and the more pointed their teeth. They are of little use, and may cause harm, and are dominated by their evil disposition and destructiveness.... Dancing and rhythm are instinctive and ingrained in them. Since their utterance is uncouth, they are compensated with song and dance.... They have the cleanest teeth of all people because they have much saliva, and they have much saliva because they have had digestions. They can endure hard work... but there is no pleasure to be got from them, because of the smell of their armpits and the coarseness of their bodies.⁵⁸

Despite this and many other similar descriptions, physical rejection, of the type professed by some Western racialists, seems to have been rare. Mas'ūdī notes a few examples, as additivities:

Tawus the Yemenite, the disciple of 'Abdallāh ibn 'Abbās, would never eat meat butchered by a Zanjī because, he said, the Zanjī was a distorted creature. I have heard that the Caliph al-Rādī would accept nothing from the hand of a black man, because he was a distorted slave. I do not know whether he was adopting the principles of Tawus in this, or following any particular opinion or doctrine.⁵⁹

Another accusation, which also sometimes appears as praise, is that the Negro is frivolous and light-hearted—that is, in other terms, gay and of happy disposition. Other favourable stereotypes show the Negro as brave, generous, musical, and with a strong feeling of rhythm. Thus, Ibn Butlān remarks that "if a Negro were to fall from heaven to earth he would eat time as he goes down."⁶⁰

One of the most common favourable stereotypes of the Negro is that of simple piety. There are many anecdotes of a well-known religious type in which the Negro appears as the simple pious man contrasted with the clever but wicked.⁶¹ And here again one cannot help feeling that this is an example of the *trajectio*

ad absurdum. The point that the narrator seeks to make is the superiority of simple piety over clever wickedness, and the Negro is chosen as the ultimate example of simplicity.

A CLOSE PARALLEL with the more familiar type of prejudice current in our society may be found in the sexual stereotypes attributed to the Negro. A common theme is his immense potency and unbridled sexuality. A fairly restrained example of this, in the framework story of *The Thousand and One Nights*, has already been quoted. The stereotypes of sexuality refer not only to the male Negro. There is also a good deal of Arabic poetry which shows the same kind of prurient interest in the Negress as one finds in European anti-Semitic writings about the Jewess. The interrelated European themes of "*la belle juive*" and "*l'affreuse juive*" have close parallels in the simultaneous interest shown by Arab poets in the repulsive ugliness and incandescent sexuality which they ascribe to the black woman.⁶²

That there are resemblances between these stereotypes and those common in our own society will be obvious. The reason is not far to seek. In both cases they relate to a poor, humble, down-trodden, enslaved people, brought out of a primitive society and kept in conditions of hardship and privation. In such a situation it is natural that basic physical needs should be the first preoccupation of the slave, and that his attempts to gratify them should have struck his lighter-skinned owners and more fortunate neighbours. Here I may add another attribute commonly ascribed to Negroes by Arabic writers—bad digestion. Presumably this was observed through its normal manifestations, no doubt the result of the poor and irregular diet assigned to the Negro slave.

There is, however, one aspect of this which deserves deeper exploration: the emotional content attached to the concepts of Blackness and Whiteness—the idea that black is somehow connected with sin, evil, devilry and damnation, while white has the opposite associations. Thus in the Qur'ān itself (Chapter III, verse 102), we find

...the day when some faces will become white and some faces will become black. As for those whose faces have become black—will you disbelieve after having believed? Then taste the punishment for the unbelief which you have been showing. But as for those whose faces have become white—in the mercy of Allah will they be, therein to abide.

It is obvious that no reference to black and white races is intended in this passage,* which makes use of the common Arabic idiom—shared with many other languages, even in-

* But, it may be noted, a 14th-century Egyptian author (Qalqashandī, *Subh al-a'shā*, ii, Cairo 1331/1913, 8-9), cites it, in the course of a discussion of colours, to prove his point that white is good and black is bad. He goes on to remark that many people, nevertheless, have begun to find beauty in the blacks and "incline towards them."

cluding those of black Africa—associating whiteness with joy and goodness, blackness with suffering and evil. Similar associations underlie a good deal of Muslim legend, folklore, literature, proverb, and even language.

A FEW FINAL POINTS. Describing the evidence of prejudice and discrimination in the Islamic countries, I have tried to correct the false picture drawn by the myth-makers, the picture of the total absence of such evils. But in correcting an error one should take care not to fall into the opposing error. At no time did the Islamic world ever practise the kind of racial exclusivism which we find in the Republic of South Africa at the present time or which has existed until very recently in parts of the United States. My purpose is not to try and set up a moral competition or to argue the relative wickedness of castration or *apartheid* as methods of control; it is rather to refute the claims both of exclusive virtue and exclusive vice, and to point to certain common failings of our common humanity.

* It is significant that one of the most influential proponents of the myth was Edward W. Blyden, a black West Indian who was educated in Liberia under missionary auspices, but was convinced by his African experiences that Islam was better suited than Christianity to black African needs. His writings, with their stress on Christian guilt and on a much romanticised Muslim tolerance, were widely read. See E. W. Blyden, *Christianity, Islam and the Negro Race* (1888); T. W. Arnold, *The Preaching of Islam* (1896; rev. ed. 1913). Writers of this school usually make the illogical assumption that the reprobation of prejudice in a society proves its absence. In fact, of course, it reveals its presence.

ONE LAST QUESTION and an important one. If, as I have tried to demonstrate, the traditional picture of a society free from racial discrimination is a false one, how then did this picture appear? Some preliminary enquiries into this subject suggest an answer. The myth of Muslim freedom from racial prejudice seems to have arisen in the circle of Christian missionaries in Africa in the 19th century, who sought some explanation of the failure of their missions as contrasted with the success of Islam, despite every advantage of power, wealth, and (as they saw it) truth. The explanation which some missionaries found was in the difference between the second-class status accorded to black Christians by white rulers and the immediate equality received by black converts to Islam.* There may indeed be a great deal of truth in this, but it overlooks two important points—first, that the Muslim preachers were themselves black and represented the far limit of Islamic expansion into Africa, and, second, that even so there were shades of difference, perhaps invisible to the outsider, but vitally important to the people themselves.

That the myth has survived and been taken up enthusiastically in our time is due, I think, to another factor, to what might be called nostalgia for the white man's burden. The white man's burden in the traditional sense—the burden of imperial domination—has long since been cast off and seized by others. But there are those who still insist on maintaining it—this time as a burden not of power but of guilt, an insistence on responsibility for the world and its ills that is as arrogant and as unjustified as the claims of our imperial predecessors.



NEGRO CAPTIVES (from an ancient Egyptian relief)

Notes

IN VIEW OF the importance of the subject-matter and the inaccessibility of the sources to most readers, we thought it useful to publish detailed annotation. (Many books published in Muslim countries carry two dates, according to the Muslim and Christian calendars.)—Ed. Note.

¹ *The Autobiography of Malcolm X* (New York, 1966), pp. 338–9, 340, 344.

² *The Thousand and One Nights*, translated by E. W. Lane, revised edition (London, 1859), i, pp. 4–5.

³ 467th and 468th nights, Burton, *The Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night* (London, 1844), iv, pp. 212–4. The story is omitted by Lane. The theme of whiteness as a reward is a common one.

⁴ Goldziher, *Muh. St.*, i, pp. 103–4 and 268–9 (English trans. pp. 99–100 and 243–4); cf. G. E. von Grunebaum, "The nature of Arab unity before Islam," in *Arabica*, x (1963), p. 10. On the interesting question of the classical Arabic terms for colours, see W. Fischer, *Farb- und Formbezeichnungen in der Sprache der altarabischen Dichtung* (Wiesbaden, 1965).

⁵ Ibn 'Abd al-Hakam, *Futūh Misr*, ed. C. C. Torrey (New Haven, 1922), p. 66; cf. Rotter, p. 92.

⁶ These and other poets are discussed with specimens of their verse, in the literary anthology of Abu'l-Faraj al-Isfahānī (897–967), the *Kitāb al-Aghānī* (ed. Bulaq in 20 vols., 1285/1868–9); there is a new but incomplete Cairo edition (1927–). The most recent Western account is that of R. Blachère, *Histoire de la littérature arabe* (1952–66).

⁷ *Dīwān*, ed. Maymānī (Cairo, 1369/1950), pp. 26, 55, 69; cf. F. Rosenthal, *The Muslim Concept of Freedom* (Leiden, 1960), p. 91.

⁸ *Aghānī*, i, pp. 140–1; new edn., i, pp. 352–4. For a detailed study, see U. Rizzitano, "Abū Mihgan Nusayb b. Rabāh", in *Rivista degli Studi Orientali*, xx (1943), pp. 421–71; idem, "Alcuni frammenti poetici di... Nusayb...", *ibid.*, xxii (1945), pp. 23–35.

⁹ Mohammed Ben Cheneb, *Abū Dolāma, poète bouffon de la cour des premiers califes abbassides* (Algiers, 1942), pp. 35, 136.

¹⁰ *Aghānī*, i, p. 130; new edition, i, p. 325; Ibn Qutayba, *Uyūn al-akhbār*, iii (Cairo, n.d.), p. 126; Rizzitano, pp. 431, 456.

¹¹ *Aghānī*, i, p. 136; new ed., i, p. 341; iii, p. 87; new ed., iii, pp. 282–3; Rizzitano, p. 439; Levy, pp. 62–3; Rotter, pp. 89–90.

¹² Jahshiyārī, *Kitāb al-wuzarā' wa'l-kuttāb* (Cairo, 1938), p. 81; German translation by J. Latz, *Das Buch der Wezire und Staatssekretäre* (Waldorf-Hessen, 1958), p. 129.

¹³ On Jāhiz see C. Pellat, *Le milieu basrien et la formation de Jāhiz* (Paris, 1953); idem, *Arabische Geisteswelt* (Zürich-Stuttgart, 1967); idem, the article "Djāhiz" in the new edition of the *Encyclopaedia of Islam*. Jāhiz's "Boast" was first published by G. van Vloten in *Tria Opuscula* (Leiden, 1903), pp. 58–85; re-edited in *Rasā'il al-Jāhiz*, i (Cairo, 1385/1965), pp. 173–226; German translation by O. Rescher in *Orientalische Miscellen*, ii (Istanbul, 1926), pp. 146–86.

¹⁴ Jāhiz, *Kitāb al-Bukhālā'* (Damascus, 1357/1938), p. 253; French translation by C. Pellat, *Le Livre des avares* (Paris, 1951), p. 232.

¹⁵ Jāhiz, *Kitāb al-Hayawān*, ii (Cairo, 1937), p. 314; idem, *Al-Bayān wa'l-tabyīn*, iii (Cairo, 1380/1960), pp. 12–13; cf. Rotter, pp. 98ff.

¹⁶ *Aghānī*, i, p. 32; new ed., i, p. 65; cf. Goldziher, *Muh. St.*, i, p. 270 (English trans., p. 245).

¹⁷ "Ka'l-Zanjī in jā'a saraqā wa'in shabī'a zanā." Maydānī, *Amthāl al-'Arab*, ed. G. Freytag, *Arabum proverbialia* (Bonn, 1839), ii, p. 404.

¹⁸ Cf. Goldziher, *Muh. St.*, i, p. 269 (English trans., p. 244); Vollers, "Über Rassenfarben...", p. 87.

¹⁹ A. J. Wensinck (ed.), *Concordance et indices de la tradition musulmane* (Leiden, 1936–), i, p. 327, where further references are given. See, for example, Muttaqī, *Kanz al-Ummāl*, iii (Haydarabad, 1313), p. 197, where this and similar traditions are cited. Cf. S. D. Goitein, *Studies in Islamic History and Institutions* (Leiden, 1966), pp. 203–4; G. E. von Grunebaum, *Medieval Islam*, p. 209.

²⁰ Ibn Māja, *Sunan*, i (Cairo, 1372/1952), p. 597 (*Nikāh*, 6); cf. Qur'ān, ii, verse 221; Rotter, p. 132.

²¹ Ibn Sa'd, *Kitāb al-Tabaqāt al-Kabir*, ed. E. Sachau et al. (1904–40), iv/i, p. 134; *cit.*, A. S. Tritton, *Muslim Theology* (London, 1947), p. 13.

²² A reference to Qur'ān, xlix, verse 13. See above.

²³ Ibn Hazm, *Jamharat ansāb al-'Arab*, ed. E. Lévi-Provençal (Cairo, 1948), p. 1.

²⁴ Goldziher, *Muh. St.*, i, p. 74 (English trans., p. 75).

²⁵ Abu'l-'Alā' al-Ma'arrī, *Risālat al-ghufrān* (Cairo, 1321/1903), p. 73; cf. Rotter, p. 180.

²⁶ Ibn Hishām, *Sīrat Rasūl Allah*, ed. F. Wüstenfeld (Göttingen, 1858–59), p. 266; English translation by A. Guillaume, *The Life of Muhammad* (London, 1955), pp. 183–4; Ibn Sa'd, i/2, pp. 120 ff. English translation by S. Moinul Haq and H. K. Ghazanfar, i (Karachi, 1967), pp. 484 ff.; Vollers, "Über Rassenfarben...", pp. 90–1.

²⁷ W. Ahlwardt, ed., *The Divans of the Six Ancient Arabic Poets Annābiga, 'Antara...* (London, 1870), p. 32, line 9.

²⁸ Ibn Habīb, *Kitāb al-Muḥabbar*, ed. Ilse Lichtenstädter (Haydarabad, 1361/1942), p. 306.

²⁹ Slavery in the Islamic world still awaits a comprehensive study. In the meantime, the best short account is that of R. Brunschvig, article "Abd" in the *Encyclopaedia of Islam*, new edition. See also A. Mez, *Die Renaissance des Islams* (Heidelberg, 1922) pp. 152 ff. (English trans., *The Renaissance of Islam* (London, 1937), pp. 156 ff.) and, on the trade down the Nile, Y. F. Hasan, *The Arabs and the Sudan* (Edinburgh, 1967), pp. 42 ff.

³⁰ F. I. J. Rosenthal, *Political Thought in Medieval Islam* (Cambridge, 1958), pp. 154–5.

³¹ The best-known Arabic sources on medieval black Africa have been conveniently collected by two Russian scholars, L. E. Kubbel and V. V. Matveev, and re-edited with Russian translations and notes, *Arabskiye istočniki VII–X vekov po etnografii i istorii Afriki yuzhnye Sakhar* (Moscow-Leningrad, 1960); Matveev and Kubbel, *Arabskiye*

istočniki X-XII vekov, 1965. On East Africa, see M. Devic, *Le pays des Zendjs... d'après les écrivains arabes* (Paris, 1883), and F. Storbeck, "Die Berichte der arabischen Geographen des Mittelalters über Ostafrika," in *Mitteilungen des Seminars für Orientalische Sprachen zu Berlin*, xvii/2 (1914), pp. 97-169.

³² Ya'qūbī, *Kitāb al-Buldān*, ed. M. J. de Goeje, *Bibliotheca geographorum arabicorum*, vii, 2nd ed. (Leiden, 1892), p. 345; French translation by G. Wiet, *Les pays* (Cairo, 1937), p. 205; Kubbel and Matveev, i, p. 43. Maqdisī, *Kitāb al-Bad' wa'l-ta'rikh*, edited with French translation by Clement Huart, iv (Paris, 1907), text pp. 69-70, translation p. 65; Matveev and Kubbel, ii, p. 14. Idrīsī, *Al-Maghrib wa-ard al-Sudān*, ed. and trans. by R. Dozy and M. J. de Goeje (Leiden, 1864), p. 4; Matveev and Kubbel, ii, p. 236.

³³ Ibn Butlān, *Risāla fi shir' al-raḡiq wa-taqlib al-'abid*, ed. 'Abd al-Salām Hārūn, in *Nawādir al-makhtūtāt*, iv/6 (Cairo, 1373/1954), pp. 333-89; excerpts translated in Mez, *loc. cit*

³⁴ Ibn Khurradādhbih, *Al-Masālik wa'l-mamālik*, ed. M. J. de Goeje, *Bibliotheca geographorum arabicorum*, vi (Leiden, 1889), pp. 60-1 and 170; Kubbel and Matveev, i, pp. 32-3.

³⁵ Ibn al-Faḡīh al-Ḥamadānī, *Mukhtasar Kitāb al-Buldān*, ed. de Goeje, *Bibl. Geog. arab.*, v (Leiden, 1885), p. 162; Matveev and Kubbel, i, p. 66.

³⁶ Mas'ūdī, *Murūj al-dhahab*, edited and translated into French by Barbier de Meynard and Pavet de Courteille, i (Paris, 1861), pp. 163-4; new translation by Charles Pellat, i (Paris, 1962), p. 68.

³⁷ Maqdisī, *loc. cit*.

³⁸ *Ḥudūd al-'Ālām*, ed. M. Sotoodeh (Tehran, 1340/1962), pp. 195-200; English translation by V. Minorsky (London, 1937), pp. 163-6.

³⁹ Sā'id al-Andalusī, *Tabaqāt al-umam*, ed. L. Cheikho (Beirut, 1912), p. 9; (Cairo, n.d., pp. 11-12); French translation by R. Blachère (Paris, 1935), pp. 37-8; Matveev and Kubbel, ii, pp. 193-4. Similar statements about the northern and southern people are to be found in earlier authors, notably Mas'ūdī.

⁴⁰ Tūsī, *Tasawwurat*, ed. W. Ivanow (Leiden, 1950), pp. 52-3; cf. Ivanow's translation, pp. 57-8.

⁴¹ In the translation of C. Issawi, *An Arab Philosophy of History* (1950), p. 98. The original of this passage may be found in the Quatremère edition (Paris, 1858), i, p. 269; Beirut edition, 1901, p. 148. Professor F. Rosenthal of Yale, the distinguished Arabist to whom we owe the standard English translation of Ibn Khaldūn's *Muqaddima*, renders the opening phrase: "Therefore, the Negro nations are, as a rule, submissive to slavery..." The omission of the word "only," clearly indicated in the origin, is curious. (Rosenthal, *The Muqaddimah*, i (New York, 1958), p. 301.) For parallel passages, see Rosenthal, i, pp. 118 ff., 168 ff.

⁴² Ibn Butlān, *Risāla*, p. 352. There are more detailed indications regarding female slaves.

⁴³ Ya'qūbī, text, p. 334, translation, p. 190; Kubbel and Matveev, i, p. 41.

⁴⁴ The slave-revolt of the Zanj in Iraq was first studied by T. Nöldeke in his *Orientalische Skizzen*

(Berlin, 1892), pp. 153-84; English translation, *Sketches from Eastern History* (London-Edinburgh, 1892), pp. 146-75. Later studies include an Arabic monograph (Faysal al-Sāmīr, *Thawrat al-Zanj*, Baghdad, 1954) and an unpublished French doctoral thesis (A. Popovic, *Ali b. Muhammad et la revolte des esclaves à Basra*, Paris, 1965).

⁴⁵ Nāsir-i Khusraw, *Safar-nāma*, edited with French translation by C. Schéfer (Paris, 1881), text p. 82, translation, p. 227.

⁴⁶ Rotter, pp. 44 f., 49 ff.

⁴⁷ Ansārī, translated from the unpublished manuscript by D. Ayalon, *Gunpowder and Firearms in the Mamlūk Kingdom* (London, 1956), pp. 70-1, where the Arabic text is also cited.

⁴⁸ Hume, *Essays*, "Of parties in general." My thanks are due to Professor E. Kedourie for drawing my attention to this passage.

⁴⁹ On this curious episode, see Raverat and Dellard, "Historique du bataillon nègre égyptien au Mexique (1863-1867)" in *Revue d'Égypte*, i (1894-95), pp. 42-53, 104-23, 176-85, 230-45, 272-86.

⁵⁰ The first poem is cited in the translation of A. J. Arberry, *Poems of al-Mutanabbī* (Cambridge, 1967), pp. 112-4. The second is translated from the original in the *Diwān*, ed. 'Abd al-Wahhāb 'Azzām (Cairo, 1363/1944), p. 460.

⁵¹ See G. Baer, *Studies in the Social History of Modern Egypt* (Chicago, 1969), pp. 161-89 and, in general, *Encyclopaedia of Islam*, new ed., articles 'Abd and Harīm.

⁵² F. J. Ziadeh, "Equality (*Kafā'ah*) in the Muslim law of marriage," in *American Journal of Comparative Law*, vi (1957), pp. 503-17; cf. Rotter, pp. 131 ff., and the standard treatises on Muslim law.

⁵³ Mutaqī, *Kanz*, viii, p. 248; Ibn 'Abd al-Ra'ūf, *Risāla*, in *Thalūth rasā'il andalusīyya*, ed. E. Lévi-Provençal (Cairo, 1955), p. 80; French translation by R. Arie in *Hespéris-Tamuda* (Morocco), i (1960), p. 27. Mas'ūdī, *Murūj al-dhahab*, vi, p. 154. Ibn Akwa' was a contemporary of the Prophet.

⁵⁴ *Aghānī*, i, p. 136, new ed., i, pp. 340-1; Goldziher, *Muh. St.*, i, p. 128 (English translation, p. 121); Rizzitano, pp. 428-9.

⁵⁵ Abu'l-'Alā', *Letters*, text p. 55 (translation p. 61).

⁵⁶ Hassān ibn Thābit, *Diwān* (ed. Cairo, 1347/1929), p. 61. See, further, Goldziher, *Muh. St.*, i, pp. 121 ff. (English translation, pp. 115 ff.); Rotter, pp. 75 ff., 132 ff.

⁵⁷ *Aghānī*, vii, p. 20; new ed., vii, p. 269.

⁵⁸ Ibn Butlān, *Risāla*, pp. 374-5, where there are similar or even worse comments on other African groups. Among whites, Ibn Butlān most dislikes the Armenians.

⁵⁹ Mas'ūdī, *Murūj al-dhahab*, i, pp. 166-7.

⁶⁰ Ibn Butlān, *Risāla*, p. 374.

⁶¹ For examples, see Muhammad ibn Sasrā, *A Chronicle of Damascus 1389-1397*, edited and translated by W. M. Brinner (Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1963), text, pp. 211 ff.; translation, pp. 278 ff., Rotter, pp. 179-81.

⁶² Rotter, pp. 165, 173-4. For some modern parallels on Jewesses, see E. Kedourie, *The Chatham House Version* (London, 1970), pp. 334-5.

Nicholas Snowden Willey

Remembering, However Dimly, Times

Remembering, however dimly, times
When all this was a small and friendly place,
Well-known, as paths and clearings are, that lead
Beyond their own accustomed purposes,
Because a little circuit, always there,
The same dull distance, the accustomed stroll,
The lugubrious mud that clogs the heart,
And later, in Spring, the rushing water
That makes the heart rush out into the world,
These paths of rust and memories and mud
Are versions of eternity, the way
These straggling fences always seem to lean
Like leaning fences, so that one would say
That these dilapidated fences lean
In the same way that eternity leans,
Not to say it preened as philosophy,
That eternity is a leaning fence,
An artificial fence propped in the mind,
But to say as one who rounds a corner
Suddenly, to gaze on eternity,
That what he sees, fields on fire, and the trees
In their green communion with the sky,
That what he sees as the whole world staggers,
Is the old field at the back of his house,
The threadbare grass, the familiar slope,
That gentle incline that has told your feet
So many times that they are almost home,
The giddy hill of childhood, packed with lights
That shine inside the hill on Summer nights
When the drone of insects becomes the drone
Of the weavers in the hill of childhood,
And you stand at your window, being there
Although the house is drifting in its sleep
And you have been put in your prickly bed,
But barefoot at the window, being there
To look out through the phosphorescent dark
To where the darkness has a quality
Of hidden liveliness, as if the lights
Inside a hill had only just gone out,
Leaving its outline in an afterglow,
Humming in the dark, the gathering air,
And later you sleep, and the house cuts loose
From its moorings, and you wake with the
sound
As the lapping house gently bumps the day
And comes to rest, and you walk out and look
And the world is wet and fresh, and the slope
Toward the blue arena of the sky,
Shimmering and vibrant in the distance,
Yet so close, behind the rim of the field,
And that reluctant hill your steps have taught

To remember the tracks of to and fro,
And the mountainous obligations there
That a small hill takes on when it becomes
The property of childhood, of the cat
Who sleeps eternally before the fire,
Unmoved by children, mice and escapades,
Attentive to the dream of warmth and milk,
The pink inquiry of the furry tongue
Of the mountain's sleeping proprietor,
And what you know you will not know again,
Although perhaps when you are very old
And the days are sad and mysterious
And the fret and hurry have given way
To a great quietness, the quietness
That is almost a question, then there comes
At unexpected moments in the day
From deep in the flaps of an old man's breast,
A sound that is the sobbing of a child
Who sobbed himself to sleep one Summer night
When disapproval made his laughing limbs
Retract their gestures from the air, as if
The unapplauded gestures were mistakes
And the brimming bravado out of place,
And the heart thumps and uncontrollable
Chokes itself at last into clenched-up sleep,
And what you know you will not know again,
The sandpaper tongue of the drowsy cat
As it accidentally washes you,
Frowns and collects itself back into sleep,
And doors swing open on cluttered kitchens,
Steam and the smell of the washing of clothes,
A good smell that can always find its way
Upstairs to someone who is brooding there,
To remind him of brave simplicity,
And the swollen hands that were embarrassed,
Unsure of where to put their loving thumbs,
Now deep in the soothing warmth of their work,
In a beautiful expertise of care,
And silently the night surrounds the house,
The rooks are making for their rookish trees,
A bundle of fur scurries to its hole,
And against the darkness the fences lean
And in their leaning is understanding
That all eternity is just a way
Of leaning in the dark and in the light,
So that an old man stoops to tie his shoe,
Whose life of tying and coming undone
Has been as well a quizzical restraint,
A preoccupation that things half-known
Are always on the verge of coming clear,
And an attention to a sound half-heard,

As of a waterfall behind the days,
To be discovered, some other morning,
Some other evening to be chanced upon,
And then he ties his unteachable shoe,
And suddenly looks up and sees the sky
Burning in its azure tranquillity,
In its blue finality towering,
And roaring in the silence of the day,
And behind the old eyes, and bothered brow,
The tightness of tears, and the knowledge there
Of a misunderstanding so immense,
The knowledge that his days have been mistakes,
That the gradual incline he had thought
Led slowly surely to eternity,
Was itself eternity, the trees were
That lost their heads in the blue, or sometimes
Stood all day doing nothing but dying
And feeling the weight of the world above,
And the old eyes grow tight, too much uncried,
Too much unspoken for him now to feel
More than perplexity and vague regret,
Or face the knowledge that his eyes have felt,
That the Summer sky was the final blue,
That the grass itself was the final green,
The evening the mysterious evening,
Each morning a beginning of mornings,
And that eternity was going on
In the next field, behind a screen of trees,
And you wrap your coat tighter around you,
And listen to the dying out of day,
The sounds dying down into leafy rest,
As the sounds in you would settle like leaves
After a boisterous day in childhood,
For childhood is the swirling of the leaves,
The leaves as themselves, the leaves as dancers,
Not emblems of regret, or shields of hope,
But the aimless green idiots of time,
Full of beauty, the passion of falling
From the serious branches in the sky,
That stand all Winter, deep in silent thought,
And then try again, which childhood doesn't,
For childhood, life being but as a thought,
It is the vision before reflection,
The brief reconnaissance; the beginning
Of reflection is the end of childhood,
Although you still remember certain days,
Abroad alone in the misty morning,
Very early, the fields wet and sticky,
A thousand years before the school-day starts,
And a bush drifts past you out of the mist,
The heart is beating like a furry fly
Trapped in a hand and trying to get out,
The mist swirls in from the edge of the world,
The same bush drifts past on the other side,
You hear the cries of non-existent birds,
And stand there, non-existent, in the mist,
And then, a thousand years later, go home
And they're all having breakfast busily,
And ask you where, and you say, Oh nowhere,
And they scrubbed you to make you luminous,
And then parcelled you out into the world,

And now an old man in a sunlit field
Becomes a small boy in a sunlit field
Watching the slow drifting flight of a bird,
Scratches his head, is an old man again,
Dim with memories, puzzled by some birds,
And his anxious mother whose anxious eyes
Were the spirit-level of his success
And were suspicious of unsteady days
That threatened his safety with happiness,
All the birds are swarming into the sun,
And she is looking, now that she is dead,
Now that the ball of wool is motionless,
She is looking, and her eyes are saying
Be happy for my sake, for loving you
I needed your joy as I needed peace,
And needing it so much, I knew no joy
Beyond my thoughtful demand that the days
Should leave for you your share of easiness,
And clothes arranged ready for the morning,
And when things made you nervous and
perplexed,
My stomach tightened, clenched into a knot,
For I had seen with careful eyes of love
The distances rolled up inside your shins,
And I had seen bright distances of joy,
And I didn't know then that joy must be
Led from the very centre of dismay.
Nor did I know that companionship
Must comprehend its final loneliness
Before it can learn generosity,
And I died as I lived, so anxiously,
Watching the light flicker on the ceiling
And worrying about things left undone,
The rooms that weren't cleared, and food
unprepared,
And I tried to think, and then the light broke
And lit up the dust inside my breast,
Abandoned feelings in dusty corners,
And I cringed and shrunk, and tried to turn,
And something gathered me into its arms,
Smoothed the hair that kept my thoughts warm
at night
When I was a young girl and first in love,
The light was like flannels washing my brow,
And I saw, as from a great height, a head
Floating small on the swell of a pillow,
And I wanted just to touch my small head
And love it, but it was too late for that
And I had begun to dream, and the birds
Are swarming into the sun, and a man
Is standing in a field and watching them,
And what he knows he will not know again,
That we are blessed for no special reason,
But blessed for simply being here at all,
Blessed that we struggled from the sticky worry
Blessed for growing limbs and eyelids and hair
Blessed for standing at the edge of clearings,
For what is happiness if it is not
A going out into the windy world,
Or standing at a window in the night
Watching the lights go out inside a hill.

NOTES & TOPICS

A Literary Letter

Salade Niçoise

By John Wain

IT is three o'clock on a May afternoon. The city of Nice lies gently braising under a sweltering, miasmal sun. It is not so hot as at Oxford, where I was a few hours previously, but it is much more oppressive, and sweat-enforcing. My clothes feel too heavy.

I am sitting in one of the *Salles de Conférence* of the *Palais des Expositions*. It is like most such rooms, with a platform facing a hall full of light wooden chairs. On the platform is a crescent-shaped table, with chairs for the speakers, and in front of each chair is a microphone. Another feature which this *Salle* shares with all others is that an impeccably dressed young man is fiddling with cables and connections. He is setting up not only the public address system but also a giant tape-recorder and an apparatus for simultaneous translation, complete with glass box and head-phones, which in the event is never to be used.

The *Salle de Conférence* is very light. It has two great half-circles of window, one looking out on to the city, the other on to the main body of the building, where the exhibitions are housed. If I stood up I could get a bird's-eye view of the exhibition that is on at the moment. I do not stand up. I have already seen it and it has made me feel depressed. For this is the *Festival International du Livre*, in the second year of its existence, and my walk round the exhibition has wounded my national pride.

I arrived at Nice in the middle of the morning, and at once telephoned the secretariat of the Festival, to say that I was here and would be available at the hotel. Having been told beforehand that important business would be transacted today and that everyone should make a special effort to be present, I felt that was the least I could do. A vague female voice took polite cognisance of my existence and hung up. Nothing further happened. I stayed by the telephone. Lunch-time came and went. Looking at the printed programme of the Festival, I saw that there was to be a "round table" at three

o'clock, at which the public could meet the writers who had been invited to participate in the Festival. The subject to be aired was LITERATURE AND THE PRESS. Thinking that this might prove a chance to make my presence known, I decided to turn up. I have turned up.

THE PUBLIC are beginning to assemble. They drift in, well-dressed and rather leisurely people, the kind who might be expected to go to a discussion on literature and the press at three o'clock in the afternoon. They seem to come from all generations and both sexes. A murmur of gentle, post-prandial conversation fills the airy hall. Obviously no one believes, or has ever believed, the advertised starting-time of three o'clock. None of the participants has appeared; the platform is empty except for the impeccable young man with his cables.

I sit in the front row, not caring to take a place on the platform until I am officially present. I feel vaguely uncomfortable. The lack of *liaison* between myself and the headquarters of the Festival, the vagueness in that charming female voice, have made me feel like a non-person. Also, I am still depressed by my walk round the exhibition. The stands mounted by French publishers are brilliant, resplendent. There are good showings by Swiss, by German, by Belgian, by American publishers. At the far end, forlornly, is the *Stand Collectif Britannique*. It is like a not-very-good bookstall at an English country railway station. Knowing, as I do, the range and energy of British publishing, I can only pinch myself in front of this stand, to see if I am awake. It has about as many books as could be got into a decent-sized steamer trunk. Most of them, at first sight, seem to be of military interest. The first book that catches one's eye, because it is in the middle and has the largest lettering on the jacket, is entitled *British Bombers*. Not, one would have thought, the best title to proffer to a French public, many of whom have memories of the regrettable necessity which forced the R.A.F. to bomb their cities. There is also *Jane's Fighting Ships*. And a few dusty looking paperbacks of current, or not quite current, best-sellers.

Nearby, the British Council has done its best to save the situation by mounting an exhibition of its own. Much better. The Council, at least, gives the impression of having heard of the Festival, whereas the publishers give the impression of having left for the weekend immediately on receiving their invitation to exhibit, and having had a parcel of books hurriedly made up by a junior office-girl, or perhaps the caretaker. Already conscious of being the only English writer present—and was that, perhaps, a mistake on my part? did I really get invited *at all*?—I feel depressed and insecure as I sit, hot and

steaming, among the relaxed, well-heeled audience in their cool up-to-date clothes.

THREE O'CLOCK has long since gone. A quarter past three is receding. Half-past three is approaching. Suddenly there is a stir of activity. Several people enter and go directly on to the platform. The audience begins to pay attention. Timidly, I mount the platform and introduce myself to the person who happens to be nearest. He turns out to be Ernst Erich Noth, the German writer now living in Paris, whose *Mémoires d'un Allemand* I have just been reading. The genial Herr Noth transmits the introduction to Paul Mousset, who, as President of the International Committee, is just about to settle down into the chair. There is a slight flurry of consternation. Apparently they have been told, authoritatively, that I am not here; even, that I am not coming at all. (Who told them this? It is all beyond me.) They have just come from an important lunch that I was supposed to attend, at which decisions were taken, especially with regard to the awarding of a large prize, *Le Grand Aigle d'Or International*. I can only repeat that I have been sitting by the telephone in the hotel, awaiting instructions. Well, I am here now. A rapid flurry of apologies and explanations on either side, a rustling of papers, and we are sitting down, each in front of his little microphone, ready to enlighten the afternoon public on LITERATURE AND THE PRESS.

At first, I do not say anything, preferring to let the discussion unroll. It unrolls. Most of the speakers are French, with the French amplitude of vocabulary and taste for extended comparisons. The non-French participants are noticeably more laconic. Ernst Erich Noth reads out a typewritten statement, drawing on his long experience of journalism as a *second métier*. Luigi Barzini, imperturbable and saturnine behind a large briar pipe, makes a couple of decisive interventions. When politely accused by the elegant Mme Alba de Cespedes of treating the subject of journalism with *un certain cynisme*, he replies firmly that he is the son of the most important Italian journalist of that time, and that he is also the President of the Union of Italian journalists: would he be likely to feel "cynical" about the press? Armand Lanoux, of the Académie Goncourt, describes for us the wonderful world of instant creativity that is about to be opened to mankind by the video-cassette. This, which in a few months will become commercially viable, will enable any amateur to make a fifty-minute television film, anywhere and at any time. Without needing any skill with pen, brush or chisel, John Citizen (Jean Citoyen?) will be able to transmit to others his emotions and his way of perceiving the world. M. Lanoux predicts a delicate balance

between the world of literacy and "*le monde annoncé par Marshall McLuhan*." Hah! Only twenty minutes into the discussion and already McLuhan's name has come up! It goes down again, however; the other speakers do not take up the proffered thread. The Anglo-Saxons, in particular (for so, obviously, we are thought of—in the presence of French people the Atlantic always shrinks to the dimensions of a hoof-mark filled with water), lead the discussion back to the problems and opportunities of the practitioner. William L. Shirer, whose books on recent French and German history are being widely read in France as well as everywhere else, reminisces about Hemingway, whom he knew well in those far-off Paris days. Trained as a newspaper man, Hemingway brought the virtues of good reporting into imaginative literature. I feel grateful to Mr. Shirer; not only for being a sensible and likeable man, but because his French accent makes mine seem good.

ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER now speaks. I have been eyeing him covertly, feasting my eyes on his venerable egg-bald head, his ascetic profile, and those strikingly light blue eyes, unspectacled, that seem to take in everything in a series of rapid, bird-like glances. He is one of the few modern writers I unreservedly admire as a classic. He speaks in English, and when he has finished, Barzini translates.

"I have been both an author and a journalist for forty years," Singer tells us in a clear, steady voice that would probably reach the back rows without a microphone. "And whenever I wrote an article I always knew that however clever and effective it might be, it would be thrown away as waste paper the following morning." He pauses, and looks at us, gently but reprov-ingly. "In recent years we have a new phenomenon: the book that is also designed to be thrown away. If not the next day, then the next month or the next year. As literature involves itself more and more with social questions, this tendency will increase."

He sits down. It is a fitting statement to come from a man whose artistic life is devoted to illustrating once again the great principle that art reaches the universal *via* the particular. Singer's novels and stories deal with a world that has passed away as totally as the world of Tolstoy. Yet, by the accuracy of his eye and the truth of his feeling, he makes us experience the life that was lived in that world and realise that it is the same as our life. In a world where most writers feel that their imaginative work must concern itself with the events that make the front pages in the newspapers, and where literary reputations are made or unmade by journalists who, with the best will in the world, cannot help judging a book by its news-value

because they have no other way of judging it, a man like Singer is a rock amid the surf.

OUR FIRST PUBLIC SESSION is nearly over. To wind it up, Paul Mousset calls on the chief figure-head of the Festival, President of its *Comité d'Honneur*, M. André Chamson of the Académie Française. M. Chamson makes one of those elegant, satisfying speeches which French Academicians seem able to produce effortlessly. (I imagine that all little boys who are one day destined to be Academicians make this kind of speech in the cradle.) He finishes with one of those large feathery metaphors which circle round in the sky like some great eagle coming to rest in its eyrie, slowly descending with a beating of pinions and settling down over the subject, hiding it from view in a final, majestic, aesthetically pleasing way. The writer and the journalist, he declares, are like two apparently dissimilar colours produced by hanging a prism in a shaft of sunlight. The prism breaks up the light, and projects on to the wall an entire spectrum. The colours at either end of the spectrum may seem very different—but it is all the same light! After this, there seems nothing to do but file out, as quietly as possible.

AFTER THE IRRITATION of my initial contact, non-contact, with the secretariat, I begin to find the atmosphere of the Festival very agreeable. I have no doubt that this is due in large measure to the personality of Paul Mousset, who seems to have done most of the work of hammering the Festival into whatever final shape it has. He is a man who impresses one immediately with sincerity and warmth: a big man, full of physical energy but probably now, at sixty, slowing down a little. Many years of journalism have shown him all sides of life and stripped him of any illusions, especially since most of his working life has been in the Far East, where human nature tends to reveal itself very directly. But this weight of experience has done nothing to make him cynical or to diminish his interest in human beings. I even get the impression that there is still, somewhere inside him, a streak of the idealistic. Such men are immensely valuable.

He also knows how to order a meal. I am now quite sure that to accept the invitation to the Festival was *not* a mistake.

BESIDE THE HOTEL there is a small public garden. One morning, I go to this garden with Isaac Bashevis Singer. We sit on metal chairs under the trees and have a long, unhurried, uninterrupted conversation.

As we talk, I realise that I should have missed



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something very precious if I had not come to Nice. In the mild air, our thoughts unfold. His manner is courteous, a trifle old-fashioned as if he had formed his code of politeness in an older and more stately world and never seen any reason to change it; gentle; always alert and watchful. He asks me questions about my work and about the quotidian details of my professional life: whether I work at home, whether it is easy or hard to make a living, do I rely much on ancillary work such as journalism. It is obvious that my background is opaque to him, as much as the Polish Pale of his formative days is unguessable to me. But, just as obviously, we understand immediately each other's point of view. The conversation covers enormous ground because nothing need be said more than once. At the end of two hours, we are talked out, and go back to the hotel.

In happier times, I suppose, this kind of meeting was not rare; it may even have been the regular, expected solace of an artist's life. When cities were more pleasant places to live in, when one could breathe the air without choking and walk the pavements without climbing over parked cars—in those days, it might have been nothing unusual for two writers of different generations to sit at ease in the shade and compare their experiences. But since our cities fell prostrate before the motor-car, and the cheap-rent districts were swallowed up by property developers, and the pace of life increased to the point where nobody had time to talk about anything except money, all that is over. Creative people have either fled from the cities, or stayed on as bureaucrats.

To sit calmly talking for these two hours, Isaac Singer and I have to come to this Festival, or to another one like it. We have to travel, in any event, a total of about seven thousand miles between us.

I SHALL BE TOLD, of course, that in the era of the supersonic jet there is no need to be mesmerised by these figures; that to move about the world is nowadays the natural activity of men, and no more than it used to be to visit someone living in the same city. Where once I might walk down a street to meet an elder writer whom I respect, now we go to Nice, and our fares are paid.

Perhaps. But travel will have to become a lot easier yet, before the new methods of contact become as natural as the old. He did not tell me this himself, because it is not the kind of thing he wastes time talking about, but I happen to know that when Isaac Singer arrived in Nice from New York, he was told by the hotel that his room was not ready and that he would have to wait downstairs. So, patiently, he sat in the lobby, unwashed, unfed, unrested, for two

hours. This was not at some ungodly hour like 3 a.m., but in the daytime. Such experiences, which in modern long-distance travel are the rule rather than the exception, do not induce that harmony of mind necessary for a useful exchange between imaginative people.

WE ARE TO ANNOUNCE our choice of an author to receive the prize, *L'Aigle d'Or International*. (It carries a substantial cash award.) The decision has been arrived at: the prize is to go to the Portuguese writer Ferreira de Castro. I agree with this choice. I have been reading some of his books, treating solidly and with compassion the life of the aborigine in the interior of Brazil and his meeting with that of the white man. One of them, translated by Blaise Cendrars in 1938 as *La Forêt Vierge*, has long been a famous book in France. Another, *Mourir Peut-Etre*, has just appeared.

Senhor de Castro is seventy-two. His political and social views do not coincide with those of the Salazar government. The resulting coldness between himself and his country's officialdom means that he would have no chance of receiving, say, the Nobel Prize, though he is of quite sufficient stature to be considered for it, because this prize is nowadays awarded only to candidates who have the blessing of their own government. (Which means, among other things, that Boris Pasternak, under present-day conditions, would not be in the running.) I am all the more glad to be associated with this gesture of recognition.

Later, it turns out that Senhor de Castro, who is at present in Paris but planning to come to Nice to receive his award, has been pestered by telephone calls in the middle of the night. The callers, several of them, have warned him not to take part in any ceremony at which Portuguese government officials will be present. The point is, apparently, that if Senhor de Castro were to put on his best suit and go up on to the platform to receive his prize and have his hand shaken by Paul Mousset, and if the Portuguese Minister for Culture or whatever-it-is were to be present on the same platform, this would outrage the democratic sympathies of the people making the telephone calls.

That an independent-minded writer, who has chosen to endure years of unpopularity with an authoritarian government, with all its consequences in personal trouble and cost, should be subjected to this kind of impertinence, is entirely characteristic of our time.

THAT WEEKEND, in Paris, I look through the newspapers to see what coverage, if any, they have given the Festival. Literature and the Press. They don't seem, on the whole, to

have thought it of much importance. *Le Figaro Littéraire*, for example, gives it one of those irritating pieces, more and more the rule in trendy modern journalism, which go on too long and at the same time manage to leave out everything of serious interest. It is on the level of social chit-chat; some tomfool party on a boat gets fully reported, while the name of Ferreira de Castro does not appear; Dr. Christiaan Barnard, who didn't even turn up, is duly talked about, but Isaac Bashevis Singer, who turned up and spoke words of wisdom, is not.

The situation, in fact, amounts to a mildly interesting paradox. These festivals, book fairs, and international get-togethers generally are intended largely as publicity exercises; but as the publicity they attract gets more and more zany,

and concentrates more and more on the kind of material that could be gathered at a conference of hairdressers, the whole official, public side of such events goes sliding into insignificance, and their true value comes to reside in incidentals; the unplanned contact with a new person, the conversation that starts up late at night in a corner of the hotel lounge, the chance remark that brings a new perspective.

And meanwhile, since a book-show on this large scale does at least add up to a concerted testimony that we are not yet in *le monde annoncé par Marshall McLuhan*, one hopes that British publishers will in future years be able to stretch their imaginations a little way beyond *British Bombers* and *Jane's Fighting Ships*.

International Commentary

The World Monetary Crisis

Gold, Dollars & the "Crawling Peg" — By HARRY C. JOHNSON

AMONG THE ACADEMIC EXPERTS who specialise in the study of the international monetary system, it has been known for over a decade that that system was approaching a

WHO UNDERSTANDS the problems of the gold standard and the crises of international liquidity? In a recent lecture, Sir Peter Medawar, the distinguished scientist and Nobel Prize-winner, remarked: "No one can 'understand' a radio-set or automobile in the sense of having an effective grasp of more than a fraction of the hundred technologies that enter into their manufacture..." Is the effective grasp of international finance, with its attendant complications in economics and arithmetic, any more widespread? We have asked Professor Harry Johnson, one of the world's most respected authorities, to explain the "liquidity crisis" to the intellectual community which may (under Lord Snow's admonitions) have caught up with the various laws of thermodynamics but still appears to be short of an effective grasp of the mathematics of money.

Harry Johnson is a professor at the University of Chicago and at the London School of Economics. Last year he was in Australia where he was Visiting Professor at Monash University and lectured on the subject of this article. His previous articles—on "A Catarrh of Economists" and "Keynesian Legends"—appeared in ENCOUNTER for May 1968 and January 1970.

liquidity crisis, that it could not long survive in its existing form. The officials concerned with the actual operation of the system came tardily to accept the judgment, and to work out plans for the necessary reform of the system. But their progress was too slow to keep pace with the economic dynamics of international monetary crisis. Almost immediately after agreement had been reached on a plan for the reform of the system—in August-September 1967—the expected crisis broke. Triggered by Britain's devaluation of sterling in November 1967, successive waves of speculation on a devaluation of the dollar in terms of gold led to massive outflows of gold from official reserves into private hands. The result was that in March 1968 the world's monetary authorities decided to sever the link between the official and the private gold markets. That decision put an end to the international monetary system of the post-World War II period—the gold exchange standard based on the dollar as reserve currency—while leaving open the question of the direction in which the system would evolve. That question involves the roles to be played in future by gold, dollars, and the newly invented international reserve asset called "Special Drawing Rights." Subsequently, a chain of developments—associated basically with the undervaluation of the German mark, but sparked by the "events" of May 1968 in France and leading through the "Bonn crisis" of November 1968 (in which the Germans refused to appreciate and the French to devalue)

to the speculation on an appreciation of the mark in May and to the actual devaluation of the franc in August and revaluation of the mark in September-October, 1969—have called expert attention to another major problem of the post-war international monetary system: the absence of sufficient flexibility of exchange rates.

My purpose in this article is to explain what has gone wrong with the international monetary system, in terms of general theoretical principles, and to discuss the alternative solutions that have been proposed for its problems. As a preliminary, I shall comment briefly on the nature of the present international monetary system, and the requirements that it must meet if its functioning is to promote rather than frustrate the achievement of desirable objectives in the world economy.

THE PRESENT international monetary system is a system of fixed rates of exchange among national currencies. Such a system, ideally at least, provides for the world economy the same advantages as the establishment of a single national currency provides for the individual national economy—very broadly, the facilitation of transactions across local or regional boundaries. For this reason, the fixed exchange rate is generally regarded as conducive to the maintenance of a liberal international economic order and the promotion of world economic welfare and economic growth. But it can only serve these objectives if the maintenance of fixed exchange rates is possible, consistent with the maintenance of liberal national economic policies on international trade and payments. If, instead, fixed rates can be maintained only by widespread interventions in international transactions, the appearance of world economic integration is bought at the expense of the reality. Thus, to serve its intended functions a fixed rate system must meet further requirements which will permit the preservation of liberal international economic policies. Specifically, a fixed rate system must (1) provide adequate international liquidity, (2) include an effective mechanism of international adjustment, and (3) command confidence in the stability of the international values of the major currencies.

A nation which adheres to the fixed exchange rate system obliges itself to stabilise the value of its currency in the foreign exchange market by offsetting private excess supplies of (or demand for) its currency in the market by purchases or sales of its currency. For this to be possible, there

must exist some kind of international money that it can use to purchase excess supplies of its own currency from foreigners, and that it will accept in exchange for sales of its currency to foreigners. Each nation will wish to carry a normal stock of this international money in its international monetary reserves, against the risk of fluctuations in its balance of payments. Moreover, this desired stock of international reserves will grow over time as the national economy and its international transactions grow. The international monetary system must provide a global level of internationally acceptable and usable money, and/or credit convertible into money—"international liquidity"—to satisfy the demands of the nations in the system at any time, and a rate of growth of international liquidity over time sufficient to meet the growth of demand resulting from world economic expansion. If it fails to do so, there will be deflationary pressures on world prices and money incomes, as nations compete for the scarce global stock of reserves and the increments to it. In the contemporary world, nations will seek to avoid deflationary pressures by resorting to interventions in international trade and payments to avert losses of international reserves.

No finite amount of international reserves in a country's possession, however, will enable a country indefinitely to spend internationally more than it takes in, *i.e.*, to run a continuing balance-of-payments deficit. Nor will any finite stock of reserves held by other countries permit one country to run an indefinitely sustained balance-of-payments surplus. Consequently, if countries are not to be driven into attempting to remedy balance-of-payments disequilibria by interventions in international trade and payments, there must exist some mechanism for adjusting such disequilibria, that is, for restoring payments balance for the initially deficit and surplus countries. This involves both the adjustment of a country's aggregate demand for real resources to its productive capacity, and the adjustment of its domestic price level relative to the world price level so that its purchases from abroad are balanced by its sales abroad.

Within certain limits, liquidity and adjustment are clearly substitutable requirements of a well-functioning international monetary system. More liquidity is a substitute for more effective and speedy adjustment; and more rapid growth of liquidity is a substitute for more rapid improvement of the efficiency of the adjustment mechanism.¹

¹ This consideration has to be qualified, however, by recognition that it relates to liquidity in real terms, and that more liquidity in nominal terms may be dissipated by world price inflation.

THE THIRD REQUIREMENT—confidence in the stability of the international values of the major currencies—clearly is something that cannot be fully controlled by international monetary

arrangements, since confidence may be strongly affected by national political developments. However, this requirement would be largely fulfilled, or at least failures of confidence could be readily contained, if the system provided an adequate combination of liquidity provision and adjustment mechanism. Conversely, inadequacies of the system with respect to liquidity and adjustment are certain to provoke crises of confidence in individual currencies.

These are the three requirements of a well-functioning international monetary system of the fixed-exchange rate type. As I have already mentioned, the post-War system has been progressively failing to meet them. It has increasingly manifested problems under all three heads. The technical literature has pretty well agreed on a classification of the problems of the system as "the liquidity problem," "the adjustment problem," and "the confidence problem."

THAT THE SYSTEM has come to manifest these problems increasingly in the past decade is a paradox of modern economic history, and an ironic reflection on man's ambitions for economic and social engineering through planned institutional reform. For these very problems were responsible for the collapse of the inter-war gold exchange standard, reconstructed after World War I in imitation of the 19th-century gold standard. It was the deliberate intention of the designers of the International Monetary Fund, the centre-piece of the post-World War II international monetary system, to establish a system that would be proof against the fatal flaws of the inter-war system.

The international monetary collapse of the inter-war system in the 1930s involved a liquidity problem: a growing shortage of gold (the basic reserve of the system) and the use of the pound sterling (a chronically weak currency) as a substitute for gold. There was an unsolved adjustment problem, resulting from the overvaluation of the pound sterling and the undervaluation of the French franc at the parities adopted for these currencies, and the inability of Britain in particular to adjust by the classical method of deflation. And there was a confidence problem manifested in the massive international flows of "hot money" that attacked one major currency after another.

Under the International Monetary Fund system, the liquidity problem was to be solved by supplementing national gold reserves by a pool of national currencies on which nations could draw for additional financing of deficits in exchange for their own currencies. (In addition, provision was made for a general increase in the monetary price of gold, if this was agreed to be desirable.) The adjustment problem was to be eased by permitting nations in "fundamental

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disequilibrium" to alter the international values of their currencies by international agreement. (A "scarce currency clause"—never in fact invoked—also permitted trade discrimination against chronic surplus countries.) Finally, the confidence problem was to be dealt with by allowing nations to impose controls on international short-term capital movements. (This provision has however been ineffective, because the significant disturbing short-term capital movements in recent years have taken the form of swings in normal commercial credits, not flights of idle balances.)

DESPITE THESE well-thought out provisions to avoid a recurrence of the problems of the inter-war period, the same problems have re-emerged, although in an environment of general prosperity rather than deep depression. The only major difference, which parallels the conjunctural change, has been that whereas in the 1930s the United States was regarded as a threat to the system as a result of its chronic surplus position, in the 1960s the United States has come to be regarded, at least in Europe, as a threat because of its chronic deficit position.

Why have the old problems re-emerged?

THE MAIN REASON is to be found in the inadequacy of the provision through the International Monetary Fund to supplement gold with international credit facilities, and especially to provide for growth of international liquidity at a rate adequate to meet the needs of the expanding world economy. International Monetary Fund drawing rights, as a form of international credit available only on conditions, are inferior in quality as international reserves to gold and to owned reserves in general. The initial quantity of them was fixed on a very cautious scale; and the real value of both gold reserves and initial drawing rights was more than halved by the post-war inflation of world prices. Subsequent increases in International Monetary Fund quotas of drawing rights have failed to keep pace with the rapid post-war growth of international trade and payments.

Instead of being met by increases in international credit reserves provided through the International Monetary Fund, the needs of an expanding world economy for growing international reserves were met by a growth of holding of particular national currencies (the "reserve

currencies") as substitutes for and supplements to gold reserves. Initially, British methods of war finance provided a stock of reserve currency in the form of the sterling balances. This was a one-shot contribution to international liquidity—since the problems of the British economy inhibited accumulation of further sterling balances (and, in fact, after the 1967 devaluation these balances started to be run down at a rate serious enough to require special international arrangements to consolidate the position). Far more important was the rapid growth in holdings of U.S. dollars by foreign central banks. During the 1950s this was a natural concomitant of the emergence of the United States as the dominant Western power in international economic and political relations. The emergence of the dollar as an international reserve currency, increasingly important in relation to gold, meant the re-establishment of the gold exchange standard that had developed in the 1920s and foundered in the 1930s. It was, consequently, not surprising that the same problems reappeared.

There was, however, one fundamental difference that accounts for the failure of the gloomier predictions of another international monetary collapse to come true. It has also created options for the contemporary world that did not exist in the inter-war period. The shift from the pound to the dollar as the reserve currency meant a shift from a declining to a dominating power, both industrially and in terms of importance in international economic and political affairs.

CONSIDER FIRST the problem of confidence. Any system of fixed exchange rates is vulnerable to crises of confidence in a particular currency, if there exists any possibility that the exchange rate of that currency may be changed.² It is important here to distinguish between crises of private confidence, and crises of Central Bank confidence. Private speculation can produce a massive outflow of funds from a country. But the resulting reserve loss and need for crisis action can be avoided if foreign Central Banks are willing to "re-cycle" the funds they receive into credits to the country in difficulty. This they were not willing to do in the 1930s. But in the course of the past decade Central Bank cooperation has developed to the point where the confidence problem (in so far as particular national currencies other than the reserve currency country are concerned) can probably be regarded as being under fairly secure control. Special problems arise under a gold exchange standard, however, with respect to confidence in the reserve currency country.

In the first place, if private individuals can obtain gold directly or indirectly from the inter-

² In this connection, the International Monetary Fund provision for changes in exchange rates in cases of "fundamental disequilibrium" has greatly aggravated the confidence problem that it was intended to help to control!

national monetary authorities at the fixed official price, any loss of confidence on their part in the ability of the reserve currency country to maintain its exchange rate will lead to speculation on a rise in the price of gold. This speculation will tend to drain gold from international monetary reserves, and this in turn may further disturb both private and official confidence in the reserve currency. Under the "gold pool" arrangements (adopted after the gold flurry of autumn 1960), private speculators could buy official gold indirectly through the private gold markets; and it was the drain of official gold into private speculators' hands that precipitated the gold crisis of March 1968 and the termination of the "gold pool." Secondly, while the Central Banks of the non-reserve-currency countries may be willing enough (especially under pressure from the reserve currency countries) to cooperate in "bailing out" one of their number hit by a speculative private capital outflow, cooperation in the case of a run on the reserve currency itself is likely to be strained (a) by jealousy of the world influence apparently conferred on a country by the reserve currency role, and (b) by resentment of the apparent ability of the reserve currency country to continue to run deficits with impunity. These strains are exacerbated by the recognition—which distinguishes the contemporary situation from the 1930s—that the rest cannot in the last resort afford a collapse of the reserve currency. All they can do is to make life difficult for the reserve currency country.

The special problems of confidence with respect to the reserve currency derive their thrust from the fact that, by virtue of its own inherent dynamics, the gold exchange standard must inevitably approach a liquidity crisis. For this there are two reasons, analytically independent but in practice intertwined—the dynamics of gold supply and demand, and the dynamics of the reserve currency role.

AS REGARDS GOLD, the gold exchange standard is a means of economising on gold and permitting total international reserves (and the international transactions they support) to grow faster than the total gold stock. The increasing use of dollars as reserves in the recent post-war period has permitted an unprecedented period of world economic growth and trade liberalisation, buoyed up by a mild inflationary trend of world prices. But general world growth implies growing private demands for gold for industrial, artistic, and "traditional hoarding" purposes—while inflation makes gold both cheaper to use and less profitable to produce. Hence the non-monetary demand will creep up on the new production, and the process in its later stages will be accelerated by speculation that the mon-

tary authorities will react by raising the price of gold. The trend and the speculation will cause a reversal in the position of the monetary authorities in relation to gold. From being net buyers they will become net sellers, a position actually reached in 1965. They then face a dilemma—either to sell while their stocks last, which means deliberately abandoning gold as the ultimate reserve of the system (and necessitating the development of a credit substitute), or to restore the *status quo ante* by raising the price of gold sufficiently to generate a continuing net inflow of gold into official monetary reserves. When the crunch came in March 1968, the United States induced the other major countries to adopt a compromise solution—neither to sell nor to buy gold in the private market—that left the future resolution of the role of gold open and in doubt.

AS REGARDS THE ROLE of the reserve currency, it is an arithmetical truism that if international reserves are to grow faster than gold reserves, holdings of the reserve currency must grow faster than total reserves and *pro tanto* than gold reserves. Further, unless the non-reserve-currency countries are prepared actually to *reduce* their gold holdings over time, the gold reserves of the reserve-currency country must fall relative to its liabilities (with the liabilities ultimately and progressively exceeding the gold reserves backing them). This deterioration of the international liquidity position of the reserve-currency countries will increasingly raise questions of confidence in its ability to maintain its exchange rate, and induce increasing reluctance on the part of the non-reserve-currency countries to accumulate further holdings of the reserve currency. Again the system arrives at a dilemma. Actually it is a trilemma, of which two alternatives are versions of one horn of the gold dilemma; resort to international credit money instead of a rise in the price of gold. The alternatives in this case are (1) to raise the price of gold sufficiently for new monetary gold to supply the need for expanding international liquidity; (2) to accept the reserve currency as the international monetary standard in place of gold, deliberately easing gold out of the system; and (3) to devise a new international credit money to substitute for, supplement, and gradually replace both gold and the reserve currency.

The choice, in short, is between Gold, Dollars, and a new International Credit Money as the basis of the system.

AMERICAN POLICY has been adamantly opposed to any suggestion that the price of gold should be raised. The Europeans have been

increasingly restive under the obligations to accept and hold U.S. dollars, especially since the Viet Nam war induced inflation in the United States (beginning in 1965). The third alternative, creation of a new genuinely international reserve asset, was agreed on as "necessary" as long ago as 1963. But negotiations were long protracted by disagreement between the Americans and the Europeans over whether the new asset should be created immediately, or only after the United States deficit had been eliminated. On the theory I have just outlined, the continuation of the U.S. deficit was the necessary counterpart of the growth of demand for international reserves in the face of inadequate additions to monetary gold stocks. It could not be eliminated without the creation of an alternative asset to dollars as a substitute for gold. Consequently the Europeans' insistence on ending the deficit before creating the new asset was self-contradictory. Be that as it may, agreement on creation of a new asset was not reached until 1967—by which point it was too late for the new asset to be introduced in an orderly fashion without a crisis-induced change in the system.

The "Special Drawing Rights" plan is extremely complicated in detail, reflecting the tortuous process of negotiation that led up to it. But in principle it is fairly simple. Essentially, the nations will create and distribute among themselves *I.O.U.'s* which they are pledged to accept from each other in settlement of balance-of-payments deficits, subject to a "reconstitution" or repayment provision. In principle the plan is an enormous step forward in rationality. It is based on the recognition that at the international monetary level what matters is the acceptability of the asset as international money, and that international money does not require sound commercial assets behind it as do the deposits of an ordinary commercial bank. But as a solution to the international liquidity problem, the "S.D.R." plan raises some difficult problems.

First, when the scheme was initially agreed many experts feared that "S.D.R." would not be created in sufficient quantity to be of real help. That fear has been largely allayed by the fact that the subsequently agreed initial scale of creation of "S.D.R." will be rather generous.

Second, the "S.D.R." have been designed with the intention of their being *as good as gold* but *not* as attractive as dollars. This raises the so-called "problem of co-existence," that is, of the continued survival of all three reserve assets as desirable forms of international reserves.

Third, "S.D.R." carry a gold guarantee, which keeps open the possibility of a rise in the price of gold and raises the question of whether "S.D.R." will not become frozen into countries' reserve holdings because countries other

than the United States will prefer to finance deficits with dollars (or possibly even gold).

Because of these prospective problems, most academic experts regard the "S.D.R." plan as inadequate to the solution of the international liquidity problem. As the next step, they recommend various other plans—the common feature of which is to consolidate the three international reserve assets into a single International Credit Money, the quantity of which would be internationally controlled. The logical end of this line of reasoning would be the equivalent of the establishment of a World Central Bank, a central bank of central banks, which would provide for the growth of the international money supply in the same way as a national central bank provides for the growth of the national money supply.

THE PROBLEM with this solution is that it goes very far beyond the degree of international collaboration that national monetary authorities have so far been able to achieve in the operation of the international monetary system. The issues that would have to be resolved—especially the balancing of the objectives of high employment and price stability against each other—are precisely those on which nations have been most divided in the recent past. There is the further problem that the International Monetary Fund has been tarred with the brush of undue subservience to United States objectives, and that a nominally international monetary authority with greater powers would be subject to similar suspicion.

This implies that the other two alternatives—a rise in the monetary price of gold, and the adoption of the U.S. dollar standard—cannot as yet be ruled beyond the bounds of possibility.

As regards a rise in the price of gold, the strongest arguments for it concern (on the one hand) the advantages of the "anonymity" of gold and the freedom of action that an adequate gold reserve gives to its possessor, and (on the other hand) the strains that have arisen in international economic relations under the pressure to cooperate to preserve the system in recent years. In particular, the use of a *national* currency as an *international* reserve gives the reserve currency country considerable powers of blackmail over the holders of that currency, while an international credit money raises the problem for the small countries of domination of the system by the large countries and by the struggle for power among them. Further, it should be remarked that the economic arguments against raising the price of gold turn out on inspection to be rather weak. The associated "gift" to Russia would be a trivial side-effect, while it is debatable whether the parallel "gift"

to South Africa would benefit more the white or the black South Africans; the alleged inflationary effects could be contained by appropriate sterilisation policies; and the opposition of the U.S. Congress to an increase in the dollar price of gold could probably be out-manoeuvred by an adroit President.

The other alternative is explicit adoption of the U.S. dollar as the international monetary standard. While this would be anathema, at least intellectually or ideologically, in many parts of the world, the severance of the official from the private gold markets in March 1968 has in fact put the Western world on a *de facto* U.S. dollar standard. Every month that passes—and especially every international monetary crisis that passes in which the private gold market does not play a significant part—helps to consolidate the *de facto* position. Moreover (as C. P. Kindleberger in particular has been arguing recently), the dollar has the advantage over both gold and “S.D.R.” of being a real and privately convenient and familiar international money. Further, the “profit” allegedly gained by the United States from the international use of the dollar is largely illusory. It tends to be eroded by interest-rate competition among U.S. banks for foreign deposits, and also by the competition of Euro-dollars (dollar-denominated deposits in non-U.S.-resident banks) with dollars provided by the U.S. banking system. Finally, the March 1968 gold crisis has put the U.S.A. in the position of being able to assert the primacy of the dollar if it so desires, and to force the rest of the world to make the uncomfortable decision between pegging to the dollar and adopting a flexible exchange rate *vis-à-vis* the dollar. All the United States has to do is to declare the dollar inconvertible into gold at \$35.00 an ounce for official foreign holders of dollars, since it is already inconvertible at that price for private holders of dollars.

TO SUM UP THE ARGUMENT SO FAR, there are still three directions in which the international monetary system could possibly evolve: international credit money, the dollar standard, and a rise in the price of gold. Of the three, a rise in the price of gold seems at present the least likely, because since March 1968 the private market in gold has ceased to exercise a significant influence on the international monetary system, and “S.D.R.” will soon provide a slightly superior asset to gold for those countries that continue to hanker after gold. Whether “S.D.R.” and more elaborate forms of international credit money yet to be invented, will replace the dollar, or merely serve as a subsidiary asset for the nervous few, is the more interesting question about the near future of the international monetary system.

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MY ANALYSIS up to this point has been concerned with the liquidity problem of the fixed exchange rate system, and the alternative ways of solving it. There has, however, always been an academically influential school of thought in favour of the contrary system of flexible exchange rates. For the most part, this school has been dismissed as hopelessly impractical by financial and commercial men of affairs. It has, however, recently been gaining a hearing. This has come about as a consequence of the concern about the second major problem of the international monetary system—the adjustment problem.

Under a régime of rigidly fixed exchange rates (such as the theoretical gold standard), countries have no choice but to keep their levels of aggregate demand in line with their productive capacities and their price levels competitive with the world price level. As is well known, this implies deflation in deficit countries, and inflation in surplus countries. Countries are usually, however, averse to both marked deflation and marked inflation. As a result of both experience and theoretical developments since the 1930s they have learned how to control these problems and how to stave off the balance-of-payments consequences of avoiding the discipline of the fixed rate system, at least for significant periods of time. Consequently, the traditional mechanism of adjustment through “deficit country deflation” and “surplus country inflation” has become seriously impaired. It has become “a mechanism of reluctant adjustment.”

The International Monetary Fund system was intended to provide an escape from such conflicts between internal and external stability. It was to give primacy to internal stability, by allowing agreed exchange rate changes in cases of “fundamental disequilibrium.” But, for reasons which have their roots in the circumstances of the 1949 devaluations, countries have become extremely reluctant to resort to this solution—largely for political reasons. The exchange value of the currency has become a political symbol. Devaluation is a stigma of national disgrace and defeat, and revaluation is a symbol of surrender to pressure from other countries. In the case of the dollar (and, for a period, for sterling), the assumed obligations to foreign holders of the reserve currency—and the possibility of widespread foreign retaliation against devaluation—provided extra arguments against devaluation. The key position of the dollar in the system has meant that the dollar cannot be devalued. Other currencies must do the adjusting in relation to the dollar, a necessity which is more acceptable to the Americans than to others. The disturbance caused by political reluctance to change exchange rates has become

obvious in recent years with the long delay in the devaluation of sterling, the delay in the French devaluation made inevitable by the events of May 1968, and the persistent refusal of the Germans to appreciate the D-mark despite its evident undervaluation (dramatised by the abortive Bonn crisis of November 1968), until events forced their hand in the autumn of 1969. In consequence, the experts have become interested in the possibility of modifying the political element in exchange rate change by introducing more automaticity of exchange rate adjustment in the fixed rate system.

BEFORE DISCUSSING these proposals, I think it appropriate to comment on the methods to which countries have resorted in the attempt to achieve balance-of-payments adjustment, as a result of their reluctance to use either the classical deflation-inflation mechanism or the International Monetary Fund exchange-rate change mechanism. These methods include the subsidisation of exports through tax reliefs and the restriction of imports through various subtle means; measures to restrict private foreign investment by residents and encourage inward investment by foreigners; the tying of foreign aid and discrimination in favour of domestic suppliers in government procurement; and special inter-governmental financial transactions designed to provide statistical camouflage for basic deficits and surpluses. Some of these measures are more accurately describable as “financing” measures rather than “adjustment” measures—since they do little or nothing to change the real situation of the economy. Others can only be regarded as adjustment policies in the context of a naïve partial-equilibrium approach (or even merely arithmetical approach) to the problem of balance-of-payments adjustment.

Consider, for example, export subsidies. On the face of the matter they should help to improve the balance of payments. But if nothing is done to restrain aggregate demand, resources drawn into export production are likely to be replaced directly or indirectly by additional imports, and the overall effect on the balance of payments becomes negligible, the subsidies being vitiated by a general rise in domestic factor prices. Other apparently effective methods are likely, in the same way, simply to shift the manifestation of the underlying deficit from one item to another in the balance-of-payments accounts.

The fundamental objection to these methods of so-called balance-of-payments adjustment is that they ignore what may be termed the monetary implications of balance-of-payments disequilibrium. This is why—to the continued surprise of their proponents—these methods are rarely, if ever, successful in achieving balance-

of-payments adjustment. Balance-of-payments disequilibrium has two monetary aspects, according to whether one is considering the position of a relatively small country in the system, or the system as a whole.

From the viewpoint of an individual country, a deficit (on a monetary interpretation) represents an attempt by residents to dispose of unwanted domestic money by spending it. To cure the deficit it is necessary to restrict the domestic money supply to the point where residents are attempting to acquire additional money by increasing export sales or reducing import purchases. Failure to appreciate this point is probably an important factor in the explanation of the long-delayed impact of Britain's sterling devaluation in 1967. Under pressure from the International Monetary Fund, the British are now adopting a "monetarist" approach to balance-of-payments policy.

From the viewpoint of the system as a whole, the analysis of the liquidity problem which I have presented suggests that, so long as there is no international source—be it gold production or an international credit institution—which provides regularly increasing international liquidity in accordance with the requirements of world economic growth, some country (or countries) will have to run deficits to accommodate the liquidity demands of the others. Specifically, the system itself has demanded a United States deficit over the past decade to provide the rest of the world with reserves. Viewed in this context, U.S. balance-of-payments policies have been a fruitless endeavour, and moreover one with deleterious effects on the integration and efficient growth of the world economy. The choice is either to accept the deficits and the dollar standard, or to provide additional reserves through a different tap—the gold price, or international credit money.

THESE POINTS have an important bearing on the proposals recently advanced for attaining more automatic flexibility of exchange rates. First, for the individual country more flexibility would only provide more elbow-room. Short of a move to a fully floating exchange rate, a country would still be obliged to be disciplined in its domestic policy by the requirements of adherence to the system. Second, for the system as a whole, the usefulness of additional flexibility is conditional on the solution of the liquidity problem. Otherwise, exchange rates are likely to be rapidly pushed to and thereafter kept at the limits of whatever additional flexibility is allowed.

TURNING TO THE SPECIFIC proposals, there are two chief contenders: the "Wider

Band" proposal and the "Crawling Peg" proposal. At present, while currencies have par values fixed in terms of gold, market exchange rates can move within a narrow band (one per cent maximum, in practice less) on each side of the parity. Within this band, rates are freely flexible. The band proposal is to widen the band to say, five per cent (most advocates actually favour a smaller percentage) on each side of the currency's value in dollars, thus permitting a maximum of automatic appreciation or depreciation *vis-à-vis* the dollar of ten per cent and *vis-à-vis* other currencies of twenty per cent. Under the "Crawling Peg" proposal, the band might or might not be widened. The essential change would be to allow the parity itself to be adjusted gradually over time, in response to experience of the relation of the parity to the actual or market rate. This could be accomplished either by giving countries the right to change their par values by discretion, subject to a maximum percentage change per year, or by fixing the par value each day or week as an average of the actual market rates prevailing over some past period, in which case the parity would automatically drift up or down in response to the currency's strength or weakness in the market.

These two proposals are aimed at rather different problems. The "Band" proposal is designed to give more flexibility in face of short-run disturbances such as speculative runs on a currency that may be expected to reverse themselves. The "Crawling Peg" proposal is designed to accommodate persistent—but not very large—discrepancies among national rates of price inflation produced by differences in national balancing of the employment and price stability objectives of economic policy. Since the working of the system has been characterised by both types of problem, a combination of wider band and crawling peg suggests itself as the optimum solution. Even so, as long as the amount of exchange rate change that could occur in a given period is constrained, the system would still be exposed to the risk of situations arising in which a country's par value will have to be changed by a substantial amount, with the associated problems of confidence and speculation.

While the experience of the past few years suggests the desirability of greater automaticity of exchange rate adjustment, there remains a question of whether such a change would be beneficial in the longer run. On the one hand, it can be argued that the successful devaluation of the franc in August 1969, and appreciation of the mark in September–October 1969, and in certain respects the devaluation of sterling in November 1967 show that the present International Monetary Fund system is less trouble-

somely rigid than it has appeared to be, and that the problem is one of political will and of sophistication rather than of institutional rigidity. On the other hand, it can be argued that the present system, with all its faults and shortcomings, is more conducive to the preservation and extension of an integrated world economy than would be a system that allowed more national autonomy with respect of exchange rates. It has been also argued by some that greater exchange rate flexibility would be self-defeating in the long run, because it would simply encourage the already spreading use of the dollar as the international unit of account and transactions currency.

These questions of theory apart, the recent decision of the Common Market countries to proceed with the creation of a common currency, and in the meantime to maintain the existing margins for variations of their exchange rates around their par values, may well suffice to

strangle the recent interest in greater exchange flexibility. For that interest has largely been aimed at encouraging differential adjustments of European exchange rates *vis-à-vis* the dollar; and until a European currency is actually established, it will be virtually impossible to devise a way of adjusting the exchange values of the European currencies equi-proportionally.

TO SUMMARISE, I have attempted to explain the major problems of the international monetary system—liquidity, adjustment, and confidence—and to discuss the alternatives that now confront the system. These are various paths forward out of the current crisis; which ones will be ultimately adopted remains to be determined. In this area, the tools of rational economic analysis can only illuminate the issues. Ultimately, politics has to resolve them.

Beware of the Proctors!

By Arnold Beichman

"...if experience has established any one thing in this world, it has established this: that it is well for any great class and description of men in society to be able to say for itself what it wants and not to have other classes, the so-called educated and intelligent classes, acting for it as proctors, and supposed to understand its wants and provide for them. A class may often itself not either fully understand its wants or adequately express them; but it has a nearer interest and a more sure diligence in the matter than any of its proctors and therefore a better chance of success."

MATTHEW ARNOLD, *"The Future of Liberalism"* in *Irish Essays and Others* (1882).

DURING THE RECENT U.S. postal strike, student radicals offered their enthusiastic support to the mailmen.

In the ideological eyes of the young American militants the mailmen's strike carried with it "revolutionary implications." President Nixon

had actually called out the troops to move the mail. The strike was an act of defiance against the sovereign power of the United States Government (a Federal law forbids government employees from striking). Yet when the student radicals approached the mailmen ready to help them, what happened? The *New York Times* (24 March 1970) reported:

At least half a dozen times yesterday afternoon a crowd of striking postal workers in front of the General Post Office was approached by young people who offered solidarity with the strikers in the name of the peace movement or student radical groups.

And in each instance the uninvited supporters were screamed at, taunted and sent packing by the strikers who made it clear that they saw no connection between their labour dispute for more pay and any other struggle.

At one point shortly after noon, as the strikers gathered on the steps of the mammoth centre at Eighth Avenue and 33rd Street, five young men and women approached them.

"We're from SDS," said a young man whose long hair was tied back with a string of beads. "We've come to help you."

The youths were immediately surrounded by perhaps 50 of the 500 men who had scattered themselves on the steps of the building. "We don't need your help," boomed a voice from the outer ranks. "We don't want it," echoed another....

The only eruption came late in the afternoon

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when a well-dressed man, who appeared to be in his 30's, approached a knot of strikers saying:

"I'm with you guys. You know if we weren't spending all that money in Vietnam we could all get good salaries."

The response was angry. "I got a boy in Vietnam," shouted one of the postal employees. "Look, Mister, butt out," yelled another.

The workers swarmed around the man. "Get the hell out of here," some shouted. It was the only time that the police had to intervene. A group of patrolmen moved through the crowd and escorted the lone and by now alienated supporter to safety.

This same hostility by workers towards radical student demonstrations since they began in America in 1968 was also visible during the later London School of Economics student rebellion and during *les événements du Mai* in Paris. Nor have workers or their trade unions supported student uprisings in Germany, Italy, or Japan.

As one who has closely followed the American campus scene, I can say that not a single student outburst in the last two years has found official trade union support. I know for a fact that at Columbia University in 1969 one of the AFL-CIO labour unions, which had every good reason to strike, postponed it because the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) had occupied two campus buildings. When I asked the union president why the scheduled strike had been called off, he replied: "We don't want to mix up our problems with their crazy behaviour. These kids are nuts and I'm not going to help them with the bodies of my members. . . ."

Another union leader with a Columbia branch had been so ignored by the university administration before April 1968 that he was preparing to strike. He hadn't even been able to get a university official to sit down and discuss worker grievances. Yet when the student upsurge took place, surely from a tactical standpoint a perfect opportunity to hit Columbia, he refrained. His decision was supported by the top officials of the New York labour movement, who had no particular affection for Columbia, and by the union workers, young and old alike, black, white, or Puerto Rican. They refused to give picket-line legitimacy to a so-called student "strike." One union official said as much in a speech to his members. When it was all over, he said, the workers would still have their problems but the students who "want to use you" would have gone elsewhere at \$20,000-a-year salaries. These unions, by the way, have won their fight with the university thanks, certainly in part, to the student uprisings.

THIS PHENOMENON—the separateness of workers from student revolutionaries and from radical-

ised academicians—has been the target of scorn from some intellectuals and those, like Henry Brandon of the *Sunday Times*, whom I choose to call proctor-journalists. Brandon wrote from Washington at the height of the campus disorders last year (11 May 1969) that

the SDS efforts to enlist support among industrial workers has failed so far. They are too fat and conservative.

Missing from his article was a list of reasons why industrial workers should have supported the SDS and why not also the professional or salaried middle class. Equally absent from his article was an interesting statistic about America's "fat and conservative" industrial workers: the average weekly take-home pay of a production worker with three dependants in 1968 was \$95.28, according to the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics. In 1969, it was a little over \$100. In America, this is not considered a high wage and one can be sure it is considerably lower than Brandon's regular remuneration. And one might ask whether, a year later, SDS has enlisted Brandon's support.

This "fat and conservative worker" synecdoche seems to have been inspired by Herbert Marcuse who in his *Essay on Liberation* (1969) wrote that skilled workers, if they wanted to,

could disrupt, reorganise and redirect the mode and relationships of production. However, they have neither the interest nor the vital need to do so: they are well integrated and well rewarded.

THIS DISILLUSION by intellectuals with workers as revolutionary instruments might be said to have begun with Marx and Engels. There is a letter which Engels, one of the earliest proctor-intellectuals, wrote to Marx shortly after the 1868 British general election:

What do you say to the elections in the factory districts? Once again the working class has discredited itself terribly. . . . Everywhere the working class is the rag, tag and bobtail of the official parties, and if any party has gained strength it is the Tories. . . . It all shows up the disastrous ineptitude of the English working class. . . . Not a single working class candidate had the ghost of a chance but my Lord Tom Noddy or any *parvenu* snob could have had the workers' votes with pleasure. (18 November 1868)

Lenin fully understood what had to be done, and he simply did not allow the working class to "discredit" itself in his eyes. He abolished trade unions and anathematised collective bargaining as "economism." He knew that the real proletariat—and not the fictional protagonists of the Marxian drama—is unrevolutionary and that without a so-called proletarian vanguard party, workers would only seek more

money and better conditions of work. Within each proletarian there was a counter-revolutionary bourgeois struggling to get out.¹

SUCH A PATTERN of coming to power, as Engels and Lenin had designed it, needed an "angel in marble," a Worker, *Der Arbeiter*, willing to accept the mission wished upon him by 19th- and early 20th-century "scientific" socialists, the proctors of the proletariat, self-appointed, self-anointed, and objectively speaking (as they say) the would-be New Class of the Modernising Revolution. For Lenin, in backward, non-proletarian Russia, it worked; but for no one else since. The working class in democratic, pluralist societies has refused to rise to the revolutionary bait. Fidel Castro's revolution even in non-democratic Cuba was middle-class in origin. When in Spring 1959 he proclaimed a May Day general strike, it was not apprehension of Batista's thugs which frustrated Fidel's call, it was that the revolutionary middle-class intellectuals around Fidel simply had no relationship to the workers or peasants and so their manifestos fell on deaf ears.

This immunity to revolutionary slogans among workers and trade unionists is demonstrable by a simple fact: revolutionary socialism or communism has yet to be established in an industrial country through an electoral victory. Further, where revolutionary socialism or communism has been imposed, it could only be maintained by destruction of trade unions and collective bargaining. Is it not striking that the significant worker revolutions of the 1950s and '60s have been in East Germany, Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia? (The overthrow of Nkrumah and Soekarno had worker support.) And is there any question but that the East European revolutions would have been just as successful as those against Nkrumah and Soekarno if the Soviet Union had not been a border

power, a next-door neighbour? And could the East European revolutions have gone as far as they did had not there been an open, irrefragable alliance between workers, students, and intellectuals?

IT IS PRECISELY this kind of alliance which is non-existent in Western industrial countries. While there may be a kind of loose synergistic process among revolutionary students and professors, it lacks the most essential ingredient for the realisation of revolutionary hopes and dreams—a mass audience, "unconscious masses," or even a lumpen-proletariat (which if it will not engage in the crusade will, at the very least, be passive and not get in the way of the proctors). Because there is no base, there is no effective ideology, only a frenetic "socialist" rhetoric, *à la Régis Debray* and, more recently, terroristic bombings *à la Nechayev*.

Against whom is this terror and metaphorical revolution directed? No longer the university, because even after an academic administration has collapsed, what do you have, what have you changed, that is if you are a revolutionary student or radicalised professor? Very little. Today militant political action must be directed against the non-revolutionary worker and his trade unions. The Weatherman faction, which controls SDS, regards white workers in America as "inherently counter-revolutionary, impossible to organise, or just plain evil—'honky bastards'." Weatherman leaders derided white workers for "desiring better homes, better food and essentially better lives." Or as one might say, the industrial workers are "too fat and conservative." When student protesters shout their newest slogan, "All power to the people," you wonder what people they really mean.

AN ASSOCIATED FORM of fashionable nonsense has come from Russell Baker, the *New York Times* columnist who recently wrote, in his proctorial way, that "it will be a pity if the rising political reaction against the student movement succeeds in crushing it [because] it is still all that the middle class has going for it" (whatever that may mean). As Baker tried to explain:

As forces for change, the two major parties, business and labour, seem helplessly bogged down in the same inertia that has left them impotent to create a sense of national purpose ever since the fires of anti-communism burned out in the late 1950s. The student movement, on the other hand, has at least expressed the discontent with modern American life that had been widely sensed by the white middle class long before the campuses began to explode.

Reading this I was reminded of Eugène Ionesco's line: "Often, alas, the most detestable

¹ As Lenin wrote in his *What Is To Be Done?*—"The history of all countries shows that the workingclass, exclusively by its own effort, is able to develop only trade union consciousness.... The theory of socialism, however, grew out of the philosophic, historical and economic theories that were elaborated by the educated representatives of the propertied classes, the intellectuals... quite independently of the spontaneous growth of the labor movement; it arose as a natural and inevitable outcome of the development of ideas among the revolutionary Socialist intelligentsia.... [Our] task, the task of Social Democracy, is to combat spontaneity, to divert the labour movement, with its spontaneous trade-unionist striving, from under the wing of the bourgeoisie, and to bring it under the wing of revolutionary Social Democracy." (Lenin, *What Is To Be Done?*, ed. International Publishers 1929, pp. 32, 41.)

kind of bourgeois is the anti-bourgeois kind of bourgeois."

THE ASSAULT by the proctorial intellectuals against the labour movement in America is quite understandable. American workers were just as heedless of appeals by Stalinist or Trotskyite labour officials in the 1940s and 1950s as they are deaf today to the New Politics, including, it should also be noted, the race politics of George Wallace. What I find especially curious are the recent rumblings in liberal centre and conservative circles: I mean the proctor-intellectual campaign against the American labour movement by publicists as diverse as William F. Buckley, Irving Kristol and John Kenneth Galbraith. Buckley has for a long time been possessed by a Manichean view of trade unions. When their leaders speak on domestic issues they are devils seeking to impose some form of dastardly collectivism on America; when they speak on foreign affairs they are saints and Buckley cheers.

Professor Galbraith in *The New Industrial State* (1968) has written:

As the trade unions retreat, more or less permanently, into the shadows, a rapidly growing body of educators and research scientists emerge. . . . It is possible that the educational and scientific estate requires only a strongly creative political hand to become a decisive instrument of political power.²

For Dr. Galbraith American trade unions no longer have meaning because "they are under no particular compulsion to question the goals of the industrial system."

My good friend Kristol is another case entirely. Judging from his writings, he would disagree on most socio-political matters with Galbraith and Buckley, but not, it would seem, on trade unionism. While Galbraith sees the unions in "retreat, more or less permanently, into the shadows," Kristol finds that "trade unionism

²The Galbraithian disenchantment with trade unions was preceded a decade ago by C. Wright Mills, a neo-Marxist intellectual, who (as Lewis Feuer writes) rejected "the notion that the labor movement is a progressive force in contemporary history." For Mills this "labor metaphysic" was a legacy "from Victorian Marxism that is now quite unrealistic." Lewis Feuer, *Marx and the Intellectuals* (1969), p. 218.

American intellectuals have for years enjoyed quoting the devil—President Eisenhower—quoting scriptures: "We must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial complex." In the same farewell address, virtually forgotten, is this sentence: "We must also be alert to the equal and opposite danger that public policy could itself become the captive of a scientific-technological élite."



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has become that most dangerous of social phenomena: a boring topic." It has also, he argues, lost its legitimacy and relevance. As so-called evidence he offers the fact that the *New York Times* (about whose journalistic competence he raised serious doubts a few years ago in the magazine *The Public Interest*, which he co-edits) no longer carries any serious labour reportage; that *Fortune Magazine* some time ago discontinued its "Labour" department, that *Time* and *Newsweek* only occasionally report on trade unions, and as for television, labour is on camera only during a tumultuous strike.³

Such "evidence" proves little about American trade unionism. What it does suggest is the incompetence of American news media to report—with any foresight and analysis—about what

³ *New York Times* Book Review, 1 February 1970.

⁴ As Edward Banfield has written (in another but relevant context):

"A political system is an accident. It is an accumulation of habits, customs, prejudices and principles that have survived a long process of trial and error and of ceaseless response to changing circumstance. If the system works well on the whole, it is a lucky accident—the luckiest, indeed, that can befall a society. . . . To meddle with the structure and operation of a successful political system is therefore the greatest foolishness that men are capable of. Because the system is intricate beyond comprehension, the chance of improving it in the ways intended is slight, whereas the danger of disturbing its workings and setting off a succession of unwarranted effects that will extend throughout the whole society is great." *Voting, Interest Groups, and Parties* (1966), p. 130.

⁵ The elitist, class-conscious contempt for the American worker was recently expressed with an affecting innocence by a student at Kent State University, where the tragic killing of four students occurred in early May. In an interview, Jeffrey Zink, 21, of Canton, Ohio, a senior planning to enter law school, said:

... [If] you get out of your little shell and out into the general public, you'll realize that Spiro Agnew is probably the most popular man in the nation. If you want to live in a democracy and go by votes, then I'd say without a doubt Agnew and Nixon are in the lead. Everybody didn't go to college. Everybody hasn't read the books we've read. They earn their \$8000 a year and have their own little home, their car and their job and they don't really care about anything else. That's the majority. (*New York Times*, 11 May 1970, p. 23.)

Please note "...don't really care about anything else..." Not their children, their families, their pleasures and sacrifices; pure materialists, the lower orders, sub-human, faceless, deserving no better epithet than "They."

is going on in the minds of working-people. The postal employees' strike received banner headlines in the daily press, and pages and pages of reportage in the news-weeklies, and thousands and thousands of film footage on TV. Yet on the day before (or the week before) the unprecedented postal strike not a single daily, or weekly, or TV station forecast what might happen. How is it that the electronic or print media didn't know this was going to happen? Can it be that our newspapers and journals are a bloody bore? Why didn't our newspapers predict the student uprising? How is it that our most knowledgeable social scientists, the experts on the trends and swings of public opinion surveys, had no prior inkling of the campus insurrections?

What makes Kristol's attack so unusual is that, as an identifiable Burkean Whig, he wants some kind of drastic but undefined alteration in a labour-management-government system which seems to have worked in recent decades about as well, if not better, than any similar system I know of.⁴

FURTHERMORE, how can a social movement which brings together millions of workers into associations where they can work out their own economic advancement be "a bore"? Obviously, it must be a dreary bore to frustrated revolutionaries, like the Weathermen, and to cynical proctor-intellectuals like Dr. Galbraith, that a teamster (and it should be noted that *Fortune Magazine* in March carried a long, detailed and unboring article about the Teamsters Union by Irwin Ross), or a garment worker, or an electrician refuses to expand his role as a union member to include that of revolutionary conspirator or transvaluer of values.⁵

The history of American trade unionism is studded with the most violent episodes—the Homestead strike, the 1921 steel strike, the Molly Maguires, the Memorial Day 1937 massacre—but it never became revolutionary violence. This should not be misunderstood. I am not celebrating the American worker, nor my own private "angel in marble" nor am I hypersensitive about criticisms of trade unions. What I marvel at is the sudden and excessive assault on trade unionism by so varied a political spectrum at a time when workers in Western industrial countries are enjoying job security, rising wages (if, unhappily, with rising prices), increasing educational opportunities for their children, decent housing, and demonstrating a stubborn resistance to any and all invitations to bring down the house on all of us.

AND WITH WHAT great good sense! The utopian promise is always that things will be *better* for them, but the industrial worker has as always

grasped with a fine sociological instinct that the revolutionary programme actually means that the average man will not have it better but *worse*. The dialectical ploy is always, of course, that the real worsening of living conditions is only "temporary" and that the sacrifices are for the "next generation." Half a century after Lenin's seizure of power you can, as far as the masses are concerned, kiss all the ploys goodbye. Only the wilfully blind can fail to see the tragic import of Che Guevara's refreshingly candid thesis (in *Man and Socialism in Cuba*):

The vanguard group is ideologically more advanced than the mass; the latter is acquainted with new values, but insufficiently. While in the former a qualitative change takes place which permits them to make sacrifices as a function of their vanguard character, the latter see only by halves and must be subjected to incentives and pressures of some intensity; it is the dictatorship of the proletariat being exercised not only upon the defeated class but also individually upon the victorious class.⁶

Here is the perfect casuistry of the new class of proctors: they alone are advanced enough to see things whole, to have the right to impose sacrifices, to institute (how Orwell would have loved the phrase!) "pressures of some intensity."

We have the same candour from Lenin who—like Marx, like Guevara—knew that the revolution would never be a free and self-conscious act of the proletariat.

When we [the Bolsheviks] established the dictatorship of the proletariat the workers became more hungry, and their standard of living went down. The victory of the workers is impossible without sacrifices, without a temporary worsening of their situation.⁷

Why, then, do the proctors always assume that the workers do not know their own true and best interests when they turn rudely away from

the apocalyptic prophets of a fuller democracy and a healthier economy? Are they so wrong when they sense that things will actually become worse and that, as a consequence of the worsening, the revolutionary programme for a "fuller democracy" can only mean that people will have fewer, if any, democratic rights? For, obviously, a new movement which stands for material decline in the economic and political achievements of the masses can hardly expect either to get the *consent* of the majority (hence a minority putsch for power) or its *popular approval* when in power (hence totalitarian police controls). When a working class understands this it understands more than was ever dreamt of in the philosophy of a century of Marxism.

SOME MONTHS AGO I was in Massachusetts interviewing university students about their views on life and society. One of the young men I talked to wore his blond hair shoulder-length. His blue jeans were filthy, his shoes scruffy, his moustache scraggly. He said he was a radical and then he added: "But I'm not really. If I were I suppose I wouldn't dress this way. At Harvard, Yale, Columbia, you always know when a guy goes straight and becomes a *real* radical. He cuts his hair, not even long sideburns, wears decent work-shoes and shaves. And he goes off drugs, some guys even go off pot. If you're a real radical, that's the way you're going to do your thing, otherwise workers won't talk to you and you can't talk to them . . . and if you can't do that, how the hell are you going to make a revolution? If I were a real radical, I suppose I wouldn't look this way. . . ."

It is so seductive and so square, this *embourgeoisement*. Apparently only the "real" radicals among the young seem to understand. A great class, as Matthew Arnold pointed out, says for itself what it wants and shows a sure and successful diligence in the matter; it is the best judge of its own nearest interests. The proctor-journalists and proctor-intellectuals, as a self-defined class, no longer understand what is in their own nearest interests. This is sad and unfortunate for our democracy because we shall pay dearly for their disaffection.

⁶ *Collected Writings of Che Guevara* (ed. Gerassi, 1968), pp. 392-3.

⁷ Lenin, *Sochineniia* (Moscow, 1951), vol. 31, p. 233, quoted in Richard Pipes, *Revolutionary Russia* (1968), p. 340.

BOOKS & WRITERS

The Devil's Architect

On Albert Speer's "Memoir" — By GOLO MANN

TO SAY that Albert Speer's memoir is the most worthwhile of all those we owe to survivors of the Third Reich's ruling clique would be an understatement.¹ It is simply not to be compared to the paltry testimonies of the generals, the highly coloured and sentimentalised outpourings of the politicians. It will be numbered among the foremost examples of political reminiscence, and will always remain a deeply instructive book. The man who, after twenty years in jail, was still capable of writing this book undoubtedly deserves a measure of respect.

Sympathy? Sympathy is a personal matter. For my own part I found myself admiring Albert Speer's honesty or will to honesty, the skill with which he paints a portrait or describes an atmosphere, his factual reportage, his introspection. But I cannot find him a sympathetic character. He imagines that he has long ago exchanged his former ego—the ego of an ambitious, arrogant young German living in the intoxication of work, fame, and power—for another one, so that he can analyse what he once was with cool objectivity, as though analysing a stranger. Does not this very belief contain a trace of the old arrogance? Of self-criticism there is a great deal; of repentance, in the Christian sense of the word, hardly anything; perhaps he feels it to be unmanly. Moreover, try as one may, things one would like to understand often remain simply incomprehensible. Incomprehensible in retrospect even to himself, as he admits. How then could they be comprehensible to others?

This is the story of a pact with the Devil, entered gradually. We have the story that precedes it: the childhood and youth of the son of an upper middle-class German family; his stu-

dent days with their familiar experiences, canoe trips down the Danube, youth movement, back to nature; all the usual literary concomitants (Stefan George, Oswald Spengler); the student's longing for something better than the crisis-shaken Weimar Republic had to offer youth; the first time he heard Hitler speak (and the man knew how to adapt his style to an academic audience); entry into the Party (*this* is no puzzle) even before it seized power. Then talent was aided by luck. Speer was always there when he was needed, first as an NSKK-driver, then as an architect. Patrons among the new holders of power obtained commissions for him: a district headquarters in Berlin, scenery for the Nuremberg Party Rally. He carried them out to complete satisfaction. In view of Hitler's passion for architecture it was inevitable that the two should meet. On the first occasion the young man did not catch the Reich Chancellor's eye; on the second he did. A commission to rebuild the old, dilapidated Bismarckian Reich Chancery. An invitation to lunch. Just before lunch his suit was spattered with plaster of Paris. Hitler: "We'll soon put that right." The 28-year-old Speer, a little while earlier unemployed, was lent the Reich Chancellor's jacket laden with decorations, and was allowed to sit in this jacket at the table of the man who was by now already all powerful.... If I had to cite a moment at which the pact was complete, this would be it. Let anyone who was once young, ambitious and beginning to be aware of his abilities, examine himself to see whether he would have been able to resist the effects of being suddenly catapulted into the circle of power and unlimited opportunities.

And how *charmant* the Reich Chancellor was. Already dictator and still perfectly at home in Munich artists' taverns; joking, affable, in a Bavarian linen jacket, or in shirt-sleeves in the grass; modestly treating his architect, Professor Troost, as an equal. "Superficial characteristics," comments Speer in retrospect. No, they were not superficial; but I could not describe

¹ Albert Speer, *Memoiren* (Propyläen-Verlag, Berlin). Translated excerpts have appeared in *The Sunday Telegraph* (London), and the Anglo-American edition will be published later this year by Weidenfeld & Nicolson, and Doubleday.

the mixture, the identity of the charming with the diabolical either. To do so, one would have to be an E. T. A. Hoffmann. In any case, young Speer was bewitched. Bewitched by the *Persönlichkeit*, by his rapidly developing relationship with the personality. No doubt he noticed that Hitler also had other faces, ugly, brutally egocentric faces, that there was something wrong with his human environment; he had an inkling, too, of what went on in the *Gestapo's* cellars while waves of fervid activity and rejoicing broke over the nation. But:

During the twenty years I spent in Spandau Prison I often asked myself what I should have done if I had recognised Hitler's true face and the real nature of the rule he had established. The answer was at once trite and depressing. My position as Hitler's architect had soon become indispensable to me. Not even thirty yet, I saw before me the most exciting prospects an architect can dream of.

And to his accusers at Nuremberg: "If Hitler had had friends, I should certainly have been one of his close friends." In the light of his own account, in the light of what he said about Hitler's character at Nuremberg, this statement is incomprehensible. We must take it as it stands: a fact.

HE WOULD NOT SO QUICKLY have become the chief architect, the *Generalinspektor für die Neugestaltung der Reichshauptstadt* (General Inspector for the Rebuilding of the Reich Capital), if it had not been for the premature death of Professor Troost. He would not have become Minister of Armaments and, as he calls himself, *der Zweite Mann im Staat* (the "Second Man in the State") during the war, if his predecessor had not died in a plane crash. Good fortune came through another's death—this is all part of the pact with the Devil. At the same time Hitler was undoubtedly right when he complimented his collaborator with the words: "Ach, you would have got to the top anyhow!" Of Speer the artist we may hold a different opinion; but not of the vigorous self-confidence, the imagination, and energy of the organiser.

THE CHAPTERS on the architecture of the Third Reich—"Gebaute Megalomanie" (Architectural Megalomania), "Der grösste Auftrag" (The Greatest Commission), "Das entfesselte Empire" (The Unchained Empire)—are the most interesting in the book; even more interesting than the chapters on the War, especially as plenty has now been written about Hitler the strategist, whereas no one had so

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much direct personal experience of this other side of Hitler's nature to draw upon as Speer. What he sees above all is the unity of Hitler's *Bauwahn* with his political mania, power mania, and megalomania. He wanted to come to power in order to build; he built in order to portray his power on an ever more extravagant scale. To Madame Speer: "Your husband will put up buildings for me such as have not been erected for four thousand years!" Buildings which, after another four thousand years, were still to testify to his greatness as ruins, an idea that helped to determine the choice of materials. For social building—hospitals, schools, dwellings for ordinary people—not a trace of interest.

More remarkable even than the plans that were carried out are those that were not carried out: a third and final Reich Chancellery that would have been seventy times as large as the first; Hitler's residence, a hundred and fifty times as large as Bismarck's residence; a show street in Berlin three times as big as the Champs Elysées; an assembly hall such as the world had never seen; in Munich a "Column of the Movement" that would have dwarfed the spires to Our Lady. Speer on Hitler's taste: like all his ideas, he was a product of the late 19th century—the Paris Opéra, Préfect Haussmann, the Vienna Ringstrasse. About Paris, which he so much admired, he remarked to Speer that he had often wondered whether he ought to destroy it but that this probably wasn't necessary; the new Berlin would in any case make it look like nothing at all. . . .

Speer's own thinking about his architectural creations is divided. There was building for effect in the Baroque too, he says—which is true; but Schönbrunn or Schleissheim must be considered artistically superior to the executed or projected buildings which *he* designed to impress. Or else he says that the neo-classicist manner was not confined solely to Germany at that time; which is also true, but again needs qualification. At the same time, he is ultra-critical: the new super-Berlin would have been not only an insane, but also a terribly boring city. Also he seems to have felt in retrospect the brutality of the satrap style which he practised on orders from above. Even at the time he recognised the political significance of the architectural megalomania whose punctilious executant he was—the new *Reichskanzlei* built by 4,000 workmen in barely one year with its mosaics, its hand-woven giant carpets, its 145-metre-long gallery to be walked down by intimidated diplomats, all presented to his employer complete on the due date. Hitler: "I need vast galleries and halls in order to impress, in particular, minor potentates. . . . My surround-

ings must appear magnificent, then my simplicity will appear all the more striking."

IT WASN'T ONLY this. Berlin, Speer realised, was being planned as a world capital, which would be meaningful only if Hitler possessed world dominion. Precisely this plan Speer's employer admitted pretty openly. Speer did not allow himself to be disturbed by this admission, as he did not allow himself to be disturbed by the *Reichkristallnacht* (the night of the first nation-wide, organised assault on Jewish shops and businesses). "I accepted what had happened rather indifferently. . . . I felt myself to be Hitler's architect. Political events did not concern me. . . ." In retrospect, he calls this illusion grotesque, and we cannot but agree with him. It is representative of the illusions of the majority, of the pact between *Führer* and *Volk*. One man was Hitler's architect and nothing but that; another was Hitler's soldier, road-builder, financier, inventor, aircraft designer; each one with armies of colleagues and executants; all blindly obsessed by their immediate purpose and asking no questions beyond that. The nature of the alliance between a capable, active and unthinking nation and the villain is illuminated by a man who was at once average and highly exceptional.

For Speer was not only the expert; he was also a member, half in, half out, of the circle of dilettanti, ignoramuses, and intriguers immediately around Hitler; he was at times the *Führer's* declared favourite. The position of the loyal retainer, who was at the time regarded by the Party chiefs as a critical outsider, was an ambiguous one; we owe to it many revealing chapters in the book. For example, the ghastly, unspeakable dreariness and idleness of life on the Obersalzberg has never been so graphically described; nor have the intrigues of the paladins against each other, which often became war to the knife. Speer believes he has proof that Himmler tried to have him killed by a "political doctor" during an illness. The son of a good family, the reader of Stefan George and the canoeing idealist had got into nice company.

He joined in the game. He passed on unsavoury gossip like the others, laid mines or counter-traps, entered into special alliances, and with people of whose appearance and actions he paints such horrifying pictures that we cannot help assuming that he utterly despised them. Göring, during the Nuremberg Trial, exclaimed about Jews who were said to be still alive in Hungary:

"You mean there are still some around? I thought we'd done for the lot of them. Someone didn't manage to follow orders. . . ."

The author comments: "*Ich war fassungslos* (I was flabbergasted)." Still flabbergasted? After living for twelve years at the centre of the corona which finally, as he relates, he recognised to be a "society of murderers"?

THE SAME SCHIZOPHRENIA was present in his relationship with the *Führer*, except that here fascination, veneration, and admiration were added, emotions which he did not, of course, feel for the minor demons.

He knew. He was familiar with Hitler's ideas, especially as the latter expressed them rather directly in front of him long before the war: *das Alles oder Nichts*; the alternatives either of going down into history as its greatest ruler, or of perishing as its greatest lunatic. Speer claims that after 1937 a change took place in Hitler's character, for which Speer blames his increasing isolation, the way he was worshipped by his comrades, which led to self-idolisation, and so on. On the other hand, he correctly understood that Hitler was pregnant from the beginning with that to which he eventually gave birth, that his thoughts and deeds were given from the outset and never changed. But when the gang made their way to Obersalzberg at the beginning of August 1939 they were a "carefree . . . and"—carefree in August 1939! After war had been unleashed, Speer must have seen his life's work threatened, because building could not go on as it had (nevertheless, it did go on for a time); however, the "solution of national problems" was more important to him. What national problems still remained to be solved in summer 1939?

THE STORY OF THE WAR and of the author's experiences in the war, though just as well written, just as informative as the earlier sections of the book, is not quite so new; on this subject so much has already been said. It is also wearying, as it is bound to be, especially after winter 1941. Even the chapter headings are monotonous: "Beginning of the Descent . . . The Downward Path . . . The War Lost Three Times Over . . . The Collapse . . . Damnation . . . Five Minutes Past Twelve. . . ." We gain an insight into Speer's astonishing achievements as Minister of Armaments, his flexible manner of dealing with industry, the opposition he encountered in his belated transformation of the economy into a total war economy (an opposition which sprang from the demagogic instinct of Hitler and his *Gauleiter*: they didn't dare demand of their citizens what Britain's democratic rulers had long since demanded of theirs). We learn why the German atom bomb was not built and could not have been built even for billions (and

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not millions) before 1947, of Hitler's distrust of "Jewish nuclear physics" and Professor Werner Heisenberg's cautiously noncommittal attitude in this question. There is talk of the conditions under which concentration camp prisoners were forced to work for Speer's armament factories in subterranean caverns; also that the minister was a little ashamed, tried to improve things a little, when in exceptional instances he saw such things with his own eyes. Sympathy he had, although, as he stresses, it had no consequences; what had consequences was his will to master the tasks he had been given. . . .

The effects of the bombing war are analysed, and it is proved that the Allies could have achieved far more far sooner, if they had concentrated consistently and not merely sporadically on the destruction of industries vital to the war effort. Speer describes the horror of night-time air attacks; to be fair, as he always tries, he adds that the German cities were now suffering what Hitler had planned for London and depicted with lustful glee in 1940. Moreover, the *Führer* was utterly indifferent to his countrymen's sufferings. All he regretted was the destruction of representative buildings, especially the theatres. Which brings us back to Hitler. The pact with the Devil remains the core of the book.

HITLER AT WAR. The way he was spoiled by good luck at the beginning, then his insistence on continuing to be spoiled, on always being right; his over-confidence (compared with the French campaign the war with Russia would only be a game of toy soldiers); his torpor during the first phase of defeat; his superstitious belief in his special star; his frenzied effort of will; his blind clinging to false information; the deadening atmosphere in the headquarters, where no one cared about the consequences of murderous orders; the "madhouse of the briefings (*das Tollhaus der Lagebesprechungen*)," as Speer calls it as early as 1943.

One scene is unforgettable and so very typical of the "soldier of the First World War" in the Second: Hitler's *Salon*-carriage on the way to Munich. A stop at a station, a meeting with a military train. The grey, dirty, wounded soldiers stare through the windows at the sumptuously laden table. Quickly, Hitler has the blinds lowered. He doesn't want to see such sights, wants no contact; just as he doesn't want to see the bombed cities, just as he never tours the Russian front and issues his commands to hold out at all costs without knowing the enemy, the country, the terrain or the weather. This has often been described, but scarcely better.

And Speer? The story of his break with Hitler

is as monotonous as the story of the war. And it took just as long, or even slightly longer; for as early as 1939 he mentions a diminution of the fascination. A slackening off, but a very slow one.

HE ONLY DISCOVERS that Hitler has a "repellent face (*abstossendes Gesicht*)" in spring 1944—late, late! At the same time he is at a loss to know what he really should work for—"for I no longer had a goal." On 20 July he was in Berlin, by chance in Dr. Goebbels' palace, and in this central position he learned of the "Operation Valkyrie." He promptly opposed the would-be anti-Nazi assassins. "Goebbels could count on my help." Later, he considers it worth mentioning, that he refused to watch the official film of the executions, with which his friends in the Party regaled themselves. Later still he himself made a feeble and (by his own admission) almost ludicrous attempt to kill Hitler with poison gas. This was at the beginning of February 1945. It never occurs to him that he, the mighty organiser, would have done better to place himself at the head of the conspiracy half a year earlier. He didn't fancy the idea of bringing the war to a premature end by doing away with the régime, he tells us; and under similar circumstances today he would still act in a similar manner!

Then why the *volte-face* of February 1945? At this juncture, in a flash, Speer discovered that his hero was guilty of high treason towards the nation, because he gave orders to destroy the foundations of its existence by a scorched earth policy. For Speer the limit had now been reached. The poison-gas murder came to nothing; but he sent the *Führer* one memorandum after the other, each one more openly admonishing than its predecessor. This led to scenes of an unsurpassably macabre character. Hitler's statement that if the German nation lost the war then it need not and should not survive—the more impossible its survival was rendered the better—is famous. Anything more than this was previously unknown to me. Now we know that Hitler read Speer's quixotically audacious warnings, accused him of treachery and gave him an ultimatum: retract or resign. Speer asked for time to think it over, vacillated under the serpent gaze of the broken enchanter, and finally exclaimed: "My *Führer*, I am unconditionally behind you (*Mein Führer, ich stehe bedingungslos hinter Ihnen!*) . . ." Behind the man whom six weeks before he had tried to kill.

His new oath of loyalty did not prevent him from systematically sabotaging Hitler's insane orders, in which Speer received the support of all "sensible men." On his very last visit to the

bunker beneath the *Reichskanzlei* he confessed his sin.

Embarrassed, I admitted in a low voice that I had not carried out any measures of destruction, in fact I had prevented them.

How did Hitler react? Tears came into his eyes. Poor, poor old man! His authority had been flouted. A little had been done to prevent the Germans from suffering the same fate as he had inflicted in its entirety upon the Jews, and upon the Poles and Russians as completely as he had been able. So he wept. And his minister, near-friend and would-be assassin, almost wept with him, in his deep pity for the doddery old fellow. . . . Heavens above, was such a thing possible?

From here to the attitude which Speer adopted immediately after Hitler's death, while he was still free, and which he consistently maintained for ten months before his Nuremberg accusers, is an unnatural, incomprehensible leap. Or would have been, if Speer had not been years ago in a state of mind which he himself describes as schizophrenic. His mind had been divided: one part, which determined his actions, was bound to the enchanter; the other watched with amazement, with trepidation and finally with hatred. Now he was undivided. With the same energy with which he had created his monster buildings and only three-quarters of a year earlier had forced German arms production up to its peak, he now threw himself upon the only thing that remained: to clarify the past, to confess his guilt. Did ambition play a part here too? Speer served self-accusation as he had served Hitler. A man like that doesn't do things by halves. He snatched the collective guilt to himself; not on behalf of the nation, but on behalf of all those who had shared power in the Third Reich, and hence on his own behalf. He stressed what counted against him; he belittled what might have been useful to his defence. He used the final speech of the accused, which was broadcast, for a sweeping examination of the question as to how all those crimes were possible, and found the answer in the combination of unlimited personal power with the new means of technology and technocracy. This danger, he warned, has still not been eliminated. Which is, no doubt, perfectly true.

AS I REMARKED at the outset, one lays aside this book with a strong feeling of bafflement. This arises inescapably from the subject matter, when such events are described by someone who played a central part in them and yet was a man of sensitivity and intelligence. Many problems remain unresolved. Of the murder of

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the Jews he says simply: "I can make no excuse." He knew perfectly well what was going on, or rather he had an inkling and could and should have known for sure. Once an old Party friend hinted to him vague and terrible things about Auschwitz which he had seen. Speer asked no questions. What the German conquerors did in Russia he dismisses in one sentence; the horrors in Poland and elsewhere he does not mention at all; and yet he refers to himself as the "Second Man in the State."

The history of an individual, like history in general, is a closely woven fabric; one thing depends upon another. Since he was in it, since he loved his work and enjoyed his power, since "veneration of Hitler, a sense of duty, ambition and self-assertion" held him to his ever-expanding responsibilities, when could he have torn the fabric apart? Others tore it, for example Count Stauffenberg; but he wasn't Hitler's *Hausfreund*, *Liebblingsminister*, and favourite architect. The monster's magic grew weaker and weaker as the years passed, and yet it never ceased entirely. Had it completely faded when on that 1 May, the *Todestag* of his former idol, Speer took out the latter's silver-framed photograph and was overcome by hysterical sobbing?

Did it ever fade completely? Is the man who wrote these memoirs a melancholy man? In the foreword, yes; I cannot say that the narrative itself conveys a feeling of melancholy, of *Trauer*; which again may spring from the subject matter, from the pressure of the events and experiences to be related.

There is a ballad by Chamisso, "*Die Männer im Zoptenberge*." There were three knights who once lived in pride and luxury and committed many shameful deeds. As a punishment they were banished into the mountain. There Johannes Beer from Schweidnitz, a simple and pious man, found them, and questioned them.

Drauf er: Ob zu den Werken sie sich bekennen? "Ja."

Ob solche gute waren, ob böse?—"Böse, ja—"

Ob leid sie ihnen wären?

Sie senkten das Gesicht erschrecken und verstummten; sie wüssten's selber nicht.

Did they confess to the deeds, asked Johannes. "Yes."/Were they good or evil?—"Evil, yes."/Were they sorry for what they had done?/Taken aback, they bowed their heads and said nothing; they themselves did not know....

The Achievement of John Fowles

By Walter Allen

EVER SINCE last December, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, John Fowles' fourth book and third novel, has been on the American best-seller list, either at the top or very near it. Its enormous success has gone hand in hand with rave notices from distinguished reviewers; right at the start the seal of academic approval was stamped on it by Ian Watt, Professor of English at Stanford, whose *The Rise of the Novel* is a standard work throughout the universities of the western world, in the *New York Times Book Review*.

Fowles is, without question, a brilliant storyteller, in the simple and fundamental sense that he keeps one reading out of sheer curiosity to know what he's going to produce next, and he can put on an impressive parade of learning, though it can't be said that he wears it "lightly, like a flower." His first novel, *The Collector*, published in 1963,¹ was a noteworthy debut. The collector of the title—a collector of butterflies—

is a young municipal clerk, bitterly conscious of his relative inferiority in education and social position, who, having won a fortune in the football pools, kidnaps and keeps as his prisoner an exotic specimen in the form of an art student, a girl from his own town but of very different social background who has always been for him the unattainable ideal woman. The story is told in the first person by the young man and girl alternately. The girl, as she reveals herself in her journal, is much less convincing than the young man; she seems to me merely a stereotype of a stereotype, of the contemporary middle-class girl of some education as we meet her on Sunday mornings in *The Observer*: frank, fearless, "emancipated," etc., decorously swinging. The young man is very different; with his class-envy

¹ The books of John Fowles are published in Britain by Jonathan Cape and in the United States by Little, Brown.

and his appalling consciousness of his own rectitude, which is the rationalisation of the sense he has of his many inadequacies, he is, as it were, a Wells character, a Hoopdriver, a Kipps or Polly, gone sour but clinging still to his awful lower middle-class respectability.

Fowles' second book, *The Aristos*, is subtitled a "self-portrait in ideas." An attempt to present the author's views on the role of man, in terms of belief and action, in the contemporary world, it is written as a collection of aphorisms. As Fowles notes himself, in a recent interview, "The *pensée* form is very antipathetic to the English palate." Fowles' book is full of interesting notions, but I'm afraid it has to be called pretentious. In other words, it falls far short of what it promises. This was probably inevitable, the masters of the form, or rather the masters of the aphorism as a means of philosophical discourse, being at once so few and so great. Whether a writer is wise to present himself as in competition with Pascal and Nietzsche is a matter of opinion; but at least it can be taken as an indication of the writer's ambition.

AND AMBITION is probably the first thing that strikes one about Fowles' second novel, *The Magus* (1966). It runs to more than 600 pages and is a very elaborate structure indeed. Again I find it difficult to avoid the word pretentious. It is certainly grossly self-indulgent, though it is only fair to add that Fowles himself now seems to consider it a failure. It is told in the first person by Nicholas Urfe, a young Englishman, an Oxford graduate of conventional upper-middle-class background, who, by his own account, is morally unprepossessing and churlishly selfish; a man for whom other people, and women especially, are things. He goes to a Greek island as a school master and meets the Magus, a very rich cosmopolitan half-English Greek named Maurice Conchis, who seems to be offering him the kingdoms of the earth and is, one understands, confronting him with a series of initiation ceremonies which, if passed, will enlist him into the membership of the élite, perhaps of the *Aristos*. Conchis is a Prospero figure: he stages elaborate masques for Urfe's edification, masques which are what—results of hypnosis, effects of magic, or merely carefully staged productions? These are problems Urfe, a sceptic, does his best to solve. Certainly Conchis' power stretches a very long way. It seems to control the Greek postal services and it controls Urfe's movements and even his apparently chance encounters with others when he returns to England. Conchis, in fact, appears to be an international conspiracy, like the Jews according to the latest revelations about Rudolph Hess. Fowles himself, challenged to state the mean-

ing of the novel by one interviewer, says: "I was trying to tell a fable about the relationship between man and his conception of God." Well yes; good enough as far as it goes. But if this is so, and I don't doubt that it is, all one can say is that Fowles invented the wrong fable. *The Magus* is a difficult novel; but then I think of another difficult novel, which could also be said to tell a fable about the relationship between man and his conception of God, Kafka's *The Trial* and there is a world of difference between the two and the nature of the difficulties implicit in them. In Kafka the difficulties are inherent in the problem as dramatised in the fable, and indeed the problem *is* the fable. We are faced with the ultimate questions, the ultimate riddle, and the fable is stated in what may be called naturalistic terms. We are all the time in a city of the Austro-Hungarian Empire; the setting is palpable and tangible. It is there, like external reality.

I don't find anything like this in *The Magus*, and a comment on the novel from Ian Watt's review of *The French Lieutenant's Woman* is illuminating here. He tells us that in the United States *The Magus* has "won a special following among the under twenty-fives that bade fair to rival the simplistic and self-indulgent moralism of *Demian* and *The Lord of the Rings*." *Demian*

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has been read only by a few, but *The Lord of the Rings* we all know. Tolkien's book, it would seem to me, is the great contemporary example of fiction as opposed to the novel, fiction, that is, as the quite arbitrary invention of a world having little or nothing to do with the world we live in as commonly observed. It is a legitimate form of fiction, but since the world it presents is an arbitrary invention it is unlikely to throw much light on the facts of existence and the laws governing it in what we all call, for want of a better phrase, real life.

Indeed, while reading *The Magus*, I was reminded of earlier works of fiction, the Gothic novels of Horace Walpole and Mrs Radcliffe, works in which anything may happen, provided it is sensational enough, at the author's whim. The essential of the Gothic is a setting exotic enough in time or place to make sensationalism and mystification acceptable at the moment of reading, the sensationalism and the mystification being of such a nature as to inspire in the reader delicious intimations of the forbidden and the secret and unknown.

There is a credit side to the novel. Fowles' renderings of the Edwardian age, his descriptions of fighting in the first World War and of the German occupation of Greece in the second, are splendid feats of the historical imagination, and they indicate, in my view, the true nature of Fowles' talent.

WHICH BRINGS ME to *The French Lieutenant's Woman*. It is a most interesting novel, a genuine achievement, though not, I think, quite in the way some American reviews have seen. It is, first and foremost, an historical novel, and for all its up-to-date asides, an historical novel of an old-fashioned kind. Among scholars and some writers, the Victorian age has been "in" for almost thirty years. But I suspect that the educated layman, in the United States particularly, was jerked into full awareness of the Victorian age and its manifold and curious differences from our own only by the appearance, four years ago, of Steven Marcus' *The Other Victorians*. *The French Lieutenant's Woman* gives us a post-Marcus view, as it were, of the Victorian age. This is not to say that Fowles' theme is Victorian sex; it is much wider than that; but he does give his Victorian hero a sexual life of a kind that, though modest and unspectacular enough, would scarcely even have been hinted at in a Victorian novel.

Fowles tells the story of Charles Smithson, a gentleman of leisure, heir to a fortune and a baronetcy, an amateur scientist, and, discreetly, a disciple of Darwin; an advanced young man, in other words. The novel opens in 1867, with

Charles staying at Lyme Regis, which is wonderfully well evoked, parcelling out his time between geologising and attending on his fiancée Ernestina, the only daughter of a wealthy draper and therefore of a class inferior to Charles'.

At which point it may be convenient to pause. The action begins in 1867 but it is narrated and interpreted from the point of view of and from the knowledge available in 1967. This seems to have bewildered some reviewers. They have pointed out that on the second page of the novel the name of Henry Moore occurs in the description of the Cobb and that a few pages later the narrator remarks that Charles had never heard of Karl Marx, who at that very moment was sitting in the Reading Room of the British Museum. In fact, Fowles here is merely taking advantage of hindsight in his interpretation of character and scene as historical novelists have always done, as Scott, for example, does in *Rob Roy* and George Eliot in *Adam Bede*. One can only assume that an acquaintance with classic English fiction is no longer a pre-requisite for reviewing novels.

Charles is marrying Ernestina out of a sense of duty, duty towards his position in society; she is, in the eyes of the only character in the novel who can be regarded as Charles' intellectual equal, "a pretty little thing, but a shallow little thing." Whether this is a true judgment it is impossible to say: Fowles is investigating the Victorian man, not the Victorian woman, and the view we get, of Victorian society and the Victorian woman, is a man's view. But on that first afternoon of the novel, as the lovers walk along the Cobb, they see Sarah Woodruff, the French lieutenant's woman of the title, "woman" being a euphemism for whore.

Sarah Woodruff is a figure out of a Hardy ballad. I mean by that that she is a romantic figure, the victim—in more than one sense—of passion. She is an outcast. She has made herself a public spectacle by falling in love with a French ship's officer who has abandoned her. He is the demon lover for whose return she daily and publicly waits. In a sense other than Marcus', she too is one of the Other Victorians. For Charles, she is the *anima* figure, in Jungian terms, whereas Ernestina belongs wholly to his *persona*. He rationalises the attraction Sarah exerts on him into the virtuous and disinterested aim of wishing to help a fallen and gravely misjudged creature; and perhaps he is helped in this by the fact that she is of a lower social class than himself, a governess and lady's companion. He constantly stumbles across her on his geological expeditions. She disappears, and he tracks her down to a boarding house in Exeter. In a consummately handled scene he goes to bed with

her and discovers she is not what he has supposed: she is a virgin. She tells him: "You have given me the consolation of believing that in another world, another age, another life, I might have been your wife. . . . Today I have thought of my own happiness. If we were to meet again I could think only of yours. There can be no happiness for you with me. You cannot marry me, Mr. Smithson." She sends him away.

This has a fine period ring to it, on which Fowles produces his gloss. Charles "began to understand Sarah's deceit."

She knew he loved her; and she knew he had been blind to the true depth of that love. The fatal version of her betrayal by Varguennes, her other devices, were but stratagems to unblind him; all she had said after she had brought him to the realisation was but a test of his new vision. He had failed miserably; and she had then used the same stratagems as a proof of her worthlessness. Out of what nobility must such self-sacrifice spring! If he had but sprung forward and taken her into his arms again, told her she was his, ungainsayably!

And if only—he might have added, but didn't—there were not that fatal dichotomy (perhaps the most dreadful result of their mania for categorisation) in the Victorians, which led them then to see the "soul" as more real than the body, far more real, their only real self; indeed hardly connected with the body at all, but floating high over the beast; and yet, by some inexplicable flaw in the nature of things, reluctantly dragged along in the wake of the beast's movements, like a white captive balloon behind a disgraceful and disobedient child. . . .

Every Victorian had two minds; and Charles had at least that. Already, as he walked up Fore Street towards the Ship, he was rehearsing the words his white balloon would utter when the wicked child saw Sarah again; the passionate yet honourable arguments that would reduce her to a tearful gratitude and the confession that she could not live without him. . . .

He writes to Sarah; the letter is not delivered.

He loses Ernestina, is humiliated by her father, and loses too his expectancy of the baronetcy and the fortune that goes with it. He travels in America but returns as soon as a clue to Sarah's whereabouts is discovered. She is living in the household of Swinburne and Rossetti, among the Pre-Raphaelites.

And the end? Fowles provides us, in fact, with three possible endings. Rather less than a quarter of the way through the novel the narrator suddenly jumps into the novel as Fowles himself, proclaiming he is not the omniscient 19th-century novelist he has appeared to be. "I live," he says, "in the age of Alain Robbe-Grillet and Roland Barthes." So he is writing an absolutely modern novel. What he has to say about the nature of the novel and of fictional illusion is old hat, and far too much has been made of it by reviewers. It has its justification, I suppose, in the three alternative endings; but these, I feel, could have been contrived less clumsily. One remembers the two endings of *Great Expectations*.

What fascinates me, though, is that the sudden authorial intrusion, the dropping of the novelist's *persona* as narrator, is itself thoroughly Victorian. Fowles' Chapter 13 is, as it were, the mirror-image of George Eliot's Chapter "In Which the Story Pauses a Little" in *Adam Bede*. Fowles is a very clever man.

The significance of *The French Lieutenant's Woman* doesn't lie in its "experimental" features. These are much more apparent than real and, in my view, are a boring red herring. *The French Lieutenant's Woman* stands up in its own right as a remarkably solid historical novel in which Fowles recreates a large part of the ferment in English life a century ago, the intellectual ferment, the class ferment, the shifting of classes, the shifting of power, and the effects of these on the assumptions by which men and women live. It is a quite considerable achievement.

EAST & WEST

Letter from Italy

By Luigi Barzini

IN THE LIGHT of its cost and results, the policy for the rebirth of the *Mezzogiorno* may be considered: a great failure, a modest success, a great success, a triumph? (MARK YOUR CHOSEN SQUARE WITH A CROSS.)

I should not be surprised to be asked this question some day, by some institute specialising in public opinion polls. Above all I should not be surprised because, like nearly all questions of the kind, it is formulated in equivocal tentative terms. What does "rebirth of the *Mezzogiorno*" actually mean? (I know: it is the formula everyone uses—politicians, technicians, bureaucrats, journalists. But it is, all the same, a further proof of the confusion of language that corresponds to the confusion of ideas in Italy today.)

A man is reborn who has been born once already, and, figuratively speaking, a man is reborn when, after a period of decline, he goes back to the thriving life he once knew. But when did the *Mezzogiorno* ever thrive, when was it ever more thriving than the centre and north of Italy? When, in historical times, have the great majority of Southerners (not a picked minority) eaten twice a day, lived in decent houses, worn adequate clothes? And who ever stole prosperity from them? What diabolical plot by all-powerful villains has paralysed the activity and enterprise of the South?

The question would not surprise me, either, because it is formulated in a way that makes it impossible to give a single honest answer to it. To measure the success of any undertaking, including the enormous efforts made to push the South into the twentieth century, one must compare the results obtained not just with the situation as it was before (like the "Before" and "After" pictures in the old advertisements for hair tonic), but with the hopes universally aroused, the promises solemnly announced, the targets publicly proclaimed.

Nor is this all, of course. Before giving a responsible answer it would be useful, though perhaps impossible, to have some further information. What would have been the result if the same amount of money had been spent in

another way? And what has the vigorous economic development of the rest of Italy, of Western Europe, and the rest of the world, done to improve conditions in the *Mezzogiorno* from 1950 until today?—an economic development that has both encouraged the demand for products from the South and urged millions of southern workers to emigrate. . . .

What, then, was the object of pouring in lire by the thousand million, of all this unprecedented investment by the state and by private interests, of these ambitious plans for public works and these vast loans raised both inside and outside the country? Was it just to improve the lot of southerners, simply to drag them out of their poverty and their age-old resignation and apathy? Was it to start up industries, to open mines, to bring in the tourists?

If this was the case, then the policy for the "rebirth" of the South may be considered a success; expensive, perhaps, with the results not always in proportion to the effort made, because billions have been wasted in plans that were unworkable (or else spectacular but unproductive), or have ended up in dishonest pockets or been used for purely electoral purposes; but a success all the same. No one can deny that the *Mezzogiorno* is no longer what it was only a few years ago.¹ Its progress is visible and can be documented.

THE IMPRESSION that the superficial traveller gets is indeed rosy. Everywhere he sees new roads, new ports, new hotels, new factories, new schools, new modern districts in the towns; and the science-fiction air of a good deal of this, the prosperous appearance of the people (southerners seem not just better dressed and better fed but actually taller, perhaps because they have taken on a new dignity), the large number of cars, all make one suppose the *Mezzogiorno* is a modern country, bursting with enterprise.

Of course, beyond the hedges of prickly pear bush, along the dusty country roads, behind the gleaming modern house-fronts, in the crumbling parts of the large towns and in small country towns, the ancient, desperate poverty *still* remains. In many villages only old people and children live—and wretchedly at that. The men have emigrated and the countryside is empty. People left behind talk with their century-old scepticism, but now embittered by terrible new disappointments, by the certainty that only the cunning and the dishonest can get on and then mostly by illegal means, which means that honest people get nowhere and that injustice in the South may change names, methods, and appearance but will never be eradicated.

All the same, even these people cannot deny that, as a whole, there is a great deal *less* poverty

¹ See my previous article, "The Difference in the South," *ENCOUNTER*, June 1962.

than there was. Whole provinces are unrecognisable, factories have been built, hundreds of thousands of workers have found decent work at home, others are helped by the fact that there is more money about, however it is spent, and even if it does not profit them directly. Illiteracy is decreasing, some powerful families have grown rich, and millions of emigrants have eased the burden of unemployment and send money home.

All this might lead one to conclude that, if the purpose was merely that of improving some of the things that were wrong and raising some of the people from the state to which they were once condemned, then the policy for the South over the past few years has, for all its faults, produced positive results.

BUT WHAT SOME HAD HOPED FOR WAS NOT just to improve their own lot, a little or substantially, but to proceed towards the economic, social, and cultural level of the centre and North of Italy and the rest of Europe, to close the gap between the "two Italies" and even, shortly, to have parts of the South, or some particular sector of production, overtake the North in efficiency, seriousness, and productivity. If these hopes are borne in mind then the same policy must be called a resounding, expensive failure (as could have been foreseen from the beginning), and, what is worse, an historical opportunity lost for ever.

The fact that politically, economically, and morally the whole thing has failed is of course now firmly believed (and denounced) by eminent experts of southern problems; those who, twenty years ago, ingenuously thought that the only desirable aim was to "catch up with the North" or to overtake it; and that it could be easily reached.

The matter is important because the psychological and political repercussions of this failure will afflict Italians' lives for decades to come. Southerners, like everyone else, quickly forget what they have suffered for centuries, but angrily remember the recent promises which have not been kept; everyone knows that the centre and North of Italy is advancing at a faster rate than the *Mezzogiorno*, and that the gap between the two is every year becoming more impossible to bridge.

It is impossible to bridge, in fact, because southern people are not comparing the South with what the North really is—a North that has faults which seem almost southern, with its own squalid depressed areas and its own shabby poverty. They are comparing their own part of the country to a marvellous North spun out of envy and imagination, where everyone is rich

and punctual, everything works perfectly, everything is modern, and the girls are all blonde and beddable.

The failure of this policy, as well as the relative success of the more modest policy, can easily be documented through figures.

1. In 1951, the South's net product was 1,825 thousand million lire; in 1963, at today's values, it was 5,847 thousand million. In the same period (*i.e.*, from 1951 to 1963) the net product of the centre and the North went up from 5,763 to 23,336 thousand million at today's values.

2. Investments in the *Mezzogiorno* went up from 541 thousand million in 1951 to 2,019 in 1963; during the same period in the centre and North, they rose from 1,641 to 5,674. As far as new industrial plants are concerned, the gap between the two Italies is alarming. From 1966 to 1969 the increase in the North alone was 45%; in the South, in spite of plans to force on development, it was 13%.

3. This difference of growth is reflected in the export figures. Between 1953 and 1967, Italian exports rose dizzily, from 942 thousand million to over 4,000; but the amount of agricultural products exported fell from 15.3% to 8%, and it was the agricultural exports of the South that fell in particular, while the figures for agricultural products grown or processed in the North actually rose.

4. The figures giving workers' employment confirm the same trend. Between the census of 1951 and that of 1961 the number of non-agricultural workers in the South increased by 700,000 (2.3% per annum), whereas in the centre and the North it increased by 2,700,000, or 3.1% per annum. The percentages for the decade are 16% for the South as opposed to 36% for the centre and the North.

WHIO is responsible for this state of affairs? What are its likely causes? It is hard to say. The fault lies mainly with simplified diagnoses which have called for cures that were too simplistic and encouraged an excessive and dangerous optimism. These diagnoses are not, repeat not, often made by the most responsible experts of the *problema*, but are clumsy popular misconceptions taken up at second or third hand by men of action who have no time to study the matter. No one seems to have realised that the problem was not merely political and economic, but above all sociological.

People started off on the presumption that southerners were in reality for the most part northerners frustrated by history and the wickedness of others; that is, men who had more or less the same ideals in life and the same capacities as northerners and who merely needed

money, suitable laws, incentives, and encouragement in order to turn into *entrepreneurs*, industrialists, financiers, managers, and technicians. This is unfortunately not true.

Southerners can, indeed, become at times excellent northerners, first-class workers and capable executives, provided they get away from their own society. Often they not only fit successfully into other societies but manage to get into positions of authority and to make a success of them. Where southerners have to make enormous efforts to succeed (and seldom do) is in the South.

The reason is that southern tradition, especially among the lower and middle bourgeoisie, encourages ideals that are not economic. "Gentlemen" prefer to sacrifice wealth to positions of command, authority, and prestige. Northern Italians, on the other hand, prefer affluence, even in obscurity. A man who inherits a piece of land in the Po valley works it as profitably as possible, borrows money to improve it, and buys more land. In the South, a man who inherits a piece of land very often rents it out and goes away to dedicate himself to academic work, or literature, or the law, to a career in the civil service or to politics.

This attitude means that when Southern bourgeois emigrate to the centre and North of Italy they are alarmingly good at getting to the top. Sometimes they also manage to get extremely well-paid jobs in industry, but as a rule these are jobs in which technical knowledge matters less than the technique of acquiring and defending power. An example of this is the huge success of Sicilian financiers and stock exchange speculators in Milan in recent years, who have played the market, bought, sold, and merged banks, holding companies, insurance companies, and firms of all sorts.

This lack of understanding of the southern character is odd in politicians and experts who were mostly born and brought up in the South. It has made the problem seem easier than it is, to be solved practically with the opening of credits. It has also meant that the real qualities of southerners have not been best used in their own and the national interest; it has slowed down or distorted a programme of gradual social change.

Among the causes of the trouble is the fact that little notice has been taken of precedents in other countries. In many parts of the world, both communist and non-communist, similar experiments have been carried on for decades, to turn agricultural depressed areas into modern industrial areas. Many mistakes have been made by others, millions of dollars, rupees, dinars, and roubles wasted, but there have been many successes as well. The mistakes have shown that

there are analogous inflexible rules to follow, in order to avoid waste, in both the free and the communist countries.

FIRST OF ALL, what already exists must be encouraged in every way; that is, whatever activities nature itself has created, because these have a better objective chance of prospering. To begin with, agriculture must be modernised and the most promising local crafts turned into proper industries. Larger industries can then be built, carefully, on this foundation; these will partly be linked to earlier activities, that is to those that can prosper without help, and then, gradually, increasingly important industries and their ancillary organisations will rise spontaneously. Public works programmes must be launched at the same time to provide the necessary structures. Criteria for determining which investments will do well are more or less the same on either side of the ideological frontier. That is, it has been found that, generally speaking, what is economically best is also best from a social point of view.

In particular it has been proved that, although nothing can be done without capital, capital alone is not enough. The right men are needed as well. Good workmen are necessary (and there are plenty in the South), but also good *entrepreneurs*, industrialists, executives, organisers, financiers, salesmen, economists and managers. In other words, a serious technical middle-class, educated for what it has to do, honest, responsible, active; one that can judge problems, pick men, make plans, and successfully carry out difficult operations in surroundings that are sometimes hostile.

To cultivate a class like this may not be impossible, but it is very difficult. It needs a wide-ranging plan involving education at all levels, and scholarships to send the best students abroad; it means setting up apprenticeship schemes in the most industrially developed areas, awards to encourage the best, and strict rules of promotion through merit. All this cannot be set up haphazardly. It takes years, possibly one or two generations before its results are seen in practice. And, as everyone knows, it is the lack of this kind of men that has held back the South in the past and today makes its rapid development difficult.



To these deficiencies of the *Mezzogiorno* must be added the faults that today bedevil the whole of Italy. The machinery of the state is decrepit; the simplest decisions wait years for agreement from the Ministries; sober responsible men have no defence against party pressures; there is a shortage of trained civil servants who know the problems and their background; and the funds allocated often have to provide a rake-off to parties in power and key-men before they reach their destination.

Apart from all this the policy for the South has been formulated by a political class that was largely unready for it, and sometimes filled with the crudest prejudices. It includes many men without experience, who know little of the practical problems of the world today. They are suspicious of private enterprise, without the help of which it is hard to industrialise a Western country; on the other hand, they believe rather oddly in the miraculous power of money alone. They pursue power for themselves and for their group as the most important object, which means that they often tend to turn what could be a productive investment into sterile but colourful alms-giving for electoral purposes.

They are always tempted to favour their friends and relations, and often think of a factory not as a machine to produce goods but as a monument to set up in their home town, without considering whether it is useful or suitable. Finally, they share the simple hopes of the local people: that is, they believe it is possible for the South to "catch up with the North and to overtake it. . . ."

THE RESULT IS what we know has happened. Billions have been poured into the South from 1951 until today. It is hard to say exactly what the figures are, because they include ordinary funds, extraordinary funds, grants from the *Cassa del Mezzogiorno*, state contributions to interest charges on loans for new industries, expensive salvage operations to bolster up weak industries, loans from the various international organisations, private, national, and foreign investments, and so on.

Most of this money, after stopping off in the South, has eventually found its way to the Po valley, thus encouraging further the economic development of the North, which is the opposite of what it was meant to do! The salaries of the northern technicians and managers, who often leave their families at home, went North; so did the money to buy nearly all the machinery (as happened in the case of the Alfa-Romeo automobile plant to be built in Naples); so did the eventual shareholders' dividends and profits of the parent company. The improvement in living

standards naturally increased the demand for products which only the North could provide, cars, television sets, textiles, electric household appliances, and everything for the building and furnishing of houses. And the money which southerners were increasingly depositing in banks and in post-office savings also went North, to be invested in an economic area free from political pressures.

Around the hand-outs from the *Cassa del Mezzogiorno*, which could so easily be influenced by politicians, there hung (and still hang) crowds of petitioners, most of them quite incapable of setting up and running an industry or indeed any serious enterprise, but extremely skilful at obtaining political favours. Many of them used part of the money received to build ghost-factories which could not produce goods at competitive prices, and were closed down the day they were completed because the company owning them went bankrupt straight away. The real business lay in building the plants, not in running them, which could only have been done at a loss.

THERE ARE, TO BE SURE, also serious modern firms, running efficient factories, but most of them are too modern for the primitive conditions in which they are set. Signor Libertini, a member of parliament, recently said in a speech to the House:

As you go along the motorway from here to Naples you see all kinds of thriving industries and get the impression that you are passing through a prosperous district. But when you stop and ask how things are, you realise that there is less work than ever because half these industries have just failed, and the other half are just about to fail.

It is not just on the motorway to Naples that you can see this; it can be seen all over the South and the islands. The *Mezzogiorno*, which was known to our fathers as the "cemetery of public works," is now turning into a "cemetery of industrial plants" as well.

There are northern industrialists, too, who have realised how the hand-outs really work and used them ingeniously for their own purposes. They set up firms in the South, with powerful friends to back them, fill the workshops with the latest machines, that are sometimes imported duty-free and always bought at bargain prices and with subventions of every kind. Then, after the factory has been opened, they quietly send part of the machinery up north, dismiss most of their workers, and carry on with what is left of the place (if it is not closed down altogether) at a much slower rate.

There are, however, a few large, serious, and extremely modern firms that produce goods at competitive prices, export at an ever-increasing

rate, and thrive in an enviable way. They are nearly always set up by large private firms from the North or by state-owned mother industries. But they too contribute relatively little to the prosperity of the South. Some of them are so modern that they need few hands, and those nearly all highly skilled. They provide work for a few technicians, a few accountants, and a small number of office staff and workmen.²

Other outsize works arise in all their technical perfection, like the pyramids of Egypt in the desert, in districts that are still too backward to be able to make use of the advantages their presence might provide. The steel-works at Taranto (envied by the Americans and the Russians) have not produced any noticeable metal-works around them. The large chemical and oil works at Priolo in Sicily have not produced any medium and light industries locally, using the materials turned out on the spot.

Are these faults, which everyone recognises and which have often been denounced in the press and in parliament, being corrected? Doctor Guido Carli, Governor of the Bank of Italy, explained in 1966:

The spread of easy credit means that those who ask for it think they have a right to credit; and the institutes that give credit are mainly influenced in their decisions by considerations of the social usefulness of investments. And, through a process of natural selection in reverse, among organisations and banks with varying traditions those with most experience—best equipped, that is, to examine critically the assets, financial and economic position, and organisation of firms—are overtaken by others more likely to grant every application, certain that this will be approved by those that decide how things shall be shared out.

Easy credit is becoming more and more a matter of giving alms; and its extension increases the feeling that its principal purpose is to deal with local situations, which means that the giving of credit becomes increasingly subject to interference that threatens the objectivity of the bodies that give it. Collaboration with the political authorities, far from being confined to matters of general economic interest, is now sought in particular cases and uses credit to solve problems connected with them.

IT IS CLEAR that if things go on as they are the problem will become worse instead of better, because every year the North will advance at an increasing rate, helped in this advance by the vast sums handed out to the

² An oil refinery in Sicily, run almost entirely by automation, some time ago decided to surround the works with large gardens, in order to employ a few hundred local men, who from a strictly productive point of view were completely superfluous.

South and the islands. This is an explosive problem that might endanger social stability, internal peace, and the very unity of Italy. Minister Taviani, for the *Mezzogiorno*, rightly said at the last Christian Democrats' congress that it was not "a" problem but "the" Italian problem.

It is now clear from what has happened that it is not just a simple economic problem, the kind that can be solved by increasing the amount of money allotted. A systematic social transformation is needed to give people the outlook needed for the economic development of their country and to allow them to take advantage of their natural resources, which are few, and above all of their resources of industriousness and intelligence, which are plentiful.

As always in such cases one must start from the foundations, which have been neglected: agriculture and education. No place can thrive economically if its agriculture is primitive and choked. Everyone knows that the problem of agricultural production no longer exists. Everything can practically be produced anywhere. What does exist is the problem of marketing agricultural products. They must be sold when they can command the best price, and they must be of the quality and kind demanded by consumers. People are beginning to realise this in the South, but slowly. Enormous amounts of capital are needed to transform farms, educate agriculturalists, and bring in experts from more advanced countries than ours. Sicily must follow and overtake Israel before it can beat Milan.

Education. The problem is a national one, but the South could be out in front with large institutes to train specialists in organisation, experts in all the difficult modern techniques, managers, marketing experts and so on, as well as schools to turn unskilled into skilled workers. Without trained personnel at every level economic progress today is unthinkable.

Credit. It should be given (as Carli suggests) severely and shrewdly, by banks protected from political pressures. It should go to industries and enterprises that show a natural likelihood of surviving and prospering. On a framework of medium-sized industries larger and then very large indus-



tries could later be built, and they would then find suitable surroundings and plenty of customers on the spot.

Above all, prestige-industries should be avoided, the kind that southerners think they must have to prove to themselves they are no longer underdeveloped, the kind that remind electors of the name of the minister who set them up, but which have no chance of prospering. Among those to be avoided are duplicates of northern industries already well established. What should be chosen at first are plants that process local agricultural products, and completely new activities based on recent inventions, which have had no chance, yet, of putting down roots elsewhere.

IF ALL THIS WAS DONE, which seems highly unlikely, the South would become part of the great economic currents of the modern world, and would be dragged finally into 20th-century Europe. But it would not reach, within the next few years, the level of life in the North, unless (as many people cautiously suggest) the progress of the North were slowed down.

Why is it so unlikely that the gap between North and South will soon start to grow smaller instead of growing steadily larger? Above all, because the North has an old technically-minded middle class, so serious that to southerners it seems dreary, which proliferates in each generation like bacteria on a culture; a class that is tirelessly able to found new firms, run those already established, modernise old plants, invent new initiatives, and set up advertising campaigns and sales and export drives. These people, who are experienced with money and respect it, rarely bite off more than they can chew.

The hundreds of firms set up every day in the North are strictly planned from the point of view of costs, modernity of techniques, scarcity of the product on the market, political competitors, and foreseeable sales. These enterprises are hardly ever short of money. In today's world, money is one of the easiest materials to find, at least for anyone who has what it takes to reassure the international brokers of capital.

THE TWO ITALIES finally are divided (as I have suggested) by their basic outlook. For centuries the South has, for historical and other reasons, been dreaming solely of alms handed out from above by the Prince; and this means that today it is always (or nearly always) still dreaming mainly of help from the State. State support has some important advantages, to be sure, and in some extreme cases there could be no alternative to it. But by its nature it is slow, clumsy, timid, short-sighted, always late, and it takes a tiresome amount of political string-pulling.

In the same amount of time the northern industrialist makes up his mind, draws up plans, finds money, builds and runs new plants, gets back what he spent, pays his debts, accumulates assets, and starts thinking about new enterprises, conceived according to more advanced techniques, more modern, more efficient, and more profitable.

For these reasons, if I were asked "Is the policy for the rebirth of the South a failure or a success?" I should, if I were to be candid, answer: "That depends. . . ."



POINTS OF THE COMPASS

South African Notebook

By David Holden

Arrival in the Dark

EAVESDROPPING on the plane, eight hours from Paris, after a moonlit stop-over in the steam heat of Kinshasa, I hear voices expanding with talk of coming home. In front of me is a middle-aged woman in pearls and what looks like a "good" dress from Harrods, with careful bleached hair do, carefully taut figure, careful English accent, the vowels fractionally bent at the edges with a South African twang. Everything about her is slightly tense, under pressure, including the conversation—with an obviously embarrassed Englishman in the next seat.

WOMAN: "Keep an open mind, that's all I ask. Simply keep an absolutely open mind. Use your own eyes and ears—nobody else's. So many people come, you know, with their minds made up. It's so silly, so unfair...."

ENGLISHMAN (*Mutters inaudibly*)....

WOMAN: But what do you *do* in England for the coloured people, after all? You say they work for the National Health Service and the railways. But isn't that slave work, really? Oh, I know you call it something else, but that's it really, isn't it? It's just slave work."

ENGLISHMAN: "Well, I really don't want to get into a political argument...."

WOMAN (*with tinkling laughter*): "Good gracious no! Of *course* not! But you've already seen a bit of Africa, haven't you? You've had your first sight of it at that airport just now...."

ENGLISHMAN: "No, I haven't really. I was only there 40 minutes, I don't call that seeing Africa."

WOMAN: "But of course you've seen it! You can't get away with that sort of answer. You've seen the airport—and how it's run. And they just can't do it, can they? I mean, why not admit it? They can't do it. I knew that airport in the old days, when it was the Belgian Congo, you know, and I can tell you it was very dif-

ferent. What's happened, you see, is they've retrogressed. They've retrogressed. When we get to Johannesburg you'll see what I mean. I mean, there are shops and restaurants and a proper bar for transit passengers, not just one poor little African opening cokes! Oh, of course, after fifty or a hundred years, who knows? Perhaps they'll be able to do it, too; but you can't just *overlook* the fact that they can't do it now. I mean you can't. Can you?"

JOHANNESBURG: 1.30 a.m.: Arrive and disembark. Through customs and immigration in 40 minutes to find no transport into town. Most of the passengers met by private cars and one taxi, leaving the crew and four passengers waiting.

2.35 a.m.: Special bus arrives and departs with crew.

2.45 a.m.: Nice, embarrassed French hostess from UTA explains to the remaining four of us that it's the same every time. South African Airways has a monopoly of ground transport and never sends the buses in time for this flight. "We telephone for hours and zey make a terrible fuss. I've nevair seen anysing like zis anywhere. It is incredible!"

2.50 a.m.: Another taxi arrives and we get in. Driver proves to be what South Africans call "a real Van der Merwe"—an Afrikaner simpleton. He doesn't know Kempton, where we have to drop two passengers at their home. He doesn't know the President Hotel, where a third passenger is going. He doesn't know the air terminal, where I'd arranged to be met. So it's 3.25 by the time we reach the air terminal, next to the railway station. It's locked, and the caretaker (white) inside says through the door that nobody's been there since 12.30. (This turns out later to be untrue. The friend who was meeting me had been there until nearly three.)

3.30 a.m.: Giving up the air terminal we reach the President Hotel, visible from most parts of the city centre on account of the fact that it is one of Johannesburg's tallest buildings with its name in lights on the top about 50 yards long. My fellow passenger alights and I ask directions from the desk clerk (white) to Dawson's, one of the city's oldest and most respected "luxury" hotels, where I've reserved a room. He's never heard of it. Looks it up in the telephone book, pores over a street map and decides it's only five blocks away. Gives directions which prove to be wrong.

3.50 a.m.: After driving in growing confusion through neon-lit but totally empty streets I spot an elderly African and hail him for directions. He stares apparently in panic, silent, then turns and shambles down a side street out of sight.

3.55 a.m.: Dawson's at last. It is locked and bolted, with only one small light visible over

the reception desk. I ring the bell, hammer the door, shout. The street echoes with the noise but no one answers. Is there anybody there? cried the Traveller, knocking on the neon-lit door.

4.00 a.m.: Back to President Hotel, get a room, out of curiosity ring Dawson's to ask what the hell? No answer. (When I rang them again five hours later they were surprised to hear I was not in their hotel. "No sir, we are always open. There's always someone here...")

4.15 a.m.: Bed at last. Could Kinshasa have been worse?

WARNING FROM A JOHANNESBURG FRIEND: "You can walk down to my office from your hotel—but if you're coming after eight o'clock you'd better stick to the main streets. Might get a knife in your back if you don't." Well, it might happen anywhere, I suppose, in the dark alleys of a big city. But where else, except New York nowadays, would a friend actually tell you, first thing, as a matter of course? Later another acquaintance puts me in the picture. Johannesburg's claims to distinction, he says with irony, are (1) it is the biggest city in the southern hemisphere that isn't built on a river or the sea; (2) its crime rates, motor accident rates, suicide rates and divorce rates are all among the highest in the world. And I note for myself in the latest Annual Survey of the South African Institute of Race Relations that the Republic accounted last year for 48 per cent of the world's known judicial executions. Nice to have that qualification, "known."

The Problem

THERE'S ONLY ONE, and it hits you at once. Take the first copy of the Johannesburg *Sunday Times* I get hold of. A 38-page paper, with one whole page of pictures, four full-page ads, seven pages of small ads, five pages of sport and two for arts features, critics, etc., leaving 19 pages for other editorial matter. Over 16 of them—80 per cent—offer practically nothing but variations on a single theme. Race relations in South Africa. (And a good slice of the sports pages is devoted to stories of anti-apartheid demos against the Springbok rugby team in Britain.) Two stories particularly attract me. One is a fascinating bit of Nationalist dancing on the head of a pin at a meeting in Pretoria of the right-wing extremist Herstigte-

(Reformed) National Party. The party's deputy leader, Jaap Marais, was apparently reduced to almost (but not quite) speechless anger by a heckling youth who asked why the wife of the HNP leader, Dr. Albert Hertzog, had been rushed to a Roman Catholic hospital when she was ill. Was this the action of a true Calvinist?

"Shouts of 'Shame!' and 'Throw him out!' and 'What a despicable thing to say!' came from the audience."

The answer, said Mr. Marais, evidently between his teeth, was that the decision was not made by Dr. Hertzog, but by his wife's doctor. "'And this doctor is a good Calvinist Afrikaner, like Dr. Hertzog.'..."

The second story concerns a Coloured community near Cape Town which is said to be simmering with indignation over a simplified hymn book introduced exclusively for the use of Coloured congregations in Dutch Reformed mission churches. Most of the objections arise from

"a stanza in Hymn 20 where the Lord's presence is affirmed 'in huts and in halls.' In White churches, Coloured congregants say, the Lord is to be found in 'halls and homes.'"

Other allegations against white church leaders in the same story are reported as:

"(i) Farm labourers (Coloured) are taught to begin the Lord's Prayer with 'Die Vader' (The Father) instead of 'Ons se Vader' (Our Father).

(ii) Apostles and other saints are described to farm children as 'Baas' Peter, 'Baas' Paul, 'Baas' Matthew, etc."

To be fair, the report gives denials from white representatives of the Dutch Reformed Church, in similar terms.

"Mr. Botha strongly rejected the allegation that the [hymn book] was simplified. 'There was no mention of the Lord's presence in "halls and homes." White churchgoers sang of the Lord's presence 'wherever we may roam.'..."

NIGGLING, PRICKLY QUESTIONS pursue you everywhere for the first few days. Of definition, for example. Everything about "the problem" seems to depend on definitions, like who, what or why is a South African? European or non-European? Afrikaner or "English"? Greek, Italian, Portuguese—or maybe an English-speaking Jew? It's vital to know, or you can't



interpret properly what's being said: yet so many of the definitions in common use are miserably ambiguous. I walk down the street and see a café labelled, boldly, "NON-EUROPEAN RESTAURANT." First thought: So it's for Africans. Second thought: Or maybe for Asians and Coloureds? Third thought: But who on earth are the "Europeans"? I thought the whitish-pinkish-brownish faces called themselves South Africans....

Very well, then. Start from the other end—who are the Africans? Four terms have been or still are most commonly employed by white South Africans to identify black South Africans: *Kaffirs*, *Natives*, *Africans*, and *Bantu*. *Kaffir* is from an Arabic word meaning unbeliever—and there are surely white as well as black unbelievers? *Natives*—well, virtually all the Afrikaners and many of the "English" whites are certainly natives in any rational meaning of the term. *Africans*—ambiguity already noted. *Bantu*, the current official jargon—probably the most absurdly ambiguous of all. It means people. Who isn't? All the terms fall down because they avoid the only thing that matters, which is colour. So one has to get around to talking about blacks and whites and Coloureds (in-between). This still leaves gaps, like the Asians (also in-between) and what kind of a white a white man is, or what kind of a black a black man is—but it's the nearest you can get to clarity.

AMONG THIS CONFUSION, evasions are constant and, I suppose, not surprising. You have to learn to cope with those as well. Like the lifts in the BP building in Johannesburg, where I notice three out of four labelled "EUROPEANS ONLY—SLEGS BLANKES." A group of us, all white, get in the first one that arrives and set off from the ground for the upper floors. At the first floor it stops and two blacks get in. Nobody says a word. Coming down again later a similar thing happens in reverse. Two black cleaning women get in on a higher floor and suddenly scramble out—giggling at almost being trapped in the closing doors—at the first floor. I learn later that this is standard practice, because the owner of the building (and the police) would like to enforce the "EUROPEANS ONLY" rule, but with only one lift for Africans it's altogether too inconvenient. White people upstairs would have to wait too long for their black messengers and cleaners to go to and fro. So there's an unspoken rule that the blacks use the white lifts from the first floor upwards to avoid embarrassing the white commissioner on the ground floor who would feel obliged to make a row if he actually caught them at it.

Similarly, the shortage of skilled (*i.e.*, white) labour leads to a multitude of discreet or ludi-

cious "modifications." The papers are full of it: "WHY [White] BUILDERS DESPAIR," explains the Johannesburg *Star*. "Africans in the Transvaal are allowed to put the first coat of paint on a building but may not apply the second or finishing coats," even though the first coat is said to require more skill than all the rest. But there aren't any white painters to be had, so what to do? *Answer*: you hire Africans to paint your home anyway and everyone looks the other way.

Because of the job reservation by colour there's a shortfall of 50,000 skilled (*i.e.*, white) men in South African industry and service trades. Hence the Government's campaign for more white immigrants.

"The original limbless man could be a bus driver overnight here," said a Johannesburg resident, "as long as his skin was white." Hence, also, I presume, the extraordinary incompetence of many of the white workers a visitor meets—the Van der Merwe taxi-drivers, the hotel desk clerks who seem scarcely able to read and write, and whoever is responsible for so many of one's telegrams and messages going irrevocably astray. Three-and-a-half million whites are attempting (by their own choice) to maintain an expanding economy for nearly 20 million people, and it simply can't be done. With the skill and talent of five-sixths of the population grossly and arbitrarily under-employed the strain on the remaining one-sixth is just too great. Hence also, however, the widespread evasion of the job reservation rules which permits Africans to do on the quiet jobs they're not supposed to do at all. Sometimes it's just a matter of breaking the rules regardless—like the white home-owners who hire Africans to paint their houses. More often it involves the subterfuge of "re classifying" particular jobs so that officially they don't require a "skilled" man any more and "unskilled" blacks can be turned loose on them in safety—and for less money.

BUILDING the Johannesburg freeways has just provided a typical case in point. A shortage of skilled carpenters was holding up work on the wooden shuttering for the concrete flyovers. Plenty of blacks were available who could do the job, but the white unions wouldn't accept them as carpenters. So the job was re-classified for "carpenters' assistants" which meant the blacks could do it—on condition that they neither carried a nail bag nor used a claw hammer. Why this esoteric qualification? Because a carpenter is defined as a man who carries a nail bag and uses a claw hammer, and if the blacks were allowed to do those things as well as the job, where would anyone draw the line? As one of South Africa's leading painters (canvas variety, white) said to me: "People here go insane in such a marvellously pedantic way."

CONVERSATION WITH AN AFRIKANER BUSINESSMAN: "You people talk about this as a racist society. But we're not racists, Mr. Holden. I know the white man's lazy. I know he wants black men working on his doorstep but not living on his doorstep. But things are changing. I've got seven hundred Bantu and three hundred whites working in this firm and three years ago I couldn't have put a native wages clerk in the same office with two white women. But I've done it this year and we've had no complaints. I know you don't think that amounts to much, but it's progress, Mr. Holden. What we need here is time for more progress—and you people won't give it to us."

Progress towards what, exactly?

"Progress towards separation of responsibility among the races. What we've got to do is to make *apartheid* work. Make it *fair*! I know it's not right at the moment, but Rome wasn't built in a day."

"But if you're going to separate the races, why employ a native wages clerk along with two white women?"

"Because I've got no choice, Mr. Holden. I've got to employ natives. You've no idea how bad the labour shortage is! And as I tell you, I'm not a racist. I think many Africans are just as good as you and me."

Then why bother to try to separate the races?

"Because it's the only way, Mr. Holden. What other way can we go? The United Party talks about ending *apartheid*, but all they want is *baaskap* all over again—and we know from experience that can't work. We can't be the boss of everybody here forever, any more than you English found you could boss us about for 50 years. And then the Progressives talk about multi-racialism and having black representatives in our Parliament, but that only means we'll be overwhelmed in time. It's a simple question of numbers. Mass against mass. What other way can we go?"

This way, that way, no way out. I must have gone round this particular treadmill half-a-dozen times in a fortnight with puzzled, apparently sincere men—Afrikaners, especially, who hoped that somehow, somewhere, some time Mr. Vorster was going to square the circle for them. They evoked sympathy, frustration, depression in equal parts. Where do you, where can you go from here?



Glimpses of the Human Zoo

SOWETO sounds like a good, old tribal African name. It turns out to be the Johannesburg Municipality's abbreviation for the South Western Townships—about 30 square miles of standardised bungalows where two-thirds of the city's African population lives. Every morning the Municipality runs a bus tour for white visitors around Soweto, and as it's the only way most whites can get there without special authority it's usually pretty full. Americans on the world tour filled the bus I went on—fresh from shooting home movies of the lions in the Kruger National Park, apparently. Soweto provided them with more of the same.

"On our left you'll see a Bantu woman wearing a typical Swazi hat," said the tour guide. "If the driver goes slowly you can take a picture." Obliging, the driver went slowly, groaning at walking pace alongside the woman in the Swazi hat who strolled down the verge with only a little more self-consciousness than a Kruger Park lion while everyone levelled their cameras at her out of the left-hand windows of the bus.

"Over there you can see some Bantu drinking in one of their beer halls. That's Bantu beer they're drinking—it's a thick, sort of grey liquid, very strong. I believe three or four gallons a day is quite an average consumption. The Government makes it and sells it to them in those plastic containers. They don't have any other containers because glass or cans would make rather nasty weapons after a man's had a few gallons of Bantu beer."

"Here's a group of girls on the right going back to school. You'll see one of them's obviously a Coloured—she's the lighter one in the middle there. Now there aren't any real Coloured living here, because Soweto is for Bantu, but you'll see a few like that because maybe her mother married a Coloured, or was a Coloured herself, and then if she's divorced, or the man dies and she marries again to a Bantu, she's re-classified as a Bantu and comes to live here. All right, Mike, you can drive on now."

Once we stopped at a centre for crippled workers and looked at the weaving and the net-making, and everyone bought a cushion cover or a table runner from the stall by the door. We had the houses of the Bantu rich pointed out to us. "There are five Bantu millionaires in Soweto and several witch doctors who are millionaires as well—only they don't get registered so they won't have to pay their taxes." We saw the outside of the Baragwanath Hospital and learned that it had 2,200 beds and was the biggest in the southern hemisphere. There was a new civic hall standing all by itself in the middle of a barren field, and there were supermarkets and churches, schools, cinemas and

petrol stations (where the Bantu millionaires made their money, apparently) and those endless rows of bungalows everywhere. I wondered what Sophiatown had been like—the African slum where Trevor Huddleston once worked and that was razed as Soweto rose in the past 15 or 20 years. There was a picture of what might have been Sophiatown in the guide-book we were given. It looked pretty awful, like the back streets of Calcutta, and it was captioned, slightly obscurely, "*The Price of Progress.*" Opposite was a picture of the roof-tops of Soweto stretching over the veld under a pretty blue sky. "Soweto," said the text, "is not ideal, as the housing is often monotonous, and facilities sometimes few, but the primary task must always be the elimination of slums and the provision of basic housing for every family. This target is in sight." Hard not to be sentimental and think the slum life might have been preferable. But probably wrong. Soweto is an advance. What is depressing is the sense of isolation, of being—almost literally—behind bars. Every now and then, as we approached the boundaries of the place, we saw a high, chicken wire fence with a few strands of barbed wire on the top. Once we actually passed through a gate in the fence and the guide joked about it with a practised laugh: "I can see you're all wondering about the barbed wire and the gate. Well, don't worry—they're not locked up at night!" The awful thing is that I really had wondered. . . .

THE BANTU COMMISSIONER'S COURTS in Johannesburg look a bit like a war-time army camp. Dingy, "temporary" shacks, with bare rooms containing a magistrates' bench at one end, a dock on one side and a single, crude bench for spectators at the other. There are a white magistrate, a white clerk and a black clerk sitting beneath the magistrate, plus an interpreter and an African policeman to see the prisoners through the dock. Wire netting covers the windows and there is a nauseating smell of bodies. Through an open door at the back you can see into the courtyard full of wire cages where the prisoners are kept in groups. They're brought here in lorries from local police stations every morning, after they've been arrested for various infringements of the "pass laws." Usually they have to wait several hours in the cages, often 24 hours until the following morning; and if

¹ Every African in a "white" area must have a pass book. It registers his elementary vital statistics along with his places of residence and employment. If he has no approved residence or employment he will probably be "endorsed out" of the white area—i.e., sent to whichever of the African "homelands" is appropriate.

they have the misfortune to be arrested on a Friday night it'll be Monday before they're taken into court.

The morning I was there several hundred Africans were in the cages, and the magistrate seemed to be trying to get rid of them all before lunch. One by one they shuffled into the dock, looked at the floor and talked to the interpreter in whispers while the white clerk shot a series of apparently standard questions at them. "Where were you born?" "Who employs you?" "How long have you worked there?" "What happened to your pass?" Rat-tat-tat for about 90 seconds, and then rat-tat-tat again—the sentence. "Two rands fine or five days." "Ten rands fine or 30 days." "Remand for one week for further investigation." And also, with remarkable frequency, "Charge withdrawn."

The average on my morning was 28 cases an hour, with 50 per cent convictions, about 25 per cent remanded and 25 per cent discharged. Four other courts were in operation in the same block, so they were probably getting through about 4 500 cases a day. (There were, in fact, over 900,000 cases throughout South Africa under various petty *apartheid* laws last year, so 4-500 cases daily in the Johannesburg courts may be an under-estimate!) The proceedings were so swift that I could hardly follow them, and the prisoners looked understandably bewildered. But the white clerk told me it was a routine morning. "It's really just a way," he said, "of seeing a man's pass book is kept up-to-date."¹

STELLENBOSCH, not very far from Cape Town, is one of the most attractive places in South Africa. White, prettily gabled, Cape Dutch houses, rolling vineyards, a lively Afrikaans university, and in an old farmstead at Lanzerac, just outside the town, probably the best little hotel in the country. It was from there, after a more than usually presentable lunch and a bottle of the local white wine, that I went with B.—whom I had better not identify further except to say that he is white—to look over the Cape Coloured side of the fence.

We began at a shanty town a mile or two from Stellenbosch, where 150 Coloured families lived. They had occupied a similar shanty town before in a "white" part of Stellenbosch, but the whites had objected to the eyesore and the authorities had moved them on to this new site in a Coloured zone. At that time, being officially homeless, they had received no official aid to set up homes but local church and student groups had come to the rescue, helping them to restart as best they could in rows of tin and-tea-chest shacks, with stand pipes for water at 50 yard intervals. Now, however, about a quarter-of-a-mile away, the Government was building 616 new coloured houses, similar to the African

bungalows of Soweto. So we went to look at those. Not exactly ideal homes. The rooms (from two to five in each bungalow) measured nine-feet-by-seven. There were no electricity, internal water, ceilings, door frames or internal doors and the walls were only 2½-inches thick. Definitely not ideal homes—but plainly better than the shanty town.

Unfortunately, they weren't available for the homeless, shanty Coloured, because those people were already safely inside the Coloured area. The new bungalows were to house Coloured families that weren't homeless at all, but who lived in an old "white" part of Stellenbosch from which they were now being compelled to move. The old houses were our third port of call. Some were fairly tumble-down, many were decent, old-fashioned wooden or brick structures in a variety of styles and sizes, probably between 50 and 100 years old. Being in the centre of town they had electricity and water and at a guess I'd say very few had any rooms as small as nine-by-seven. With a little money and a lick of paint they could have been turned into a nice little example of urban renewal. In fact, a number of streets are, said B., scheduled for white residential occupation after the Coloureds have gone. The rest will be knocked down to make room for light industry and extensions to the University. Meanwhile, the Coloureds have to get rid of all their electrical equipment and bulky furniture and move into the nine-by-seven bungalows. And the homeless remain that way, in their tin-and-tea-chest shacks.

CONVERSATION WITH A DOMINIE. The Rev. Dr. Willem Lubbe is Editor of *Die Afrikaner*, the new weekly newspaper financed by Dr. Albert Hertzog on behalf of his Herstigte (Reformed) National Party. Apparently, conversation with him soon turns into religious discourse—not just because he's a dominie of the Dutch Reformed Church, but because the HNP itself claims to be the only party truly inspired by the word of God. Thus, within two minutes: "Politics for us means maintaining our Calvinist principles—that is, the word of God in all things." And in *apartheid*, especially, since that is the most important element of God's design. "The word of God teaches that the existence of separate nations and separate peoples was willed by God. We must therefore respect the diversity He established. If we mix with non-white nations what will happen to us? We know from experience—we have 300 years' experience of what will happen if black and white are mixed."

(The shadow of the Cape Coloured looms, and I recall what one of their leaders said to me, sitting in a car in Cape Town because

there was nowhere else we could easily meet: "We were the first natural results of this bloody place—nine months after Van Riebeeck landed. And now we're worse off than ever.")

Dr. Lubbe goes on to say that the remarkable preservation of the Afrikaner nation is due to its readiness to serve God's will as—in essence—a chosen people. "The argument boils down to a firm belief that the burden of the Afrikaner is no fortuitous thing. He has a purpose here, ordained by God, to serve His will and to serve His other children."

Including the Africans?

Definitely including the Africans. "The Bantu are like children. You can't expect a child, a mere child, to have the same judgment as an adult. You can't expect these people who're so far behind the whites to know and respect their own identity and their own God-given purpose as we do. They must be educated, and it is *our* purpose to educate them. When that's done they don't want to lose their identity. They *want* to remain apart. That's our experience."

But if they remain apart, won't you be deprived of their labour, their skills? Your economy might get poorer instead of richer. Your standard of living might fall...?

Dr. Lubbe, firmly. "We would rather be poor and pure, than rich and mixed."

Across the Colour Lines

IN ONE WAY *apartheid* has obviously worked—by making it increasingly difficult for anyone to communicate across the lines of colour. Public expression of black African attitudes has been wholly obliterated: I can't think of a single significant instance of it in the two-and-a-half weeks I was in South Africa. Private expression is almost equally inhibited. Where can a white man meet and talk to an African except in the kitchen, or across a serving counter—*de haut en bas*? A few African newspaper reporters, a handful of African students, and church ministers who're not yet totally cut off—there's practically nobody else. The Coloureds and Asians are easier to contact because their exclusion from white society started later and hasn't yet progressed as far. But since the exclusion of the Coloureds from Parliament, and the Government's stacking of the new Coloured Representative Council last year, to frustrate the elected majority gained by anti-*apartheid* candidates, Coloured spokesmen are resentful and mistrustful. The fear of informers and the Bureau of State Security ("Boss") inhibits frank talk. "The Government talks about a state of calm," said one Coloured leader in Cape Town. "There's no state of calm. There's only fear. Nobody knows who to talk to, or how much. I've been

warned to behave myself. If you print my words overseas I don't give myself *that* much chance of escaping a banning order!"

No NAMES, no pack drill, then: but here are three views across the colour lines.

1. A moderate Coloured spokesman in Cape Town pointed out that the Government's action over the elections to the Coloured Representative Council had proved that they had no intention of giving the Coloureds freedom to manage their own affairs: they were merely asking Coloureds to be their own policemen. The Council was expressly forbidden to criticise Acts of Parliament or actions of government officials so in practice it would be able to do "bugger all." The Coloured community, he said, was seething with resentment and was determined to do all in its power to squeeze the whites economically as the whites were squeezing them politically. ("Don't forget," said a sympathetic white about this, "the Coloureds form 90 per cent. of the industrial labour force in the Western Cape, and there's not a farmer within 100 miles of Cape Town who could operate without them.") And yet, said the Coloured spokesman, with what sounded like anguish in his voice: "If the Government started now on a process of gradual relaxation, with the Coloured people first—it would be easier that way—I think there'd be some goodwill created. It's not too late, provided it was a continuing process. I mean, we aren't going to accept the United Party policy, just going back to white supremacy and white paternalism. I'm talking about treating us as equals. But they won't. They think everything's lovely. They don't know and they don't listen. Their minds are closed."

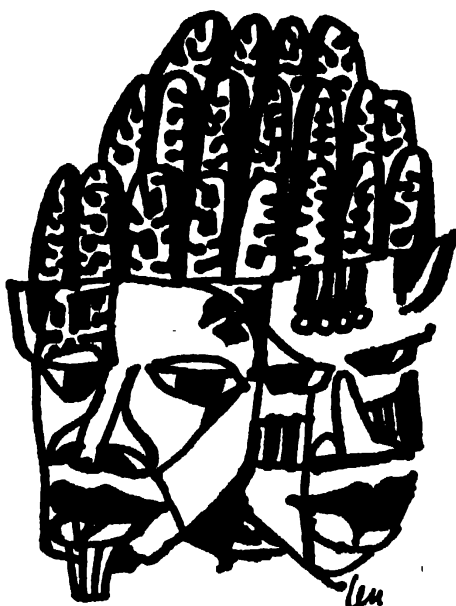
2. A private house somewhere in the white suburbs of Johannesburg. The door is locked, but opens to reveal a young man with his neck strangely twisted. Various explanations are afterwards offered for this phenomenon. He says he did it playing rugger. Someone else says it's a nervous affliction induced by the attentions of the security police. A third says he was

actually beaten up by the police. The point is that the last two are as readily believed as the first.

In the basement of the house a multi-racial party is in progress. About 15 whites, with four African youths and girls and one or two Coloureds and Indians. Pop music on the record player and mixed dancing. It's a shock to see it can still happen, and one senses a touch of self-conscious defiance about the actual physical contact of black skin on white. Everybody present is a student leader of some kind. Committee members of the National Union of South African Students, Africans from the United Christian Movement, and from other African institutions. I talk to one of the white Nusas members who speaks of the problem of trying

to maintain both open protest and discreet contacts across *apartheid* barriers. In the past, he says, English-speaking white students (he discounts Afrikaner students as conformists) have followed traditional liberal ideas of protest, taking up events as they happened, laws as they were passed, restrictions, as they were imposed, etc., protesting about them, and then moving on to the next event, law or restriction and protesting about that. Always being moved backwards, always forced in the direction the Government wanted. Now they want to experiment with a more positive line. Herbert

Marcuse and R. D. Laing crop up in his talk. Group Dynamics is mentioned several times. In practice it seems there are certain things that can be done, legally, to maintain some multi-racial channels of communication: e.g., occasional parties like this. There are loopholes in the law to be exploited—e.g., at Witwatersrand University (Johannesburg) a few of the students are still non-European, in spite of the fact it's been declared "white" only.³ The non whites are there by special permission because they can't find equivalent courses in non-white universities. So their presence must be exploited to maintain multi-racial university institutions and forums. Also the university's only confined to whites as to its formal, registered body of students. Non-whites can still come legally and take part in other campus activities like theatre, debates, etc. They must be made aware of these possibilities. But, he continues, the trouble is that Africans, by and large, are no longer interested in meeting whites. They've been thrown back on themselves and are now interested only



³ The actual figures are: Coloured, 20; Asians, 239; Africans, 5. The total student registration is 8,847. (Source: *Survey of Race Relations in South Africa*, S.A. Institute of Race Relations.)

in their own questions and their own answers. Thus the old tribal colleges which have been declared African universities—Fort Hare, University of Zululand and University of the North, etc.—are becoming centres of black power thought, unmodified by any white influence, and Nusas has increasing difficulty in gaining their cooperation.

J., an African present, confirms this without prompting. Says he and his friends want to meet whites but it's too difficult and most of them get discouraged. He himself has tried hard to keep up contacts, but often feels despairing and uncaring because the security police seem so determined to prevent him. "I've tried to tell them I'm not a subversive. I'm *not* trying to overthrow the Government. I only want to *talk* to whites..." but the suspicion and surveillance have continued. The other non-whites present agree. None of them, apparently, believes his or her presence at the party will be unknown to the police. The white students say they are under the same pressure. The owner of the house, sitting quietly upstairs, says the telephone's tapped all the time and he goes out into the garden from time to time to see if any police are hovering about so that he or his wife can tell the youngsters to stop the dancing downstairs in case the police try to bring an immorality charge. And one of the white students, a quiet, thoughtful, intense young man—tells me he's just been forced to resign from a position in NUSAS after pressure from the police. They'd reminded him that a friend of his had been imprisoned for three months. Was it worth risking the same? Probably not—"You're not even a martyr here when that happens. You just disappear and eventually get a one-way ticket out of the country, or a lifetime of silence—voluntary or enforced."

3. "YOU ARE NOW ENTERING THE TRANSKEI." Past the sign at the Kei river bridge, north of East London, you climb high into rolling uplands of thin grassland, cut by deep, transverse valleys and heavy, superficial erosion. Scattered mud-hut villages everywhere, bare-breasted women, mounted men and enormous herds of mixed stock—too dense a pastoral population, surely, for this or any other land?

This is the Transkei—South Africa's only functioning "Bantustan," where the blacks have had "home rule" for seven years and very slowly the whites are being squeezed out by order of the Government in Pretoria. (Home rule doesn't give autonomy in anything that matters much and the racial principles of *apartheid* are applied here as much as in the Republic—except that this is a "black" area, and the whites don't have to carry passes!) A few years ago there were 14,000 whites living in the Transkei

among over two million blacks, and 460 white civil servants out of a total strength of about 4,000. Now there are only 10,000 whites among two-and-a-half million blacks, with only 350 white civil servants. Half the 600 white-owned trading stations have been taken over by blacks, there are only four towns left with areas "zoned" for white residence, and in the middle of Umtata, the capital, they're just finishing a posh new "Bantu" hotel with three stars for luxury, no less. Also, because it's black—and intended to be blacker when, one day, there are no white residents left at all—and to some extent protected by its Home Rule constitution, it's about the only place inside South Africa where a white man can talk to an African with the reasonable conviction that he'll hear the truth. "The fact that you can meet me," said Curnick Ndamse, Transkei Minister of Education (and the fact that I can name him, too) "is an advantage. Here, at least, we can say our thing."

Ndamse was a lecturer in anthropology at the African College of Fort Hare and was once banned by the South African Government. He's also a firm opponent of *apartheid*, yet now he's a member of a Government that is officially committed to making *apartheid* work—since that's the essential premise on which the Transkei came into existence. How does he reconcile the contradiction? "We propose to exploit it for our own ends." *Apartheid*, he explains, is South Africa's policy—so South Africa must see that it works. The Transkei would therefore demand more and more money and more and more land from South Africa to ensure that the Transkei worked. In 1968-69 it had received only 23 million rand (about £14 million) for all purposes from Pretoria. It wasn't enough to run one Government department properly, yet they had six departments to finance. Their demands would be perfectly constitutional, but they would show Pretoria (a) that if they weren't met the present Transkei Government would be easy meat for the local opposition, which would be more difficult for Pretoria to handle; (b) that if they weren't met the world would know *apartheid* was a fraud; (c) that if they were to be met the sacrifices entailed for white South Africans would be huge—probably more than they would ever make. It was a simple case of put up or shut up. "People may be entitled to their prejudices," said Ndamse, "but they must pay for them. If they won't pay, they must face the fact that other solutions will have to be found."

Knowledge Guzana, lawyer and leader of the opposition Democratic Party, is one step ahead, seeking other solutions already. The Democratic Party has 16 of the 45 elected members of the Transkei assembly and is totally opposed to *apartheid* and separate development. "We want

multi-racialism and a Transkei which would be an integral part of South Africa—a province of the Republic, like Transvaal or the Free State.” If the party won power, it would extend voting rights in the Transkei to non-Africans, invite private white capital to invest there on ordinary commercial terms, and give full property rights to whites and Coloureds. In other words, it would destroy *apartheid* inside the Transkei. But at the same time it would insist on full constitutional recognition from Pretoria, such as the present Government enjoyed. “If the Republican Government didn’t contemplate all the possible consequences of independent, democratic Government in the Transkei, they should have done. They can’t stop us reversing *apartheid* here without making nonsense of their own constitutional position.”

Is it just liberal prejudice that makes me think these are authentic black African voices? Perhaps the only truly authentic ones a white man can hear in South Africa—because they’re the only ones that can say their own thing to him.

OBITER DICTUM FROM AN ENGLISH-SPEAKING LADY: “It’s nothing like you people overseas imagine. The Africans are really very well treated. We don’t separate them—that’s a lot of nonsense! Why, I took some pictures down at the beach only the other day, showing the African nannies and houseboys all swimming in the same place with their white families. . . .”

Homelands

SUNDAY MORNING on the high *veld*. A splatter of tin roofs among a grove of eucalyptus trees marks another little Afrikaner *dorp*. The roofs are painted bright red, bright blue, sometimes silver. Red dust roads run between the bungalows and a few plants droop in the heat, set in little pots and tins on each shaded *stoep*. There is the Dutch Reformed Church, spired and forbidding, at the end of the main street and a cream-painted town hall halfway down—a mixture of plantation Gothic and Bradford palladian, glittering in the clear light. A petrol station, a general store, and a small hotel. An empty rugby pitch on the outskirts, a deserted tennis court by the school. A dozen or two cars stand outside the church, and another car has stopped for a moment at the main cross-roads. I see the occupants—father in dark suit and waistcoat, mother in white, frothy hat and fresh, white blouse, children in sports clothes but scrubbed hygienically clean and impossibly fair. Otherwise the town is empty.

I drive on to the next *dorp* and find the same story. Between them lies the emptiness of the *veld* itself with the road running straight and clear, marked by telegraph poles and barbed wire. There is a 360 degree view over this great

plain, and almost nothing but virgin land and sky in sight. A flock of sheep, pink from the earth, is huddled into the side of the road as I pass by two small black boys waving red flags. A few herds of cattle, rather scrawny, can be seen, a strip or two of maize. But mostly nothing but brownish moorland, and the birds. Long-tailed fly-catchers hover over the roadside, with tails fluttering and waving like Chinese kites. Hawks sit on every other telegraph pole, buzzards wheel overhead in a sky that stretches unbroken by tree or hill or building through its fullest arc—blue and white, full of little surrealist clouds, as sharp as a Chirico painting. Another flicker of roofs comes up among another grove of eucalyptus. Another spired church, more dusty roads, and no sign of life. It is Sunday, and from Dewetsdorp to Witbank, via Bloemfontein and Mafeking, even in the metropolis of Johannesburg itself, from Saturday noon to Monday morning there falls upon all these places the sun-struck silence of the dead.

Sunday in East London is pretty dead, too, but in a slightly different way. Here the bungalows have nice, red tiles on their roofs, and are called Traveller’s Rest and Dunromin, and the hotels march grandly along the sea front like Bournemouth, and some of them are even flying the Union Jack. At the south end of the town, in the harbour, you can see the red and black funnels of the Union Castle among the cranes. A warm and sticky breeze comes off the Indian Ocean, bringing in the surf; and along the prom there are some sad-looking seals in a cement pool, some sadder penguins and a couple of misanthropic gannets, with an aquarium behind. Four small boys and their fathers are suitably wrapt in contemplation of these sights. Further on, the cars are drawn up in rows to face the sea, each with its prime specimen of *homo Brightonensis*. Elderly couples—Dad in his shirt sleeves smoking his pipe and Mum squinting serenely seawards in a Sunday afternoon coma. Packed families, in a permanent state of semi-crisis, the children

sticky with choc-ices. Young couples locked in each other’s arms. A few men wear blazers with crested breast pockets, one or two elderly military types sport sprightly moustaches and walking sticks and march briskly along the pavement with their dogs. There is a



relaxed, soft air over everything, with the sea spray blurring the light. No wonder the English stayed here, while the Boers went inland.

But what about the other homelands? The Transkei, with its rolling, overcrowded uplands and its bare-breasted black women? Or the 250 other little bits and pieces of South Africa that are supposed to be reserved for the blacks, and one day, says the Government, will be "consolidated" into seven more independent Bantustans? Will it ever happen? Can it be enough? Well, the Afrikaans newspaper *Die Beeld* has just published some figures on the matter, projected from the last South African census. By the year 2,000, they say, there will be 35-40 million blacks in South Africa, with eight million Coloureds, nearly two million Asians and only six million whites. The territory reserved for blacks at the moment is 13 per cent of South Africa's land area. The territory reserved for Coloured and Asian homelands is nil.

I was thinking about these figures as I drove northwards from Umtata, in the Transkei, to the coast again, to Durban this time. Another river marked the boundary of the Transkei and suddenly I was in little England once more. Ramsgate, Margate, St. Michael's-on-Sea, the Cutty Sark Hotel and the Seaview Apartments. There was hardly a black man in sight except the ice-cream boys and the coffee-bar cooks, and the entrance to Durban was like the Great West Road, with little red brick factories for Maynard's Wine Gums, Schweppes, and Triang Toys. It looked very solid and very normal. Could it all be built on sand? And then I thought of the last conversation I had in Umtata, which in abbreviated form I set down here.

CONVERSATION WITH AN AFRIKANER CIVIL SERVANT IN THE TRANSKEI: Mr.—, (no names, no pack drill again, I'm afraid) the South African Government, which employs you here, says it intends to make the Transkei completely a black state. When will that be accomplished?

"That's very difficult to say. I would say at

least two decades, probably more like 40 years from now."

There are a quarter-of-a-million African men and perhaps as many women from the Transkei working in the white economy of the Republic. It's also South African policy to get many of them to come back and live and work here instead. When do you think you might find work for, say, half these people?

"Don't ask me such a question! That's a very long way away. You see there's nothing here but farming and it's purely subsistence. We'll have to change the whole way of life before we can do what you ask about."

As a white man, how do you like working here alongside blacks, and for black Ministers?

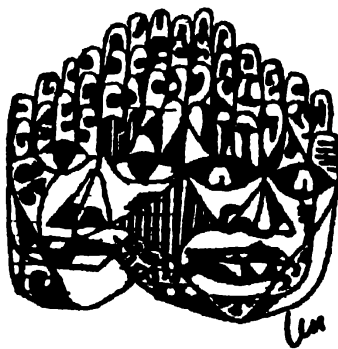
"There's a wonderful spirit of cooperation here between us few whites and the Transkeians. You get the same support and effort from your staff as you would anywhere in South Africa. Mind you, Mr. Holden, I never expected in my wildest dreams that I would one day work with the Bantu, and when I was posted

here I was very worried. But I see now it can be done."

So do you think you might work with them in the Republic later—maybe even live alongside them?

"That's a much more difficult question, and please don't quote me—but you know there's such a big—such an *enormous*—difference between us. I mean, take the Bantu lavatories—they get all blocked up with stones, because these people won't use paper. And there's lovely houses built for Ministers here, with beautiful modern American kitchens, and fowls running wild in them. One of them, I heard about, there was a pig slaughtered in the bath. So—yes and no—I can and I can't see myself working with the Bantu in other circumstances, maybe in the Republic even. But it's really *very* difficult. You *must* see that..."

He was obviously sincere, and so am I when I say that I believed him.



AUTHORS & CRITICS

"The Pornography of Violence"

John Calder's Illusions

By Ernest van den Haag

MR. JOHN CALDER's reply to Pamela Hansford Johnson's defence of her "On Iniquity" [ENCOUNTER, February and April] makes depressing reading because he buries the problems in a farrago of obscure irrelevancies. I can deal only with some of the most egregious ones.

"Many people are undoubtedly better off" (happier? healthier?) owing to permissiveness in the theatre and on T.V. I know of no psychologist who believes that, or of any evidence. Is this asseveration more than a restatement of the assumption which Mr. Calder sought to prove (permissiveness is good, therefore it makes people better off)?

Elsewhere Mr. Calder refers to empirical evidence: "abolition of censorship has worked dramatically well in Denmark, bringing about a decline in sexual crime." There has indeed been a decline of 31%—because some actions previously classified as sex crimes (*e.g.*, public indecency, voyeurism, male prostitution, sale of pornography) no longer are. Rape and sexual assault have not dropped. Mr. Calder's evidence shows only that when an action, previously a law violation, no longer is, because the law has been changed—then the action no longer violates the law (and is not recorded as a law violation). Sexual crime has been reduced "dramatically" by changing the label from illegal to legal. This may sometimes be a good idea. But still a change of labels ought not to be confused with a change in what is labelled. The best that I can say for Mr. Calder's argument is that, perhaps, he did not know what he was doing; the worst, that he did.¹

According to Mr. Calder, violence "is always

¹Incidentally, the decreased sale of Danish pornography, on analysis, seems to involve a reduction not of sales, but of revenue, owing to price reductions brought about by legality and competition. But it is still too early to reach conclusions.

the direct result of frustration" and anything else is never "the cause," but only a "symptom," which we need "not try to ban." (Aren't symptoms "causes," and "causes" symptoms, depending on the context?) Why should we not "ban" symptoms? We do extinguish fires (symptoms) regardless of cause (flammable materials, or someone throwing a match). Why this contempt for symptom control, in general, and control of violence in particular? Any way, I do not share Mr. Calder's faith that "intelligent social engineering" will "remove social frustrations" and "enable every child to live in the world happily," without violence. Here Mr. Calder asks us to believe in "the evidence of things not seen." But there seems to be less evidence against almost any other religious faith.

The idea that violence "is always the direct result of frustration" is either false or meaningless. It is false if "frustration" refers to an independently ascertainable psychological state or to material deprivation. I cannot see how Roman emperors were "frustrated," or the Ku Klux Klan, or Stalin, or concentration camp guards, or Ian Brady. On the other hand, most materially deprived persons are not violent. Now, Mr. Calder might argue that the emperors, the concentration camp guards, *et al.*, were in some psychological sense frustrated. He would have to infer this frustration from the violence, *i.e.*, the frustration would precede violence *by definition*. But its independent existence or causative role could not be shown. Whoever is violent, whatever his condition, would be defined as "frustrated," and we would learn nothing about the causes of violence from this definition. Beyond definition, I know of no evidence linking frustration to violence more than say, surfeit, boredom, disagreement, lust, fear, etc.

MR. CALDER ACCUSES P.H.J. of writing "as a member of a mandarin élite." Apparently he grants P.H.J. this membership because of the quality of her writing although her pro-censorship views are opposed by the mandarin élite and would disqualify her. Mr. Calder modestly implies that he is not a member, apparently because of the quality of his writing although his anti-censorship views are upheld by the mandarins and would qualify him for membership. These views are bitterly opposed by the "common man" and clearly disqualify him as one. Everywhere intellectuals oppose and (with the possible exception of Scandinavia) blue-collar workers favour censorship. This tells us little about the merits of censorship, but suggests that Mr. Calder, more than P.H.J., is the spokesman for a self-righteous clique of mandarins who know what others ought to think and need. That these mandarins are "for the

people" (actually for what they think the people ought to be for) matters less than that "the people" are not for them, at least not with regard to pornography.²

Mr. Calder champions the conventional view that violence is caused by poverty and inequality. (As poverty and inequality have decreased, violence has increased. Never mind; reformers are so taken with their guilt feelings they must ignore data which do not easily fit the conventional rationalisations thereof). Why doesn't violence come from eating bananas? Some people who do eat them engage in violence; most do not. Some poor people engage in violence; most do not. Those who do, in both cases, may be predisposed. (At least banana eating, unlike poverty, has not fallen while violence has risen.) No doubt, Mr. Calder will point out that, although there is no demonstration, the poverty theory seems more "plausible." Which can be said of books even more! For books, rather than poverty, are known to give people ideas which occasionally lead to action. Why does Mr. Calder "not for a moment think" (is it that painful?) "that a person is likely to commit murder as a result of reading"? More likely, it seems to me, than as a result of poverty, or bananas, if the reading presents murder as pleasurable and morally justifiable.

IT IS TIME to turn to the problem which Mr. Calder has obscured:

1. Is pornography necessary (or unavoidable) to freedom, to literature or art—is it inseparable from either, or both, inasmuch as censorship (owing to intrinsic inseparabilities, or to human frailty) could not but be so arbitrary as to do more damage to freedom, or literature, than is tolerable, or worth suffering, for the sake of outlawing pornography? If the answer is negative—

2. does pornography do enough damage (and is the damage of a kind preventable by law) to make prohibition legitimate and useful? Is outlawing an economic and effective remedy?

I cannot here try to answer these two decisive questions exhaustively. Moreover, P.H.J., in defending her original "On Iniquity," paraphrased many of the arguments I originally urged in favour of the view we share. (See my previous article, "Is Pornography a Cause of Crime?" *ENCOUNTER*, December 1967.) So let me just add a few clarifications.

The damage pornography can do consists

²Mr. Calder quite obviously expects to be among the "social engineers." I fear he might be among the engineered.

1. in precipitating crimes of the sort it may make inviting;

2. in cheapening and flattening the quality of life;

3. in eroding social cohesion which rests, after all, on mutual empathy and identification, in turn dependent on shared values and shared restraints.

Pushing liberty too far, particularly in a mass society, is not doing a service to it. It is likely to call forth a reaction which will push restraint, including censorship, to damaging lengths. A reasonable position, thus, calls for a moderate degree of censorship which leads to prosecution only in rather obvious cases and instructs juries to consider the evidence with respect to intent and effect of publication. The effectiveness of such laws is not measured by the frequency or success of prosecutions, but by the decrease of the productions that are deterred by the existence of the law. I know of no case where freedom was actually decreased, or literature damaged, by such procedures.

I think that some sexual practices, such as homosexuality, also might impair social cohesion since they are contrary to traditional values. However, outlawing these practices inflicts considerable suffering on those concerned, without actually diminishing the practices themselves. Hence, I should oppose outlawing them. But outlawing pornography does not cause suffering. It may spare some possible victims of crime.

Contrary to what so many defenders urge, I can see no loss to literature if pornography were prohibited, for pornography, to be effective as such, must be blatantly bereft of literary and artistic value. Literary critics who have difficulty in recognising pornography usually are not as incompetent as they make themselves out to be. They feel that, for the sake of liberty, they must deny that they can tell literature from pornography, just as Communists and some New Leftists will deny that they can distinguish between freedom and oppression, democracy and dictatorship, when such a distinction might interfere with the ideology or purpose to which they are devoted. To be sure, marginal cases occur, as they do with most legal distinctions. And juries can decide them as they decide other marginal or doubtful cases.

MR. BENN LEVY ["Of Figleaves," in *ENCOUNTER*, July] adds some interesting and not a few shoddy arguments to Mr. Calder's.

"In America the crime rate has risen while the incidence of violence on mass media has dropped . . . PHJ should be surprised out of her wits . . . on her assumption . . . [these] ought to be parallel graphs."

Only if her assumption was that mass media violence *alone* accounts for crime rate changes. It was not. Thus, obviously, there can be offsetting factors, *e.g.*, lower apprehension and conviction rates, insufficient penalties etc. Mr. Levy also finds "Mr. Calder's correlation... with personal social and political frustration rather than with televising might be more conclusive..." Does Mr. Levy find the graphs "parallel" here? Is there more frustration in England than in 1935? 1955? 1965? (There is more crime.) I don't see it. Perhaps Mr. Levy's definition of "frustration" is so inclusive as to permit any reading of the "graph". Which makes it useless, but does not justify Mr. Levy's preference for Mr. Calder's ringing cliché. I am afraid that nothing else does either.

Although he can be as muddled as Mr. Calder Mr. Levy on occasion does better. Not well enough, however. He guesses, correctly I think, that a minority of viewers become less aggressive because they experience violence vicariously through viewing, while another minority becomes more aggressive because they will emulate what they see. He concludes that "the overwhelming majority are unaffected." The trouble is Mr. Levy does not specify what "unaffected" means. That they won't run out and commit mayhem? Doubtless. That their disposition is not affected cumulatively as it may be by, say, advertising? (Is advertising, then, without effect?) Would Mr. Levy approve a steady diet of violently and invitingly anti-Semitic or anti-Negro performances? They might well leave people "unaffected" in the first sense. But they might also contribute enough to an undesirable climate to justify legislation. Violence invited against groups of people does not seem worse to me than violence suggested against people as a group. I should try to restrain both suggestions.

T.V. violence is not easily disentangled from other factors which may influence social behaviour. Mr. Levy is right; our ignorance in this area is disturbingly great. But why does that justify permissive more than prohibitive attitudes? If the effect of a drug is unknown we usually restrict its use until either harmlessness or harmfulness is demonstrated. Yet drugs harm mainly those who volunteer to take them. Pornographic violence in books or shows may harm non-readers (*viz.* Ian Brady's victims).

Mr. Levy argues that "society" wants T.V. violence (wherefore it is commercially profitable). It merely reflects, or illuminates, reality, hence: "to deplore it is... as inept as to deplore the climate."

This is a royal muddle. Has no one told Mr. Levy that we make laws because we want to do the thing our laws restrain us from doing? (With Mr. Levy I believe in "original sin,"

though I'm less inclined to Pelagian heresies than he is.) We—society—want laws restraining anybody from doing what we all want but decided nobody should do. Thus, sadistic performances might attract vast audiences—which might also vote to prohibit them. "The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak"—and law is one device to strengthen it. Even if the performance is "true to life," I would vote to prohibit it if it contributes to the climate both Mr. Levy and I deplore. If, however, besides being "true to life" the performance also "illuminates" life, it is, to that degree, art and not pornography. Which brings me to Mr. Levy's difficulty in differentiating.

HE COMPLAINS that no usable definitions have come to his attention (I am sorry that he ignores the definition I offered in my article in the December 1967 *ENCOUNTER*, and the fact that at all times custom establishes some operant definition). True, experts often disagree. But experts (even when not perjurious) usually disagree whether they are psychiatrists, ballistic experts, or handwriting specialists. So do witnesses. I don't see this as an argument against listening to them, and letting the jury decide.

It is entirely possible to distinguish between "illuminated" and "dark" areas, although any definition of the limits of either area is necessarily arbitrary, and can be changed from time to time, and be disagreed with. Such border-line cases may be disputed in court. But most of the time I believe there will be little or no difficulty distinguishing between pornography and literature, art and sadism.

Mr. Levy finally argues that we should "shoulder fully the responsibility of controlling ourselves." This is surprising for a believer in original sin: for that belief implies that we need all the help society can give to control ourselves. The task will still be great enough. The issue then resolves itself to whether legislation can give us *any* help and whether that help would have undesirable incidental effects of a grave enough nature. I do not think that Mr. Levy has shown the absence of the former as a possibility, or the presence of the latter as a probability. Consequently I can see no reason for not advocating reasonable restraint to be imposed by society through law.

LET ME CONCLUDE by drawing attention once more to a simple and obvious fact. People, in all known societies, function by controlling their own impulses, in part consciously or semi-consciously, and in part by means of unconscious repression. The more the last is the case, the more ambivalent they feel about whatever may remobilise what has been repressed. The impulse stirs when stimulated, and so do the

defenses. Wherefore, as a matter of psychic economy, people tend to avoid what may upset their equilibrium too much.

The social analogue of endogenous censorship, repression, is indeed censorship. Neither may be the ideal form of dealing with what may be difficult to face. "If men were angels," James Madison reflected, social controls would not be needed. But unlike Mr. Calder, he knew that men are not angels and will not become angelic through "social engineering." Nor did

he think we would become perfect if treated as though we were. On the contrary, wishes must be distinguished from fulfilments. Simply telling a patient what he has repressed is ineffective and, sometimes, dangerous treatment. The defence has served a function. Unless the patient collapses, his defences will reappear as long as they are needed. So will censorship, if we allow pornography to go too far. But as do the defences in such a case, it will reappear in more extreme, sweeping, and actually damaging form.

Moving On

If Love has been sitting for hours
on an Allen Jones girlic chair,
if I have been given a backscrubber
for my birthday, if a prominent
poet wants to kidnap our pussycat,
if publishers regard themselves
as Fishers of Men. . . . This
is all so cosy in the Year of the Dog.

If I am a selfish liberal
socialist, if the office coffee
tastes of tealeaves, if the
ice is still on the polar ice cap,
if I regard my two
children with tenderness,
this is the face-down card,
the life that was dealt me. . . .

If what is ordinary still stays
ordinary, why should I run
to peanut brittle, put the
record straight on a Western campus,
worry about the tweeters and woofers,
blockade the television with
a sofa or davenport?
I am the friend of a healthy ulcer.

If the double-barrelled names
are firing off platitudes,
if some smooth idiots are
nursing constituencies,
if a moneyed party wears
Enoch's albatross. . . .
my life still moves into
its twilight, grey is the colour.

Gavin Ewart

LETTERS

Dr. Miller and Psychiatry

"EVERYTHING we have learned from the last three decades of rigorous psychiatric research favours the view that the important mental illnesses—e.g. depression and schizophrenia—originate in disturbances of biochemistry and metabolism."

If Professor Henry Miller's view ["The Abuse of Psychiatry," *ENCOUNTER*, May] is accepted (and it can only be accepted if we ignore the results of research which happen, like R. D. Laing's, to conflict with it), what then? What *causes* the disturbances in biochemistry and metabolism?

It is one of the sillier habits of physicians—using the term in Dr. Miller's sense, to make the contrast with psychiatrists—to assume that if a physical cause is found, it must be *the* cause of an illness. There are disorders which can be attributed to a microbe, or a poison; but over a great range of illness, from colds to cancer, we are no nearer finding a physical cause than we were fifty years ago. In fact we are further away, because what were assumed to be the causes of illness—viruses, for example—are now recognised as being no more than the agents. What is it that activates the virus? We do not know.

The hunt for a physical, or chemical, cause of schizophrenia continues; and no doubt in time some researcher will find the missing link, and will get the Nobel Prize for it. But it will only be a link. In all likelihood it will do no more for schizophrenics than the discovery of all those viruses has done for people who suffer from colds. It will help to explain how schizophrenia happens; not why.

But "why," I am always being told, is not a question which reputable scientists—or physicians—ask. So much the worse for science!

BRIAN INGLIS

London

It is UNFORTUNATE that Dr. Henry Miller chose a literary journal to air his rather angry views on psychiatry in his article "The Abuse of Psychiatry" [*ENCOUNTER*, May]. It would have reached more psychiatrists in a medical journal; now enlightened response may be lacking, and it will only delight many ignorant lay people with already erroneous ideas about this loaded subject. Many a psychiatric patient is in for a tough time at the dinner party.

I am just a simple psychiatric patient and as such my views hold little or no value. However, the mere fact that this is a non-medical publication may make it possible for me to make some comments.

Dr. Miller states that quite sophisticated psychiatrists accept cheerfully the patient's account of the origin of his troubles.

Such a psychiatrist would indeed be cheerful! No patient is so lucky as to know where the origin

of his troubles lies. Most traumata have occurred in very early childhood and have almost always to do with unsatisfactory relationship with one or both parents. If the patient thinks he knows the origin, he is invariably wrong. One hears so many women say: "I am in this dreadful state because of my husband." In most cases their personality was already severely damaged before they chose their husbands. One is inclined to blame circumstances and certainly marriage partners. If one must put a blame somewhere, the best bet is "mum and dad," they—inadvertently or not—have caused most of the damage, apart from inheritance.

The psychiatrist's sublime role is to replace the original bad parent with a satisfactory substitute. And what a formidable task that is.

I have been seen by about 12 psychiatrists and treated by five. The failure to cure me completely so far has not been their, but more my fault. I am a lousy patient. It would be much easier to have a tumour on the brain and I would in that case receive much more sympathy.

It is also my experience over long years that no bona fide psychiatrist takes on a case unless it is a "deserving" one. And they are not afraid to tell you "to pull yourself together," or as my present doctor prefers to phrase it: "The answer lies in the soil."

CARLA MARKHAM

London

BRIAN INGLIS is always interesting and provocative. He almost makes one excellent point, and scores several splendid non-points. He is absolutely right in criticising the concept of *the* cause of a disease, and this applies both to physical and psychological causes. There are a handful of diseases where the immediate cause is of such overwhelming importance that it outweighs the contributory causes: typhoid fever just can't occur in the absence of the typhoid bacillus, and certain inherited defects arise from well-defined biochemical anomalies. But most illnesses result from a chain of causal events of quite different orders. Even so banal a disorder as duodenal ulcer may manifest the operations of a strongly inherited tendency, a tense and obsessional personality (probably part of the same thing), a contributory occupation, irregular and unwise dietary habits, excessive smoking, and emotional disturbance. There isn't really *a* cause of duodenal ulcer, but we know enough of the contributory factors to enable us to control the disease effectively in a large number of cases. We know that a high level of gastric acidity is a virtually invariable link in the course of events that ends in the ulcer—and that effective reduction of the acid concentration by medical or surgical measures will usually relieve the condition so completely that the patient can cope with his heredity, his personality, and even his misguided habits, free of the symptoms that previously made his life a misery. Since hyperacidity represents the link in the chain of causation that is most easily interrupted by treatment, it is convenient medical shorthand to regard it as the operational cause.

Elsewhere Mr. Inglis is wide of the mark.

Physicians do not "ignore" research: they evaluate it but they do not necessarily accept it. Secondly he is unduly pessimistic. There are already several diseases due to chemical anomalies that can be corrected or greatly ameliorated by treatment. Diabetes is the commonest, but there are others that are rarer and more dramatic: the therapeutic potential of biochemistry is enormous. The common cold is difficult to control because of the large number of strains of virus and the short duration of immunity. But planned research in virology has already paid a magnificent dividend in the eradication of poliomyelitis and offers further exciting prospects. Fundamentalism has no place in science or medicine. It will always be possible to ask another "why," like the child who asks "But who created *God*?" The physician's task is simpler—and more useful. He seeks to identify those

causes of disease that can either be avoided or eliminated.

I MUST REASSURE Mrs. Markham that I am not in the least angry about psychiatrists and thoroughly enjoy arguing with them. I agree with much of what she says. However, I can assure her that there are psychiatrists who are happy to attribute chronic psychiatric illness to a single traumatic incident in early life, or to current misfortune, and that such simple attribution is rarely correct. Mrs. Markham sounds the kind of psychiatric patient any doctor would be pleased to treat. It is much more common for the patient in whom the therapy has been unsuccessful to claim that she was in perfect health until she started the treatment.

HENRY MILLER

University of Newcastle upon Tyne

TV and "Going Back to the Cave"?

A Reply to Robin Day — By DAVID DIMBLEBY

IN "Troubled Reflections of a TV Journalist" [ENCOUNTER, May] Robin Day seems to give comfort to those who see television as a threat to society not just because of the way it is used, but because of the nature of the medium itself. Mr. Day would not, of course, consciously provide ammunition for our enemies. He is, after all, one of the most distinguished journalists television has yet produced, but it is because what he says matters that I would like to take issue with some of his arguments.

Mr. Day's thesis seems to be that television is beset by inherent limitations, which he implies it has not yet overcome. Top of his list is that "it depends on pictures." This leads it, he says, to disregard the causes of events in its obsession with "vivid, action-packed" coverage of the events itself. Colour television has accelerated the decline, so that now "human communication seems to be turning full-circle back to its primitive origins." It is an interesting theory, suggesting that all the advances in communications have been in vain—that we are back in the cave, drawing pictures on the walls. Mr. Day supports his contention by referring to the decline in intellectual content, and the contemptuous dismissal by television men of people speaking on television as "talking heads."

To take "talking heads" first, Mr. Day must surely know that the expression does not refer to *interesting* talk. It is a term invented by film editors to express their despair at stories sent back to them which contain *all* talk and *no* pictures. It is true that television demands high standards from its participants—interminable discussions which ramble on lose audiences on television just as they do in real life. But when the talk is good, it is as riveting on what Mr. Day calls "that wretched little screen" as it is in reality. All of us feel occasionally that topics we are covering deserve

more time than the programme allows, but to interpret this as television's contempt for the spoken word is unfair. Television has immeasurably raised the level of public discussion and the articulacy with which political and social affairs are discussed. Its discipline is certainly harsh but not innately destructive.

As for pictures, variously described by Mr. Day as "crude visual headlines" and "crude visual journalism," he claims that television's need of pictures has given it an insatiable appetite which has profound implications. "It means that television has a built-in tendency to present issues solely in terms of their immediately visible results." I disagree, and I think that if they believed this to be true many of those who work in television would desert it for the printed word. Mr. Day cites as examples the coverage of Biafra and Viet Nam. In both instances, he believes, the wars were presented in terms of casualties, combat, and starving children, to the exclusion of a proper debate about the reasons for these wars. He envisages the possibility that full television coverage of wars, such as the Americans have allowed, may in the end make it impossible to fight a war, however just; that the will of a democracy "to resist the forces of evil or even to safeguard its own freedom" may be sapped.

IT IS A FAR-FETCHED CONTENTION, based on inaccurate evidence. The wars in Viet Nam and Biafra were both endlessly discussed on television. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee Hearings on Viet Nam must rank as the fullest debate about the propriety and effectiveness of a war that any nation ever conducted. That the results of the debate were to increase the mistrust felt by many Americans about the way in which the war was being fought is not relevant to the argument. The point

is that the issue was continually discussed. The same is true of Biafra, a subject on which Mr. Day himself presided over full-scale debates in the BBC's *Panorama*. Of course, the pictures that came back from both these arenas had an effect, allowing the public for the first time to see what war was like, instead of relying on the stories of those home from the front. All of us now understand exactly what it means to go to war, exactly what happens when bombs and napalm are used, exactly what homelessness implies for refugees. Can this be wrong? Is not the result that for the first time democracies can decide for themselves when the forces that threaten them deserve this kind of retaliation?

TO BE FAIR, Mr. Day was stalwart in his insistence on television's need to be continually aware of the dangers that surround it, constantly ready to resist pressures from governments and commercial in-

terests. He stresses also that the integrity of programme makers and the strength of purpose of those ultimately responsible for programmes is the only safeguard against a degradation of standards. With all that I heartily agree. What I dispute is his analysis of what he calls the "limitations" of the medium. It seems to me that he describes these in the language of the enemies of television, of those who do not understand what the medium can do, nor what it has already achieved. Neither the reliance on pictures nor the ability to see faces as they talk is inherently limiting. Of course they can be misused or handled unscrupulously, but to call them limitations is to turn one's back on a major advance in communications.

We are not in danger of going back into the cave and drawing pictures on walls. We are actually able for the first time to talk to each other face to face, and to be seen and heard doing it. It is an advantage to be seized, not a limitation to be exposed.

Amnesty: Partial or Impartial?

An Exchange between MARTIN ENNALS & TIBOR SZAMUELY

MR. TIBOR SZAMUELY's claim [ENCOUNTER, June] that Human Rights decrease in inverse proportion to the excitement they engender would be a suitable subject for a post-graduate thesis. As a generalisation however it would hardly be acceptable in an A level history paper. Another postulate with perhaps greater validity would be that the need for international protection of human rights increases in direct proportion to the means available to each government to deprive its citizens of their rights.

The Universal Declaration of Human Rights is 21 years old. It is contradictory and declaratory but at least it defines what people have not got and as such provides a measure of what they want. I know that there is much truth in Mr. Szamuely's assertion that governmental hypocrisy makes the task of organisations such as Shelter, UNA, Civil Liberties and Amnesty International more difficult. If Mr. Szamuely had played any consistent role in these organisations over the last few years however he would have realised that they are only too well aware of the dangers of the patronising politician who pays lip service to ideals and thus averts his own responsibility. (The Minister of Housing once contributed his Xmas card money to Shelter.)

The most notable example is that of Northern Ireland. For 30 years the National Council for Civil Liberties campaigned for basic human rights in Ulster with the assistance of M.P.s who later became Labour Ministers. Their access to power brought not even a puff of change until the reform movement broke into the headlines when the extremists started breaking heads.

Furthermore, nationalisation of humanitarianism has positive drawbacks. A recent campaign on

privacy led by Civil Liberties has been neatly sidestepped by an understanding government which sets up a commission of enquiry excluding from its mandate any reference to government intrusions and from its membership anyone associated with Civil Liberties. So the subject is buried again. Resurrection is unlikely except perhaps when a new government replaces the old and the ex can criticise the actual.

The main body of Tibor Szamuely's attack is directed at Amnesty International for which he seems to have a particularly hard spot. His chief criticism is that by pursuing a policy of impartiality Amnesty International has managed "to blur the vital difference between totalitarian and non-totalitarian states." The application of the "single standard" to all acts of injustice is indeed the core of Amnesty's methodology. Without it Amnesty would be just another anti-communist anti-reactionary anti-body. We do not, however, say that all wrongs are equal; merely that all wrongs are wrong. To follow the thesis of Mr. Szamuely would be to accept that the lesser educational problems of the children in Birmingham are of no account while children in Nigeria have no schools. Szamuely further criticises us both for giving the figures of political prisoners where they exist, as in South Africa or Indonesia, and for globalising to a figure of 250,000 because we do not have a country by country statistic. We are not "reluctant" to provide figures where none exist and we cannot do more than say, as in the U.S.S.R., that the figures may well be in the tens of thousands. Tens of thousands only too quickly become hundreds.

The trade union report to which Szamuely takes such exception was produced by the British Section

of Amnesty to draw public attention to the problems of trade unionists in areas where their leaders lacked the acknowledged respectability of Vic Feather. It was a report for the press not a document for the student of sociology. By coincidence I received Szamuely's article in the same post as a document from the Society for Cultural Relations with the U.S.S.R. complaining about our comments on Soviet trade unions and enclosing a copy of the I.L.O report on the subject which differs widely from Tibor Szamuely's interpretation.

Amnesty International's willingness to tackle both the Human Rights mores and the beams is one of its weapons in a world where human rights are talked but not practised.

PUBLIC OPINION is important in effecting change. Nationally it can too easily be suppressed. Internationally, however, suppression is more difficult. Public opinion is valued by those who seek its support and feared by those who would suppress it. The Soviet writers and intellectuals who, in 1969, used Amnesty International as a channel for their petition to the United Nations which the UN Moscow Information Centre had refused to transmit, were eager for the support provided by our organisation and our UN consultative status. But the Swiss (lovely country Switzerland, though my wife deplores their lack of rights for women) who goes to prison every year because he declines to carry arms, or the Norwegian who opposes NATO but not all war, are also entitled to the support of public opinion. The right to conscientious objection is incorporated in one of those international agreements at the Council of Europe which Szamuely so scorns.

It is on this question of international agreements that Tibor Szamuely allows his typewriter to run out of control. Either we believe in the rule of law, nationally and internationally, or we do not. Either we work painstakingly towards a code of conduct commanding as much international respect as a national criminal code or we allow anarchy, which we deplore at home, to prevail abroad. The drafting of a convention on torture is one step towards international responsibility for national conduct. The Nuremberg Tribunals were another. The fact that conventions are slow in ratification does not mean that conventions are ignored. On the contrary, it means that governments take ratification seriously. Ratification is only the second step in a process where enforcement of international rules of law must be a goal.

Back in 1968, which was the last time that Tibor Szamuely and Amnesty crossed swords, we commented on Soviet trial reports from *Le Monde* which Tibor Szamuely had missed. We were encouraged by sentences of exile instead of hard labour. The reports were in fact not full or completely accurate. But then—and now—we welcome trials as being better than disappearance and exile better than hard labour. As one hostile ambassador recently expressed it: "We are all beasts when we imprison people; but if you wish to influence us you must understand the nature of the beast. We too are human beings. Do not merely condemn us when we are wrong; commend us when we improve."

ON ISRAEL, Mr. Szamuely let himself down badly. He had done no research and it is even in doubt whether he actually read the document about which he is commenting. To say that "for many months Amnesty's investigators sought for proof of torture; they traversed the length and breadth of Israel and Israeli-held territories; they were granted every facility to visit prisons and detention centres, question prisoners, etc." is simply false. We have not conducted an enquiry in Israel. We have suggested that the Israelis should do so. Our press communiqué cited four cases as examples of why they should do so. The Israelis have the details of these and other cases and have had for months. We have made or accepted various proposals for dealing with the problem of torture in Israel but nothing has ever materialised. When similar allegations were made about Aden, the British Government after initial denials and spluttering, appointed a commissioner to enquire. We suggested the same procedure to the Israelis. The allegations of torture are manifold. They are an inevitable part of a propaganda war. What is important is not to believe the stories; only to examine the evidence. This is what we have done. By armchair distortion Szamuely harms all parties to the discussion.

No one is suggesting that the 70 Jews in Egyptian prisons are being tortured. They ought to be released as others have been over the past 18 months. They are Egyptians with no useful information and torture would presumably be pointless. In Iraq, Amnesty International, along with most other humanitarian influences, failed. But does failure to prevent executions in Iraq justify ignoring possible torture elsewhere?

If support for Dr. Spock in U.S.A. were incompatible with support for Larissa Daniel in the U.S.S.R. then a conflict of claims would emerge. In practice, support for one helps the other. It is not a question of equality of guilt; rather one of unity of effort and a sharing of responsibility.

A Reply

MR. MARTIN ENNALS' REPLY is an interesting blend of the *faux naïf*, the misleading, and the ignorant. He attempts to put me right on Amnesty's basic philosophical approach: "We do not say that all wrongs are equal; merely that all wrongs are wrong." I fail to see the point of this hair-splitting. May I illustrate the Ennals thesis? (1) to upbraid one's child unjustly is wrong; (2) to murder a child—or anyone else—is wrong. Surely even Mr. Ennals can see the difference between the two "wrongs." But of course he does—in the course of his activities he always manages to come down much harder on wrongdoer "1" than on wrongdoer "2". After all, the fellow may be armed, and, anyway, what's the use of arguing with someone like him?

Mr. Ennals adopts a facetious approach to very serious matters. With a completely straight face he informs us that the main difficulty of trade unions in Russia is that "their leaders lacked the acknowledged respectability of Vic Feather." On the contrary: I can assure him that Mr. Shelcpin is a

highly respectable figure—not only a Politburo member but even a former chief of the secret police. In the same jocular vein Ennals says that the ILO report on Soviet trade unions differs widely from my interpretation. Indeed it does: I assume Mr. Ennals knows that the U.S.S.R. is a member of the ILO and its Governing Body. He appears to

accept an official Soviet-approved document. So much for "impartiality."

If Mr. Ennals does not know the number of political prisoners country by country then how can he possibly give a "globalised" figure? The difference between, say, 20 thousand and 200 thousand prisoners in Russia would presumably be

The Liberators

THE SLOGAN OF THE DAY was "Vergewaltigt die Wachtmeister!" or, as their American comrades would put it, "rape the pigs!" The four young militants of the German New Left—Andreas Baader, Thorwald Proll, Horst Söhnlein, and Gudrun Ensslin—had been each sentenced to three-year prison terms for setting fire to a Frankfurt department store during the night of 2/3 April 1968. During their Frankfurt trial Danny Cohn-Bendit made a brief, dramatic star appearance in the court-room balcony. In their last words to the judge the defendants threatened: "Your kind of justice will be put on revolutionary trial..."

That trial has now apparently begun, with the violent liberation of Andreas Baader who had been serving his sentence in the Tegel penitentiary of West Berlin. There he had often been visited by his lawyer, Horst Mahler, the leading counsel of the German New Left, and by Ulrike Meinhof, the former star-columnist of the *Sex-&-Revolution* magazine, konkret. Even though the prison authorities were generally aware of a plan to free Baader, they gave him permission to continue his "sociological research" in various West Berlin libraries. On 14 May he was allowed to visit, under guard, the Sociology Institute in the university precinct of Dahlem. He claimed to be writing a book on youth problems for the Berlin publisher Klaus Wagenbuch, and the German authorities took a "serious" view of his literary project. When Baader was escorted into the Reading Room, his friend Ulrike Meinhof was already waiting for him. Some time later four others, disguised by wigs, stormed into the library and fired their pistols and their tear gas charges. There was an exchange of fire; one of the librarians was hit by a bullet from a liberator's Beretta and was critically wounded. Baader and his liberators all escaped, he and Ulrike Meinhof making their getaway by jumping out of the Institute window and racing off in a stolen silver-grey Alfa Romeo. They left behind them several other wounded guards and librarians. The escapees apparently still had time to pick up Frau Meinhof's children, 8-year-old twins.

This dramatic incident has given new spirit to the otherwise fragmented forces of the German New Left. "Ulrike's Deed" was found "heroic," and the activists' publication "883" re-dedicated itself to the programme, "Macht kaputt, was euch kaputt macht (Smash those who would smash you)!"... This was quite in keeping with the militant spirit of Ulrike

Meinhof who recently accepted a teaching appointment at the University's Institut für Publizistik; as she had written in her column in konkret on the subject of the political pyromania in Frankfurt: "What is progressive about setting a department store in flames lies not in the destruction of the goods, but rather in the criminality of the deed, its violation of the existing legal code..."

IN VARIOUS INTERVIEWS Klaus Rainer Röhl (Frau Meinhof's former husband) offered to shed light on the new career of the "Wunderkind" of the Left, now 35, who has been taken in Germany as "a de luxe edition of 'Red Rosa' Luxemburg." He called attention to various psychological and physiological factors, ranging from her childhood as an orphan to the disorienting effects of her recent brain tumour operation. Her collaboration with what he called the "Berlin Mafia" since the days of Dutschke constituted years of systematic "brutalisation." But all this from Röhl may be less objective analysis than the resentment of a former husband whose divorced wife organised a Pop-Hippie gang to destroy the Jugendsül furniture in their old Hamburg-Blankenese villa (and also to urinate collectively in the conjugal bed).

On a more ideological level, Röhl's magazine which was at one time the general voice of a New Left has now turned on its comrades of the extreme wing. It is a case of the revolution beginning to devour its brothers and sisters, husbands and wives. According to a leading article by Röhl in konkret (4 June), entitled "Anarchism Leads to Fascism," the greatest threat to radical social change now comes from "the Parasites of the Left, the royalty-rich clowns of the Pop Sub-culture, and the Terrorist Groups of Anarchism..." He warned against those German comrades who now have a pyromaniacal infatuation with weapons and explosives ("Mol-lies" is their affectionate name for Molotov Cocktails); and he was contemptuous of the theatrical Wild-West tactics of those German Weathermen whose strategy and tactics were derived "not from Karl Marx but from Karl May..." He pointed out that no sooner is a so-called heroic deed done than the Press, Film and T.V. moguls are offered exclusive photographs, tapes, interviews, and star-engagements. (Both Stern and Spiegel were offered exclusive "inside" stories of the Berlin Liberation.) Röhl called for an end to that "false sense of Solidarity of the Left" which has sustained until

of some significance. And what exactly does he mean by saying that "tens of thousands only too quickly become hundreds"? Is he implying that stories about Russian political prisoners are grossly exaggerated, or that the number is actually on the increase? If the first, I would remind him of the people who for 20 years maintained that there were

no more than a handful of prisoners under Stalin; if the second, then the duty of his organisation should be, not to hush up the facts but to alert world public opinion. An extremely well-informed Soviet underground publication, recently smuggled out to the West, gives the number of political prisoners in the U.S.S.R. as 500 thousand (exactly

in Berlin

now an emotion of comradely sympathy for such enemies of the proletariat, the people, and socialism. Adopting one of their own slogans, he called for the smashing of anarchists ("Macht den Anarchismus kaputt").

Writing from AMMAN, where the whole Berlin Liberation group had fled—in a new resolve to help the coming Revolution by joining the El Fatah forces to "crush the fascist ideology of 'Zionism'"—Ulrike Meinhof counselled her friends on the German New Left to "Build the Red Army Now!" Weapons were absolutely necessary, for no revolution could be made without an armed struggle. (This last message to the comrades was sent via the good offices of Mme Michele Ray, the former Paris mannequin who turned Left in her Coco Chanel outfits and has since reported from the revolutionary front lines of the Viet Cong, Guevara, and El Fatah.) Frau Meinhof was seriously troubled by the "revisionism and pure reformism" of those who hold that first the Proletariat had to be organised and then armament for revolutionary violence could take place. She was also troubled by the usage of the German word "Bullen" for the police rather than the Panther's American epithet "Pigs" (Schweine), since "bulls" imply a sense of strength, and in any case it was vital to establish that the Man in Uniform was indeed a Pig and not a human being ("kein Mensch") and therefore not to be talked with but only shot at: as representatives of the System they needed to be fought, "ruthlessly, without hesitation or scruple...."

SO HAS VIOLENCE of a politico-ideological nature escalated again on the German scene.¹ On 2 June 1967 a West Berlin policeman shot and killed a demonstrator named Benno Ohnesorg during the anti-Shah of Persia rioting. But this was still at a time when the German Radical Left was under the influence of Rudi Dutschke's SDS thesis, namely, that "Terroristic violence against

persons is no longer necessary in the metropolises...." The SDS had expressed its "distress" at the arson in Frankfurt. Then came the attempt on Dutschke's life on the Kurfürstendamm, and the death of a photographer and a student in the rioting against the Axel Springer press. Extremist elements in the APO-movement (Extra-Parliamentary Opposition) took up Professor Herbert Marcuse's thesis that "Oppressed minorities have a Natural Right of Resistance...."

Thereafter both theory and practice moved into a new phase. The SDS proclaimed that the old thesis which made a distinction between violence against "things" and against "persons" was no longer valid. An attack against the Berlin police who were guarding a Court-house was mounted with several thousand bricks and rocks, and resulted in the hospitalisation of 130 policemen. Bakunin's old formula of "Propaganda of the Deed" ruled the day. Since the beginning of this year in Berlin, there has been: a Molotov-cocktail attack on the automobile of the Tegel prison warden; explosions in front of the house of the editor of the "BZ" (a Springer newspaper); the fire in the rooms of the District Court Judge (the arsonists leaving behind photos of Andreas Baader); more Molotov-cocktails in the North Berlin Labour Exchange; a fire-bomb attack on the Amerika-Haus. On 9 May, during the Cambodia demonstration, one plain-clothes policeman who was being beaten-up fired wildly and wounded several bystanders. Thereafter, "883," the house-organ of the so-called "Revolutionär," published the threat: "The four Popos [Political Police] whom we beat up on Saturday are only a beginning...."

FOR THE MOMENT there appears to be a United Front among the usually fractionalised Left-wing sects—the various mini-groups of Maoists, Stalinists, Leninists, Trotskyites, the members of way-out Hippie Communes, the "Pot Rebels," the so-called "brother and sister fuck" companies, the "Red Cells" in the universities, et al. But all this is only taking place on the anarchistic periphery of the world of the German Left, isolated from social realities, enthralled by the hope of some speedy revolutionary change through violence, busy with plans to throw bombs, set fires, and liberate imprisoned comrades, for each deed constitutes for them a kind of sign of the imminent break-through to some brand-new era.

DER SPIEGEL/STERN/DIE ZEIT (Hamburg)

¹ See the previous reports in ENCOUNTER: Kai Hermann, "Germany's Young Left," April 1968; Golo Mann, "A Word to the Restless Berlin Students," July 1968; Jürgen Habermas, "A Critical Word at 'The Court of Our Self-Appointed Revolutionaries,'" September 1968; "Revolution & Ripe Tomatoes," November 1968; Horst Krüger, "Children of Liberalism," "The Neo-Utopians," "The Politics of Defecation," February 1969; "The Uses of Dialectics," March 1969; Erwin Scheuch, "The Liberation from Right Reason," "The Coming of the Stone Age," Bernd Nellessen, "The Corpse of the Free University," and "Fiffrunstrassennnnnn," April 1969; "The Cult of Violence" and "The Revolution is Devouring its Parents," May 1969.

double Mr. Ennals' "globalised" figure). Does Ennals still say that "no figures exist" for Russia? I suppose he is waiting for the official Soviet statistics to be published—how could he otherwise maintain his "impartiality"?

It would be interesting to know, incidentally, why Indonesia was the sole country for which Amnesty International gave precise figures. Could it be—could it possibly be—because Indonesia is the only non-communist country in the world where the number of political prisoners is really comparable to the communist figures about which Amnesty remains silent?

Mr. Ennals refers to a previous occasion when we "crossed swords." This was the curious incident, described in my article, when Mr. Ennals and one of his colleagues published a letter in *The Guardian* (24 December 1968) expressing their "encouragement" at the fact that the five Soviet protesters against the invasion of Czechoslovakia had been sentenced only to exile instead of hard labour. Their statement was quite untrue: two of the accused had received long prison-camp sentences. Even after I had pointed this out in a letter to *The Guardian* Ennals did not see fit to withdraw his misleading account. Nor is he at all apologetic today. He was, he explains, simply led astray by an incorrect story in *Le Monde*.

The explanation won't wash. Why did Ennals need *Le Monde* when, on 12 October 1968, the whole British press had carried full and correct reports of the sentences passed on Pavel Litvinov and his comrades? As, by the way, did *Le Monde*. So much for Ennals' alibi. *Le Monde's* position, I might mention, was very different from that of Mr. Ennals: "For people like Litvinov, Larissa Daniel and Babitsky, exile may be an even harsher experience than prison." The Western Communist press took an even stronger line. The Italian *L'Unità* wrote: "The sentences are out of all proportion to the nature and the size of the demonstration." The Austrian *Volksstimme*: "The severity of the sentence is inexplicable." This was the Western Communist opinion of the very same sentence which the "impartial" head of the "impartial" Amnesty International found so "encouraging." A rum business, to say the least.

Nor is that the limit of Ennals' impartiality towards the U.S.S.R.: he actually *welcomes* "trials as being better than disappearance and exile better than hard labour." That's funny: hadn't I heard somewhere that "all wrongs are wrong"? Or does Ennals' Law apply only to non-communist, preferably democratic countries? Would it not be more accurate to express Ennals' Law as "all wrongs are wrong, but some are more wrong than others"? (By now Mr. Ennals' gratification must be boundless: in the last few months literally hundreds of political trials have been held in the U.S.S.R.)

WHICH BRINGS ME to the strange case of Amnesty and Israel. Here Mr. Ennals falls into a strident, almost hysterical tone: he accuses me not only of falsehood, but even of not having read the Amnesty report. But alas for him, my account was absolutely accurate (save for the minor detail that Amnesty had spent several weeks, and not months in searching for torture in Israel), and it can be corroborated on every

point—and not by Amnesty methods of proof, either.

Ennals' outbursts show the increasing desperation of his attempts to wriggle out of the ugly predicament in which he has landed himself. He does not even try to take me up on any one of my statements and, instead, brazenly it out with a glaring untruth. Amnesty, he writes plaintively, has never suggested anything more than that Israel conduct its own investigation into the charges, yet Israel stubbornly sabotaged every well-meaning proposal. I am afraid that Ennals' latest version of the facts is totally false.

It is refuted by the notorious Amnesty report itself, which called for an investigation, not by "the Israelis" but "only by a Commission of Inquiry whose impartiality is beyond question," and which should be "international in composition." Earlier Amnesty had demanded that it be allowed to conduct its own formal inquiry—graciously condescending, however, to include one Israeli lawyer in its commission. Mr. Ennals would do well to re-read the text of his own Report before accusing others of ignorance.

The most extraordinary feature of the whole affair has been the forbearance with which the Israeli Government long submitted to these unprecedented demands. Perhaps they were taken in by Ennals' constant mention of his organisation's "consultative status with the United Nations"—a distinction to which he pompously refers even in his present reply, but which in reality carries no more importance or exclusiveness than "*By Appointment Suppliers to H.M. the Queen*." The Israelis gave Amnesty facilities which no other country would ever dream of granting. They carefully investigated eight specific cases raised by Mr. Ennals (i.e., did exactly what he now says they refused to do). Their voluminous report was imperiously rejected by Amnesty as "insufficient" (no more explanation given), yet they still persisted in trying to reach some accommodation—until Mr. Ennals, his patience with this insignificant nation finally exhausted, decided to release his farrago of hearsay and anonymous allegations to the world.

THERE ARE OTHER indications that Mr. Ennals may be having difficulty in controlling his delusions of grandeur. "No one is suggesting that the 79 Jews in Egyptian prisons are being tortured." What this means, of course, is that *he*, Ennals, is not suggesting it. But the world is not populated solely by Ennalses, and a great many people are making precisely this suggestion. Mr. Ennals must be reading the French press with less than his usual assiduity, otherwise he might have heard of the conference held on 27 January by the non-Jewish organisation "*Amitiés Françaises pour la Délivrance des Juifs au Moyen-Orient*," under the chairmanship of the President of the French Senate, M. Alain Poher, which published proofs of the continuing torture of Jews in Egyptian prisons—proofs at least as convincing as Amnesty's own. But then, Mr. Ennals is not interested in Arab countries: dictatorships should not be upset.

"The allegations of torture are manifold," writes Ennals. "They are an inevitable part of a propaganda war." Quite. Then why has he made Amnesty International serve as a weapon in this propaganda war?

Mr. Ennals has formulated the central point of

disagreement between us: "Either we believe in the rule of law, nationally and internationally, or we do not." Well put. I don't know whether Amnesty has an official motto, but on the strength of this statement I suggest they adopt "*Credo quia absurdum est.*" Amnesty, it seems, is concerned not with reality but with *belief*: "belief in the rule of law"—in England as in Russia, in Israel as in Egypt, in Norway as in Cuba. The harsh, brutal fact that in most countries there is no such thing as the Rule of Law does not exist for Amnesty. All must be treated equally. Governments, they "believe," do not ignore ratified conventions. Could Ennals name one single paragraph of the Convention on Human Rights which the U.S.S.R. has not systematically and deliberately flouted?

Norwegians and Swiss, he explains, "are also entitled to the support of public opinion." Indeed they are; what is more, in their countries free public opinion actually does exist. Mr. Ennals is entitled to pretend that the situation in Communist countries is identical. But should he be allowed to get away with such exercises in sophistry?

"IF SUPPORT FOR DR. SPOCK in U.S.A. were incompatible with support for Larissa Daniel in the U.S.S.R. then a conflict of claims would emerge," declares Ennals grandly. "In practice, support for one helps the other." Rarely have I seen crucial issues more blatantly confused. Dr. Spock stood in no need of Amnesty's "support": he was tried by jury, before an independent court, in the full blaze of publicity; during his trial and appeal he was out on bail, continuing his political activities unimpeded, after which he was legally acquitted. Larissa Daniel, on the other hand, was tried by a State "court," in complete secrecy, with neither press nor public represented; she was held in prison throughout, her appeal was automatically rejected, and she was sent to cut logs in Siberia. Is Mr. Ennals really blind to the fundamental contrast between the two cases. And could he explain how exactly "support" for Dr. Spock has "helped" Mrs. Daniel?

In my article I accused Amnesty International of blurring the vital difference between totalitarian and non-totalitarian states. I am grateful to Mr. Ennals for having provided further evidence for my charge.

TIBOR SZAMUELY

London

"Who Killed the Student Revolution?"

THE VERY brilliance of Professor Nisbet's "Who Killed the Student Revolution?" [ENCOUNTER, February] may, I fear, blind us to several serious errors in his analysis. Some nails are undoubtedly hit right on the head: the emphasis upon over-indulgence of students as a source of revolt, and the exposure of the nullity of the supposed academic goals of the movement. Nisbet's salute to Chancellor Strong of Berkeley, the first of a long line of administrators to be undercut and betrayed for doing their plain duty, was also a most welcome note.

Nisbet goes wrong, however, in a proverbially dangerous way: he underestimates the enemy. He scorns the current crop of revolutionaries because they are middle-class, because as mere students they are psychologically and economically dependent. But in decrying the romanticism of the revolutionaries, Nisbet himself falls victim to a romantic fallacy. Napoleon made the error of dismissing the English as "a nation of shopkeepers." For Nisbet similarly, it is unthinkable that the offspring of Madison Avenue jingle-writers could actually carry off anything as serious, desperate, and destructive as revolution. Such types don't have the *cojones*—for good revolutionaries you need Workers, or even Aristocrats, or better yet Blacks with their legitimate grievances. History, unfortunately, teems with examples to prove Nisbet wrong; indeed, one is hard put to think of revolutions *not* predominantly led by middle-class intellectual types. Let's face it. If there is a critical mass of individuals willing to kill or be killed to overturn the system—whatever their social origins, and however vicious, wrong-headed, or even pointless their reasons—you will have the makings of revolution. (Of course, whether the revolution will be ultimately successful is quite another matter.)

Nisbet's romanticising of the black student militants will be painful to those who have been their victims. The blacks are shown as virile and nationalistic, properly contemptuous of their would-be pseudo-revolutionary white student allies. Nisbet does not seem to realise that his seeming tolerance of black misdemeanours reveals exactly the same faculty attitude so justly criticised by him when applied to the misdemeanours of white students. (I don't for a moment think that Nisbet *really* would tolerate crimes, white or black; it is the romantic attitude he strikes which leads his argument to this false position.) And he is just wrong on the facts in asserting a total split between Black and White revolutionaries. The most successful of the black revolutionary movements, the *Panthers*, has prospered in spite of—indeed, surely just because of—its willingness to make a popular front with the well-financed and well-connected white revolutionaries. Eldridge Cleaver's foreword to Jerry Rubin's new *Scenarios of the Revolution* is but one more instructive example.

In Nisbet's view, then, there's no need to worry about the blacks; they're winning their own revolution and won't really want to rock the boat. Aside from race, he makes Viet Nam the one valid, bed-rock cause of the student revolt. He embroiders on the official version of the military-industrial complex's misdeeds (official on the campus, that is) only by emphasising the evil role played by corrupted political intellectuals—Bundy, Rusk, Rostow, *et al.* But again, he sees no grounds for worry any more. "Peace has become respectable"; Nixon's de-escalation has collapsed the issue. Unfortunately for Nisbet's thesis, the student revolt is world-wide. How can Race or Viet Nam explain the events in France, in Japan, in West Berlin?

Nisbet's analysis is defective, and his optimistic prediction unwarranted. We are nevertheless, in the U.S. at least, seeing some remission of our symptoms. The explanation would seem to be reasonably clear. As suggested (with some distaste)

in Nisbet's last section: Society, *mauvaise bête* that it is, has begun to defend itself.

JACK HIRSHLEIFER

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IT'S NOT EASY, it may be impossible, to reply to Professor Hirshleifer's comments. I'll begin with his final sentence. I am frank in admitting I suffer from a poor sense of timing. I had somehow thought that our *mauvaise bête* would by this time have become a little more ferocious in defending itself from attacks. On the evidence of human history, as well as of the animal kingdom generally, it is astonishing how little overt defence of this sort is necessary. But a society whose principal journalistic spokesmen can get away with equating the occasional lapses from immaculate decorum of a Judge Julius Hoffman with the obscene and calculated attacks by an Abbie Hoffman and his seven accomplices on both judge and the judicial system he represents is clearly not yet in the state of mind I continue to predict for it. Not yet.

As to Professor Hirshleifer's other very well-taken points. I don't want to appear to be slinking for cover in semantic distinctions, but I wrote the article to distinguish between revolutionary behaviour and merely delinquent, adolescently delinquent, behaviour. Bear in mind that for several years the looting of buildings, humiliation of professors, burning of libraries and computer centres, smearing of filth on academic walls, and incessant screams for amnesty by those in the very act of looting and pillaging, were regarded by many of our colleagues in this country as revolutionary idealism. As it happens, I have little use for any violent modern revolution, starting with the French, but I thought it valuable to distinguish between the behaviour of the Dantons and Robespierres (evil as that may have been) and the behaviour of the Rubins, Rudds, and Dellingers. It was not so much to *diminish* the importance of the latter as it was to indicate, in direct fashion, the *nature* of its importance. And this nature, as must surely be evident now even to editorial writers and educational specialists from New York to Los Angeles, falls in the annals of delinquency and vandalism—increasingly terroristic vandalism—rather than of revolution. This does not at all mean underestimation of possible damage and danger to American society. But I had never seen academic liberals apply the terms “first flower” and “finest generation ever” to the youthful gangs that roll drunks, and I wanted most of all to question the relevance of these terms to those gangs on campus that roll professors, deans, and chancellors.

On the “middle class” origins of revolutionaries. Professor Hirshleifer may be right, though I am sceptical that is the case (admitting quickly, of course, these origins for the prime figures in France, Russia, and Germany in modern times). When one considers that most revolt in Europe prior to the 18th century was religious in inspiration, and with strong roots in the peasantry, the case is not so clear. But my chief concern in any case was the *American* middle class of the

present age: newly affluent, uneasy, even guilty, in their wealth, possessions-oriented, frequently Left in political stance (especially professors and Madison Avenue jingle writers), timid about exercising authority anywhere, especially at home, often insecure psychologically, and with an almost fetishistic attitude toward their children. *This* is the class, or group, that is less likely (as I said) to produce revolutionaries than large masses of agreeable, charming mass children on the one hand and, on the other, in relatively small but menacing minority, the kind I described—given to destructive temper-tantrums when demands are not met immediately and precisely (“after all”, as one of them put it the other day, “we are no longer babies”), fascinated by the scatological, easily bored, often lonely, enjoying destruction of buildings and books and computers as they once enjoyed destruction of their own toys, unremitting in insistence upon attention, love, and instant forgiveness for all sins, and, finally, ever-eager to escape into womb-like, drug-induced ecstasies... or else suicide.

I QUITE AGREE that from society's point of view it matters not whether bombs are planted by “revolutionaries” or by “delinquents”; that a social system may be as easily destroyed by suicide-bent Ugliers and Crazies masquerading as idealists as by those in the austere, non-clownish, but deadly tradition of a Robespierre or Lenin. But since it has taken so many of Professor Hirshleifer's and my colleagues in America so long to see what has in fact been involved from the outset of the so-called campus revolution, I felt I had to emphasise the distinction. I thought, knowing the political romanticism of so many academic social scientists in this country, that it just might help to identify vandals and delinquents for what they are, thus removing future likelihood of “first flower” and “finest ever” as covering terms.

As to the blacks and whites, I hold no brief for black vandals and delinquents, and trust that our *mauvaise bête* will in due time defend itself from attacks from this quarter as well as from other quarters. That Jerry Rubin would crawl all the way to Cleaver's hide-out for one, perhaps final, pat on the head (I choose to watch my language here) is no surprise. There will be more of it. Guilt springs eternal in the American white middle-class breast, and many young whites will endure all manner of rebuffs, insults, and jibes in the hope of just one occasional pat on the head. But the segregatory processes I described between black and white militants are nonetheless going on. And they will increase. For the present, though, I think all that is off is my sense of timing. As more and more blacks make middle-class status, exclusionary processes among themselves will become more evident—directed to the Eldridge Cleavers, Bobby Seales, and Rap Browns—and by and by the remaining black hoodlums will perhaps have no place else to go than to the arms of the Abbie Hoffmans and Jerry Rubins. They deserve each other. God be merciful to them all. No, perhaps not merciful, but at least *just*!

ROBERT NISBET

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Anti-Art?

ONE OF THE PROBLEMS which was touched upon by Daniel Bell in his article "Unstable America" [ENCOUNTER, June] was what he termed the "change in cultural sensibility." In this brief section he remarked upon the new currents of artistic activity which, he says, "simply remain at the level of anti-art." He suggests that alongside an insistence on immediacy and involvement there is a rejection of "interpretation."

Although Professor Bell was limited by space in his examination of the complex relationship between artistic phenomena and the society from which they spring, it was encouraging to see a sociologist referring to it within the context of a larger thesis.

Working as I do with art students the following points seem pertinent to his comments.

1. Throughout this century many artists have consciously engaged in what might be termed "anti-art" activities. This is frequently not the result of an irrational, noninterpretative approach but is a considered attempt to challenge the traditionally institutionalised role they have been allocated by society.

2. Historically we can frequently note that concurrent with such activities other artists have attempted to create a situation which would allow them to be meaningfully integrated into society. Thus one might see contemporary art students commenting critically and often wittily on the idea of the "fine art object" with what appears to be anti-art activities while others attempt to create an art commune with the emphasis on the social contribution art can offer to society.

3. Clearly not all art students or artists can be categorised in this way; some are genuinely confused about their present role and produce work which might well fit Professor Bell's description; others are content to work within a traditional convention.

Unless one is aware of the calculated nature of the response of many artists to their situation there is a danger of dismissing much of their activity as entirely negative and unconsidered. This attitude can all too quickly lead into the argument that decadent art signifies a decadent culture. I can only add that many of the artists and students I have met are fully aware of their actions and the implications of these actions and that their artistic statements are an integral and coherent part of a particular analysis of the society of which they are a part.

N. UPFOLD

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Goethe's Faust

JOHN MANDER slipped [ENCOUNTER, December] when referring to "Goethe's Faust's presumptuous 'True, I know much; but all things would I know.'" These are not Faust's words but those of his ridiculous assistant, Wagner, attired in a dressing gown and night cap, a light in his hand—virtually a cartoon—and Faust immediately gives vent to his antipathy.

WALTER KAUFMANN

Princeton University

AUTHORS

Peter Jenkins is the political columnist for *The Guardian* in London. His book *The Birth of Downing Street*—an account of the Labour Government's confrontation with the trade unions—is to be published by Charles Knight & Co. at the end of August. . . .

John Wain's latest novel is *A Winter in the Hills*, just published by Macmillan. He writes regularly for ENCOUNTER, and among his recent articles are "Art, If You Like" (May 1970), "The Prophet Ezra v. 'The Egotistical Sublime'" (August 1969), "Orwell and the Intelligentsia" (December 1968). . . .

Golo Mann is one of Germany's most distinguished historians. His *History of Germany in the 19th Century* is a classic study, and was published by Chatto & Windus in 1968. Among his articles in ENCOUNTER are: "Napoleon" (December 1969) and "A Word to the Restless Berlin Students" (July 1968). . . .

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**RUSSIA'S MISSION,
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I SHOULD LIKE to write to thank you, and congratulate you on the various pieces in your recent numbers on ‘Unreason and Revolution.’ May I add that innumerable readers here, where the counter-attack on liberal values has taken on incredible proportions of a cult of violence and a crusade against tolerance, have been grateful that at least one leading intellectual review has month after month over the last two years maintained the highest standards of reportage and analysis on these explosive events which are wracking our societies. It has been a service to the light of reason, and a desperately needed one. I liked that quoted remark to the effect that ENCOUNTER has helped to make up more minds than any other intellectual journal of our day. Your readers here can certainly confirm it. . . .”

J.R.T.

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METHUEN

Richard Pipes

Russia's Mission, America's Destiny

The Premises of U.S. and Soviet Foreign Policy

THE *DETENTE* in American-Russian relations since Stalin's death to which the world at large owes its relative peace, has tended to obscure basic differences not only in the long-term interests of the two powers, but also in their whole manner of looking at foreign affairs. Although it is fashionable to credit the *détente* to alleged "convergences" in the development of the two countries it is probably more realistic to attribute it to a stalemate in their diplomatic and military rivalry. A stalemate in such a conflict is bound to be temporary, and must not be allowed to deceive by concealing what remain very fundamental and deep-seated differences in the way the two rivals regard the world outside their respective borders. Historically viewed, these can be traced to two sources: the two countries' notion of the world and their place in it, as shaped by inherited religious and philosophic traditions; and their notion of the political process as formed by experience in domestic government.

The conception which Americans and Russians have of their respective place in the world has one feature in common. Each country, though in a different sense, is an offshoot of European civilisation, and yet each—again, on different grounds—rejects this civilisation. This negative feature establishes a certain superficial resemblance between Americans and Russians and, on the level of individual human contact, permits a rapport often lacking in the relations of either with Europeans proper. Less sophisticated champions of the convergence theory often point to this fact as evidence that the two nations must, in time, come together. But to the historian in this case the similarities are less impressive than the differences. Specifically, that which Americans and Russians reject in European civilisation is more significant than the insistence of each on having created a new and distinct civilisation.

The Xenophobic View

AS PETER CHAADAEV pointed out in his *Philosophical Letters* (1829–1831), Russia cut herself off from the rest of Europe when she chose to receive her Christianity from Constantinople rather than from Rome. From Byzantium, Russia absorbed a singularly conservative, anti-intellectual, and xenophobic ethos. The Byzantine Church insisted more emphatically than the Latin on orthodoxy, because it viewed Christianity as a perfect achievement, once and for all realised through Christ's martyrdom. Conservatism was imbedded in its whole conception of the church as the trustee of

Christ's legacy, anti-intellectualism in the attendant fear that all independent thinking endangered the foundations of the church, and xenophobia in the conviction that those who did not belong to it—deviant Christians above all—would suffer damnation.

The Russian version of Orthodox Christianity exaggerated further these attitudes, because the Russian clergy (especially during the Moscow period) was both less educated and more isolated than the Greek and therefore inclined to have an even higher opinion of itself. The collapse of Byzantium did nothing to shake this faith. Like Jews after the destruction of Jerusalem, Russians interpreted the fall of Constantinople to

mean that the Byzantines had been punished for their betrayal of the true faith (specifically, by their agreement in the 1530s to reunite with the Catholic Church at the councils of Florence and Ferrara). This belief made Russians more determined than ever to avoid contact with foreigners, and, in the splendid solitude in which they had been left as the last remaining state professing the Orthodox faith, to protect its purity.

This religiously conditioned view of the world outside one's walls heavily influenced the foreign dealings of the Moscow state. There is nothing surprising in this influence, considering that the monarchy and church in Moscow lived in a condition of mutual dependence that verged on the symbiotic. Like Imperial China or Tokugawa Japan, Moscow felt no need to enter into regular diplomatic relations with foreign powers, though it was not averse to receiving their envoys and occasionally even dispatching embassies to them. Foreign missions arriving in the 16th- and 17th-century Moscow were held under conditions of virtual house arrest and escorted out of Russia the instant their task was accomplished. The Moscow government's feeling about foreigners is well illustrated by the symbolic ceremony of washing hands which the Tsar performed after dismissing an embassy, using a discreetly covered pitcher and basin placed for this purpose by his throne.¹

Moscow's scorn for the external world, for the world of the non-Orthodox, is no less reflected in the vacuous reports submitted by its envoys on return from foreign travels. One searches in vain in these *stateinye spiski* for evidence of curiosity about foreign institutions and customs, so pronounced in the literature left behind by Western travellers to Russia of that time. Or, to be more precise, there are signs of curiosity but

it has the nature of bewilderment and amusement, rather than of serious interest. Muscovite envoys visiting Renaissance Italy, Reformation Germany, or Elizabethan England saw nothing of interest to report, since nothing they experienced there had had any relevance to the cosmos as they envisaged it.

EVEN BEFORE the accession of Peter the Great, this rigid posture toward foreigners began to relax, because no matter how the church felt about contact with infidels and heretics, the monarchy could not very well defend it and the realm from Catholics, Lutherans, and Moslems unless it adopted the latest military techniques from its adversaries. With Peter the secularisation of the monarchy was completed and the traditional policy of isolation abandoned. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, Russia joined the European state system and by entering into alliances with its members became an active partner in balance of power diplomacy. The sheer immensity of the Russian Empire—as Russians under Peter liked to boast, their territory equalled the visible surface of the full moon—always caused a strain on European diplomacy, because such a giant was difficult to fit into the intricate structure built on the equilibrium principle. And so we have the French complaining in 1735, when the first Russian troops appeared on the Rhine to help Austria in the War of the Polish Succession, that “barbarians” have lodged in the heart of Europe, and Castlereagh eighty years later referring to the thoroughly Frenchified Alexander I as a “Kalmuck prince.” But that was only when the Russians were on the other side. The same French and British warmly welcomed the Russian battalions when they were needed to restore the European balance in their own favour.

Imperial Russia gladly, almost eagerly, played the game. She tried hard to become a regular member of the great powers' club and to follow its rules, often to the detriment of her own national interests, as Slavophile publicists were wont to point out.

But in retrospect the adherence of imperial Russia to the European state system appears to have been more precarious than contemporaries realised. What had seemed an irreversible trend in Russian history, turned out to be but an episode. The conventional foreign policy which

This is the third article in the series on “Can the Super-Powers Survive?” The first was Professor Z. Brzezinski's “The Soviet Past and Future” in the March ENCOUNTER and the second was Daniel Bell's “Unstable America” (June). Professor Pipes is Professor of Russian History at Harvard University and Director of the Russian Centre there. He is the author of “The Formation of the Soviet Union: Communism and Nationalism, 1917-1923,” Harvard and Oxford University Presses (1965) and the editor of “Revolutionary Russia,” Harvard and Oxford University Presses (1968) and “Russian Intelligentsia,” Columbia University Press (1961).

¹ V. O. Kliuchevsky, *Foreign Accounts of the Moscow State* (in Russian), (Petrograd, 1918), p. 61.

the imperial government pursued was that of a Westernised court leaning on a Westernised gentry. It expressed the views of a new élite which had broken with the Muscovite traditions and expected great benefits for Russia from close involvement in the affairs of Europe. It was not the policy of what became known in the mid-19th century as the "democratic intelligentsia," who wished the government to devote all its attention and resources to the resolution of domestic ills. Even less was it a policy favoured by the ordinary citizenry—the peasants, artisans, industrial workers, merchants, shopkeepers, lower functionaries (public and private), and the clergy. These lower orders had been barely touched by Westernisation. Their culture remained rooted in that of old Moscow; that is, they continued to reject all of non-Orthodox civilisation, as represented by foreign countries and state systems and by Russia's own Westernised élite.

HAD RUSSIA ESCAPED revolution, the non-Westernised bulk of its population in all likelihood would have become Westernised and Russia would have joined the international state system for good, as happened with Japan. The October Revolution prevented this from occurring. By rejecting the political, economic, and social institutions of the old régime, the Bolsheviks, unconsciously and inadvertently, also cut Russia off from Western culture from which these had been drawn. Once the smoke of the Civil War was cleared, it became apparent that in October 1917 much more had been dethroned than the monarchy and private property: with them disappeared the Westernised élite which for two centuries had served as Russia's link with the West, and through it, with the world at large.

Under Stalin, the country's administration fell into the hands of elements, drawn largely from an amorphous petty bourgeoisie, which throughout the imperial period had been forced to sit on the sidelines, excluded from the seats of power—elements characterised by resentment, conservatism, anti-intellectualism, and xenophobia. The élite which has controlled Russia for the past fifty years may well be irreligious

and even militantly atheist: but having come to power on what is in effect an anti-Western programme, it has no other culture to fall back on except that of Muscovy. These people instinctively think of themselves as a nation *sui generis*, unique and unrelated to any other, part of no state system or international community, the only guardians of true Orthodoxy, once Christian, now Communist. Like their Muscovite ancestors, they see nothing to be learned from foreigners save technology, especially when it has military application.

Reading the recent memoirs of Stalin's daughter, a historian receives a jolt from her account of a conversation with Suslov. She had requested a passport so that she could carry to India the ashes of her recently deceased husband, and ran into difficulties. "What is it that attracts you so much abroad?" Suslov, apparently genuinely puzzled, wanted to know. "Why, my family and I never go abroad, and don't even feel like going. It is not interesting!"² Shades of boyars and priests whose beards he had clipped and whose properties he had despoiled, exacting revenge on Peter the Great! He had thought life abroad so interesting that for a time he worked there as an ordinary labourer.

Strangers and Sinners

CONTEMPT for that which lies outside one's national boundaries is not unfamiliar in the United States, but it is not characteristic of those who make national policy, and certainly not of those who have responsibility for the making of American foreign policy. The external world on which Americans are most likely to turn their backs is that which the language of historiographic shorthand calls "feudal"—the world of privilege and authority resting on inherited wealth in land. It is a selective and a qualified rejection whose criteria are drawn from a major strain of European culture, namely the ethos of the mercantile and manufacturing classes first articulated (as Werner Sombart has shown) in the Italian city states of the late Middle Ages and subsequently adopted by the European bourgeoisie at large. The United States has assimilated this ethos mainly through the agency of English liberalism. In Europe it never gained exclusive domination, because there it had to contend

² S. Alliluyeva, *Only One Year* (1969). Suslov performs in the present administration the same function that Pobedonostsev had performed for Alexander III.

with strong anti liberal, anti-bourgeois traditions of the Church and aristocracy.³ In the United States where, for all practical purposes, there was neither Church establishment nor a true aristocracy to dampen business exuberance, what had been the ethos of a class promptly turned into the ideology of a nation.

American isolationism does not rest on an exclusivist, Manichean outlook rooted in a community-oriented religion; instead, it is rooted in a religion extolling the individual conscience and free will. Individualistic and voluntarist, it assumes that nations, like persons, are capable of finding the true path. The American habit of injecting morality into diplomacy descends (genetically speaking) from the moralist obsession of the liberal middle class, especially the English. Behind it lies the passion which had moved Wilberforce to agitate against slavery, Cobden against foreign tariffs, and Gladstone against Turkish atrocities. It derives from the religious-philosophical conviction that there is a right and a wrong in every action and that man must constantly make a choice between the two. The refusal to grant diplomatic recognition to a wicked government is a logical extension of the principle of private conduct that one must not associate with depraved persons. If England itself has not followed this

practice, it is only because the management of its foreign relations has been customarily entrusted to patricians who lack such moral qualms.

Neither in the old, conservative isolationism of America, nor in its new, radical strain does xenophobia play a prominent part. American isolationists like to think that nations, like individuals, must solve their own problems. Those that display self-reliance, courage in the face of adversity, a commitment to equality of opportunity for its citizenry, the American is instinctively prepared to like. The admiration which the so-called "New Left" professes for Cuba or North Viet Nam is based on many of the same values that lay behind the extravagant sympathy that the Old Right expressed for Finland. This outlook clearly implies involvement in affairs of the world at large, and a sense of belonging—if not, indiscriminately, to all humanity, then at least to that segment of it which shares the American ideal of self-perfectibility. It is an isolationism qualitatively different from that sense of exclusiveness pervading the Muscovite and Soviet ruling élites, which tends to confound nationality and historic mission: as different as Liberal Protestantism is from Greek Orthodoxy from which the two isolationisms, respectively, derive.

SO MUCH for the broad context within which foreign policy is conducted. Now, as to the choice of means, the following generalisation may be suggested: that Russian diplomatic methods have been shaped by the experience acquired in administering a vast multi-national empire, whereas the American ones are best explained by the country's predominantly commercial and manufacturing background.

THE RUSSIAN STATE emerged on the fringe of an extensive but loosely constructed and chronically unstable Turco-Mongolian empire. In order to form a national state, Moscow not only had to impose its authority on rival Russian principalities, but also to repel, subdue, and integrate the Turco-Mongol and Finnic populations with which it was surrounded. As a result, in Russia the process of nation-building took place concurrently with that of empire-building. The two processes, so distinct in the history of Western states, cannot in the case of Russia be

readily distinguished either chronologically or geographically. In the second half of the sixteenth century, after it had captured Kazan but long before it had completed the self-imposed mission of "gathering the Russian lands," Moscow already administered a sizeable colonial population of Tatars and peoples of the Finno-Ugrian race. To these, in the seventeenth century, were added the natives of Siberia and the Ukrainian Cossacks, in the eighteenth the nomads of Central Asia, the Crimeans, Ukrainians, Belorussians, Poles, Jews, and the Baltic nationalities, and in the nineteenth, the Finns, Caucasians and Moslems of Turkestan.

To say that the Moscow state avoided entering into regular diplomatic relations with foreign powers does not, therefore, mean that it had no foreign dealings. Even before the accession of Peter, the Russian government had at its dis-

³ As Thomas Masaryk once observed in response to the charge that Americans are materialistic: "Yes, it is true that Americans chase after dollars: the only difference between them and us, Europeans, is that we chase after pennies..." But that, of course, makes a great deal of difference.

posal a great amount of foreign expertise, but this it had acquired from administering subject peoples, both Western and Oriental, not from dealing on equal terms with other sovereign states. The *Posol'skii Prikaz* ("Office of Ambassadors") knew much less, relatively speaking, how to handle foreigners than did the Bureaus or *priказы* of Kazan, Siberia, and Little Russia, which were charged with administering immense territories inhabited by peoples of alien races and religions. In some measure, the same held true of the imperial period during which the Ministries of War and of the Interior had more extensive day by day contacts with non-Russians than did the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

The implications of this historical fact are not far to seek. A country whose governing apparatus has learned how to deal with foreign peoples from what are essentially colonial practices is not predisposed to think in terms of "a stable international community" or of "the balance of power." Its instincts are to exert the maximum force and to regard absorption as the only dependable way of settling conflicts with other states, especially those adjoining one's borders. There is little need here of theory, because the options available concern tactics rather than strategy or objectives.

To anyone acquainted with the rich literature on the international relations of the Western powers it must come as a surprise to learn that there is no definitive or even merely comprehensive history of Russian foreign policy. The literature on the theory of Russian foreign policy is so meagre that it may be said not to exist at all. That Russians have felt no need to compile the record of their external relations or to investigate its principles is in itself a significant fact, illustrative of their general attitude toward the outside world.

IN ANALYSING the conduct of Russian foreign policy another peculiarity of Russian history must be taken into account, namely that its society had always been highly *élitist*. For reasons which cannot be gone into here, throughout Russia's history its governments have administered the country by means of a service class which, in return for services rendered, it rewarded not only with money,

offices, and land, but also with rights withheld from the rest of the population. Indeed, one of the reasons why Russian rulers have always been so reluctant to grant their citizenry what other European countries have long come to regard as elementary civic rights lies in the use they have made of such rights as privileges: in other words, as instruments of government. In the Moscow state and in Imperial Russia until the emancipation of the serfs in 1861, the service class (known as *dvorianstvo*, a kind of gentry) had a virtual monopoly on the country's main source of productive wealth, bonded labour. Furthermore, it enjoyed exemption from taxes and corporal punishment, as well as other important privileges enumerated in the celebrated Charter of the Nobility issued by Catherine the Great in 1785. The privileges of the Soviet service class (the Communist party apparatus and the managerial groups working for it) have not as yet been codified but they are no less real for that. Among them is access to scarce consumer goods, living quarters, and sources of objective information, and the right to travel abroad.

Because of the traditionally close relationship between government and its service class, Russia, past and present alike, fits better the Marxist model of a class society than does any other European country.⁴ We have here a state in which those who rule enjoy economic powers and legal rights enabling them effectively to defend their privileged position against challenges from below and from outside. The harmony between economic base and political and ideological superstructure is, in the case of the Soviet régime, nearly perfect. In such a country "national interest" tends to fuse completely with the interest of the privileged service class. Foreign policy—as well as internal policy—aims not so much at the improvement of the condition of the nation, but at safeguarding and expanding the privileges of its service élite. It is a "statist" foreign policy, *par excellence*, vastly different from not only the liberal ideal envisioned by an Adam Smith or Turgot, but also from the more narrowly nationalist one of a Friedrich List.

A GOOD ILLUSTRATION of the close inter-dependence between Russia's internal colonial experience and its manner of dealing with foreign powers is the interesting use which its governments have frequently made of privilege as a device of foreign policy. It had been an old

⁴ This fact, incidentally, helps explain the remarkable popularity enjoyed by Marx's ideas in Russia long before the country developed sizeable industry and a working class.

practice in pre-revolutionary Russia to suppress or, if possible, prevent and neutralise nationalist opposition in conquered areas by extending the privileges enjoyed by the Russian élite to that of the conquered peoples. In the seventeenth century, for example, Moscow effectively emasculated resistance in what had been sovereign Tatar principalities by the simple device of enacting a law restricting the ownership of serfs to Christian landlords. The consequence was mass conversion of Moslem notables. Granted the privileges of the Russian *dvoriane*, they promptly and tracelessly dissolved among them.⁵ A similar result was obtained in the eighteenth century along the southern border by admitting into the ranks of the Russian gentry the Cossack elders, the most vociferous champions of Ukrainian "liberties." Characteristically, Russians experienced some of their greatest administrative difficulties on territories of the defunct Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth, in no small measure because here the nobility had enjoyed even greater privileges than those the Russian conquerors had to offer. Unable to seduce the Catholic nobles to its side, the monarchy bade for support of the Catholic peasantry, according it land allotments and rights of self-governance considerably in excess of those enjoyed by the peasants of Russia proper.

Thus, in the course of their extended colonial experience, Russians have acquired much skill in manipulating social privilege and social conflict to their own advantage. This skill was put to use internationally by the Comintern between the wars and by the Soviet government in its zone of occupation in Eastern Europe after World War II. Neither Stalin nor his successors ever regarded the countries of Eastern Europe as sovereign states: to them, in the calculations made in their political subconscious, these were all along as yet undigested parts of the Russian domain, exactly as Kazan, Siberia, or the Ukraine had once been for Tsarist governments.

⁵ Among the better known descendants of this assimilated Tatar nobility are Karamzin, Turgenev, and Rachmaninov.

⁶ And still does: Senator Fulbright, having learned recently that the United States had paid the Philippines, South Korea, and Thailand to send troops to Viet Nam, called the practice "the ultimate in corruption." (*Evening Star*, Washington, D.C., 19 November 1969). He ignores that this "ultimate" had long been reached and exceeded by Britain, which for centuries had subsidised allies to enable them to participate in its wars.

In an effort to subdue and integrate them, recourse was had to the old and tried method of creating privileged but dependent élites. By entrusting power and granting privileges to a completely new class, whose status is conditional on the survival of Communism, *i.e.*, on Soviet backing, Soviet Russia has managed to contain (up to a point, to be sure) the powerful nationalist sentiments in these countries. It may well be that the old and tried methods will no longer work, applied to countries with live traditions of statehood. But the point is that Russian governments know no other. Had all these historical factors been kept in mind during World War II, there would have been less disappointment in the West with Russia's failure "to live up to the Yalta agreement," whose very language was alien to its historical experience.

Aversion to balance-of-power politics is another one of those qualities which Americans and Russians share. This negative factor made it possible for the two powers, so different in their political backgrounds, to reach in the mid-1950s agreement on two-power cooperation: an arrangement for which the Russians have coined the euphemism "peaceful co-existence," but which in reality represents an old-fashioned and straightforward agreement on spheres of influence. In a manner of speaking this arrangement, too, rests on an equilibrium of power. But this fact is not acknowledged by the leaders of either country, who prefer to believe that it derives from a special understanding which they enjoy by virtue of their capacity instantaneously to destroy one another.

The Penchant for Stability

HERE ONCE AGAIN, however, the similar proves to be dissimilar. In the Russian case, antipathy to balance-of-power politics derives from an inherent distaste for the whole concept of a stable state system. In the case of the United States, it represents yet another instance of an anti-feudal and moralistic way of thinking. Classical balance-of-power politics, as practised by European diplomats from the mid-17th century onwards, entailed secret diplomacy, palace intrigues, bribery in the guise of subsidies, trading of territories and their inhabitants, alliance with countries whose form of government one did not approve. In short, it meant *Realpolitik*, politics shorn of morals, something the American conscience has always found repugnant in the extreme.⁶

But if one abstracts from American pronouncements on foreign policy and turns to American practices, one discovers quickly enough that the United States is as deeply committed to balance-of-power politics abroad as it is to "checks and balances," its constitutional equivalent, at home.⁷ It is probably true to say that no country has ever exceeded the United States in its loyalty to that principle which on the conscious level it finds itself unable to accept. The principle of "interventionism," so frequently invoked that some historians regard it as the quintessence of American foreign policy, is, after all, little more than a particular application of the balance-of-power principle. It merely calls for engagement after the equilibrium has been upset rather than before. It is corrective rather than preventive action, but its purpose is exactly the same. (Outside the Western hemisphere, of course, which is a very special case.) In Viet Nam, the decision to intervene with American troops seems to have posited that once an equilibrium had been reached on the field of battle under which neither side could aspire to victory, a negotiated settlement would automatically follow. Apparently, when this policy was devised it was not contemplated that the other side might not subscribe to the balance-of-power philosophy and refuse to play the game. Perhaps the most striking illustration of America's faith in the efficacy of the balance-of-power principle is the decision to allow the Soviet Union to attain parity in nuclear weapons. The hope behind this gamble seems to be that once a nuclear equilibrium between the two powers has been obtained, a dynamic and therefore potentially explosive situation will defuse and turn static. It would be difficult to find in the whole history of international relations another instance of a country, in effect, deliberately reducing its advantage over a rival for the sake of attaining an equilibrium—doing, as it were, the job of balancing on his behalf. Even the British insisted on preserving a clear-cut superiority over the Germans in the naval race at the turn of the century for which they attempted to lay down the ground rules.

CLEARLY, WE ARE DEALING HERE with a deeply ingrained conviction. At the lowest psychologi-

cal substratum, it seems to derive from the mechanistic outlook which forms so prominent an ingredient of American culture. It is an outlook which conceives reality in terms of physical bodies acting on each other in accord with definable laws and in terms of measurable quantities of force. The remarkable American propensity to indulge in abstractions, to translate objects made of flesh and blood into faceless "movements" and palpable pains into esoteric "problems" capable of being "solved"; the American love for the vocabulary of mechanics ("framework of thought," "social dynamics," "structure of society," and so on)—this is one of the several qualities that Americans under 30 share with their elders. How could such a people resist the "balance-of-power" philosophy, no matter how repugnant some of its implications may be to the other side of its culture, the middle-class, moralistic liberalism? For the whole conception of the balance of power is, of course, a by-product of the science of mechanics, and was originally conceived as an effort to regulate relations between states on the same rules which Galileo, Kepler, and Newton had discovered to determine relations between physical bodies.

The Mechanics of Chaos

THE BALANCE-OF-POWER PHILOSOPHY, however, is attractive to a country with a predominantly business ethos not only or even primarily because it is scientific and therefore calculable, but also because it seems to provide the key to the creation of conditions in which trade and manufacture can best flourish. Obviously, business desires stability. It wants an environment in which political activity—by its very nature volatile and unpredictable—has been reduced to a minimum, that is one in which political entities are brought to a condition resembling bodies at rest. The American constitution is constructed on this principle, and Americans, like most people, tend to view the constitution of the world in the light of their own. Usually the transposition is unconscious; but sometimes, as, for example, in the case of Professor Frank Tannenbaum's astonishing suggestion that the relations between all sovereign states be modelled on the system regulating relations between the federal states of the United States of America, it is explicit.⁸ The commercial ethos and mechanistic philosophy complement one another admirably.

⁷ Hans Morgenthau makes this point in *Defence of the National Interest* (1951), pp. 5-7.

⁸ Frank Tannenbaum, *American Tradition in Foreign Policy* (1955).

One could cite numerous examples to illustrate this generalisation, but a single one must suffice: the criterion which the United States is most prone to invoke when confronted with the question whether to extend or deny support to another foreign power.

The official version of U.S. foreign policy holds that the United States, being the leader of what is known as the "Free World," befriends and supports those governments which give proof of their dedication to the principles of liberty.⁹

Even if it is palpably evident that there is a substantial and qualitative difference in the degree of freedom available to citizens of the two blocs, it is obvious that the United States does not and cannot choose its allies on so vague a criterion as liberty. If it did, it could not maintain friendly relations with the governments of Spain, South Korea, and South Viet Nam.

At the same time, the mirror image of the official explanation which holds that fear for its wealth and foreign investments drives the United States to defend the *status quo* throughout the world and therefore to support conservative causes and régimes, is no more persuasive. Time and again, the United States has extended support to movements and governments of radical and nationalist complexions, among them Communist Yugoslavia and nationalist Indonesia. In the Middle East, after being repeatedly frustrated in its efforts to come to terms with the Arab states, most of them conservative in their outlook, it has settled on Israel, by any standard the most progressive country in the area.

The reason for this seeming inconsistency is that the United States is guided in its alliances not so much by criteria of political and social ideology or by short-term economic calculations as by broader consideration of stability. There is a tendency in the United States to assume that governments which keep their people free and prosperous are stabler than those which do not; and, all things being

equal, the United States would prefer to ally itself with democratic and consumer-oriented governments. But when it is forced to choose between one government which is democratic and unstable, and another which is undemocratic but stable, the United States, as a rule, will settle for the latter. The unspoken assumption of its policy is that countries which have attained internal stability—no matter whether by conservative or radical means—are less likely in their external relations to behave in an unpredictable manner. They are, consequently, better to do business with: for, like the planets, their movements can be calculated and charted in advance, which is not the case with meteors.

It is on these grounds that the United States can cooperate simultaneously with Franco and with Tito, one an ex-ally of Hitler, the other of Stalin. It is for this reason, too, that it prefers to have dealings with the Soviet Union, a country potentially more of a threat to its security but to all appearances stable, than with China which seems in permanent turmoil. In the late 1940s the United States supported the Indonesian nationalists—revolutionaries with a suspect ideology—against the conservative, free-enterprise Dutch, because, having concluded that "de-colonialisation" had become unavoidable, it preferred speeding it along to risking protracted civil war in South-east Asia. And finally, Israel (where the United States has insignificant investments) is more attractive, at least in some measure, because of its internal stability than the sometimes feudal, sometimes fascist, but always volatile Arab states (where it has investments in the billions).

THERE IS ONE MORE DIFFERENCE in the historical background of the two countries which calls for comment. The economic experience of the United States is primarily commercial, that of the Soviet Union agrarian. (Even today, nearly one-half of the present population of the U.S.S.R. lives on the land, and most of the remainder consists either of peasants who had moved to the cities or of peasants' children.) Now in commercial activity both sides expect to profit: a trade in which one side gains all and the other only loses is a contradiction in terms. A dispute between traders concerns the division of profits, each party being aware that its gain is conditional on the other party earning something as well. Commerce is therefore by its very

⁹ The term "Free World" has recently fallen into disrepute, especially among the young who profess to see no difference sufficiently wide between the two blocs to justify calling the one "Free" and the other unfree or "Totalitarian." One can perhaps rescue this useful term by defining the "Free World" to mean that part of the world where one can say, openly and without fear of punishment, that it does not exist.

nature conducive to compromise. Nations raised on it instinctively seek a common ground for agreement, that exact point at which the other side might be prepared to make a deal.

This is not the case with nations preoccupied with the exploitation of resources. The production of goods—whether raw or manufactured—does not, of itself, teach the art of compromise. Disputes over land or any other resources are such that what one side gains the other loses, and it is entirely possible for one to gain all. Industry, on which some sociologists and economists count to create a common style of life throughout the world, from this point of view resembles agriculture more than trade. A country can readily make a transition from raising food-

stuffs to manufacturing without changing its habits and mentality. Such a change occurs only when goods are traded. It is not the production of goods, in other words, but their exchange that infuses the habits of civilised life, that teaches individuals and nations alike to respect the rights of others on the ground that their well-being is the precondition of one's own prosperity. Such commercial experience Russia badly lacks; nor will it acquire it under the present system. No matter how much Russia "industrialises," until it begins to trade in earnest within and without, it will not learn to understand the value of compromise and the need for seeking a common ground of agreement.

THERE IS little comfort in these reflections for anyone who believes that somehow, by a magic marriage of good will and enlightened self-interest, the foreign policies of the United States and Russia will come to coincide. The notion of what is "good" and what is "self-interest" is not the same for those who make policy in the two countries. The condition of international equilibrium existing since the mid-1950s, which so far has provided a precarious peace, does not result from the acceptance by the Communist leadership of the principle of an international community of interest. As seen from there, the cosmos consists not of majestic planets revolving according to the laws of nature, each in its allotted orbit, in the midst of which man has been placed to prove his worth. The vision there—when it is not completely drowned in cynicism—is one of chaos in which wondrous and terrible things happen, and God, in the guise of History, renders implacable Final Judgment.

Anglo-Irish

Letter from Dublin

ON A FOOTBALL SATURDAY NIGHT O'Connell Street in Dublin must be the most rollicking main street in Europe: glaring with snack-bar lights and fan-club favours, loud with drunks and opportunist evangelists, with its buskers playing their flutes upon its bridge, its wild-eyed bravos in from the bog, its beggar-urchins falling upon the astonished tourists with whines and repartee as they emerge from the lobby of the Gresham Hotel. It is a scene of terrific lustian activity, and its energies, its enthusiasms, its noises and its faces are undiluted Irish.

Not long ago this was the grandest thoroughfare in the most elegant of the English imperial cities. Then Sackville Street, given grace by the foresight of the Dublin Wide Streets Commission, was given dignity by the presence of the Anglo-Irish, a ruling caste from across the sea. Nelson stood serene on his column outside the GPO. Young gentlemen in hacking jackets sauntered over the bridge from Trinity College. A different *class* of customer, as the upstage head porters used to say—"if you get my meaning *sorr*"—was to be seen upon the terrace of the Gresham. A symmetry had been laid upon Ireland, and an alien Empire imposed its standards of conduct, its conceptions of order and its style upon the little capital.

In the story of the British Empire Ireland plays a part of tragic prominence, as the oldest of the British possessions overseas, and the first to break away: and it was in the pursuit of an imperial quest that I set out from the Gresham myself one recent day, patting the urchins kindly on their grubby heads, to divert their attention. I wanted to discover what had happened to the Anglo-Irish. Did that imperial

caste survive? Were its values buoyant still, behind the republican façade? Was there still a Sackville Street, beneath the changed names and the demolished statues? Or had the Anglo-Irish been absorbed at last into the *mêlée* of the football crowd, their manners smudged and their chiselled features blurred? (For they were in their heyday, so Engels reported in the 1850s, tall, strong, handsome chaps, "with enormous moustaches under colossal Roman noses.")

I PRESENTED MYSELF FIRST at St. Patrick's in Dublin, Dean Swift's Cathedral, which was the ancient shrine of this élite. Of all the Empire's Anglican Cathedrals, each in a sense deprived of its meaning, this seems to me the most telling. They were no transient expatriates, who worshipped here in the old days. The rulers of the Protestant Ascendancy represented an imperial presence seven centuries old. They were the most loathed of all the Empire-builders, and at the same time the most rooted, and all the ironies of their relationship with Ireland linger among the trophies and memorials of this cathedral, where the Knights of St. Patrick once sat emblazoned in the stalls of their Order, and Guinnesses bowed only to Viceroys.

The survivors were not numerous at Matins, but they looked staunch enough. "KNEEL TO PRAY," enjoined the hassocks severely in embroidered capitals, and only the American tourists found the exertion beyond them, the local old ladies going down with scarcely a creak. The hymns went lustily (though I was sorry we did not sing No. 313 in the Church of Ireland hymnal—*Lift Thy Banner, Church of Erin/To thine Ancient Faith We Cling*—which would have expressed a fighting spirit,

I thought, in a country of 104,000 Anglicans to 3,200,000 Catholics). The sermon was about universal degeneracy. A fierce lady beside me, observing me faltering with my prayer-book, thrust her own into my hand with a decisive injunction about the number of the psalm. Across the aisle a very military worshipper, attended by his floral-printed wife, stood for the Creed at a classical regimental attention, thumbs down the seams of his brown check trousers, in a posture that would have satisfied any martinet colonel of the Leinsters in the glory days of long ago. There were some elderly men who looked like stewards of jockey clubs, or retired Collectors of Patna; there were two families of such utter Englishness that in any other outpost of Empire I would have assumed them to have been representatives of Shell; there was a sprinkling of those weedy liturgically-buttoned young men always to be found in naves of the Anglican persuasion. It was a congregation of very pronounced character—conservative, perhaps a little arrogant, but faded.

Only a generation ago these were the rulers of Ireland. More still, to an extraordinary degree they were the progenitors of the British Empire as a whole. If the rank-and-file of Victoria's army was largely Irish Catholic, its leadership was habitually Anglo-Irish Protestant. Wellington, the Napiers, Roberts, Wolseley, Kitchener—all these British generals came from Ireland, and without them the Victorian Empire would never have been conquered. At the same time it was paradoxically Anglo-Irishmen, though of many different social backgrounds, who gave form to the spirit of nationalism within the Empire, and thus decreed its fall: among the Anglo-Irish nationalists of Ireland were Wolfe Tone, Parnell, Casement, Pearse, even Douglas Hyde, the Gaelic-speaking first president of Eire. There were times—parts of the 18th century, for example, and those years of "terrible beauty" in the first quarter of this century—when the gifts of the Ascendancy made Ireland one of the most exciting countries in Europe: for the clash of loyalties in Ireland brought out the spirit in the Anglo-Irish, and made them in their merits as in their faults more vivid than most.

"Ascendancy" was a weak word for their standing in their prime. Descended partly from Normans, partly from English and Scots "planted" in Ireland by successive schemes of colonisation, they formed a governing class of absolute supremacy. Most of the land was in

their hands, the indigenous Irish aristocracy having generally disappeared, and the few industries that flourished were mostly Protestant-owned. Though often impoverished themselves, the Anglo-Irish inherited the habits and instincts of privilege. By the mid-Victorian era, when their separate origins had been fused into a common culture, they were a people like no other—neither quite English nor properly Irish, full of fizz, courageous, humorous, sometimes brutal. A ghastly sequence of historical events had either hardened them in insensitivity, or given them an unexpected tenderness: for they had witnessed, from the vantage-point of their isolation in the land, all the miseries of the Great Famine and the Land Wars, the conflicts of patriotism and coercion, the alternate stiffening and weakening of British resolve in Ireland. They knew imperialism from both sides, and had grown up with its dilemmas.

I THOUGHT OF THEM ALL, so frequently larger than life, as the sermon passed from student violence to get-rich-quick. I thought of the shameless absentee landlords, and the cruel black-and-tans, and those tiresome vocational Anglo-Irishmen who can still, even now, be so unavoidable in pubs. I thought of the Galway Blazers, so called because its members, during a celebratory hunt carousal, burnt down Dooley's Hotel at Birr. I remembered Lord Charles Beresford's imagery for the effect of buckshot fire upon an Arab's bald head at the battle of Abu Klea—"riddled," the young officer imaginatively thought, "like the rose of a water-pot." I considered the unyielding detestation that this people had inspired among the exiled Irish of the world—still to be experienced in Sydney or in Boston, or heavy on the air of Grosse Isle outside Montreal, where the refugees from the Great Famine crawled ashore from their ships half-dead with hunger and disease, encouraged by jiggling fiddlers.

But I remembered too little Lord Roberts, "our Bobs" whom the soldiers loved; and the tremendous Lawrence brothers, who ruled the Punjab with God-like conviction; and C. J. Napier of Sind, who so cherished his subject peoples of the Ionian Islands that he named his daughter Cephalonia; and dear old General Butler, husband of Lady Butler, the military painter, who was haunted all his life by memories of Irish evictions, and who unfortunately for his success as Commander-in-Chief in

South Africa, agreed with the Boers; and Mr. Richard Holmes of the Gibraltar Gas Company, a prominent Irish member of the Calpe Hunt who not only preferred to tailor his own pinks, but also engraved his own hunt buttons, made his own boots and saddlery, and was killed happily hunting in 1888, aged 76.

For the Anglo-Irish usually went to extremes, if not of ferocity or sympathy, then simply of fun. Perhaps it was in response to some inner conflict: for though they formed an occupying caste in their homeland, foreign to its working people and commonly hated by them, still they often loved the island with a tortured intensity. That twisted pride haunts St. Patrick, and when the service was over I stayed behind in its cool dimness to contemplate the monuments. The congregation stumped out, to exchange brisk pleasantries in the porch. Inside its predecessors rested—the proconsuls and the administrators, the Ever Esteemed Judges and the Eternally Beloved Mothers, Swift himself finally at peace in the nave, generations of Royal Irish with their sculpted wolfhounds sleeping at their feet. There they lay dispossessed—Respected no longer By All Members of The Community, and hardly, alas, Universally Mourned.

The voluntary ended and a silence ensued, broken only by those shuffling, clicking and gasping noises peculiar to organ-lofts when their work is done. I took a last look at the frieze of the Sive Dagon Pagoda in Boormah (captured 1852), paid my last respects to Lord Mayo, Viceroy of India (assassinated 1872), saluted the filmy standard of the Connaught Rangers (disbanded 1922), and went out into the bitter Dublin sunshine.

THEY HAD BEEN for the most part country people—landowners of varying grandeur, agents to great estates, country clergy, soldiers: so into the country I went next day, and was struck first by the melancholy of their decline. Their long demesne walls still march forbiddingly beside the country roads, but they are all too often crumbled, crudely patched, or replaced in reconstituted stone by expatriate Germans. Their churches smell of must and neglect. Their country houses—seldom very luxurious, being notorious for draughts and rats—are frequently derelict. Around their relics the island's busy new life regardlessly proceeds, no longer needing the gentry up at the

great house, or even much resenting their memory.

I went to Birr, where the third Lord Rosse coped bravely with 19th-century unemployment by having a moat dug around his demesne, and where he built in the middle of his park the biggest telescope in the world—the Giant Telescope of Birr. The moat is still there, the sixth Lord Rosse occupies the castle, the lovely gardens are open to the public: but in a green declivity there monumentally reclines, blackened with age, the huge iron tube of the Giant Telescope, supported on brick piers—an object almost eerily of another Irish age, when a rich Anglo-Irish amateur, from a trough in his King's County demesne, could still be the first to isolate the stars of the Owl Nebula.

I went to Kilkenny, where the great castle-seat of the Ormondes stands at the opposite end of the place from Irishtown. The Club House Hotel preserves its memories of hunt ball and gentlemanly high jinks, with cartoons of eminent members of the Establishment, and brown photographs of celebrated meets: but the Ascendancy has long vanished from its dining-rooms, where only the Catholic families tumultuously eat their high teas, and a lavish priest at the corner table says grace over his own dinner.

I went to Mallow, once the raciest of Anglo-Irish spas, where the young bloods of the 18th century gambled and horse-played their inheritances away with enviable abandon: but only the little spa house bears wistful testimony to the Rakes, in mock-modest half-timber like a French queen's dairy, with a line of washing hanging behind. I walked sadly through the ruined gardens of Coole, up the great avenue of yews and ilexes, where Shaw and Yeats had loitered in the great days of the Irish renaissance to scratch their initials on the celebrated copper beech: but all is overgrown and unkempt now, young trees sprouting everywhere among the rose-beds, and the house itself was demolished in 1941. I went to Tyrone House on the Galway coast, for several centuries the seat of the St. George family; but it is only an immense four-square ruin against the Connemara hills, and the surviving St. Georges are ordinary Irish farmers now, over Kilcogan way, their forbears having gone native. ("It could be a fine house still," I remarked to a passer-by—"what a place for a ball!" "O wouldn't you say it was too late," the Irishman picturesquely replied, "for that kind of fandango?"")

AND I MADE A PILGRIMAGE to Ross House, the old home of the Martin family, whose tall façade one can see over the trees from the road between Galway and Oughterard. I had read, in Mr. Maurice Collis' *Somerville and Ross*, an unforgettable letter from Violet Martin describing the return of her family to this house in 1888, after a long exile in Dublin. Mrs. Martin was met in the hall by an elderly tenant, Mr. Paddy Griffith, and together they danced a jig at the foot of the stairs, the dignified Anglo-Irish lady and the merry Catholic dependent, encouraged by a watching housemaid with cries of "*Dance, Paddy!*" Mrs. Martin was wearing, I don't know why, a pink dressing gown and a black lilac-trimmed hat, and carried a spade under her arm: and together the two of them skipped and changed about the hall, bowing and curtsying to each other.

Ross is overpoweringly Anglo-Irish. I found it deserted, when I got there on a wet and windy afternoon—a foreigner had bought it, I was told, but seldom came near the house—"God knows what will become of it, more's the shame." The drive was rutted and overgrown, and the wind blew in gusts across the little lake, flattening the reeds and raising small grey-green waves. It is not a large house, but it has force. A row of servants' quarters flanks it, like slave quarters in other imperial parts, and around it a bare and roughish park extends. The house stands like an oblong box on end, and possesses an amateurish grandeur—carriage sweep, ornamental urns, stone benches beside the portal: as I walked up the wide steps to the front door, huddled against the wind, with trees creaking and the windows rattling, it seemed to me almost stagily evocative.

I peered through the dirty windows into the hall. All was dingy inside, half-furnished, the bare staircase rising to the left of the hall, a door at the side to the kitchen quarters. It looked as though nobody had been interested in the house for a couple of generations: but as I squinted through the glass, cupping my hands about my eyes against the reflection of the park behind, I distinctly made out a flash of pink and lilac, a kick of leather leggings, a suggestion of white linen half-way up the stairs: and I thought I heard a sweet Irish voice on the wind—"Dance, Paddy, dance!"

YET MORE SUBSTANTIAL GHOSTS survive. Numbers of Anglo-Irish patricians still call Ireland home, and here and there one may find

the lost culture of the Ascendancy still vigorously alive. I visited one house in County Cork which remains a perfect paragon of the style. It is a low square house, with a salmon stream running through its park, built around an open courtyard through whose archway tractors chug and trailers rumble. The estate is a picture of prosperous activity, almost Burgundian in that soft warm air of the south, its orchards and gardens bent over by diligent employees, its hedges and lawns immaculate, every vista preserved, every door-knob polished. Its agent lunched with us and talked about the neighbours, suggesting to me, as Ireland so often does, a page in a Russian novel. But its true glory is its library: not one of your standard country-house libraries, stocked with unopened classics and forgotten theologians, but a superbly equipped and replenished collection of books—books beautifully shelved and categorised, books just opened from the booksellers' wrappings, books properly used, cherished and understood—a private library of the highest European class, reflecting, I suspect, a degree of civilised resource that no purely indigenous Irish household has yet been able to achieve.

Of course few of the Anglo-Irish were ever so cultured, and a far more common survival today is the home of the aged imperialist, home from the forgotten frontiers to his father's house. Ireland in imperial times was a haven for the half-pay officer, the unentailed younger son, who could not afford or attain to the spacious life in England. Many an Irish house is still full of the Benares brasswork, ivory elephants, monkey-skin shields that mark the imperialist retirement, growing a little tarnished or mildewed now as the last imperial generation grows old; and the second-hand bookshops of Ireland are wonderfully fertile in imperial memoirs and guides to sporting opportunities in the tropics. There is a suggestion of parody to the demeanour of this doubly expatriate society, and I sometimes caught echoes of East Africa or British Columbia, as I listened for the tribal calls in Ireland. "Ready for dins?" I heard one lady ask her repulsive spaniel, as we waited together for the lift in Galway: and "You'd never know he was a shooting dog," she predictably added, when the little beast rose upon its hind legs to slobber upon the porter.

IHAD BEEN TOLD years before of a village I called Castletownshend in County Cork, in which the mystique of the Anglo-Irish was

said to survive encapsulated. It was, they told me, a text-book example of the genre, where I could sense better than anywhere else the quality of enclave which characterised the lives of the caste. The Anglo-Irish lived, wherever they were, separately. Many were excellent landlords, many were genuinely attached to the Irish peasantry, but only a few families, like the St. Georges of Tyrone House, lived on terms of genuine equality or intimacy with their Catholic neighbours. In Norman times the Pale, the expanse of verdant country around Dublin, was reserved for them. Later they ensconced themselves in those country estates besides whose lodges a mailbox is often obsequiously positioned, like the private railway halts of magnates in England.

To Castletownshend I made my way, and found it to be one of the prettiest villages in Ireland. A single main street leads down to its haven, with a residential castle and a Protestant church at one end, and what used to be called "gentlemen's houses" scattered throughout. It was the home of Edith Somerville, Violet Martin's colleague in the partnership Somerville and Ross, and it has long been dominated by two closely connected Anglo-Irish families, the Townshends and the Somervilles.

The Anglo-Irish did not often congregate in villages, but Castletownshend is a remarkable exception. It is a solid bloc of Anglo-Irish values and memories. On one wall of the church a vast three-column tablet, several thousand words long, traces the descent of the Townshends, and is punctuated with evocative phrases of the Ascendancy, like "Eton and Christ Church," "of colonial extraction," or "the third Lord Lyveden's younger brother." On other walls the Somervilles predominate, and we are reminded of Castletownshend men fighting in wars from the Napoleonic to the Hitlerian, governing territories of hideous remoteness, sitting on Admiralty Courts or being Bishops. Edith Somerville used to play the organ in this church, and in a house down the road Admiral Boyle Somerville, R.N., was murdered by gunmen in 1936.

TOWNSHENDS AND SOMERVILLES, I very soon discovered, still dominate the village. Pews are still reserved, a notice in the church porch told me, for Mr. Salter-Townshend and Brigadier Somerville (not to speak of Brigadier Becher, Captain Chavasse, Air Vice-Marshal Betts, Colonel Whitmarsh and Miss Penrose-Fitz-

gerald). Mrs. Salter-Townshend remains chate-laine of the castle, at one end of the village, Brigadier Somerville is master of Drishane, at the other. Between the two sundry ancillary Somervilles flourish, lesser Townshend homesteads thrive, and by present reckoning, I was told, the two old houses have inter-married 15 times. In the second World War, neutral though the Republic stood, their men went off as always to His Majesty's forces, taking with them an astonishingly large proportion of the Catholic Irish population: and the families remain, it appears, uninhibited by history. It is true that the castle now accepts holiday guests in summer, and that the younger Townshends and Somervilles mostly go away to work, returning to the village only for holidays: but they apparently call it home still, and most of it remains family property. The Salter-Townshends live in their waterside castle surrounded by the trophies, paintings, books and family trees of their imperial heritage: and when they meet in the street they greet each other traditionally—"Morning, Cousin Robert!"—and swop the family news with as much gusto as ever they did in the old days, when Boyle Somerville's destroyers were often to be seen lying in the bay at the end of the garden, and Edith pulled out all the stops for Hymn 313.

BUT THE TOWNSHEND HEIR, Robert Salter-Townshend, struck me as a new man. Still in his thirties, he spent the statutory family years in the Royal Navy, and was educated at that Parnassus of the Anglo-Irish, Trinity College Dublin. His forbears have lived at Castletownshend since 1649, when they came over with Cromwell. Yet he is unmistakably, and proudly, a contemporary Irishman. He talks with an agreeably racy brogue. He dresses casually. He is retrospectively sympathetic to the Easter Rising and all that. If I met him in London I would not think of him as English at all, nor even Anglo-Irish: yet he is the successor to all those splendours of the Ascendancy, all those slabs in the church and portraits on the drawing-room wall, all the colonels, judges, admirals, prelates and Ministers of the Crown who gave an imperial dignity to Castletownshend over so many generations.

The Anglo-Irish as a clan always were recognisably Irish, as well as ineradicably Anglo. Whether they were descended from Elizabethan magnates like the Ormondes of Kilkenny, or superannuated Victorian majors, a mutation

subtly affected their style, making them at once harder and less inhibited than ordinary Englishmen. Now among many of the younger Anglo-Irish the process has gone a stage further. The Irish is predominant: the Anglo takes second place. In the end this will probably be the destiny of the whole caste—to subside into their environment like those exiled aristocrats to be found in some islands of the British Caribbean, who have long since lost their lofty bearing, and are poor whites like any others.

WHEN I RETURNED TO DUBLIN I put this thought to an Anglo Irish friend of mine, who certainly

flaming his patriotism, is descended from Archdeacons.

BUT IT IS A TRANSIENT and ambiguous role. The Anglo-Irish are powerless politically in Ireland, and seem reconciled to the fact. They wisely stayed neutral in the Troubles, and they generally acknowledge the fair treatment they have since had from the Republic. This must make their loyalties hard to resolve.

"Do you *think* of yourself as Irish?" I asked one youngish Anglo-Irish landowner, and he looked a little annoyed at the question.

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hospital: it is curious how many institutions in the capital still carry the prefix Royal, from the Hibernian Academy to the Zoological Society. One cannot look up all these things in a directory; the nuances are delicate; but the Anglo-Irish presence remains part of the grain of Irish life, and worldly Dubliners well know which committee is likely to be Protestant dominated, which business has Anglo-Irish directors, and which *littérateur*, however rich his dialect or

ON MY LAST DAY IN DUBLIN I was taken to its bravest surviving bastion in the capital, the Kildare Street Club—Woodward's glorious Venetian palace overlooking Trinity College, from whose great sash windows generations of Anglo-Irish looked fastidiously down upon the civic goings-on. I found it much as I had hoped. It was rather dark and fairly empty, and hung with sporting pictures, and with the crests of

all the Knights of St. Patrick, whose less heraldic perquisites included honorary membership of the club. The people I met seemed well in character too: an explosively entertaining novelist, a comfortable peer of the Irish creation, a character straight from Ben Travers who had recently inherited £25,000 and instantly spent it. ("People often come up and say look old boy, how much was it really, they tell me it was quarter of a million." "*Far* more than that, I say.")

"I guess this must be the National Museum," an American paterfamilias is alleged to have said, wandering with his family into this club one morning: and it is a kind of museum—an Ark of that disinherited society, full of its shades and artifacts, its humour and its prejudices. Its pleasures seemed to me less social than anthropological, like the rituals of Ashanti. The Anglo-Irish, though, are a hard-headed lot,

always ready to cut their losses, seldom pride-bound. The Duke of Wellington, that archetypal Anglo-Irishman, was told by a Spanish grandee during the Peninsular War that if he wanted a particular military favour done he must go down on his knees and ask for it. "So down," the Duke dispassionately reported, "I plumped." The members of the Kildare Street Club seem to view their condition with similar realism. Some years ago they sold half their premises to an insurance company, and they did not hesitate to include the very room through whose window W. G. Grace once drove a cricket ball from the Trinity College pitch.

When I heard this I knew my task was done, so I packed my bags and took to the ferry: for nowhere else in the old imperial territories would they discard so powerful a fetish with such reckless and profitable abandon.

Reductio

Carted from his study
in a heap of untidy clothing
the yarn of his mind unravels

along the way
spill books and bits of fact
clippings and scissors

doctors in white gowns
shake geometric syllables
from their jaws

a chemical confusion
flowers in the cold
cavity of his skull

noisily
his mouth snatches
at hunks of air

exiled from definition
and bright ferocity
he dies unravelled

(unnoticed
something drops
into the enamel basin

with a tiny splash and sob)

Lyman Andrews

Second Bedroom

SHE WAS DREAMING about a hillside of orchids growing with their bare roots entwined about stunted trees, when he woke her stumbling out of bed. Immediately she guessed that he'd slipped on a *Life*. She kept her eyes closed to give him time to recover the dignity that was so important to him.

"Why don't you throw those goddam *Lifes* out?"

Well, anger was a form of dignity. She opened her eyes and looked at him. Not surprisingly, he was not looking at her.

In the morning light she saw how the skin at the back of his neck fell in folds—and he such a stiff-necked man. Middle-age readied many cruelties, but it was nonsense to think of them as vengeance, they were accidents only, as it was only an accident of the morning light that the back of his neck reminded her of a fish she had once seen in an aquarium window. Still, he is a little like a cold fish, she thought, seeing no harm in admitting it to herself. Yes, he is like a cold fish despite those endless years of psycho-analysis which, he keeps insisting, are finally and gloriously liberating him.

She didn't know what he'd been like before psycho-analysis, she'd only known him the past two years, but he couldn't have been less liberated than he was now. The trouble with men like him was that they believed, desperately, in change. Why didn't he accept the fact that he was born the way he was, that he wasn't going to change? She would love him anyway, unchanged, unliberated, even a cold fish.

"These goddam magazines will drive me out of here. They're already a foot high around the bed."

"There are things I'm going to cut out," she said.

"And when will that be?"

"Soon. You know how busy I am."

He went into the bathroom and slammed the door.

She wouldn't admit it to him, but the *Lifes* were getting out of hand. More than four years ago, even before Harry left, they'd begun piling up, events piling up and discoveries and people, too much for one issue, let alone a lifetime. She was only saving them until she had cut out the most important pictures. But she hadn't found time to clip them yet, so all those *Lifes* piled up in her bedroom and filled her with a sense of her own obsolescence.

She believed in pictures, not in words. In last week's issue there was a full page photograph of a woman standing alone, watching a fire. The caption said she was the wife of a fireman trapped inside the blaze. But if there was no caption at all, you would still have known it was a woman facing love's death, would have known it was something true and irrevocable from the tautness of her face and her body, held high on an in-drawn breath. Words weren't needed.

AS SHE LAY with her right hand, palm down, on the natural swelling of her belly (she was glad she had a rounded belly; flat-bellied women were all right for model-

ling clothes, but no artist would ever want to paint a flat-bellied nude), he came out of the bathroom and dressed methodically. Then he went into the living room and she heard him dialling. He talked for a minute, she could not quite hear what he was saying, and then he got up and shut the door between the living room and the hall to the bedroom.

Moved by a passion for secrecy, he was impelled to shut doors in her house. And what would she have discovered if she had listened? That he was unfaithful? He had already told her that, letting her know that she was only one of two, or three, in his life. He was a deadly cautious man. She shrugged and by-passed jealousy.

Lazily she stretched and got out of bed and went into the bathroom. She turned on the shower and took the plastic bag off the Vanda orchid, which was almost ready to bloom. Standing in the shower with the hot water running over her skin and making a luxurious dense wetness about her, she heard him shouting that the coffee was done. Resigned to haste, she turned off the water and dried herself carelessly with a damp towel.

In the long glass she admired her body. One was given a beautiful body and one was grateful. One day, beauty would ripen beyond maturity to decay. But the time for believing that, for regretting, if one would regret, would be then, not now. It was not possible to really believe what was not now, when all there was was ripeness yet.

She put on her long terry cloth robe, printed in vivid reds and deep pinks and cut in an empire line, and went out to the kitchen. He was drinking his coffee at the formica-topped table.

SITTING OPPOSITE him, she saw they were going to have a conversation. It was too bad that he didn't like to read the paper in the morning. She poured herself a cup of coffee and prepared to look him full in the face. That would be the signal to begin. But first, she pushed the electric coffee

pot away from her. She didn't want to catch her reflection in the rounded metal; she was not one to relish distortion.

"Your day planned as usual?" he said.

"About," she said. "This afternoon at the art club they need me for a three hour life class."

"And this morning your chores?"

"Yes."

"How many little white rats are there now?"

"They're not rats, they're mice. Twenty-eight. Is that right? Yes, I think there are twenty-eight."

"No recent unanticipated births?"

"No, I'm very good at checking their sex now. The last mistake was well over a month ago. No, the males and females are completely separated."

"Tell me, how long does it take to feed them? Would you say an hour a day?"

"Nothing like that. Maybe a few minutes."

"But then there's cleaning the cages."

"Well, yes, that takes a while longer."

"And then an hour with the orchid plants."

"You always exaggerate."

"You're the one who finds it difficult to be exact."

"That's true," she said.

"I thought you were going to get rid of the mice," he said.

"I will, when I can find someone to take them."

"You wouldn't flush them down the toilet."

"No, I wouldn't."

"You could take them to a pet shop. They might even buy them from you."

"I tried. They have too many this time of the year."

"What does it have to do with the season?"

"I don't know. That's what the pet shop man told me."

"I would think you could give them to some kids in the neighbourhood, the way they were given to you."

"Children are cruel," she said.

"You talk of cruelty."

"Are you trying to hurt me?"

"Is it possible?" he said.

"Why do you talk that way?"

"You want me to say what I feel, don't you? You wouldn't like it if I hid behind a facade?"

"No, of course not," she said, wondering if this conversation was only a prelude to a long lecture on the importance of facing one's inner self. She couldn't understand this fuss about insides and outsides, when it all came to one and the same, eventually.

Then she thought she heard him say, "So that's why I won't be here next Tuesday."

"I'm sorry," she said, "I didn't hear what you said."

"Tuesday I'm having dinner with Cathy."

"That will be nice for you," she said. He must have forgotten that Tuesday was their regular day. But surely, he would remind himself in time.

"Is Cathy enjoying her apartment?" she asked.

"Loves it. Being away from her mother has done marvellous things for her. She's actually blooming."

That's an odd word for him to use, she thought. But words often, if not always, said the wrong thing. Not like pictures.

He was talking again, not noticing that she hadn't been listening. "I said I thought it was my responsibility as a parent to talk to her realistically about conception, now that she's living alone. All she did was laugh and say to me, 'Daddy, you're a little bit late. Didn't you get a bill from Dr. Pratt last month? You will, and that's what it's all about.' It seems she's had a lover for two months."

"Oh," she said and she poured another cup of coffee, only this time she put cream in it. Again she avoided the gleaming convex surface of the coffee pot.

"Do you think she'll marry him?" she said.

"I doubt that they're thinking in terms of marriage. She might marry him if he asked her, but he's already told her he's not ready for any real commitment, he's too neurotic."

"I see," she said.

"It's wonderful to see her enjoying her freedom; she's absolutely delightful. When I was there last week, another boy telephoned her. She'd been out with him the night before and he'd been trying to get her to go to bed with him, and he was still trying. It was amazing how she handled him, pleasing him, yet refusing him. It was with such gaiety, not smugness but gaiety. Then her lover called and she told him about the other boy, and the lover wanted to know why she went out with the other boy at all. He said it was a kind of cheating not to tell him that she was already committed. But she said she didn't have to go to bed with a man just because she went out with him, did she?"

"I don't understand why she told her lover all of this," she said. It was clear to her that it was a form of teasing. But either one loved and gave, or one didn't love and didn't. Why all the games to play at love?

"She feels obligated, emotionally, to tell him." How he dragged that word out—e-m-o-t-i-o-n-a-l-l-y, lingering over it, as though he hated to surrender it.

HE TRIES SO HARD, she thought. But either one feels or one doesn't, it isn't a matter of trying. She wouldn't say that to him. He would be offended, and there was no need to offend him. For there was still something that they gave each other, something that he gave her that she was grateful for, not just excitement (being a man, he was exciting), but a feeling of—familiarity? was that it? From two years of meetings and caresses, of deepening repetition, not sameness, but from same to more than same, a net was built: that was habit. Habit was not just staleness, it had its good side, too. And if some things he did were hard to take, there were compensations. She never tired of hearing him talk about his work, about the contracts he negotiated and the trips to Washington he had to make, secret trips, important trips. He was at the centre of things, and that gave him a very male kind of power.

And she liked the power her own body had over him, although, she reminded herself, it's not really my power, my doing; I'm not responsible. Pouring another cup of coffee, she caught her reflection in the convex pot, and there was a grin on her face, wider by far than a smile, but she must have smiled a little to beget that grin. Still, she would not reproach herself for smiling. She did not smile out of pride, but from pleasure in a gift that had been granted to her, that was out on loan, as it were.

Suddenly his eyes, that seemed to stop the light in pale blue discs, deepened and let light and warmth in. At the same time, he smiled, as if he had been hoarding a secret. Only when he got up and went over to the record player and put a record on, did his secret begin to disclose itself.

Six months ago he had discovered rock music and insisted that finally, finally, he had found a real, a total release. Watching him as he began to dance on the green rug, she searched his face for the signs of the release he said he found; and she could find none. He claimed that he lost himself, immersed himself in the beat until it was the beat that carried him. But now, as he danced, his legs kept coming down heavily on his heels. It is always he, she thought, who deposits his body in a place and moves it then to the next place. No matter how fast he moves, he is deliberate, he is controlling. Now he began to speed up with the beat, and his arms flailed as if he were boxing with shadows. He calls it release, she thought, but it's more like agony. His lips were bared and showed the cutting edges of his teeth, and his eyes were closed. He leaned his head backwards, but it did not fall backward, rather he held it and would not let it fall of its own weight; and the folds of skin on the back of his neck multiplied.

As he moved faster and faster, he seemed ready for some crisis. But it was she, not he, who experienced the climax of disappointment every time. She guessed it was some subtle sensing in him of something having released itself in her—he could not know it was pity—that finally released him. He

would breathe on a long-sounded breath, a long drawnout A-a-ah. And the record would end and he would take the needle off the record and turn off the power and lead her into the bedroom.

He thought he had finally freed himself for what he called a mutually satisfactory sexual experience. She never corrected him, never confronted him with the fact that it was not mutual. There was no law, natural or otherwise, that everything must be on the basis of an even contribution, a clearly defined fifty-fifty. She gave more and knew she gave more than he, out of an abundance of ease and pleasure. She could not resent it, if it was not mutual. If anything, she would have to feel guilty for being lucky. But that kind of guilt was only more of that intellectual nonsense. What is, she thought, is. And that too is pleasure, accepting what is.

HE TURNED the record off and took her by the arm. "Let's go to bed," he said, but she held back, missing something that should be part of a valued repetition.

"You'll be late to work," she said.

"You're sweet to think of me. But I don't have an appointment till eleven today."

Still she held back.

"Are you suddenly against sex in the daytime?" he said.

"It's not that." She motioned vaguely to the second bedroom.

"Your charges," he said.

"They need feeding," she said. As if it made refusal more justifiable, she added, "Two died yesterday."

"Females?"

"Two males."

"The weaker of the species," he said.

"It was just chance," she said. "I wonder if it's good for the males to be kept separate from the females? But I have to keep them separate; otherwise, I'd be overrun."

"Let us not keep this male and this female separate," he said. "We can guard against procreation."

She thought he sounded angry, so she

resolved to bear her own uneasiness and appease him.

AFTERWARDS, as he started getting out of bed, she said, "Don't slip."

He sat on the edge of the bed, facing away from her, his neck wrinkling again.

"Do you know where the word 'orchid' comes from?" he asked.

"No," she said.

"It comes from the Greek *orchis*, meaning testicle."

"I didn't know you knew Greek," she said.

"I don't. Dr. Samuels and I were discussing you and your orchids one day, and he mentioned it to me."

"Do you talk to him about me?"

"When it's relevant to the issue at hand."

"Oh," she said.

He turned and faced her. "How many hours a week would you say you spend on your orchids and your rats?"

"Mice," she said. "Not many."

"How many? Changing the cages and watering the orchids and moving them around and putting plastic bags on them and taking them off again."

"It's hard to say," she said.

"Twenty hours a week?"

"Nothing like that."

"Ten?"

"I don't count."

"Then you'd say it's not organised, it's entirely at random."

"Not exactly. I have a way of doing things, but I don't know if you can say I organise things."

"Tell me about the orchids," he said.

She hardly knew how to begin. "They're different from other plants," she said. "It's their root system—they don't need soil—so I plant them in fir bark or osmunda." She felt suddenly exposed, trying to say what she wanted to say, but the words not working, tripping and stumbling over each other and tangling her tongue. Yet she went on, speaking very fast.

"In Hawaii they can grow their roots out

in the open air, because the conditions are just right. But here, in the house, I have to let each plant dry out before I water it again, and each one must be watered when it's ready, never two at the same time. And they have to have lots of air, but they can't have draughts, so that's why I'm careful about opening windows. And the right amount of moisture. Did I say that? And the sun, they need just the right amount of sun. That's why I'm always moving those in there," she waved her hand towards the second bedroom, "since that's a corner room and when the sun gets too strong I have to move them every couple of hours."

"What about the one in the living room?"

"The Cattleya? What about it?"

"Why did you turn the lamp on it?"

"You mean last night? It was cold last night and the lamp heats it up a little. But I'm afraid that one's not doing well."

"But its leaves are so lush and green."

"But there are no blooms," she said.

"And that's the important thing?"

"Oh, yes," she said.

"You've never asked me about the orchids before," she added. "I thought you weren't interested."

"But you see I am. I'm interested in anything that helps anyone to develop as a human person."

She shut her eyes and let herself slip into a daydream about an orchid cocktail in a brandy snifter, when there were blooms to spare, of course.

Then she heard him say, "So I don't think it's a good idea to schedule my coming here so exactly, every Tuesday and Thursday. I've been thinking it might be better if we saw each other spontaneously."

SHE OPENED her eyes and he was dressing. "I don't understand," she said.

"A mutually satisfactory relationship cannot remain static, it must keep changing. The individuals must grow and the relationship as a whole. It doesn't come by itself, it is a matter of striving for it."

"What are you trying to say?"

"Instead of meeting according to plan, you could call me on the spur of the moment, or I might call you."

"Are you trying to break off with me?"

"Nothing so final as that. But after all, we are adults and we must understand that relationships do come to the point of diminishing returns."

"I do wish that for once you would say something simply."

He put his coat on and adjusted his tie. His eyes blinked, as if he were in a bright light.

"You're right," he said. "The most important thing is to be honest with each other. You live in a world that has no reality for me: your *Life* magazines and your orchids and your rats."

"What does that world have to do with you? It doesn't interfere with the good times we have."

"Don't you see what I'm saying?" he said. "I don't want to hurt you, but it's for your own good. You've got to grow, you've got to find some direction in life, you've got to come to terms with reality. You've always had a beautiful body so you've never had to do anything except exist. But soon the time is coming when it won't be that way any more—already the signs are on you—and where will you be then?"

"But I've just been explaining to you about the orchids. There are things outside of myself that interest me."

"All you're doing with them is creating a stifling, still world, that is only an extension of yourself. There's something almost obscene in it, the moisture and the lushness. For what purpose? And the rats—"

"They're mice, not rats."

"All right, mice. One day a neighbour moves away and can't take her mice with her, and there you are, accepting them with no choice on your part. You just take them because they're there. And now you spend hours a day with those things that are just there."

"I told you, it's only a few hours a week."

"Still and stifling, no movement at all. Like your work, your modelling. And how much longer can that last now that you're getting older?"

"You think I'm stifling you?" she said.

"If you want to put it that way, all right. Even the dancing: you watch, you don't participate. You sit there like a lump. I'm being cruel, but cruelty is sometimes the greatest kindness. You're living in some senseless past, you've got to get with it."

She felt an impulse to shriek at him, "You cold fish, you and your fifty-three year old body trying to recapture a youth you never had." But the impulse to shriek at him was still-born. Before it came to life, she realised it was only helpless anger. And she sighed.

"Well," he said, "what do you have to say?"

"Is there anything to say?"

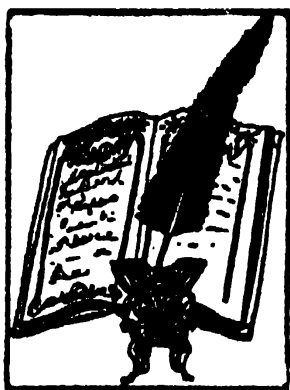
"Even now you're sitting there like a lump of clay. Goddamit." He rushed out and she heard the front door slam.

THERE WILL BE another, she said to herself, in time there will be another. And she decided she would have to throw out those magazines, there were too many of them.

Then she heard the mice squeaking. Naked, she got out of bed and went into the second bedroom. At her entrance, the squeaking prolonged itself to one long squeal, that quieted only when she had measured out their food.

The sun coming through the corner window fell upon her arm. Its warmth surprised her. She would have to move the *Odontoglossum* so their leaves would not be burned.

I was right about hating words, she thought. How could I have forgotten the reason—what I've known before. They flourish when there is nothing else, seed and multiply in sterility. They are the blossoms and the fruits of endings.



Column

LAST YEAR, in his presidential address to the British Association, Sir Peter Medawar assured us that "the deterioration of the environment produced by technology is a technological problem for which technology has found, is finding, and will continue to find solutions." This was not said in any mood of Utopian optimism, and indeed a large part of Sir Peter's eloquent and moving address was devoted to analysing the difficulties and problems which technology faces in its efforts to make the world a better place to live in; not least among them, a general sense, compounded of anxiety, disillusion and despondency, that in fact such efforts may only have succeeded in making it a worse one. Nevertheless, the conclusion of the lecture was an assertion of faith and hope in the beneficent potentialities of science, and a contemptuous dismissal of those who reject them; "To deride the hope of progress is the ultimate fatuity, the last word in poverty of spirit and meanness of mind."

A layman, oppressed by the realities of the contemporary world, might perhaps be forgiven for thinking that, in making such a declaration of faith, Sir Peter was relying more upon intuitive than inductive methods; it is a distinction which he himself is fond of, though claiming that each has the right to be considered "scientific." Yet we could also draw comfort from such an assurance from so high an authority, and conclude, despite all appearances, that just as science has the power to promote immense progress in the work, wealth and happiness of mankind, so it has the knowledge to cure any evils which may be incidental to its triumphs. The dangers implicit in such problems as overpopulation, pollution of the environment, and nuclear energy are perhaps after all only nightmares with which we like to frighten ourselves; under cool, scientific appraisal they will vanish like bad dreams at dawn and we can all sleep soundly in our beds in sober confidence that whatever science and technology have done they can also undo.

I am not sure that, a year later, Sir Peter's words have quite so comforting a ring. In the last twelve months, there has been no noticeable diminution in the rate at which technology is ravishing and looting the planet. Population has not ceased to multiply so fast as to bring

the prospect of universal famine appreciably nearer. We have not reduced the dosage of poisons which we inject daily into earth and air, river and ocean. Rather, we have continued in the same way as we did before, only rather faster, and despite a fashionable preoccupation with problems of ecology and environment, are no nearer to solving any of them. No doubt Sir Peter may be right, and in the long run technology is capable of solving them all; but, as Maynard Keynes once said, in the long run we are all dead, and at the moment it rather looks as if, for millions of people, the long run will also prove the short one.

Even more significant, perhaps, is that scientists themselves are increasingly beginning to reveal doubts and apprehensions about the purposes and consequences of their own activities. One could not find a flatter contradiction of Sir Peter's hope and faith than the almost apocalyptic vision of doom foreshadowed by Dr. Paul Ehrlich, Professor of Biology at Stanford University, in a recent television discussion and printed in *The Listener* of 13 August under the sombre title, "Warnings." Dr. Ehrlich repeated many of the appalling facts of our present situation with which we are becoming so distressingly familiar that we are in danger of taking them for granted, as if they were natural catastrophes we were helpless to contend with; as, for instance, that *every* year the world has to provide for 70 million more people, that is, "every three years you've got a new United States to take care of."

The great disaster which Dr. Ehrlich foresees as the result of the population explosion is, of course, only one among many aspects of the general environmental catastrophe with which mankind is threatened; but unlike Sir Peter, Dr. Ehrlich has no belief that science or technology can do anything to avert any of them.

"A great many people who don't understand about science and technology think that at the last moment science and technology will come along and pull a rabbit out of the hat and we'll all be saved by making food from nothing, I've been told, or by eating dehydrated foods like astronauts. The simple facts of the case are that science and technology have been falling further and further behind in taking care of our increasing population over the last two decades, and that there is *no*, I repeat *no*, conceivable technological solution to the problems we face."

THE NIGHTMARES have returned. Is Sir Peter one of those who "don't understand about science and technology"? Does Dr. Ehrlich exaggerate, and has he surrendered to "the ultimate fatuity, the last word in poverty of spirit and meanness of mind"? It is hardly for a layman to decide

such questions; but he can hardly fail to be impressed by the fact that, just as Sir Peter is not alone in his optimism, so Dr. Ehrlich is not alone in his pessimism. Reflections on the consequences, or potential consequences, of their own work has indeed provoked in some scientists a kind of moral crisis, in which they have found it impossible to reconcile the presuppositions of scientific enquiry with their obligations to their fellow men. For them, science has become a kind of Frankenstein's monster whom they have helped to create and can no longer control; rather it is he who has come to control them.

Such fears found remarkable expression recently at an international gathering of young scientists which, under the slogan of **THREATS AND PROMISES OF SCIENCE**, took place this summer at the Imperial College of Science and Technology. I have to say at once that in their proceedings the threats were very much more in evidence than the promises, which were indeed almost non-existent; and I use the neutral word "gathering" deliberately, because the participants would resent the use of such terms as "conference," "study-group," "symposium," "congress," usually applied to scientific meetings whose primary purpose is the exchange of ideas and information. "Threats and Promises of Science" was intended rather to lead to action, under the desperate conviction that the practical consequences of technological progress had by now become so appalling that it was necessary for scientists themselves to call a halt to them.

I cannot say that from this point of view "Threats and Promises of Science" was a great success. I do not say this in any critical spirit, because success of this particular kind was perhaps hardly to be expected. Yet failure itself had its own interest. If one could identify any single reason for it, it was that the participants were not only scientists but very young ones, and to their doubts, fears and anxieties about the direction which science is taking were added all those which arise out of the fact of being young today.

Among these, of course, is the rooted distaste of the young, or at least of those of them who seek some better way of living than the way we live now, for anything which in any way smacks of "organisation"; for "organisation" is as it were the hallmark of the technological society whose results they reject and the "organisation man" its typical product. It is an attitude which I myself find sympathetic; yet listening to somewhat incoherent debates on "What Then Must We Do?" I could not help reflecting that it is an attitude which makes it impossible for any collection of individuals to concert a sustained and effective programme of action.

IT IS NATURAL, in such circumstances, that some should demand a programme which each individual can carry out for himself. Like medieval friars, of a Franciscan rather than a Dominican order, they would wish that every scientist should prescribe for himself a Rule which forbids any form of collaboration in the processes which, in their view, are progressively degrading human life. This also I find sympathetic; yet I cannot help feeling that, though it might cleanse the scientific conscience of guilt, it would not provide any very effective deterrent to the large and powerful corporations which are the primary agents of destruction.

This kind of proposal I take to be simply a symptom of the genuine spiritual distress inspired in some young scientists by the work in which they are engaged. How deep this can be was shown by a discussion, which engendered a certain amount of heat and passion, of another proposal that nothing less is required than a total moratorium on all forms of scientific research. That a body of scientists could seriously discuss such a proposal is in itself significant; it could be defended, I imagine, on the ground that the body of scientific and technological knowledge already available is in fact sufficient to solve mankind's most immediate and urgent problems, and that what is required is not further additions to it but a change in the purposes to which it is applied. Yet the idea of a scientific moratorium is to some inevitably associated with the obscurantism, the superstitious fears, the suppression of free enquiry which it has been one of the glories of science to overcome. On such a view the spirit of unfettered investigation, setting itself no goal except to expand the frontiers of knowledge, is one of the few things of which we can say that it is absolutely good and cannot be held responsible for any evil consequences to which it may lead. I am not sure that there is any human activity of which this can be truly said; yet certainly it is the belief which until now has inspired science's greatest achievements. It is, I think, a sign of the *Umwertung aller Werte*, the transvaluation of all values, which we are suffering today, that today's scientists themselves should be calling this belief into question.

I HAVE BEEN READING with interest G. H. Hardy's little pamphlet on *Bertrand Russell and Trinity*, first privately printed in 1942 and now reproduced for general publication (Cambridge University Press, 16s.). It is an account of how Bertrand Russell came to be expelled from his lectureship at Trinity College, Cam-

bridge, in 1916, an event which, as Hardy says, "was one of the minor sensations" of the First World War; like everything else which Hardy wrote, including his beautiful *A Mathematician's Apology*, it is a model of elegance and lucidity, though here he is writing about matters which in their day provoked violent passions.

Hardy's main purpose was to correct certain misconceptions which were discreditable to Trinity, and his pamphlet was an effort to restore the College's tarnished reputation, even though Hardy himself disapproved strongly of Russell's expulsion. It is largely based on College Council minutes, minutes of College meetings, and the Report Book, which are normally only accessible to Fellows and from which Hardy was given permission to quote; his extracts breathe the authentic flavour, both sweet and sour at the same time, of the curious system by which Cambridge (and Oxford) colleges are governed, and connoisseurs of this recondite subject will at once recognise their subtle bouquet. At moments they remind one of William Buckley's remark that he would rather be governed by the first 200 persons listed in the New York telephone book than by the faculty of Harvard, but in this case they also serve to show that Russell was not quite so shabbily treated as is sometimes supposed, and that Trinity as a whole behaved rather better.

In the first place, Russell was not, as was generally believed, deprived of a Fellowship, though he had been a Fellow from 1895 to 1901. He was dismissed from a lectureship, which is perhaps not quite so serious a matter. Secondly, he was not dismissed by the College as a whole but by the College Council; there was a large minority of the College which opposed the Council's action and significantly enough it had the support of all the Fellows who at the time were absent from the College on active service. Thirdly, it was believed that Russell was dismissed because he had been sent to prison for his pacifist activities; in fact, he was not sent to prison until 1918, though in 1916 he had been fined £100, and it was for this that he was dismissed. Lastly, it was not generally realised that at the first opportunity after the war, when its absent members had returned, the College reversed the Council's decision and reinstated Russell. He did not take up his lectureship, not out of any animosity to the College, but because he was again in trouble, though this time it was marital and not political.

HARDY WROTE his pamphlet during the Second World War, and I realise now that he must have been working on it when I last met him in the summer of 1941. I had come to know him, and hold him in great love and admiration, when as an undergraduate I lived on the same staircase with him at New College, where he was the Savilean Professor of Mathematics; his move from Cambridge to Oxford was not unaffected by the repercussions of the Russell affair. My friendship with him (if so unequal a relationship between an undergraduate and a great mathematician can be called friendship) was not based on common intellectual interests, but was due to his passion for games of all possible kinds, and I used to play tennis and bowls with him, or any other sport he happened to fancy.

In 1941, when I was a soldier and stationed in Cambridge, we renewed our friendship and he invited me to dine with him in Trinity. I can date the occasion exactly because that evening Churchill was to address the nation on the radio, and promptly at 8.50 p.m. the Master, George Trevelyan, rose to his feet and said solemnly: "Gentlemen, I think it is time for the Prime Minister." Obediently and slightly sheep-like the rest of the company rose from the table and prepared to follow him to an adjoining room in which a radio had been installed. Only Hardy remained seated. The Master looked at him. Hardy shook his head; "No, Master," he pronounced firmly, "I will *not* listen to that mountebank!"

I was embarrassed. Did courtesy demand that I should follow the Master or remain with my host? And was not a proper respect due from a soldier to the Prime Minister? But I quickly reflected that it would be absurd to listen to Churchill when I could talk to Hardy, so I resumed my place beside him. Even in wartime, it was still possible to drink port at Trinity and we happily continued to do so, while Churchill's rhetoric reverberated through the land. In reading Hardy's pamphlet I cannot help wondering whether in Hardy's aversion to Churchill, which I shared, there was not an echo of the bitter feelings which were inspired by Russell's dismissal and the larger issues of war and peace which were its background. Yet Hardy was never a bitter man, as his pamphlet shows; perhaps it was simply that he was an entirely different order of being from Churchill, just as mathematics is something different from war.

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Autobiography & Psycho-analysis

Between Truth and Self-Deception — By BRUCE MAZLISH

THERE IS LITTLE DOUBT that autobiography, as we know it, came into being in the early 19th century. The *O.E.D.* claims 1809, and Robert Southey, as the origin of the term in English itself. This may be so, but a closer look at Southey's employment of the term suggests it is an accidental, and, as used by him, rather meaningless neologism:

The life of Francisco Vierira, the painter [Southey wrote in *The Quarterly Review*] . . . composed by himself. Much has been written concerning the lives of the painters; and it is singular that this very amusing and unique specimen of autobiography should have been entirely overlooked.

Yet, Southey probably spoke better than he knew, for the combination of traits that stood in back of the word "auto-biography," in its modern sense, had already come into being during the decade or so preceding 1809, a decade which we can call loosely the early "Romantic period."

It is, indeed, in romanticism that the concern with the self takes on new attributes, different from the preceding soul-searching of the religious. Thus, if I had to give a compacted definition of "modern" autobiography, I would say that it is a literary genre produced by romanticism, which offers us a picture from a specific present viewpoint of a coherent shaping of an individual past, reached by means of introspection and memory of a special sort, wherein the self is seen as a developing entity, changing by definable stages, and where knowledge of the self links with knowledge of the external world, and both together provide us with a deep and true grasp of reality.

Let me expand briefly on this definition. Romanticism is often thought to have been concerned with the exotic and the illusionary; and so it often was. Much more central to it, however, was what I shall call "romantic empiricism": the effort to come to grips with reality in

a more intense and truthful way than by means of philosophic and scientific abstractions. Certainly, this was the case with knowledge of the self, where the various associational psychologies were built upon and surpassed by Wordsworth's "on the pulse" sort of knowledge. Thus, in his Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*, Wordsworth talks of his poetry as an "experiment," wherein he selects "the real language of men," which can best be examined in "low and rustic life" because there "our elementary feelings co-exist in a state of greater simplicity." These feelings, however, are not experienced in isolation, separated from all other feelings, but rather "are modified and directed by our thoughts, which are indeed the representatives of all our past feelings." Hence, we perceive reality in terms of individual memory, and it is the only way that we can *truly* perceive it. As John N. Morris remarks of Wordsworth's *The Prelude*:

The very high claim that the act of retrospection and composition is in itself the source of a knowledge higher than the particular truths of the experiences recorded marks Wordsworth's autobiography off from all previous English examples of the form. (*Versions of the Self*, 1966, p. 16).

For Wordsworth, such "higher" knowledge of the self gives knowledge of the external world as well. Thus, as he says, the Poet "considers man and nature as essentially adapted to each other, and the mind of man as naturally the mirror of the fairest and most interesting qualities of nature. . . ."

Wordsworth's stress on self as the key to reality is also sounded by the man who, as Arthur Lovejoy puts it, first, in 1798, launched the word "romantic" on its modern career: Friedrich Schlegel. "All so-called *Romane*," Schlegel informs us, should be valued "in proportion to the amount of direct personal observation and of the representation of life which they contain." Alas, even of the novels of Richardson

and Fielding, good as they are, Schlegel must exclaim: "how sparingly and in dribblets do these books mete out to us the little portion of reality (*das wenige Reelle*) which they contain! And how much better a *Roman* than the best of these is almost any book of travels or collection of letters or autobiography, to one who reads them in a romantic spirit!"¹ Thus, it is autobiography "in a romantic spirit" that puts us in greatest touch with reality, and, as we have seen with Wordsworth, the method or means by which this is accomplished is memory or retrospection of feelings and thoughts. At this point, then, we have at least two of the elements of my "compacted definition" of autobiography.

WE CAN TURN NOW to Goethe for another element, the view of the self as a *developing* entity in a *developing* world. Thus, in a famous passage he writes that the chief task of biography (we substitute here autobiography) is

to depict a man in the circumstances of his times . . . how he shaped out of it an outlook on the world and on mankind . . . how he in turn reflects it . . . so that one may well say that each man, were he born a mere ten years earlier or later, would have become a quite different person, as far as his own inner *development* and his effect on the outer world are concerned.

A *Bildungsroman*, the novel of development, is what Goethe and his contemporaries have in mind, and they have merely extended to the self the notions of development concerning mankind and society elaborated by thinkers as varied in their orientation as Condorcet (with his ten stages of mental progress), Saint-Simon (with his law of three stages, shortly to be expanded upon by Comte), and Hegel (with his Reason, unfolding through various national spirits, dialectically on increasingly higher levels, shortly to be "materialised" by Marx).

WHERE, HOWEVER, do the particular stages of development envisioned for the self come from? Here, we are on less secure ground. The notion of childhood, as Philippe Ariès tells us, is only affirmed and confirmed in the 19th century, and for most of the century it is more a battleground of conflicting views than a settled terrain of time. Wordsworth's child comes "trailing clouds of glory" from God; Rousseau's child is Emile, and Rousseau himself (who, as he admits, is "still a child"); and Dickens' child is Oliver Twist and the circus people of *Hard Times*. If by child we mean the

first six or seven years of life, then even Rousseau accords it only about three pages (1712-1718) in his *Confessions*! If by child we mean the age until, say, 16 or so, then Rousseau preserves for it all of Book I, or somewhat over thirty pages out of a total of six hundred. As he says at the beginning of Book II (1728-1731), "Although 'no more than a child . . .'; yet he ends the long sentence by talking of himself in the same breath as a "youth."

Clearly, this question of the child as a stage in individual development is of enormous importance and complexity. For our purpose here, we can only note its existence as a "problem area" and pass on to another stage of self-development making its appearance at this time: adolescence, first prefigured perhaps in the idea of a "*Sturm und Drang*" period. Yet adolescence, too, is a most unclearly defined stage during the whole of the 19th century, only coming fully into its own in the early 20th century. As vaguely perceived a hundred years earlier, however, it is coloured by dark clouds of melancholy and by a sense of life's meaninglessness and emptiness. The individual is often seen as out of tune with his age, or out of step with its development. Thus, the notion of "alienation" can frequently be attached to this stage of adolescence. Paradoxically, too, the introspection which pervades this stage is viewed as, in part, the cause of this alienation, and, in part, the only way back to a healthy connection with life and society. It is a point to which we shall have to return in a moment.

Once past the "*Sturm und Drang*" period, life is generally perceived as a single stage of developing maturity—and professional achievement—marked as it may be, of course, for some, with continuing melancholy and occasional breakdown, but homogeneous as a stage until old age and death. Such is the view of the self, changing by definable stages, that I believe to be most characteristic of the early 19th century. It is, thus, the view of the self that also becomes a stylised way of organising, as well as of perceiving, the self when one comes to writing autobiography. Correct or not in its details, an exposition such as I have just given nevertheless points truly to the conviction of the times that the self at least developed, and developed by stages. To this, we must now add that such a development could be perceived by taking up a definite point in time—say, middle age, or the moment of professional success—and looking back in retrospect over one's life. Thereby, one could see that it had a definite shape and a particular meaning. A different vantage point, and, as Chateaubriand demonstrated in the three different occasions on which he rewrote his *Memoirs*, it would have a different meaning.

¹ Arthur O. Lovejoy, *Essays in the History of Ideas* (1960), pp. 183, 224.

By now, I hope, we have come full circle back to my compacted definition of autobiography:

The coherent shaping of an individual past from a specific present viewpoint, achieved by means of introspection and memory of a special sort, wherein the self is seen as a developing entity, changing by definable stages, and where knowledge of the self links with knowledge of the external world, and both together provide us with a grasp of reality.

If we elect to follow John Morris in his *Versions of the Self*, we can add to this that the chosen method of perceiving the meaning of the self is by the individual having passed through the vale of suffering, gloom, and pain that is generally embodied in the "*Sturm und Drang*" period—the "introspection" that I alluded to above. Thus (as Morris reminds us), William James spoke for the experiences of the previous two or three generations when he asserted that only the "sick soul," the "divided self who has in his own person become the prey of a pathological melancholy, can know the world for what it is." In Morris' thesis,

the experiences recorded in 19th-century autobiography are...secular counterparts of the religious melancholy and conversions set down in the autobiographies of earlier heroes of religion... "self"... is the modern word for "soul."

As is well known, the discipline that claims today to speak most knowingly of the "self," and especially of the "sick" and "divided" self, in the process displacing the notion of soul altogether, is the "science" of psycho-analysis. It would seem useful, then, to examine what effects the psycho-analytic conception of the self has had on the literary genre which presumably offers one of the most revealing and "real" portraits of the self: autobiography.

The Lower Depths

AUTOBIOGRAPHY BEFORE Freud, no matter how introspective, was still concerned only with the conscious mind. Memory, in this view, consisted of "the representatives of all our past feelings", but these "representatives" could be re-collected merely by moving tranquilly across the surface of our thoughts. Freud changed all of this by showing that consciousness was only the top of the iceberg of our mental processes, and that underneath lay the vast mass of our unconsciousness. Penetration to this mass was not easy. As Freud, in his *Autobiography*, phrased the matter:

How had it come about that the patients had forgotten so many of the facts of their external

and internal lives but could nevertheless recollect them if a particular technique was applied? Observation supplied an exhaustive answer to these questions. Everything that had been forgotten had in some way or other been painful; it had been either alarming or disagreeable or shameful by the standards of the subject's personality. The thought arose spontaneously: that was precisely why it had been forgotten, i.e., why it had not remained conscious. In order to make it conscious again in spite of this, it was necessary to overcome something that fought against one in the patient; it was necessary to make an expenditure of effort on one's own part in order to compel and subdue it. The amount of effort required of the physician varied in different cases; it increased in direct proportion to the difficulty of what had to be remembered. The expenditure of force on the part of the physician was evidently the measure of a resistance on the part of the patient. It was only necessary to translate into words what I myself had observed, and I was in possession of the theory of repression.

Repression and resistance, these are the forces that block the way to our unconsciousness, and hinder our remembrance of the deepest parts of our self-experience. Under hypnosis we might effect a partial recollection—but without conscious control. The real train of explosive powder by which we might remove some of the repression and resistance covering our past turned out to be "free association." This method, especially as applied to the analysis of dreams, opens up a tunnel to our unconscious from which we are then able to dredge up our deepest memories. Psycho-analysis, like Hamlet, offers us "more things in heaven and earth... than are dreamt of in our philosophy." And—how fitting this is—it does so precisely through the very dreams themselves!

What memories, then, do our dreams most strikingly reveal to us? As Freud explains,

In my search... I was carried further and further back into the patient's life and ended by reaching the first years of his childhood... the impressions of that remote period of life, though they were for the most part buried in amnesia, left ineradicable traces upon the individual's growth... But since these experiences of childhood were always concerned with sexual excitations and the reaction against them, I found myself faced by the fact of infantile sexuality.

Memories as repressed, free association as the means of reaching them, and infantile sexuality as the source of the initial memories that so powerfully affect our future growth—these are the now familiar ideas of Freudian psychology. How do they affect autobiography? If we go back to my original definition, we can see that three elements of it have been refined or re-

defined by psycho-analysis: the "means of introspection and memory"; the self "as a developing entity, changing by definable stages"; and, at least implicitly, our knowledge of the self and of the external world, and thus our "grasp of reality."

INTROSPECTION AND MEMORY have obviously been afforded new methods by which to accomplish their task of achieving greater knowledge of the self. Whether at the hands of a professional analyst, or by self-analysis, or merely by a loose awareness of psycho-analytic theory—and this last is undoubtedly the prevailing method—the autobiographer today finds himself forced to confront memories with which his predecessors were, fortunately or unfortunately, unblessed. Even if he chooses not to incorporate such awareness in his book, the autobiographer today must reckon with a reader who may demand such incorporation and, where it is missing, supply parts of it himself. Thus, even what is left out takes on a new significance.

PERHAPS THE MOST OBVIOUS, though neglected, influence of psycho-analysis on autobiography concerns the concept of the self developing by definable stages. With Freud, the stage of infantile sexuality becomes central to any account of self-development. Indeed, in the orthodox Freudian scheme, there is a tendency to see the rest of life as an inexorable working out of the impulses and "complexes"—especially the Oedipus complex—necessarily experienced in infancy, *i.e.*, until about the age of five or six. The latency period that follows is merely that: a pause. Puberty and adolescence are simply new battlegrounds on which the old war is fought out; and one has the impression—although this is to distort Freud to some extent—that the outcome has already been decided earlier. Manhood and its achievements seem only to exemplify the particular neurotic, if not psychotic, means of working out, or acting out, our earlier complexes. Partial freedom from the determinism of our "memories," so to speak, can only be gained, if at all, through the therapeutic "re-education" provided by psycho-analysis.

The effect on autobiography of such a scheme, if carried out, is to have a huge first chapter on infancy and its accompanying sexual impulses, a small chapter on the trivia of the latency period, a larger chapter on adolescence, and so on through professional successes or failures. To this "ideal type" of autobiography, writers seem to have only partially responded, either out of the difficulty of obtaining their earliest memories, or from discretion, or out of disbelief. Nevertheless, the influence of Freudian thought

on our conception of stages of development has been profound. Thus, the mere three pages devoted to his infancy by Rousseau in the *Confessions* no longer convince us as true and deep introspection. More typical today, for example, would be Arthur Koestler's dedication of the first 80 or so pages of his book *Arrow in the Blue* (1952), to a psycho-analytically oriented description of the first sixteen years of his life, including many observations on his infancy.

It would be a mistake, however, to believe that psycho-analysis itself has remained fixated on Freud's earliest formulation of the stages of individual development. He himself, as is known, began to shift the emphasis from the Id impulses to the Ego defences and adaptations in his book of 1923, *The Ego and The Id*. And this task was taken up and furthered by his daughter Anna Freud (*The Ego and The Mechanisms of Defence*, 1936), and numerous others, especially Heinz Hartmann (*Ego Psychology and the Problem of Adaptation*, 1937-9). With this shift, consciousness in a sense comes back into its own. It is not the raging impulses of the Id that alone shape us for ever after, but the interplay with the Id of the Ego as it tries to master the impulses and relate them to reality. While infancy remains a dominant stage in development, psycho-analysts have come subtly to view it in a new light, and, moreover, to balance its effect by an awareness that what goes on in infancy is not merely held in abeyance or replayed in latency and puberty periods but subject to a true *development* and thus change. Of course, they do not reject the past of infancy; rather, they build upon it. And the architecture of identification in adolescence, while grounded on the identification of infancy, has a shape different from the foundations themselves.

ERIK H. ERIKSON has been prominent in this re-evaluation, and in a further revision, of the theory of stages in the development of the individual; what has come to be called the life cycle. To the stress on both the Id and the Ego, he has added an emphasis on the Super-ego. What is more, he has combined all three processes—the biological drives, the conscious mental activities, and the "conscience" of culture (*i.e.*, the Ego ideal and the Super-ego)—in a fascinating and subtle correspondence, which holds for all stages of development. To top off his approach, he has given more or less equal weight to the various stages of the life cycle: in his typology, there are "eight ages of man"—oral sensory, muscular-anal, locomotor-genital, latency, puberty and adolescence, young adulthood, adulthood, and maturity—and each has development possibilities of its own. All of this

was and is potential in Freud. Erikson has had the artistic imagination and genius to bring it out, fully formed, into the open.

I cannot help feeling that there will be a "cultural lag" in this matter, and that for a while longer autobiographies may be written, and undoubtedly will be read, in terms of Freud's earlier formulations. Thus, Id and infancy will be unduly and uncritically stressed. Gradually, however, the extrapolations and refinements of Freud's own theories, by such of his followers as Anna Freud, Heinz Hartmann, and Erik Erikson will become better known. Then, Ego and Super-ego, and states other than infancy, will share equally in our heightened attentions. I believe this is already occurring. Thus, the more recent formulations are still theories of "depth psychology," but they have risen to new heights. It is especially in the concern with the interaction of Id and Ego with Super-ego, and the effort pragmatically and effectively to get at the nature and process of the latter, as exemplified in the work of Erikson, that we approach Goethe's call for a depiction of "a man in the circumstances of his time... how he shaped out of it an outlook on the world and on mankind... how he in turn reflects it." In this effort to depict such a man, autobiographies, to convince us, ought ideally to deal with the self as a developing entity, developing through an Erikson-like life-cycle and in correspondence with a changing world.

NOW, PSYCHO-ANALYSIS ALSO sheds additional light on the question of what is true and real about both the self and the world. Roy Pascal, for example, in his *Design and Truth in Autobiography* devotes an entire chapter to "The Elusiveness of Truth." Here he quite rightly insists that truth of fact and truth of feeling are both necessary. The former, presumably, can be publicly verified, although simple omission of fact is more difficult to detect and frequently more significant than commission of error or lie. Truth of feeling is a more private matter, and generally we are persuaded as to the truth of the autobiographer's emotions by the total, artistic conviction that he is able to establish, rather than by any one assertion. With psycho-analysis, this problem takes on a newer colouring in terms of what we may call "actual" and "psychic" reality.

Thus, in his early dealings with his patients, Freud was shocked to hear them describe scenes of infantile seduction by their parents. He was even more shocked when he discovered that these scenes were actually untrue. "When I had pulled myself together," he tells us in his *Autobiography*,

I was able to draw the right conclusions from my discovery: namely, that the neurotic symptoms were not related directly to actual events but to phantasies embodying wishes, and that... *psychical reality* was of more importance than material reality.

It is in this light, then, that we must approach such autobiographical accounts as, say, Charles Darwin's, when he tells us in his third paragraph:

My mother died in July 1817, when I was a little over eight years old, and it is odd that I can remember hardly anything about her except her deathbed, her black velvet gown, and her curiously constructed work-table.

Indeed it is odd, and we can only believe that Darwin himself believes his statement as a matter of psychic rather than actual reality. So, too, with the statement in his next paragraph, that "the passion for collecting... was very strong in me, and was clearly innate, as none of my sisters or brother ever had this taste." In actual fact, as he elsewhere recalled, his brother collected plants, probably as ardently as did Darwin. Once again, we are aware of psychic reality taking precedence over actual reality. Thus, with the advent of psycho-analysis we are more keenly aware of, and more equipped to cope with, what must always be at the heart of autobiography: the interplay of the truth of fact and feeling, of the actual and psychic reality.

Neurosis and Normality

IF WE TAKE autobiography as I have defined it above, and as modified by Freudian theory, are there any psycho-analytic autobiographies extant to which we can point? Before we touch on two examples, one by Sigmund Freud and one by Ernest Jones, a preliminary note. Psycho-analysis normally presents its findings in terms of a "case history." Typically, such case histories start from the neurosis which has brought the patient to the therapist. Thus, in "Frau Emmy von N", the first case written up by Freud in *Studies on Hysteria* (with Breuer), he begins, "On May 1, 1889, I took on the case of a lady of about forty years of age, whose symptoms and personality interested me so greatly that I... determined to do all I could for her recovery"; in the famous "Little Hans" case, he says, "In the following pages I propose to describe the course of illness and recovery of a very youthful patient"; and in the equally famous "Rat Man" case, he begins, "A youngish man of university education introduced himself

to me with the statement that he had suffered from obsessions ever since his childhood, but with particular intensity for the last four years." Thus, the *neurosis* offers the "specific present viewpoint" which I mentioned earlier in my definition of autobiography, and it is from the *analysis* of the neurosis that the whole previous life of the patient is then unfolded.

Now, in "normal" autobiography, such an unfolding generally takes place in a linear, narrative, and highly chronological fashion; and of course, its starting-point is not in a neurosis (or at least not an overt one). Case studies, too, do read in part as if they were pure narratives; or as Freud put it, as if they were Kiplingesque "Just So" stories. There is, however, an essential and large-scale difference between autobiographies and case histories; the latter have at their core a non-linear analysis, by means of dreams and free association, of a character, seen through its present neurosis. Further, the material is presented in a time scheme, which, while embracing some elements of actual chronology, is mainly concerned with psychic time and with occurrences therein. Also, in place of the linear, we have an emphasis on the "systematic going around in circles," as Erikson puts it, that is involved in clarifying the process whereby the Id, the Ego, and the Super-ego of an individual have been interacting.

In the light of this preliminary note, we ought perhaps not to be surprised that our two examples—Freud and Jones—when they come to write autobiographies instead of case histories, write standard, linear, narrative, chronological accounts. Let me consider each example briefly.

Freud's *An Autobiographical Study* ("Selbstdarstellung" in the original) was first published in 1925, when he was 69, with a Postscript added in 1935. It was written, on request, for a series called *Die Medizin der Gegenwart in Selbstdarstellungen* ("Contemporary Medicine in Self-Portrayals"), and thus from the beginning had a professional aim. Yet, it is interesting to note that Freud converts this "occasion" viewpoint into the real, central viewpoint of his life by what he himself says. He begins by remarking that he has already "published papers upon the same lines," i.e., autobiographical, as the present one. Specifically, he instances his *On the History of the Psycho-analytic Movement* (1914) and *Five Lectures on Psycho-analysis* (1909-10). One cannot help concluding from this that Freud saw his life as primarily the "life" of the psycho-analytic theories and movement that he had created; and to a large extent, vice versa. If we were to use a modern catch-phrase, we might say that Freud's "identity" was achieved

with psycho-analysis. It was Clark University in America which first accorded him public recognition by its invitation in 1909 to deliver the *Five Lectures*, and Freud acknowledged what was involved by his opening statement that "No doubt I owe this honour only to the fact that my name is linked with the topic of psycho-analysis; and it is of psycho-analysis, therefore, that I intend to speak to you." As we have seen from the *Autobiography*, however, to speak of psycho-analysis, for Freud, is to speak of himself. He admits there that the 1909, 1914, and 1925 papers all "have dealt more with personal considerations than is usual or than would otherwise have been necessary." And in the 1925 effort at autobiography, he adds only that "I must endeavour to construct a narrative in which subjective and objective attitudes, biographical and historical interests are combined in a new proportion." His next paragraph begins, "I was born on May 6th 1856, at Freiberg in Moravia, a small town in what is now Czechoslovakia."

But surely many standard autobiographies aim at a narrative in which subjective and objective attitudes are combined (Freud's "new proportions," of course, refers only to his two earlier expositions). As for Freud's treatment of the "subjective" attitudes, we are disappointed in our hope for a deeper psycho-analytic treatment of these in the *Autobiography*. Let me cite two instances. Freud's only reference to his wife, Martha, is in a paragraph where he explains how she caused him to miss becoming the acknowledged discoverer of local anaesthesia by cocaine. In his words, "I may here... explain how it was the fault of my fiancée that I was not already famous at that early age [1886]"; then, after explaining the incident, he concludes, "but I bore my fiancée no grudge for her interruption of my work." Can we seriously believe that Freud would let off any of his own patients with so "light-hearted" a statement? A glance at Jones' longish chapter on "The Cocaine Episode," Chapter VI in his *Life and Work of Sigmund Freud*, reveals a rather different story. Beyond this, of course, one must note that in the light of Freud's own emphasis on sexuality and the choice of a wife, the turmoil through which he passed in securing the woman of his choice might well come under the heading of "subjective attitudes" in a true depth-psychology autobiography. But it is all missing in the *Autobiography*.

Turning to the psycho-analytic movement itself, we notice Freud's statement in the *Five Lectures*, "If it is a merit to have brought psycho-analysis into being, that merit is not mine. I had no share in its earliest beginnings."

Instead, Freud assigns the credit to Dr. Josef Breuer. By the time of the *History*, we have a different story. "In 1909, in the lecture-room of an American university," Freud now remarks, "I had my first opportunity of speaking in public about psycho-analysis. The occasion was a momentous one for my work, and moved by this thought, I then declared that it was not I who had brought psycho-analysis into existence: The credit for this was due to someone else, to Josef Breuer. . . . Since I gave those lectures, however, some well-disposed friends have suggested to me a doubt whether my gratitude was not expressed too extravagantly on that occasion." Now sharing this doubt, Freud spends the rest of the paragraph retracting most of the credit he had previously assigned to Breuer. By the time of the *Autobiography*, Freud was emphasising the fact that his psycho-analytic theories and methods were vastly different from Breuer's, and explaining how "For more than ten years after my separation from Breuer I had no followers. I was completely isolated." Freud alone, in short, from the perspective of 1925, had become the unique and lonely creator of psycho-analysis.

What sort of analytic explanation does Freud offer for his changing attitudes towards his share in the creation of psycho-analysis, a question that involves intense feelings towards the matter of priority and the desire for fame, as well as towards his former friend Breuer (and later towards Adler and Jung)? The answer is, almost none. Freud demonstrates a vague awareness that a changed viewpoint—his being unknown in 1909, a challenged leader of the psycho-analytic movement in 1914, and an unchallenged father of psycho-analysis in 1925—has influenced his account, but he does not go below the surface of this vague awareness. In effect, Freud's *Autobiography* could as well have been written by a non-analyst!

YET, INTERESTINGLY ENOUGH, Freud has in fact left us what is basically a psycho-analytic account of his life. It is embodied in his *Interpretation of Dreams* (1900). There, with incredible boldness, he exposed not only his revolutionary theories to the scorn of the official medical world, but also the content of his own self in its most "subjective" attitudes; for an extraordinary number of the dreams that he analysed there were his *own* dreams. As he finally admitted in 1908 (in the Preface to the Second Edition),

This book has a further subjective significance for me personally—a significance which I only grasped after I had completed it. It was, I found, a portion of my own self-analysis, my reaction to my father's death—that is to say, to the most

important event, the most poignant loss, of a man's life. Having discovered that this was so, I felt unable to obliterate the traces of the experience.

Thus, in the *Interpretation of Dreams*, Freud bared and analysed the deepest springs of his psyche: his experience of the Oedipus complex, his feelings about the sibling rivals who anticipated the Breuers and Jungs of his later years, his aggressive impulses, his worldly ambitions, and so forth.

Should these revelations, properly speaking, have also appeared in his *Autobiography*? And, if not in the particular piece he wrote to satisfy an official professional request, in some master work summing up his life? Or is the psycho-analytic "case" material intrinsically unsuitable to the autobiographical genre? These are questions that we shall need to consider after one more quick example of a psycho-analyst's autobiography: Ernest Jones' *Free Associations* (1959).

Unfree Associations

JONES BEGAN TO WRITE his autobiography in 1944, and completed a manuscript draft of eleven chapters, covering his life up to 1918 (one wonders if the juxtaposition of the ending of two world wars is purely accidental?). As his daughter informs us in an Epilogue, Jones suspended his writing because of the difficulties in dealing frankly with the "disagreements and rifts which accompanied the growth of psycho-analysis and the shortcomings of some well-known figures. To present these from his own angle might seem unduly subjective." His solution to this difficulty was to write the monumental biography of Freud, wherein his own involvement with psycho-analysis—as his daughter puts it, "The story of Ernest Jones is essentially that of psycho-analysis"—was submerged and mingled with the story of its founder. Only in 1957, with the *Life* of Freud completed, did he turn to a revision of his own autobiography, cut short, however, by death the next year.

Now, the one thing Jones' autobiography is not is an exercise in "free association"! It is, instead, a most careful and precise linear, narrative, and chronological account of Jones' life, with a maximum of attention given to the public events of his career and a minimum to his personal, inner life. This is so, even though Jones claims otherwise in his first two paragraphs, in the first chapter, "Origins":

I was born, the first child and only son of my parents, on the first of January 1879, in the parish of Llŵchwr, in a village called Rhosfelyn; the

Great Western Railway had in 1852 rechristened it Gower Road, a name my father later got changed to the hybrid Gowerton. It is situated in the centre of Gwyr (Gower), the ancient kingdom between Swansea Bay and Caermarthen Bay, and is about six miles away from both Swansea and Llanelli, though the direct road between these towns does not pass through it.

It is the common experience of psycho-analysts that a patient intimates in the first hour of the treatment, and often in the very first sentence, the most important secrets of his life, although this is done in such a veiled way that it may take months or years of arduous work before it is possible to read the inner meaning of them. Were I in the position of such a patient, the opening sentences of this book could be put to a similar use.

Jones then adds, "I know that the essential story of my life lies hidden in these sentences, though they need a minute examination to decipher it or even discern its elements. Let me see; it may prove worth while to follow this train of thought; to do so should at all events illustrate the psycho-analytical attitude of mind."

Alas, in this only instance in his autobiography where Jones really claims to follow his "train of thought," we get neither free association nor, I believe, real insight into the psycho-analytic attitude of mind. Instead, we get a highly contrived, logical, and conscious-oriented account of his familial and geographical origins and their presumed effect on the rest of his life. Of course, Jones is too good an analyst not to have achieved some insight into himself, bits and pieces of which he offers to us, his readers. But as we read through his account, we get the growing feeling that most of what he says is a screen, in fact, a *defence*, against our penetrating into his unconscious life. Thus, the chapter and the book are filled with trivia, such as his statement about his own father, Thomas Jones, who "early became converted to Baptism . . . by the great preacher of the same name as himself, Thomas Jones, the father of three famous sons, one of whom was Principal of the University College of South Wales, in my student days there." This is dust thrown in our eyes. What does it matter that the man who converted Ernest Jones' father had three famous sons? Yet, much of Jones' memoirs is filled with allusions to and paragraphs about people whose only claim to entry seems to be that they became "famous" in terms of the British Establishment (especially medical, of course). What we appear to have is closer to name-dropping than to self-revelation; though, as a result, perhaps the latter comes through unconsciously.

What we do not have is any insight into Jones' deepest feelings achieved by free association. For example, he tells us that "my mother

had wished to give me the name of Myrddin, but my prosaic father cavilled at this and chose instead to name me after Queen Victoria's second son, Alfred Ernest. . . . It was a decision not easy to forgive, and when I grew up I at least discarded the first of these unwelcome royal appellations." Why was the name "unwelcome" and "not easy to forgive"? Did Jones resent the "second son" aspersion (in his first sentence he has informed us that he was "the first child and only son")? We are not told.

ONE MORE EXAMPLE. Jones reveals, perhaps inadvertently, a definite pattern in his love life. The first episode reminds us a bit of Freud's cocaine episode. In 1902, Jones met a girl friend of his sisters who, he tells us, "confided in me so sympathetically about her unhappiness at being engaged to the wrong man—it was her fourth such attempt—that I was moved to remove her distress by gallantly offering to take his place . . . it was a mistake which I had much cause to rue before long." The "rue" involved was that the engagement cost Jones his initial brilliant start in medicine. This came about because, a year or so after his impulsive engagement, Jones' fiancée underwent an operation for appendicitis. "Although it meant a six hours' journey," he tells us, "I naturally wanted to be with her." As a result, Jones, who was resident at a hospital whose rules prohibited him from spending a night away from it, but thinking he had a dispensation from the rule, went off to be with her. His absence discovered, and judged to be without the correct permission, Jones was dismissed from his post, and blackballed from similar posts. "Success" had turned to "Failure" (the titles of two of his chapters), and thus, by apparent accident, Jones was turned towards psycho-analysis, a field outside the medical Establishment of his time.

Interestingly, it is not until 20 pages later that Jones tells us more about this engagement—as he puts it, to "Maude Hill (one of the well-known Birmingham Hill family). Years older than myself. . . ." It broke up. Beyond that, he tells us nothing about his feelings in the matter of this love affair, which caused him to lose his prized "success." Marriage did finally come for Jones, in 1916, to a young Welsh musician: "The third time we met, I proposed to her." Her death led to Jones' re-marriage in 1919. As his daughter of this marriage tells us in the Epilogue, Jones and her mother "were engaged in three days and married within three weeks."

Now, no one has the right to pry into Jones' personal life and to demand from him an explanation for the precipitateness with which he became engaged to various women. One can only say, however, that without such an ex-

planation, and similar ones, we cannot talk seriously of "free associations" nor of a psycho-analytic autobiography. Let me add that I am emphatically not suggesting that Jones' autobiography is without value, although in the little I said of him, to prove a particular point, it might have seemed that way. Nor am I saying that Jones was not a brilliant psycho-analyst and a man of large character. Quite the contrary, he was an eminently qualified analyst, a major (if not the major) strength in the international psycho-analytic movement, and a peerless biographer of Freud. I am simply saying that Jones' autobiography, along with Freud's, suggests that psycho-analytic autobiography at the best of hands may not be possible at all. Or if it is, it is so only as a case history.

The Re-examined Self

IT IS TIME TO TURN TO some general conclusions. I shall present four. My first conclusion is that autobiography, even after Freud, is what it has always been: primarily a consciously shaped *literary production*. As such, it cannot simply offer free associations, or analyses of dreams, or any other part of a standard case history, in lieu of a highly stylised and structured account of an individual's development of self, as perceived from a specific present viewpoint other than neurosis. True, it is possible that the writing of an autobiography might conceivably be a substitute for actual therapy. Roy Pascal hints at this when considering the possibility of writing his own autobiography: "One could be content if one could feel one's self to be consistent, to have developed naturally and organically, to have remained 'true to itself,' and if within this framework, one could order certain intense experiences whose significance defied analysis[!]³ but which were particularly one's own." Nevertheless, therapy and analysis do not thereby become autobiography.

The second conclusion is that psycho-analysis, rather than a potential enrichment of autobiographical writing, may be a hampering influence. It may, indeed, become a defence against true self-revelation. Rousseau earlier had used his *Confessions* as a device whereby he might expatiate his sins, and as one of his recent psychological biographers, William Blanchard, has pointed out, had also discovered that

a full confession, in which he threw himself tearfully at the feet of his father and declared his

helpless dependency, reduced this fearful figure to remorse and brought forth the demonstration of love he so ardently desired... there is no mistaking this same tendency in his writing.³

Thus, Rousseau's increased psychological insight went hand in hand with a use of that insight which then operated to block real acknowledgment of his self. Utterly different in nature, but similar in being defensive, is the frequent use, for example, by Freud and Jones of their own psycho-analytic insight to prevent too intimate or indiscreet an exposure of themselves in their autobiographies. Where a more naïve person might blurt out the deeper truths about himself, analysts such as Freud and Jones know, *consciously*, what to repress as an expression of their *unconscious*. Paradoxically, then, the autobiography that professes to offer the most free association may, in fact, offer the least.

A third conclusion, however, balances this judgment by calling attention to psycho-analysis' positive contributions to autobiography. Once we accept that autobiography is a carefully structured literary production, we can see that psycho-analysis offers the genre a new, secular vocabulary to replace the old religious words describing the soul's experiences, as well as a new definition of the "sick" and "divided" soul. Psycho-analysis also proffers a newly stylised series of developmental stages of the self; and for these stages it also offers both new weights, for example, an additional importance to infancy, and new significances, for example, a stress on infantile sexuality as formative of later character. The subject of autobiography, in short, becomes increasingly "psycho-analytic man." However, as I have said, the autobiography itself does not become psycho-analytic, either in form or substance.

The fourth, and last, conclusion is that the most meaningful impact of psycho-analysis on autobiography is probably in terms of the reader, not the writer. The theories of psycho-analysis, even if only "in the air," teach us to read autobiographies in a new way. They instruct us to make new demands. To one who is even partially informed about its theory and technique, psycho-analysis creates a compulsion to approach autobiography in a "psycho-analytic" way. Hence, we are alert, at least potentially, to the deeper meanings—Erikson's "The Meaning of Meaning It"—both of what is said, and what is not said. We insist on taking depth soundings from the unconscious as well as surface readings from the conscious. As I have suggested, the writer of an autobiography may not be able to present these to us effectively and consciously; yet we, as readers, can and must create them for ourselves out of the experiences

³ William H. Blanchard, *Rousseau and the Spirit of Revolt* (1967), p. 247.

that he presents to us. In sum, the increased demands are more on us, the readers, than on the writer.

IN THIS INCREASED DEMAND ON OURSELVES, a deeper knowledge of our own psyches, as well as that of the autobiographer's, becomes imperative. As Erik Erikson has so brilliantly pointed out in his article, "On the Nature of Psycho-Historical Evidence: In Search of Gandhi," a new typology for the understanding of autobiography must be worked out, and central to it must be not only the autobiographer's own problem of "transference," but our problem of "counter-transference" as well. As Erikson suggests:

Transference is a universal tendency active wherever human beings enter a relationship to others in such a way that the other also "stands for" persons as perceived in the pre-adult past. He thus serves the re-enactment of infantile and juvenile wishes and fears, hopes and apprehensions. . . . This plays a singularly important role in the clinical encounter and not only in the

³Erik H. Erikson, "On the Nature of Psycho-Historical Evidence: In Search of Gandhi," *Daedalus* (Summer 1968), p. 698.

dependent patient's behaviour towards the clinician. It is also part of what the clinician must observe in himself; He, too, can transfer on different patients a variety of unconscious strivings which come from *his* infantile past. This we call *counter-transference*.³

Now, autobiographers are not patients, and we, the readers, are not clinicians. Yet, one of the main reasons for a person writing an autobiography is to discover, in the writing of it, what he *has* been; and thus what he *is*. What his life *has meant* and thus what it *means* in the present moment. So, too, the reader of the autobiography. He discovers, or should discover, in the "clinical" *cum* "literary" encounter with the autobiographer's self some insight both into *that* self and into his *own* self. It is the gift of psycho-analysis that it aids the reader in acquiring this insight on its deepest level, by, for example, an understanding of transference and counter-transference, projection and displacement, and so forth. Thus, autobiography, psycho-analytically viewed, is binocular; it offers us equal knowledge of the development and meaning of ourselves as well as of our "other self," the writer of the autobiography. The encounter, then, is not only clinical and literary; it is creative in a newly special sense.

And Spring Returns to the Psychiatric Hospital

And Spring returns to the psychiatric
hospital

slowly as the making of a web or
a dark, impossible
butterfly:

rose-buds shift
somewhere in shafts of secreting green
aware of ceremony:

memory moves its heavy magnets
across fields of
receding snow:

a birth on one of the women's wards
halts us in our tracks
and a search is on
for the man with
life in him.

David H. W. Grubb

THEATRE

Flashing the Old Job

By John Weightman

A RACY, upper-middle-class lady of my acquaintance was once describing to me the sorry plight of a friend who had become an exhibitionist. "There he was," she said, "flashing the old job all over the countryside." This mysterious and poetic expression struck me forcibly at the time, because I had never heard it before, and it popped suddenly out of my memory again at the first night of *Oh! Calcutta!* when, like the rest of the audience, I found myself facing a row of old jobs, interspersed with more familiar triangles. Were these old jobs being flashed at us? Were Mr. Kenneth Tynan and his collaborators flashing *par membres interposés* and, when the cry "Author!" went up at the end, would they come forward hand in hand proudly displaying their several virilities? (Mr. John Lennon, I understand, has already filmed his for the benefit of world audiences.) Would we be expected to flash back in a surge of audience participation? The experience, new for me (in adult life at least), was rather puzzling. Not since I was in Standard III at the Council School forty-odd years ago had I had the opportunity of being a "thinking voyeur," and I didn't quite know what to think.

My first thought, now that I have had time to react, is that *Oh! Calcutta!* was undoubtedly an historic occasion. Total nudity on the stage is something quite novel; it is much more real than nudity in the cinema, and it breaks a taboo which is several hundred years old, if not older. We have been visibly moving in this direction for a generation or two and Mr. Tynan, having finally engineered the matter, has made his immortal contribution to the theatre. It causes one to reflect that human nature must be very peculiar if the mere display of *that which is*, and is moreover universally, can cause such a stir. But then taboos, too, are universal, as if human nature always had to forbid something in order to give itself a framework and a feeling of negative certainty. Francis Huxley points out in *Affable Savages* that the naked South American Indians were shocked to see that he

did not wear a penial sheath while bathing; when you look at a photograph of an Indian wearing one of these sheaths, which is for all the world like a little flag, you might think he was flashing the old job with a vengeance, but in fact he is being modest, and his sheath is no more phallic than a top hat (if we can be sure that a top hat was not a transferred symbol of Victorian repression, a displaced erection). What one wonders now is where the taboo will reassert itself in Western civilisation, if it has really been removed from sex. Will one be perfectly in order in showing one's nakedness and yet obscene, for instance, if one develops a rational argument? I sometimes think, in talking or listening to young people, that two or three ideas, strung logically together, are now almost as offensive as indecent exposure would have been some years ago. I have seen young people go red in the face and appear deeply shocked if asked to explain how they reconcile attitude *A* with statement *B*.

HOWEVER, I IMAGINE THAT the assertion of nakedness starts from a rational premise. We are all naked underneath our unnatural clothes, and therefore nudity is truer, more genuine, more healthy than the state of being dressed. Clothes are a visible manifestation of *mauvaise foi*, so off with them! Now that the thing has been done, I can see no objection to it in itself. I noticed even that some of the actors and actresses were more impressive in the nude than when they were dressed, as if their talent lay more in the shape and grace of their bodies than in what they were able to do. If, from now on, dancers and pop singers were to perform in the nude, this would be a perfectly acceptable convention since what they are selling is often youth and beauty rather than art, and in so far as they are being artistic, totally naked physical beauty can only enhance the effect.

But this must apply only to a fairly narrow range of performers and performances. A lot of talented people are no doubt cursed with bodies

inferior to their artistic ability and are thankful to have clothes to help them to create a temporary illusion. Or, perhaps, clothes serve to cancel out the body, thus allowing the mental presence to be more keenly perceived. I am quite interested in Mr. Tynan and Mr. Lennon, for instance, as personalities, but I haven't the faintest desire to contemplate them in the nude, and I don't see why they should want to display their nakedness, except to their nearest and dearest. Is there not a distinction to be made between public and private nakedness? Public nakedness, let us say, has a universal quality and requires a natural gift, like any other profession; private nakedness often needs to be illumined by love or lust, and is only positively significant between the two people concerned. Mr. Tynan has struck his blow for truth and freedom, and in one sense at least has carried the day. But although we are all equal in our underlying nudity, here again the universe manifests its terrible unfairness, because some people are more equal than others, even among the performers of *Oh! Calcutta!* There was one of them who, in my opinion, would have done better to keep his light hidden under a bushel.

MY SECOND THOUGHT is that the blow struck for freedom and truth is still, in spite of all, rather muffled and inconsistent.

The punning title, *Oh quel cul que t'as!*, was apparently invented by an elderly French Surrealist painter, and the backdrop on the stage as well as the front cover of the programme show an almost nude *belle époque* beauty, presenting the perfect circle of her buttocks, i.e., *une belle croupe*, as the expression was. But why this flavour of Edwardian naughtiness? It refers back essentially to a period when women were marketable objects, and is out of keeping with the modern views on sexuality which have determined the bisexual nakedness of the performance. It also embodies an old-fashioned idea of female beauty, which went with bustles and the can-can. Perhaps the antiquarian note is meant as a joke, like a mahogany *bidet*-stand being used as a drinks table in a modern room, or perhaps it reflects the personal tastes of the elderly Frenchman with the admirably Surrealist name of Claude Trouille. In either case, it is surely rather off-key.

Then, nakedness itself is used both genuinely and conventionally. When the company dance in a lyrical or rhapsodic way, their bodies are operating artistically, and their nakedness is just a sign—although an important one—that they are being true to the natural data. In other words, in all dancing sex is not actual but transposed and therefore the nakedness can be genuine. But in a sketch about copulation, what is the use of two naked bodies simulating the

action, if they do not actually perform it? The fact that they are stark naked merely underlines the absence of the essential point, as if they were sexless angels in an old-fashioned Biblical illustration. Clearly, it would be difficult for them to copulate realistically within the framework of a show like this, which is theatre, not ritual. But to go through the motions with complete realism of nudity and almost complete non-realism of action, is to do something which is not a theatrical statement nor, in the circumstances, a valid joke; it merely throws doubt on the heterosexual possibilities of the gentleman concerned.

The problem I am referring to is an aesthetic, rather than a moral, one. The realism of acting is not identical with the realism of mime, and if you mix up poor acting with even worse mime, you are really not doing very much at all. In these scenes, the actors and actresses just looked like adolescent school-children having a naughty romp, and one was surprised at the paradox of so chic a show-business audience being expected to enjoy so crass a display. To do them justice, they didn't sound very enthusiastic in the first half; when drinks during the interval had helped them to respond more easily, their applause became louder and, at the end, they sounded reasonably convinced. But I wasn't. *Oh! Calcutta!* may represent a liberation as far as nudity is concerned, but it doesn't do anything to demonstrate how sex can be acted frankly, if at all, on the stage.

STILL LESS DOES IT SHOW how sex can be talked about, and this, for me, was the greatest surprise. I had expected a revue full of wit and sophistication but, for the most part, it was a collection of old dirty jokes, of the kind that I have always associated with embarrassment about sex, or temporary deprivation. I admit I have no ready definition of the difference between wit and fun about sex and the sort of dirty story that schoolboyish men seem to relate to each other the world over, but I am sure there must be a difference. The last time I heard such talk at any length was during the War, when cosmopolitan types would while away the night watches in the B.B.C. Foreign Service by capping one filthy tale with another; there was a Dane, I remember, with an astonishing command of English obscenity, who was inexhaustible about the goings-on in Shanghai. Again my objection is not one of prudery; it is rather difficult to be prudish if one has been observing the world and oneself for the last fifty years. Besides, it is obvious that obscenity serves a valid purpose from time to time.

The question is: why should one go to the theatre to hear the sort of thing which is ordinary folk-material in schools and pubs?

True, it is being trumpeted from the stage, and so there is again a ceremonial breaking of the taboo. Father Ubu said *merdre* in 1896, Eliza Doolittle said *bloody* in 1914, and now the actors can utter any four-letter word. But the mere use of these terms is not of the same order as displaying nudity; nakedness is a pure fact, which is what it is; obscenity is a linguistic phenomenon, that is, an intellectual and emotional manipulation of facts. It is not in itself a datum. It implies an attitude to sex, and the attitude suggested by practically all the sketches in *Oh! Calcutta!* is the coarse, sniggering uneasiness of people who have not assimilated it to any philosophy of life. Perhaps sex is ultimately unassimilable, like the other animal functions, but a lot of artists have got a great deal further with it than the deplorable authors of *Oh! Calcutta!*, who grind away on the level

of fifth-rate music-hall, in such a manner as to dishonour sex rather than rehabilitate it.

The programme doesn't specify who wrote what, as if the authors wished to hide behind their collective names, but I have seen it suggested that Joe Orton was responsible for the sketch about sexual complexities in a middle-class family. If so, I am amazed; where is that beautiful sense of genteel innuendo which makes *Entertaining Mr. Sloan* so profoundly entertaining? If Joe Orton did write it, he must have done it on an off-day, or as a linguistic exercise in obscenity to prove that obscenity is not enough. I know that Renoir said that he painted with his penis, but the expression needs to be interpreted. Writers can flash the old job directly, if they wish to be in the fashion; but to write with it effectively requires a rather complicated process of mediation.

A Word With History

Old Mother History, Queen of Them All,
how you enjoy raising a stink!
Orion peeps through the bars in the wall
and here we sit, you and me, in clink.

You're giving me the same old patter-song
with the same half-derisive leer.
So side by side we go clanking along,
you since Time was, I since last year.

Immortal madam, why and whence
the passion for paradox you display?
Do you really think that it makes sense
to poison the world's blood in this way?

For in the whole wide world I see
nothing but war, conflict, and crisis.
Hardly the time, would you agree,
for us to be doing time like this?

Why should a revolutionary poet
rot to death in this Soviet hole?
Dear History, it strikes a jarring note.
Surely one of us is playing the fool?

Shame on you, madam, Queen of Them All;
let me out of Zamarstynov then.
(And on the other side of the wall
we'll soon be sent down again.)

Wladyslaw Broniewski (1897-1962)

Translated by Jerzy Peterkiewicz and Jon Stallworthy

Philip Larkin

Two Poems

Dublinesque

Down stucco sidestreets,
Where light is pewter
And afternoon mist
Brings lights on in shops
Above race-guides and rosaries,
A funeral passes.

The hearse is ahead,
But after there follows
A troop of streetwalkers
In wide flowered hats,
Leg-of-mutton sleeves,
And ankle-length dresses.

'There is an air of great friendliness,
As if they were honouring
One they were fond of;
Some caper a few steps,
Skirts held skilfully
(Someone claps time),

And of great sadness also.
As they wend away
A voice is heard singing
Of Kitty, or Katy,
As if the name meant once
All love, all beauty.

The Cardplayers

Jan van Hogspeuw staggers to the door
And pisses at the dark. Outside, the rain
Courses in cart-ruts down the deep mud lane.
Inside, Dirk Dogstoerd pours himself some
more,
And holds a cinder to his clay with tongs,
Belching out smoke. Old Prijck snores with the
gale,
His skull face firelit; someone behind drinks ale,
And opens mussels, and croaks scraps of songs
Towards the ham-hung rafters about love.
Dirk deals the cards. Wet century-wide trees
Clash in surrounding starlessness above
This lamplit cave, where Jan turns back and
farts,
Gobs at the grate, and hits the queen of hearts.

Rain, wind and fire! The secret, bestial peace!

NOTES & TOPICS

Reflections after Kerensky

On the Passing of a Myth — By LEONARD SCHAPIRO

THE DEATH of Aleksander Fedorovich Kerensky—fifty-three years after the short Russian drama in which he was the principal actor—has prompted the usual spate of trite verdicts. He was the weak liberal who let in the Bolshevik wolves because he thought they were sheep; he should have made peace; he should have summoned the Constituent Assembly; he should have kept the Bolsheviks behind bars—and so on, and so forth. There is probably an element of truth in some respects in all of these conventional judgments. I am not going to reopen this particular debate. But I have been generally much concerned in my work with those actors in history who have been set down as failures; and I have only too often been brought up against the ephemeral character of the verdict of near-contemporaries on the success and failure of the actors in events of which they were witnesses. In the first place, they judge with

the benefit of hindsight, and relatively recent hindsight at that. Even more misleading, they judge on the basis of what they believe or hope is the way that the history of the generation is going. But the actor at the time does not, cannot indeed, foresee all the consequences of his actions; and his near-contemporary judges him in the light of his own particular view of the direction of events, which he in turn cannot know.

Trotsky's verdict on Kerensky in his history of the Russian Revolution is a good case in point. It is full of vituperation against Kerensky (who approved his release on bail), but not of course for any part he may have played in helping on the victory of the Bolsheviks. What Trotsky cannot forgive is that Kerensky failed to understand the "real upsurge of the revolution," failed to join and welcome it, but remained on its fringes. Trotsky's *History* was written in 1930, in exile, after his own defeat and humiliation by Stalin. For Trotsky, hounded into exile, execration and eventual slaughter by this revolution, it still remained a vision of a glorious future whatever base clouds it might permit to ride with ugly rack on its celestial face. Equally well might Stalin have said (as no doubt he thought) that Trotsky had only haunted the fringes of the real revolution, and had failed to grasp that its real essence was the party *apparat*, the hired henchmen of the General Secretary and the myrmidons of the OGPU. Which of them was right?

If the true meaning of the revolution is that which Lenin bestowed on it, then of course Trotsky is right in saying that Kerensky never got beyond haunting its fringes—and, some might say, all the more credit to him for that. For Kerensky was by tradition and temperament a *Narodnik*. Revolution for him was a great liberation, the gateway to freedom, a romantic vision of the people, ignorant, but sanctified by its instincts and its innocence, rising to wipe out the bloodstains, the humiliations, the oppression, the injustice and the obscurantism of an

ALEXANDER KERENSKY, the almost legendary Prime Minister of revolutionary Russia in 1917 (he was then aged 35), died in New York in June of this year, aged 88. A few years ago I was present at an American university lecture at which the professor of history announced that for the next seminar the discussion of the Russian Revolution would be taken over by none other than—Kerensky. There were embarrassed and incredulous titters among the students. The professor was a little annoyed: didn't they realise he was being serious? A student cried out, "And how about getting, for the week after, Napoleon on the subject of Waterloo?..." Kerensky became almost an unbelievable myth in his long lifetime. Was he, in reality, nothing but "a failure"? History, as Auden says, "May say Alas but cannot help or pardon." In this obituary memoir, Professor Leonard Schapiro—who discussed such matters frankly with the exiled Russian revolutionary—makes a new assessment.—M.J.L.

evil dynasty. Lenin had, of course, learnt a great deal from the *Narodniki*; but the main lesson which he had learnt was that their romantic view of life would never be capable of preserving a revolution, if once it happened—to say nothing of making one. His genius lay precisely in his cynicism, his contempt for most ideals, his total lack of sentiment and his raising of technique to the level of a political faith. Above all, he knew how to exploit for his own ends the anarchy which the Provisional Government was unwilling (or unable) to control, let alone put down. Lenin knew how to deal with it all right when he got to power: anarchy and disorder inexorably produce their King Stork, as centuries of human history testify. Lenin learned how to make a revolution by first removing from this revolution its ideals and its nobility, and turning it into a revolution of the *apparat*. Was it *this* revolution that Trotsky blamed Kerensky for not embracing? But the truth is that Trotsky never embraced it either. Each believed in a myth of his own creation—Kerensky in a revolution that never was, and Trotsky in a Lenin that never was.

* SOMEDAY, PERHAPS, when Russia's Bolshevik Revolution has settled down into whatever the future may hold for that unhappy country, historians (if there are still any left) may be able to judge Kerensky more fairly than his contemporaries have done. But speaking as a near-contemporary, who knew and respected Kerensky—and perhaps, like the many millions in 1917, fell under his spell—I believe we should do better to look at his part in 1917 from his point of view and in the light of his own predicament, and without the benefit of hindsight. Heaven knows, he wrote and spoke enough about his actions, and, be it said, not always consistently. The inconsistency should cause no surprise. Has any comparable defeated leading actor in such momentous events ever had to suffer the agony of fifty-three years' appraisal and reappraisal of his own responsibility? I have no wish to add to the hundreds of thousands of angry words which have been poured out on the subject of Kerensky's responsibility for

Lenin's victory—except to point out the obvious fact that there were very few people around whom Lenin could not outwit, in Russia or outside. But let me look at some of the "might-have-beens" as they seem to me they ought to be looked at, from Kerensky's position in 1917.

"He should have pulled Russia out of the war by making a separate peace with the Germans, instead of honouring the promise made by the Russian Imperial Government..." Honour apart, what hope did the new-born revolution, Russia's new freedom, appear to have in 1917 if the leaders of democracy, Britain and France, were subjugated?¹ And what hope did Kerensky have of surviving the hatred of the enraged army, or of those portions of it still loyal to the Provisional Government? (Kerensky, it is true, when in exile gave two diametrically opposite answers to this imponderable question.)

"He should have rendered harmless Lenin and a few dozen leading Bolsheviks, and his troubles would have been over..." For those of us who, unlike Trotsky, do not believe in the onward march of historical forces, so much as in the skilful exploitation of a situation by a few individuals, this is the most telling indictment of all. No one (except the late Mr. Isaac Deutscher)—not even Trotsky, let alone Soviet historians—suggests that the Bolsheviks would have won without Lenin. It may be good Marxism to think so, but it is very poor Marxism-Leninism to say so. The Provisional Government had good evidence that Lenin was in receipt of German funds on a very large scale—quite true evidence, as we now know so many years later from studying the Berlin archives of the *Auswaertiges Amt*. Why did it halt its proceedings against Lenin and the Bolsheviks half-way? Why did it have to wait until the abortive insurrection of July to take half-hearted measures against them—too little and too late? One could ask a dozen more such questions, and yet I wonder if they are fair or relevant if we are to see events from the actors' contemporary point of view. Could a socialist Prime Minister, at the dawn of a new era of brotherhood and freedom, use the police methods of the hated, fallen régime? There was also, incidentally, the plain fact that the Mensheviks and Socialist Revolutionaries who composed the Executive Committee of the Petrograd Soviet were resolutely opposed to persecution of Bolsheviks—the break in their attitude (as Tseretelli has shown in his recently published memoirs) only came after the July events. And without the Petrograd Soviet the Provisional Government was powerless, and had been powerless since the beginning of its precarious existence.

I remember discussing this whole question with the late Boris Nicolaevsky. His view was

¹ This criticism of the might-have-been kind is, incidentally, a very public-spirited one in the mouths of French or British historians. The Allied victory over the Germans was a question of touch-and-go. And one may well wonder which way the issue of war might have gone if the Germans could have moved their divisions from the Eastern to the Western front in the spring or summer of 1917—instead of at the end of the year—since the effective entry of the United States into the war after May, 1918 only just tipped the scales.

that the whole debate was academic and irrelevant: the chaos and disorder out of which Lenin snatched his easy victory in November were already inherent in the circumstances of the fall of the monarchy. I am increasingly convinced that this is right; and that Kerensky (who, incidentally, never sought highest office, but had it thrust upon him) inherited a situation in July which was at worst hopeless; and at best could only have been saved by a military dictatorship.

THERE WERE THREE main reasons for this. One was the fact that the group of Liberals, mainly Kadets, who formed themselves into a Provisional Government in March, 1917, had from the very first made the maintenance of order, and hence of liberty, a virtual impossibility. Their deal with the Petrograd Soviet included the promise that the mutinous and anarchical Petrograd garrison troops would be neither disarmed nor sent to the front. There is no evidence that any of the ministers of the First Provisional Government had any qualms or doubts about this item of the agreement. But the result of this insane arrangement, at a time when the Soviet was still finding its feet and looking for a lead, was to leave the Government at the mercy of an armed mob, for whom anarchy was their natural outlet.

The second reason was the total lack of legitimacy which characterised the First Provisional Government, and therefore its successors, including that headed by Kerensky. It owed its existence to nothing but its own self-appointing act. It had no mandate from the elected Duma (which had melted away when trouble began); it had no continuity with the deposed monarchy (in spite of the valiant, but hopeless, efforts of Miliukov to ensure it). The trouble about governments which lack legitimacy is that they are liable to be overthrown by some other faction which has as much or as little right to rule. "*Who appointed you?*," a soldier shouted at Miliukov, when he announced the composition of the new government to the crowd outside the Tauride Palace. "*The Revolution!*" came the reply. And so, in the end, the Revolution gave, and the Revolution took away—blessed be the name of the Revolution!

Of course, the sensible thing to have done, as we know with our hindsight, would have been to knock a Constituent Assembly together as soon as possible, even if its composition would have had to have been somewhat rough and ready. No doubt Kerensky can be blamed for not doing this. But at any rate he was not the original author of the inordinate and fatal delay. The elections were only held after the victory of the Bolsheviks, in time to provide Lenin with his

opportunity to humiliate what he privately described as the "Liberal pleasantries." It was Prince Lvov, the first Prime Minister, who had set on foot the grand scheme of Commissions and Inquiries and Preparatory Investigations out of which, in the fullness of time, the most perfect electoral system ever known was to emerge. The sacred will of the liberated people was not to be hustled.

And thirdly, the ever-growing disorder. Of course, the first duty of every government is to govern: no Prime Minister can escape censure for failure in this respect, indeed that is what he is there for. But Kerensky could with justice have claimed that the sinews of his government had been drawn for him by his liberal predecessor, Prince Lvov. For it was Lvov who had dismantled the entire administrative and police framework of the country without ever succeeding in putting anything of substance in its place. All, of course, from the noblest of *Narodnik* motives: the liberated people must no longer be held in constraint by the trappings of the hated tyranny, but must work out its own means of revolutionary self-discipline. Alas, the *Cheka* was to be the obvious sequel to this line of reasoning.

THERE ARE three great lessons of our time. Kerensky never learned them while in office, and he did not have very much time to learn them. What is more surprising is that fifty-three years after the Russian Revolution (or the Bolshevik *putsch*) these lessons still remain less than obvious to so many persons in authority, who have all the experience of a troubled half century to draw on.

The first lesson of our time is that revolution is an end in itself: its aims are subordinate to the act of insurrection. What matters is not what revolutionaries give as their reasons, very often in order to mislead both themselves and their followers: the only thing that counts is the revolutionary tactics. As Giolitti sadly reflected (too late, in his old age), Mussolini had taught him that there was no need to look at the programme of a revolution, but only at its tactics. This phrase ought, perhaps, to be inscribed in bold letters on the walls of the studies of every Vice-Chancellor in the country, and, more especially, of every President of every university in the United States. But I doubt if Kerensky could have seen this simple fact in 1917. If he had seen it, he would have realised that probably a military dictatorship, that of General Kornilov in particular, would have been much more likely to save the revolutionary aims which he believed in than the victory of Lenin which followed so swiftly on Kornilov's downfall. Kerensky once admitted this to me in conversation—adding quite sincerely, I am sure,

that it would have been impossible for him to see it in this light in 1917. Kornilov—Industrialists—the old Army order—how could a *true* revolutionary side with all that débris of the past against other revolutionaries, however violent? (Is this so very different an aberration, *mutatis mutandis*, from the selective indignation of the Labour Left today? Or from that of members of the New York intelligentsia?)

The second lesson of our time is that in a crisis preservation of order comes first, if liberty is to survive. For liberty can be created out of order, provided it is legitimate and legal order: liberty without order, which is anarchy, can only produce tyranny, when all grow so weary of disorder that any form of Leviathan seems the lesser evil. And then it is too late, and for a very long time to come. I am not going to enter here into Kerensky's handling of the Kornilov affair; but I am certain that if he had learnt this lesson, which so many of us have not learnt to this day, he would have handled Kornilov very differently.

The third lesson of our time is: never ally yourself with a mob if you are on the side of charity, decency, and order. This is true however much sentiment may attract to the cause which the mob is ostensibly defending. No doubt there are many noble-spirited people today who feel sympathy with the mindless sloganeers who lead anti-apartheid mobs to demonstration and disorder—not because they admire either sloganeers or disorder, but because (like most civilised people) they dislike *apartheid*. But the trouble is that supporting, however indirectly, any mob and the sloganeers who lead mobs, can have nothing but the collapse of order and thereafter the victory of tyranny as its result. So Kerensky in September, indirectly supported Lenin because he hated Kornilov and what he thought was “counter-revolution.” He had never learnt this third lesson; but have we? Some of us, for example, might do well to reflect that support of *démopolitics* (and some perfectly responsible and otherwise sensible people supported the anti-Springboks campaign recently) will be of little help to the cause ostensibly championed by the mob and the sloganeers—whether black, brown, or pink. The victors in the end will always be the ashen-faced commissars with their imminent coronaries.

All this is not intended as a justification of Kerensky: only as a reminder that conduct must be seen in the context of the time of the actor, in the perspective of his mental limitations, and without the benefit of hindsight. Reflections on the shortcomings of our own discernment to this day on these basic elements of political life should make us less ready as historians to “rush to judgment.”

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•COLLINS•

Children of the Television Age

By T. R. Fyvel

THE ARGUMENT about the possible ill effects of television is not new. Ten years ago, when working on a book on juvenile delinquency, I did a round of youth clubs in London and the North which catered specially for boys with police records and often faced the problem of being smashed up by uncontrollable youthful gangs—the name in the headlines then was “Teddy boys.” I had no chance for systematic research. Yet as a middle-aged, middle-class intellectual, I found that for some reason I could talk readily with these youngsters, and I relied on impressionism and hunch in gauging the causes of their often hair-triggered anti-social defiance. One point seemed plain. Many of these disturbed youngsters had no image of a society that made sense and into which they also believed they could fit. Looking at the dark and usually emptyish television rooms of the youth clubs, and the way a group of boys would walk out at the first twitch of boredom without even bothering to switch off the set, made me feel that television had no particular ill effects on them but also provided no bridge back into society. Contrarily—this was before the Pop revolution but one could sense what lay ahead—the incessant sound of Rock and the crowded atmosphere of the youth club record rooms made me feel that here for once was an activity these boys thought “legitimate.” I therefore wrote that the love for Pop music was the chink in the Teddy boy’s armour through which he could be drawn back into society. But evidently not television.

Little research on this point was at that time available. Now a Leicester University research team sponsored by the Home Office and headed by Mr. James Halloran has published the report¹ of its lengthy investigation into the question whether the portrayal of crime and brutality on television had much to do with the current growth of delinquency. The popular notion is that it has; but not surprisingly Mr. Halloran’s report comes to the opposite conclusion that television and the other mass media can never be

the sole cause in producing delinquency, their role being at best marginal. Statistically the report amply proves its point, yet Mr. Halloran would perhaps have done better to say “never the sole *direct* cause,” because by now three aspects of the impact of television on our society and violence seem plain:

(1) Compared to such accepted basic causes as poverty, bad or broken homes, and youthful psychological disturbance, what young watchers see on television can be only a very subsidiary *direct* cause of juvenile delinquency and crime.

(2) Contrarily, it has been shown repeatedly that easy publicity on television has helped the spread of what might be called today’s “fashions” in adolescent violence, whether by students or other minority protesters, skinheads or Saturday-football vandals; but one must remember that such fashions are transient.

(3) As a far more important indirect cause of malaise and *accidie* and possibly violence in modern society we must consider the political and the inherent limitations of television as an information medium, about which Robin Day (who should know) wrote recently with such unease.²

On the first of these points, Mr. Halloran and his colleagues carried out their research into possible links between television and delinquency in the approved sociological manner, that is, by detailed questionnaires, applied to some three hundred young people between 10 and 20 in the Leicester area who were on probation, compared with a socially similar control group of adolescent non-offenders and a second control group of somewhat higher social class and intelligence. The researchers were cautious in the predictably technical language:

No survey or correlational study which merely seeks to establish whether delinquents and non-delinquents differ in their media behaviour is in a position to offer proof or disproof about the suggested causal relationship between media content and deviant and lawbreaking behaviour.

There were to be sure some differences. The probationers tended to identify themselves more than the other control group youngsters with the characters of violent Spy and Wild-Western TV stories; they were more actually hostile towards cultural and educational TV material;

¹ *Television and Violence*. By J. D. HALLORAN, R. L. BROWN and D. C. CHANEY. Leicester University Press, 30s.

² “Troubled Reflections of a TV Journalist,” *ENCOUNTER*, May 1970.

they were less able to discuss what they had seen with parents or friends; more than other youngsters, perhaps, they found in television watching an emotional outlet from tension. But as the authors rightly say, these findings showed what the delinquents were like, rather than what television did to them, namely, youngsters who for one reason of instability or another found greater excitement "both in committing delinquent acts and in living vicariously within the fantasy world of television..." In directly strengthening a predisposition to delinquency, the media played only "a minor and contributory role."

This sounds sense. From my own youth club impressions, I would have said that if a group of boys had planned a piece of shop-breaking but was still hesitant about possible consequences, the excitement of watching violent action in the dark television room of a club could trigger off a "let's up and do it" move: but the plan would have had to be there before. Yet all such research into direct causation of crime that is measurable touches only a small part of the question of links between law-breaking and the mass media which, Mr. Halloran says, is far more subtle than people commonly imagine. One can, for instance, only guess at the relative influence on an American youngster of seeing on an average 4,000 killings a year on television as against his knowledge that every householder in his street has a gun in a drawer for protection. Such speculation leads to a different level of looking at our society.

MY SECOND POINT, that publicity on television gives an impetus to the fashions of violence (mostly limited violence) of protesting students, anti-Viet Nam or anti-Apartheid demonstrators, Anarchists, Maoists, or football fans—this is a much simpler and well-attested fact. As Robin Day reports, the increase in crowd excitement caused by the mere sight of television cameras has been admitted by cameramen and rioters alike. Still, this encouragement of fashionable disorder by deliberate publicity for disorder predates television. In Britain, I think, this fashionable process was started in 1955 (by modern reckoning a pre-historic date) when the showing of the film *Rock Around the Clock* featuring Bill Haley and his Comets was accompanied by riots of destruction mostly led by Teddy boys. Some of these admitted in interviews that the unexpected front-page publicity given to their first orgy at the Trocadero Cinema near the Elephant in South London was like a signal for them to do the same elsewhere.

Television has, of course, enhanced this process enormously. In the early 1960s, any Mod or Rocker who did not know at which seaside

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town the fight was being staged had only to look at the early Saturday television pictures before getting on to their motor-bikes. By its publicity for student protests and occupations, television has surely strongly encouraged both militancy and imitation, since any group of fifty militant students could have the wonderfully flattering feeling that by some aggressive behaviour they, a small handful, could the same night have national coverage!

Robin Day stated his agreement with the dictum of Theodore H. White that "television spreads excitement and any producer, knowingly or not, recognises that the law of his survival demands that he speed the spread." I was given a neat illustration of this in 1967 when my BBC office in Bush House looked on one side at the London School of Economics, on the other at King's College in the Strand. At the LSE, where wild and euphoric young men and girls crammed the doorways with banners proclaiming their "*Adams Must Go!*" strike, British and foreign television cameramen seemed at one time to be on duty throughout, waiting for the least glimpse of a scuffle or a police helmet in order to show it to the world. (They reminded me of those dogs in a German market square in Heine's *Deutschlandreise* who beg the visitor to kick them, since this would at least be a "happening" to relieve their tedium.) Did this instant publicity for his opponents make things harder for Dr. Walter Adams, then as now the LSE's director? Well, of course, a cameraman cheerfully told me; but still, television didn't start the row, did it? Meanwhile, at King's College opposite, student life remained obstinately undramatic, even on one occasion when I met a disappointed television team emerging from a lecture by an unpopular Conservative. "No riot?" I asked. "Complete waste, not a squeak," said a cameraman, and he seemed really put out by this lack of student cooperation.

To be sure, the violence televised to millions of homes can be more considerable, as in the Grosvenor Square fighting between police and demonstrators after the two large anti-Viet Nam War marches. And in the United States this violence is incomparably more serious. As Robin Day has argued, the American Negro radicalisation was massively accelerated because Blacks in one city could see what those in another dared to do. Similarly, the far-out militant demonstrators at the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago could, as they saw the television cameras, shout "the World is watching" at the police, knowing that commentators in countries where (within recent memory) countless political prisoners had been shot and imprisoned (Germany, Italy, Spain, Russia, China and the rest

of the Soviet bloc, etc.) would be especially moved by the spectacle of batons savagely wielded and bruises recklessly inflicted outside the Chicago Hilton by Mayor Daley's police. No doubt the martyred but euphoric militants also felt that, through television, they had struck a mortal blow at their target, the Democratic Party.

Yet had they? Here I confess I remain obstinately doubtful about the precise long-term effects of such dramatic television. It may be instructive to recall by what narrowest of margins Hubert Humphrey, written off by all the media after the televised Chicago battles, failed in the end to reach the White House. Just as one can argue both ways whether violent Westerns excite children or help them to "abreact," so with the effect of violent television news pictures on adults. If viewers are repelled by brutality, there is also evidence that in some cases they are secretly fascinated. Such attraction may well have been one among the many reasons why more American viewers supported than opposed Mayor Daley's police.

PROBABLY WE DO NOT YET KNOW nearly enough about the emotional effects of such television to generalise about their results. Even the revulsion of young Americans against the Viet Nam war is not conclusive. Of course the daily pictures of carnage in this first war to be covered by television have had some effect—but just how much? After all, it looked from the start an ugly enough war, whose moral and political objectives against a patriotic foe were hard to explain to the nation, and moreover a war which year after year the Americans failed dismally to win. To take a parallel faraway and unpopular war waged by a big power against a small nation, the Boer war produced in Britain quite a crop of pro-Boers and pacifists. Suppose now that by 1905 the British had still been fighting on the Veldt with no victory in sight after seven years, it is pretty certain that with no radio, television, or even mass newspaper reading, popular revulsion would have forced the Government to cry halt.

Again, television may encourage fashions of militant protest only to deceive their organisers by its fickleness. After the last great anti-Viet Nam march in London, when the multitudes of the faithful were being addressed in Hyde Park by the well-known, so often televised Protest Personalities, these must secretly have been wringing their hands, for no viewers were seeing or hearing them. The faithless television teams were gone; all were in Grosvenor Square, their cameras trained on the heaving and fighting between a few hundred Anarchists and Maoists and the police in front of the U.S. Em-

bassy. This was the Scene. Here was action, a ballet of violence even offering the strangely pathetic and much-discussed shots of a police horse kicking out helplessly on its back—ideal television! The winds of change had blown. What producer cared about mere speeches about the depersonalised issues of Viet Nam?

IF IT IS OF THE ESSENCE of fashions to fade, even fashions of violent protest, then such fading may actually be hastened by over-saturation on television, whose structure makes it a fickle medium, always chasing the new. Now that they are no longer featured on the screen, are not such protest names as M. Bloom, T. Ali, R. Dutschke and even D. Cohn-Bendit already very hard to remember? If television by publicised example helped to spread British student protests and occupations, did it not also help to make them quickly a bore, like the regular over-reaction by the university authorities—and who wants to be bored for so long? In a far more serious issue, if American television in 1967 helped to spread the rioting, looting, and burning in one Negro Ghetto after another, did it not also convince the Negro leaders concerned the more quickly of the futility of self-inflicted wounds?

No, however much it may infuriate the authorities temporarily at the receiving end, I don't think the undoubted stimulus to fashions of violence is the key problem produced by the advent of television. Two other aspects of the medium are more important, both obvious, both disturbing.

THE FIRST, as stressed by Robin Day, is the apparently built-in bias of the current television system in the West which works against free societies that permit their defects to be shown on television contrasted with authoritarian régimes which do not. As so often pointed out, this bias has its elementary technical explanation. An enquiring journalist with a few notes can write about even a strictly censored country after leaving it. Through critical reportage, articles, and books we really know a good deal about Soviet realities. But not through television. Here lies its basic distinction from print. To film effectively abroad, a television team needs visas for four or more bodies, it needs elaborate transport and interview facilities laid on, in fact it depends on the cooperation of the country's authorities. By the absurdly easy expedient of simply refusing such cooperation, a hostile authoritarian régime can make certain that no television report critical of its injustices and violence will be shown abroad. This comfortable result is indeed achieved by all Communist countries, with the single exception by

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accident of the dramatic television pictures of Soviet tanks rolling menacingly through the streets of Czechoslovakia, the one lifting of the curtain: and the Russians soon settled that!

As Mr. Day asks, how much have those Western viewers, who get a daily fare of American violence abroad in Viet Nam or at home against Blacks and students, seen on television of injustice, oppression and brutality in such other parts of the world as Russia, China, Czechoslovakia today, Spain or Rhodesia? One could go even further: such omission has an active impact in shaping political opinions. As pictures from elsewhere than these countries are put on the insatiable little screen, the impression of viewers must in the long term be that where there are no pictures there is no news, nothing happens, no violence. After all, even a film of innocuous pictures accompanied by biting commentary, such as I have seen several times done about South Africa, is unlikely to be made by any foreign television service about Soviet Russia since it would simply mean that the vast Soviet scene would be barred to its cameras while open to those of its competitors. Who wants to risk this?

By this one-sidedness, Western television services have over recent years let themselves be gradually but increasingly pushed into a massive distortion of their "world picture." We see the impersonal ghastliness of American bombs falling on Viet Nam but not the Viet Cong executing village headmen as a warning. All right, there's "a difference," but it is the treatment of big powers that matters; and here Western viewers can hear the good Yankee, Dr. Spock, attacking American Viet Nam policy on behalf of the American silent majority, but the voice of, say, Andrei Sinavsky must alas remain truly silent—just think of the electrifying effect if we could see this heroic critic televised in Mr. Brezhnev's corrective labour camps. Or again, we get fullest coverage—as we should—of the four Kent University students shot, but not a hint on television about the reputed half a million people killed in Chinese power struggles over recent years—to Western television, unable to photograph them, they were and remain non-people.

It is sometimes asked if such regular self-exposure of violence and injustice within our Western society, directed against our raw nerves and echoed cheerfully by Communist authorities who know perfectly well why they forbid its parallel, will not cumulatively sap Western will to resist Soviet bloc pressure. This question would lead far afield. This impact of television is hard to isolate from other, currently greater pressures in the West. All the same, if today's young intellectuals of the New

Left refuse obstinately to offer more than token protests about brutality under Communism, I believe one reason for this double-think is that as Children of the Television Age they have never, apart from the accident of Prague in 1968, actually *seen* this brutality. To the visually educated, not to see is not to believe.

One could support this with an illustration from nearer home. Few recent events have so wrung our emotions as the harassing television accounts of mass starvation in Biafra, with those terrifying pictures of large-eyed, spindly Ibo children transmitted into our homes. It was the television commentators above all who stirred the world conscience to demand immediate international action to bring relief to the Ibos, since Nigeria unaided could not and did not do so. Yet when General Gowon ordered all foreign television out for what he deemed one-sided coverage, the whole thing was stopped dead. No more television pictures, no more agitation by the world conscience, ~~as~~ so it seemed! We have since seen nothing on television except a few innocuous shots from the former Biafra area and it is instructive to realise that this is about as much as Western viewers see of the Communist third of the world. However, if such political one-sidedness is for technical reasons greater in television than in print, Western television services have just got to go on living with it and will no doubt do so.

IN THE LONG RUN, the call for intervention in unchecked television may become more urgent because of the second inherent limitation of television cited by Mr. Day, namely, the constant temptation in a pictorial medium towards unseriousness and the conflict between balanced news and what makes for sensational and violent and hence memorable television, like that picture of the horse helpless on its back in Grosvenor Square which I can indeed to this moment recall. No one working in the medium probably wants consciously to lower standards, but as Mr. Day said from the receiving end in this conflict, the *professional* television pressures work constantly towards portraying action and not thought, personalities and not issues, what is visually happening and not the boring explanations why, angry confrontation rather than detached discussion, concentration on young and picturesque dissenters rather than their less handsome elders and on the shock of violence, whether salutary or not, because this hits viewers hardest!

The result has to be a not very rational portrait of our society. To give a random example

which stuck in my mind, when Mr. Crossman published his new Pensions Plan, the BBC afternoon TV news described it as "the greatest landmark in social insurance since Beveridge," but in the main evening bulletin its admittedly dull statistics were already relegated to second place, the lead story being several minutes of marvellous photography of the Rev. Ian Paisley in close-up, uttering violent words. When Pope Paul paid his visit to Geneva, the city of Calvin, *The Times* thought this a major event in current religious life, deserving two front-page columns, with a few lines at the end noting that the Swiss authorities had stopped Mr. Paisley from leaving the airport. But both British TV channels gave scarcely more time to the Pope than to the Rev. Ian Paisley in the airport lounge, shown once more in hypnotic close-up, uttering violent words.

Now one can easily see the reasons and indeed argue for the choice. The young men who make it are after all working in a film medium which cries out for vivid pictures appealing to fashionable demand; and Mr. Paisley is like an angry character actor, a little obvious, perhaps, say out of a Godard film or an American campus study, but anyway spot-on contemporary television. But the result of these filmic decisions must be a distorted reflection of our society on television, nearly always in the direction of violence.

THIS CONCLUSION brings me back to a personal idea about the future of the mass media which has knocked about in my mind ever since ten years ago I observed those adolescents in the youth clubs whose trouble was their lack of rational links with society. This is that the mass media might have to take on a greater role in unifying and socialising the members of their audience.

We may soon have to think much more urgently what indeed holds our society together, because the structure of authority on which we rely is still largely that of yesterday's bourgeois authority—that of State, Parliament, the upper class, Church, Law, the Services, Universities and Professions. In our mass consumption society with its stress on technological change, this structure of authority is fading fast, losing its legitimacy before the new values projected by the advertisers and creators of fashion. Yet these from their nature can provide only uncertain social cohesion. We see the signs of this already: and there may well be a call for the mass media—television above all—to take the place of departed authority as institutions for socialisation.

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This means that in place of the BBC tag, "to inform, to educate and to entertain," it would be better to say "to inform, to unify and to entertain," that is, television should broadly give the viewer a picture of the society in which he lives which makes sense to him and where he can broadly see where he fits in. Even in theory this is a most complex task of giving the viewers a greater sense of unity by presenting what should be their common concerns and simultaneously catering to the diverse interests of a free society. Even British television, often called "the best in the world" (is it?) is hardly fulfilling this social task, what with all the internal pressures pushing the corps of TV professionals, an ever-changing set of young men and women, in the direction of the sensational and violent and, as politicians complain, the trivial—not to speak of that ominous problem of "rising costs," which today kills newspapers and lessens television variety. For various reasons and in spite of excellent individual programmes, British television is already playing less of such a unifying role than some years back. I take this to be the gist of Robin Day's message.

To such sociological generalities, I can just hear the bored reply of the professionals with schedules to fill: how dull television with this

didactic role would be! And, of course, television just to remain alive must continuously entertain and be vitally up-to-the-minute and in fashion. And yet there is the fluke in this country of the BBC reign of John Reith, that Calvinist out of the era of John Locke. What Reith created was a lop-sided institution, the stuffy, establishmentarian pre-war BBC, with its news announcers in black tie, and all the rest; as such, a good joke to the press. Yet when the test of Hitler's war came, the press had no particular part. It was the BBC which for several years was the proper voice of the nation, not only informing but unifying and socialising the audience. That of course was war time, with mobilised broadcasters talking to a mobilised audience, quite another thing. Today one can hardly be optimistic about finding simple ways of more didactic direction of television in a free society if it is to remain free; but as fragmentation in our culture and society grows, this question may have to be thought about even if it bristles with difficulties. The trouble with the narrow argument about Television-& Violence is that it stands in the way of the basic discussion whether television can help to hold together an "unstable society"—Daniel Bell's phrase about the U.S.—and how?

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BOOKS & WRITERS

The Death & Resurrection of the Folk Tale

By John Holloway

"FOLK TALE" comes in the title because that is where the real interest lies: in a distinctive kind of literary artefact which can reach the stature of major art. But if the folk tale has died and been resurrected, that is only part of the death and resurrection of the whole folk world. In fact, part of the very definition of folk art is that it is a dying art. The earliest folklorist I can call to mind is Duke Orsino in *Twelfth Night*, who asks Feste to sing "*Come away death*," makes clear that this is a folk song (it's an exceedingly unconvincing one), and says

... it is *old* and plain
... And dallies with the innocence of love
Like the old age.

Orsino's "free maids" still sing the song, but what he likes it for is its quality of long-ago; and he wants this quality back, to relive for himself. In essence, folklore is not anthropology, but preservation. The folklorist is only half outside his material. In childhood perhaps, or through his ancestors, it was his too. It is going or has gone for him, but he has got it back in a book.

Enid Porter's *Cambridgeshire Customs and Folklore*¹ confirms this even where it seems to refute it. "Members of Chrishall Women's Institute collected in 1958 the following weather lore from members of the village"—eleven items follow. "The forefeet of a mole carried on one's person were, and still are, believed in as a cure by many people in the country." Remarks like these refer to folk beliefs in the present tense, but they do so with a *nuance* which implies that the past tense is more natural. "And still are" comes almost as a pleasant surprise. In the end, these remarks point in the same direction as "the games described below have been recorded from many Cambridgeshire people as having

been popular in their childhood *at the end of the last century*. . . . Several are still played today"; or "This game . . . is still played . . . but less often than in the past, because it needs a great deal of space." *Still . . . still . . . still . . .* only little by little does the profound sense of the bygone which pervades Miss Porter's book make itself felt by the reader.

If one's interest is not in folklore as such but in the art that sometimes emerges from it, then the fact that the customs-and-folklore complex is suffused with the single quality of pastness has an advantage: one sees it straight away as a single entity, and can seek out its other distinctive qualities as well. These seem to be two—elaborately differentiated detail, and structured articulation in time. Both are becoming steadily less prominent in modern life. That this is so is a large fact, it is not at all obscure, and it need not be laboured. Our—to the layman—innominate medicine is what comes in the doctor's bottles; our houses household goods, and clothes are made of innominate materials minimally differentiated from each other; the round of our year is featureless save—*still*—for Christmas; we dissolve marriage and the 11 + ; and now we go back to work somewhere else as soon as we retire. This is our de-structured, de-articulated world (or, of course, emancipated and advanced if you prefer).

What Miss Porter records is a world where nothing is innominate and everything is articulated. I am afraid I think it nearly all nonsense, but that proves to be a much less significant fact than one might suppose. Vipers are attracted by elderberry flowers and also by the smell of menstruation; but Fenland witches knew how to use viper venom in home-made wine which procured abortions, and anyway touching the hemp-crops made young women barren. Owls were witches in disguise. Yarrow flowers in a pillow brought luck in love-making—if gathered on St. Swithin's Day, whenever that is. Rosemary for a chest oil should be gathered in April or

¹ Enid Porter, *Cambridgeshire Customs and Folklore*. Routledge (1969), 5 gns.

May, pigs killed when the moon is waxing, seeds sown when it is new. Those about to die appears as spirits (as in Keats' poem) on the Eve of St. Mark, cowslips are to be picked on May Day, food put out for witches on Hallowe'en, and Boxing Day was the time, in one village, for dancing to the music of pots and pans. So it goes on, encyclopaedically.

THE FOLK TALE, as a distinctive literary genre, does not require this background of articulated encyclopaedic detail: though as this discussion proceeds it will transpire that at its most serious it certainly draws on social articulations of a not unrelated kind. But there is indeed one kind of verbal folk-art that springs directly from such material as Miss Porter has amassed, and it is represented by one of the most remarkable books of recent years; though a book that, disastrously, has had almost no notice. This is G. R. D. McLean's *Poems of the Western Highlanders*.² McLean's work is an annotated selection of rather over 500 Gaelic poems recorded orally in the Hebrides (there are a few from the mainland). Once again, the element of pastness is overwhelming. The translations are new, but the book is a "selection" because it is based upon Alexander Carmichael's magnificent *Carmina Gadelica* ("the biggest sum of literature in any Western European language handed down by word of mouth"); and the poems in this work were collected in the later decades of the 19th century and published in five giant volumes from 1900. So it is not far short of 100 years from the singing or reciting of the poems, to their appearing in a generally available form.

Like Miss Porter's book, *Poems of the Western Highlanders* touches on cattle, crops, healing, plants, the round of the day or the year, and so on. But that being said, the contrast between the two works is so great that there is a strong temptation to fit everything together at once by contrasting the rich, plain, homely Cambridgeshire Fens with the grand and numinous landscape and seascape of the Hebrides, and looking no further. In Cambridgeshire, the folk remedy for child hernia was to pass the sufferer through a split ash-sapling, and then bind the sapling so that it grew into one again. McLean does not record the Hebridean treatment, but he records something that triumphantly survives the obsolescence of the treatment—the poem which directed it:

... O Father of life, do thou strengthen mine hand;
O Christ the Son of love, do thou soothe the pain;

²G. R. D. McLean, *Poems of the Western Highlanders*. S.P.C.K. Press (1961), 45s.

O Spirit Holy, reduce the swollen gland,
And in all lovingness make me whole again.

In Cambridgeshire, a cure for breast cancer was the juice exuded from a toad's skin; in Gairloch, the cure for a breast infection was another poetic invocation of the Trinity:

... Unto thy breast let there be peace.
The peace of the King of power.

Poems of the Western Highlanders is an astonishing work. A thousand years hence scholars will find Gaelic no more unfamiliar than Victorian English. They will then, perhaps, also find more in these poems than in all the English verse that poured out while Carmichael collected them just from his dairywoman, tailor's wife, crofters, cottars, constables, weavers, herds, and the like. Once again, pastness dominates. Carmichael himself wrote "Gaelic oral literature has been disappearing during the last three centuries ... [but] although in decay, these poems are in verse of a high order." Surely: even the translations are that sometimes. But more impressive still—what makes one speak an unfamiliar and embarrassing language indeed, and call it humbling and awe-inspiring—is the sense of life which pervades the whole collection. Here was a truly sacral society, where every smallest detail of life seemed transparent with life's deepest realities and "radiant"—that concept comes again and again—with meaning.

To him there shone the wood and the tree ...

Instead of "ceny-meeny" or the like, children learned to invest their games of "tig" with meaning through this in fact pre-Christian poem:

Escape from the small thing,
Escape from the big thing
Escape from the Death King,
Escape from the Grave King,
Escape I will from thee,
And if I can, stay free.

As the adult dressed in the morning, he recited another sacral verse:

... Even as I am covering all my body with the wool
With the shadow of Thy wing cover my soul.

"Nearly all tasks were... performed ceremonially if simply," writes McLean.

Mary Mother to surround
Hold my hand and foot to ground
As forth I go to the well ...

—more to the point in a rocky pre-Cambrian landscape, I suppose, than on smooth clay soil.

*I will cast down my hook a fish to bring
And the first to bite be my tributing*

was for Christmas fishing. No detail of life was too menial or trivial to be a revelation of more than itself.

*I will keep in and smoor the hearth
As Mary would smoor the peat*

was sung while banking down the turf before bed. But there were other high skills beside the poetic one:

*In my hand the water lies
In the Father's holy name,
In Son's holy name I rise . . .*

was for operating on cataract—which was *cut with a wet grass blade*. Such was the civilisation which has been obliterated for sheep-runs,

³ Otta Swire, *The Inner Hebrides and their Legends*, Collins (1964); *The Outer Hebrides and their Legends*, Oliver & Boyd (1966). "Mrs. Swire has caught it all for us just in time," writes Flora MacLeod of MacLeod in her Foreword to the first of these books.

grouse, and today, national parks where people like myself can muse amid mountain grandeurs.

OTTA SWIRE'S BOOKS on the legends of the North-West³ also quarry, for some of their material, in Carmichael's great collection; and they too depict a sacral society. In South Uist the peewit, crying as it flies "Take Heed! Christ Comes!" to the passer-by, makes its nest on the eastern side of the hill, so as to watch for the Second Coming. On Easter Day the sun literally dances from mountain peak to peak as it rises over the Cuillin Hills 40 miles away across the Minch. But there is something more valuable, though much less likable, in Mrs. Swire's books; something that makes it possible to pull oneself together a little, as it were, and call to mind that the marvellous quotidian sanctity of the *Carmina Gadelica* resides intact in a book, and is perhaps an effect of art rather than of life. There is another side to the Hebridean idyll: the man, flogged by MacIaine of Loch Buie for failing to stop a stag, who killed himself and the chief's infant heir; the monoglot English-speaking Lady Grange crippled by her long imprisonment on Gaelic St. Kilda in the mid-18th century; the whole population of Min-

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gulay found dead of the plague, with every house—save the last—swept and tidy, fireless and deserted.

It seems, in fact, as if there was a woman's world and a man's world in the Outer Isles, with the profound poetic quality of the *Carmina* something that belonged not indeed entirely, but largely, to the women. Carmichael himself records how in 1871 he visited the house of Hector MacIsaac, an illiterate cottar of South Uist, who "knew many heroic tales, poems and ballads, while his wife could recite secular runes, sacred hymns, and fairy songs."⁴ The differentiation between a male lore in prose and a woman's in verse is made again ninety years later, quite independently and more emphatically, by another collector in South Uist, John Lorne Campbell. Mr. Campbell has translated into English both an autobiography, and a collection of oral tales, by the crofter Angus Maclellan⁵; and he writes, "I have continued to record stories from Aonghus Beag, and old songs and ballads from his sister, till the present time." This collaboration between scholar and tale-teller brings one back full circle to Enid Porter again. Before *Cambridgeshire Customs and Folklore*, her main literary work was to edit an autobiography and a collection of oral tales (in fact, two) by the Cambridgeshire Fenman W. H. Barrett.⁶

SO ONE CAN BEGIN TO SEE quite a handful of books, all published over the last few years, in which folk writing has been resurrected after it has once died or when perhaps it is "still" just alive. Besides Barrett, Maclellan, and McLean's rescension of the *Carmina*, there

⁴ Richard M. Dorson, *The British Folklorists: A History*. Routledge (1968), 4 gns. Supplemented by *Peasant Customs and Savage Myth: Selections from the British Folklorist*, ed. by R. M. Dorson. Routledge (1968), 2 vols., 6 gns.

⁵ Angus Maclellan, *The Furrow Behind Me*. Routledge (1962), 28s. *Stories from South Uist*. Routledge (1961), 30s.

⁶ W. H. Barrett, *A Fenman's Story* (1965), 21s.; *Tales from the Fens* (1963), 30s.; *More Tales from the Fens* (1964), 25s.: all these published by Routledge.

⁷ *The Dewar Manuscripts*. Vol. I. Ed. Rev. John MacKechnie. William Maclellan, Glasgow (1964).

⁸ *Tales of the West of Ireland*, by James Berry, ed. Gertrude M. Horgan. Dolmen Press (1966), 30s.

⁹ A. T. Cluness's Shetland volume, *Told Round the Peat Fire* (Robert Hale, 1955), is full of this: "Sam stood rooted to the spot, paralysed," "Jockie was drenched to the hide but grimly continued his task," and so on. Some of the Shetland legends in this book deserve far better telling than they get.

are one or two others also: all equally heavy with pastness, with "still." Maclellan was born in 1871 and was recalling tales learnt from visitors to his father's house. Barrett's tales come from his youth at the beginning of the present century. In both cases (sadly enough) what made the tales possible seems to have been that their tellers escaped the influence of the Education Acts of the 1870s. One year after Barrett's tales, there appeared the first sumptuous volume of the *Dewar Manuscripts*.⁷ Dewar was a Gaelic-speaking Highland woodman who collected tales, chiefly on the mainland, in the 1860s and 1870s; these were translated into English very shortly after by Hector Maclean of Islay, a schoolmaster, but left unpublished. Then in 1966 came Gertrude M. Horgan's *Tales of the West of Ireland*,⁸ by James Berry, a farmer in the far west of Co. Mayo whose stories, recalled from oral narration, were first printed in the *Mayo News* in 1910-1913. Thus from three widely separated corners of Great Britain and Ireland, and in each case after a long lapse of time, the resurrection-process is under way.

James Berry appears to have left the Atlantic seaboard of Mayo for the town of Westport some forty years before he wrote up his *Tales*. Perhaps it was this long period in a small-town urban environment, superimposed upon a remote rural background, which gives a curiously mixed quality to his book. One of his best tales is *The Murder of Boyce Egan*:

... When they had almost finished eating, old Davitt gathered up a handful of crumbs and with all his strength cast them into the eyes of Boyce Egan, blinding him. Then he drove his skean dhu to the hilt into his heart. Boyce... caught old Davitt, smashed him with his fist and knelt on his breast. Just as Boyce was about to stab old Davitt, young Davitt came from behind and drove his skean dhu into Boyce's back. With the daggers of his murderers driven deep into his body, Boyce Egan died.

The whole thing is good, and the detail of the crumbs is splendid: I must come back to the full point of it. But—"with all his strength," "into his heart," "smashed," "deep into his body"—these details point to something which is not a detail. James Berry did not have a link with his audience such that he knew they were with him. So he keeps adding slight heightening touches in an unconscious effort to galvanise attention which might otherwise be merely casual.⁹

The Dewar Manuscripts is in some ways a curious publication. There are two photographs of the eighth Duke of Argyll, who paid Dewar's wages and took at any rate a certain interest in his work ("... the MS. which, so far as it goes ... is an entertaining and curious story ... of

course it would be of no use to print the Gaelic"). Then there are two more, of the Duke's kinsman Lord Lorne; he had the Gaelic translated by Maclean for his private use ("he thought that if only he had an English text of the tales ... he could produce a work ... in that elegant style of English that he had made his own"). Also, there is one of the present Duke, in whose family library the translation has lain unpublished for something short of 100 years, and the unpublished Gaelic original lies still. The editor has a rather obtrusively high regard for "this amazing family of Argyll" which has "thrilled" him from his earliest days. His Introduction closes with an elaborate panegyric of them, and a quite scornful dismissal of "the people, just ordinary folk ... people of no ancestors" who include, I suppose, both Dewar himself and his translator. All in all, a curiously anachronistic book, and diffusely as well as snobbishly edited.

But turn to the text:

... The people of the country disliked him. He was considered a wild man. He always carried sword and gun which ever way he went. His wife died and the people of the country would not allow him to bury her in the churchyard of Luss. No one would go along with him to bury her. He brought down the breastboard of his bed and tied the body of his wife to it. He put her on his back and carried her more than three miles to an old churchyard called Achadh na h-eaglais. ... He dug a hole for the body of his wife. He loosed her off the board and allowed her to fall into the hole. Then he covered her. He brought home the board and nailed it to the front of the bed as it was before and no one was ever buried in the churchyard of Achadh na h-eaglais after that.

("Macfarlane and the Laird of Luss")

If this is how a man tells a tale when he is a person of no ancestors, one knows where one is. But the facts are a little more intricate: John F. Campbell of Islay, cousin of the eighth Duke and so another and in one sense lesser scion of the amazing family, was himself one of the major folklorists of his time. He took up the collecting of Gaelic folk literature through a connection with George Dasent the Norse specialist, and he therefore stands in an intellectual line of descent from Grimm himself. It was he who directed Dewar's fieldwork and received his pieces in the first place, and in 1867 we find him asking Dewar to be careful to write up his tales in direct speech "*for I know that these stories are always told as if the people mentioned were talking.*" Twelve years later he sends Maclean a sample translation of his own to use as a model, and seems to have given him a clear lead towards directness and fidelity. Maclean's

Ten years ago — in September 1960 — C. M. Woodhouse wrote in *ENCOUNTER*

A theory of rebellion can perhaps be elaborated: "stasiology" would be no more bizarre than some other social sciences which have recently burgeoned; and Mr. Crozier has made a pioneering contribution to it.

Today, ten years later, Brian Crozier is the Director of the new Institute for the Study of Conflict, the main object of which is the systematic and comparative study of the causes and manifestations of unrest and conflict throughout the world. The Council of the Institute consists of the following distinguished authorities, most of them well known to readers of *ENCOUNTER*:

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199 Piccadilly, London W.1.*

later, independent verse translations¹⁰ are full of things like "'Tis strange, O king's daughter," and "O Prince, wouldst thou shun conflict?" Credit for what the Dewar Mss. have to offer as literature must ultimately go to the distinguished folklorist, as well as principally, of course, to the now forever unknown original tellers and their forbears.

THE NOTES to *The Dewar Manuscripts* take up approximately 60,000 words, and all else is in proportion. Probably it is a pity that they have been given quite such heavy treatment, for the narratives themselves sometimes rival the directness and dignity of *Burnt Njal* or the *Grettir Saga*. Angus Maclellan's stories are not in this vein. The oldest of them, about Fingal and his warriors, are wonder tales, memorable for constant surprise, the remarkable liveliness and vividness of the narrator, and often a story that "clicks."

One general example is enough: there is a famine, the Fingalians are starving, but their women feed secretly on shellfish. One of the warriors, Garry, spies them out; they discover the spy because he snores when asleep; they tie him down by the hair (as the Lilliputians did Gulliver); he frees himself at the cost of his scalp; traps all the women in one house; and burns it over them. Then he hides in a cave by the shore. Tracked down because it has snowed, he tells why he killed them all; and when Finn hears the full story, he lets Garry choose the manner of his own death. Garry chooses to rest his head on Finn's thigh and to have his own son behead him with Finn's magic sword that could not strike an uncompleted blow. And so on. The narrative is a work of high skill, based at every turn on the age-old fictional principle of creating continuous suspense and excitement by making each detail of a story reveal a hidden potential which reverses its first effect.

But the best narratives in *The Dewar Manuscripts*, on the other hand, are epic; not romance like the tale of Garry and the women. This is because they are written on another principle. They pre-suppose, and as they unfold they display, that the exciting peripeties of romance are vehicles of something the opposite of themselves: the unwavering causality of tragedy. Here, abridged, is *The Great Strait of the Feinn*. The hero and his Fingalian warriors are threatened by a powerful army come from Scandinavia:

The terms which Fionn offered . . . was his own daughter as wife to the king . . . Earragan's answer was "Let Fionn bring me all that he possesses here on the strand . . . and let him and his wife go on their knees before me." Fionn's daughter was on the back of a horse and she said, "You have not brought as much force over salt water as shall bring Fionn so low as to do homage to you. . . ." Earragan defied seven score of the Feinn to fight with seven score of the Lochlanners [Norsemen] . . . Earragan at last observed that although his host was more numerous . . . the Feinn were more expert . . . on the ninth day he brought out the whole of his force to battle . . . it was against the men of Lochlann that the battle went . . . [and they] fled to the ships; but the Feinn pursued them and the greatest number were slain on the strand . . . Out of all the men that forty ships conveyed . . . only as many got to flee . . . as were sufficient to sail two. Although the Feinn won the battle they were the worse for it ever afterwards. More than two-thirds of them were slain or disabled. . . Fionn never managed thereafter to make up the Feinn of heroes as brave as the former warriors.

Two further illustrations, inevitably abridged, make it clear how the *Dewar Manuscripts* reach a genuinely tragic note because they conform to this basic principle of tragic creation. In "The Descendants of the Piebald Horse" the Macfarlane heir, a simpleton, is cheated out of his inheritance by his Sassenach step-mother. The true Macfarlane line goes from bad to worse until this is how it ends, and the tale also:

John married, but has no offspring. He dwells now . . . in a little bothie he has from the parish . . . about a hundred yards from the ruins of the house of his ancestors, when they were lairds of Arrochar and Chiefs of the Macfarlanes during 365 years. He resembles Ossian after the Feinn. He is blind. He has no near relations in the country and he has no means of subsistence but the alms which he receives from the parish. He is very poor.

An old, poor, blind man is not tragic: the tragic note enters because his hovel stands beside the ruins of a former social greatness: the individual suffers as a social being, and there seems (the "365 years") even to be a time-structure which is one with the social structure. So with the widower in "Macfarlane and the Laird of Luss": rejected by society at large, his wife and his house (though both were lifeless) made for him a society which he himself did not reject. Old Davitt's crumbs take on a more charged meaning in much the same way: that murder desecrated the especially real social bond of a shared meal.

Big Malcolm MacIlvain, in the story of that name, is a champion and a public benefactor,

¹⁰ Hector Maclean, *Ultonian Hero-Ballads* (Glasgow, 1892).

but then he steals another man's wife and keeps her for years imprisoned in a cave. He is found out and has to run. He asks for a night's shelter at a farm, and the farmer's wife, because she is alone, sends a herd-boy to show him where to sleep in the barn. But because he chats kindly, and in Gaelic, the boy recognises him and tells. "If I did not know the people of that little boy ... I would kill him," MacIlvain says when the boy comes back, guiding the pursuers; and then—

Malcolm struck the candle out of the boy's hand and ... fled ... but he went a difficult road. There was a bog before him and he did not observe it until he was down in it to the knees. He turned to face his pursuers and defended himself with his sword until it broke. Then he went backwards defending himself with the piece of the sword that remained until he sank to the hips. Then he extended the piece that remained to the pursuers' commander and said to him, "Here is my sword to you. I know that I must yield"... and when the commander was within reach... [he] struck him with the remaining bit of sword on the forehead and killed him. Then all the men surrounded Big Malcolm, shot arrows at him... He threw from him his sword and said, "There is my bit of weapon for you and do as you like with me."

Once again, it becomes clear that Lawrence profoundly misunderstood when he wrote "tragedy ought to be a great big kick at misery." The tragic is felt in feeling that besides our possibilities of action there are also impossibilities of action. Society owes much to Big Malcolm, and the little boy is owing to him for his kindly talk; yet in the end it is not wrong, but inescapably right, to pursue him into the bog and shoot at him with arrows. It cannot not be done, and cannot not be lamented.

IF TRAGEDY is connected like this with acceptance of a society and involvement in a code, it is easy to see why Barrett's scornful, unaccepting, Jacobinical *Tales from the Fens*, full though it is of disasters and suffering, makes less of a tragic book than a comic one.

Fierce, even brutal, this comedy often is: because the book brings out most clearly what all the works now being discussed bring out more or less: that the relation between the "folk" and the "great" has always been something for which in large part the right name is *war*. The main original source behind Barrett is the now long-dead "Fen Tiger," Chafer Legge; and clearly enough, Chafer Legge saw the whole system of authority—bishops, monks, land-

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owners, lawyers, police—which intrude into the Fens from outside, as simply a monstrous, grotesque abuse towards which the best response was laughter: savage or merely caustic as the case might be.

Thus, with relish, Chafer Legge sees his “old three-pronged rat dag, which Bill Creek the blacksmith made for me forty years ago,” end up in Professor Sidgwick’s Museum at Newnham, labelled “Fish Trident of the Iron Age”; and a grim yet in a way good-humoured send-up of “Them” runs through the book. “Even the King heard about it and sent some soldiers, with swords and guns, but all they found was a lot of beer in the pubs”; “. . . now he knew how to sling his pot over the fire. And before long the Fen was dotted with tripods, only these had soldiers hanging on them instead.” Or again:

“Well,” said the Fenman, “we certainly don’t want to kill a man who seems to be better than ten of us when it comes to thieving. So you’d better come and live here with us, there’s plenty of work going in your trade with all the money that’s lying about in the Manors on the edge of the Fens” . . . just nine months after . . . the girl had a lusty boy, who, when he grew up, was called the Prince [he was a by-blow from King John] and he became the greatest thief the Fens have ever known.

This tone comes not from a tragic *impasse* between values, but something more negative and yet more forceful: their sarcastic repudiation as expression of a sham “society”, a “System.” Once established, it can be a valid response over a wide range of experience. “That was the last seen of him till he turned up, a fortnight later, floating on his back as he waited to go through Denver Sluice as soon as the lock-gates were opened.” Behind those words lies the sense that to mourn over one more drowned drunk would be just one more bit of parson’s cant; and it is a sense of that, and all that goes with it, which turns what could well be a tragic scene, the hanging of the Littleport rioters in 1816, into savagely embittered farce instead:

. . . the parson started reading the burial service . . . then the chap in charge of things held up his hand and . . . the five were left hanging in the air. . . . Even the parson fell down in a faint and the hangman had to lift him out of the way before they could get on with the next job, which was to swing on the legs of those five men until their necks were stretched. . . . After they’d hung for a couple of hours the men were cut down and put in the coffins with the noose still round their necks. . . . Robert Norman, who was over ninety, made [some Fenmen] swear over the coffins that they’d tell their children, generation after generation, about what the Bishop and the gentry had

done to those Fenmen who’d only done when they were drunk what the college lads had done many a time in Cambridge. . . . Then old Norman cut a bit of rope off . . . and if you’re round my back door any time, go in and ask my old woman to show you Grandfather’s bit of rope stuck behind the glass of that picture over the hearth.

Only once does this book touch on a genuine note of tragedy. This is in the legend where Charles I, the night before his execution, appeals directly to Cromwell and sends with his messenger the split goose feather which he got through helping a Fenman and which, by the decisive code of the Fens, no Fenman can ever brush aside. Cromwell (Fenman as he too is) stays up all night to choose between his loyalties, but in the end he turns his back on the Fenland code and beheads Charles; and his Fenmen sorrowfully leave him. At the one point where these tales find a value that is not “System,” but true social order, savage comedy turns into something else.

TALES FROM THE FENS (and to a lesser extent, its sequel) is more than a book with a lot of local interest; it is a quite substantial permanent contribution to that class of English fiction which is neither minor nor great. But in part this is because it goes beyond the usual limits of the folk-tale. It has a sharp and sharply personal verberation, some of which may go back to Chafer Legge and his companions, but—if one can judge by W. H. Barrett’s own autobiography—much of which is the product of these Fen tales’ having fallen into the hands of a considerable literary artist in the conventional sense. Here once more there breaks out a dry, sarcastic responsiveness to life, and it finds material ready to hand in the War-to-Make-a-World-Fit-for-Heroes and the hungry 1920s which followed it. Barrett as a struggling insurance agent went canvassing with his chief:

. . . it was my turn to talk while the boss stood aside to give expert advice when needed, [and] I knocked on a door which was opened by a girl of about fourteen. When I asked if I could see her mother she said: “No you can’t, she’s in the lavatory,” so I gave her some leaflets and told her to take them to her mother, and I reckon my boss was as near having a stroke as he ever would be.

. . . they were both dark-headed and the baby was a red-head, just like the postmaster’s younger brother who lived with [them].

After Barrett’s bible-punching father died, the System still keeps its grip on the young man:

. . . I was often given pious talks by the Chap preachers of the day who, after the afterno

service, would refuse offers of tea saying they were going to be husband to the widow and father to the fatherless. This meant that they would plant their legs underneath our table, make a hearty meal and then stretch out in front of the fire and give me a lecture. . . .

WAR-TIME HOSPITAL VISITING struck Barrett like this:

...another lady, after handing a man a tract with the bold heading "Are You Drifting to Hell?" asked:

"Were you at Mons?"

"Yes, I was," he replied.

"And did you see those lovely angels?"

"That I did lady, I not only saw them but slept with one. It was a pity she had no wings or she could have flown with me as I ran like blazes when I saw thousands of Germans coming. I ran so far and so fast that I contracted what you can read on the chart over my bed: V.D.H.; all the chaps say here that the doctor made a mistake and want to know why the H. is there. It's no good me telling them it's valvular disease of the heart. . . . Well, good afternoon, mum, and thanks for calling"; and the tract merchant ran down the ward with her face as red as Tickler's plum jam.

At its best, Barrett's autobiography is as good as Flann O'Brien without the flannel.

RICHARD M. DORSON's monumental history of our folklore movement has one distinctive merit, in that it reproduces a splendid photograph of Hector Maclean and Campbell of Islay listening to the "ethnic" story-teller Lachlin MacNeill, which I think worth all the photographs in *The Dewar Manuscripts, Vol. I* put together. But the most deeply interesting point that emerges from the work is that it sets the pastness of folklore in a new dimension, and indeed, relates it also to the 1914-18 War. Simply, the great generation of folklorists grew up as a product of Empire; they appeared about 1870, when it was realised that the fascination of "native" cultures under Britain overseas could be equalled, or indeed excelled, by the extraordinary wealth of Celtic folk tradition. But Irish independence, which was the aftermath of that War and the beginning of the end of the Empire, "lopped off from the British trunk the most flourishing branch of folklore fieldwork." Two other factors contributed. One was "enthusiasm growing for the performance rather than the study of traditional music and dance." The other was, for a second time, the blight that education seems to sow with its left hand.

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As scholarship became more and more an academic profession, the university increasingly usurped the role played in the nineteenth century by the learned society of gifted amateurs. But folklore never gained academic acceptance.

By now (at Edinburgh, Dublin, Leeds and elsewhere) there are exceptions to this: but Enid Porter, for example, has been Curator of the Cambridge and County Folk Museum for

twenty-two years, and during that time has had no recognition whatever from the local university.

Education first (in the 1870s) pushed aside the tale-tellers; and then, as universities came to monopolise learning, found little place for the tale-scholars. Will they too be invested soon with that quality of pastness? I hope not, because what they have resurrected throws light on both our society and our art.

Beautiful Contradictions

Europeans on Shakespeare — By D. J. ENRIGHT

THE COUP against the discussion of Shakespeare's plays in terms of characters could well have been spearheaded by teachers who were fed up with hearing students expatiating vulgarly, priggishly, facetiously or solemnly, on the dilatoriness of Hamlet, the lunes of Leontes, the senility of Lear or the imbecility of Desdemona (why didn't she sit down quietly with her husband and thrash things out?). . . . Then occurred the strategic retreat into the ivory citadels of symbolism, the promotion of the play-as-a-whole, an excellent idea which soon came to mean *Hamlet* without the Prince and *Lear* without the King.

Now teachers must surely be fed up with hearing, vulgarly, priggishly, facetiously, solemnly, about the inversion of the natural order, about remorse, reconciliation, rebirth, restoration (as if these existed in a world without people and without human motivation), about images (as if these were simultaneously objects of barter and means of barter). . . . The revolution opened the way to a new cunningness, for as Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson remarked in 1865, "clever criticism is the easiest of all forms of criticism," and the new formulae were even more amenable than the old speculations. Students ended up with something nice and clean, a metaphor drawn from metaphors, perhaps the "enhancement" of the human into the mythological—itself an example, one might have thought, of the inversion of the natural order. No doubt the revolution reduced one pervasive sort of sentimentality, but at the cost of encouraging a rather trivial objectivity, even a coolness towards the subject matter which in places evinces itself today as a systematic "downgrad-

ing" of Shakespeare. His simpleness—a purveyor of commonplace ethics, a voice of the establishment, a primitive political scientist, a re-teller of myths and fairy tales—makes us, who expose him, subtle.

Vulgarity etc. one can only deplore and seek to alleviate in the classroom as elsewhere, for the millennium is still far away. It may be that one means of alleviation is to look less patronisingly at older native views of Shakespeare—Johnson and Coleridge, for instance, should be read for what they say about him, not only for what they tell us about themselves—and also at views removed in space. Oswald LeWinter's well edited compilation helps us in the latter respect.¹ And to pick a subject unportentious in itself but interesting in implication, we might look at Lessing, c. 1767, on ghosts. Since antiquity believed in ghosts, it was proper for antique poets to avail themselves of that belief. But can a modern poet, in an enlightened age, claim the licence for himself? Certainly not, not even if he sets his story in ancient times, for he will render himself incredible. Yet this abstention may result in severe artistic deprivation, so let us back-track a little. "We no longer believe in ghosts? Who says so? Or, rather, what does that mean?" Deeper consideration suggests that the seeds of possible belief lie in us all—at least in those of us for whom writers write—and so the ball is back in the writer's court. In the end, Shakespeare can introduce ghosts—"his ghost in *Hamlet* makes our hairs stand on end, whether they cover a believing or an unbelieving brain"—but Voltaire had better not.

Goethe wrote that while the eye, "the most facile of our organs of receptivity," may be thought of as the clearest of the senses, yet "the inner sense is still clearer, and to it by means of words belongs the most sensitive and clear

¹ *Shakespeare in Europe*. Edited by Oswald LeWinter. Penguin Books, 12s.

receptivity." There is no true substitute for that inner sense or for the words which activate it: this is why the poems of Wilfred Owen and Isaac Rosenberg still convey the experience of trench war more cogently, more enduringly, than the most powerful documentary film. If Goethe is arguing against stage representation, so what? I think the contention that after all Shakespeare did write for the theatre counts for little alongside the fact that one can read him with such profit in the study: the latter is a sign of his distinction rather than our short-sightedness. Goethe himself preferred to "sit with closed eyes and hear a naturally expressive voice recite, not declaim, a play of Shakespeare's," but in these days such a *modus operandi* would be quite as difficult to procure as a reasonably undestructive stage performance.

Both Tieck and Chateaubriand, German and French, find themselves unable to admire the celebrated "*To be, or not to be*," because it contradicts what is known of Hamlet's situation or experience or character. Indeed Tieck feels obliged to reclaim the passage by means of a lengthy and unconvincing re-interpretation of its purport, a labour which he could have saved himself by attending more closely to what he himself says later about the "mixture of heterogeneous ingredients" in Hamlet, something

which we generally find in real life only in a much smaller measure . . . these beautiful contradictions from which nearly every gifted individual suffers to a greater or lesser degree.

This brings us to what is of paramount interest in Mr. LeWinter's anthology. Shakespeare is so often reproached in the name of realism with being insufficiently logical or consistent in his characterisation, and I don't think it will help to jettison the canon of realism for the sake of some putatively "higher" reality, since to do so merely reduces Shakespeare's significance. The truth is that in this very trait, this weakness in logic or failure of consistency, he is being exquisitely realistic. I am not proposing that man is naturally irrational, only that "irrationality" normally has its reasons, and if Shakespeare is worth reading, as distinct from gawking at, then he is worth reading thoughtfully. Despite grim memories of that fairly recent orgy of character interpretation, we cannot now be content (in Madariaga's words) with a Shakespeare "who depicted characters without bothering as to their motivations," nor need we be. Associated with the complaint about defective realism is the critical propensity for a too easy sitting in judgment on such mixed characters as Antony and Cleopatra. Having examined this phenomenon elsewhere, I shall only remark that the desire for formulatable simplicities, though comprehen-

sible, reminds me of a tick-the-right-answer question I stumbled on in Thailand: "Moll Flanders is (a) a good woman, (b) a bad woman."

MR. LEWINTER'S EUROPEANS are frequently perceptive in these matters. Talking of prophecy, madness, dreams, ghosts and fairies, Goethe asserts firmly that Shakespeare is "naturalistic" rather than "romantic" and that "the interests which vitalise Shakespeare's great genius are interests which centre in this world," the natural world and not the supernatural or preternatural. Croce comments that Shakespeare "knows neither perfect saints, nor perfect sinners, for he feels the struggle at the heart of reality as necessity, not as accident, artifice, or caprice." He adds that in this matter of justice the poet's "indulgence" is a lofty indulgence, since "his discernment of good and evil was acute," and not the false indulgence which cancels or blurs the boundaries between virtue and vice. In like spirit Romain Rolland, writing during the First World War, notes that even "the vile Edmund" is allowed some nobility at the last, and in this he sees the "human tenderness" and the "blotting out of rancour" which, as he rightly says, distinguish

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Drawing a contrast between Molière's miser and hypocrite and Shakespeare's Shylock and Angelo, Pushkin speaks of Shakespeare's "variegated and multiple characters," so far removed from the "humours" caricatures with whom, such is our insufficient faith in poetry's penetrative and flexible movements, they are still apt to be confused. And Grillparzer points out that "Shakespeare's truth is a truth of impression and not of analysis. . . . It is reality that confronts us": not a new thought but one which needs to be thought about anew from time to time. Such is the force of that "impression" that the critic can and should hardly forbear from analysing, in which case he must seek to render the analysis in some sense worthy of the impression, and this he will only do by taking into lively account that variegation and multiplicity. Finally, Jean-Louis Barrault stands the simplification theory on its head, remarking that Shakespeare "gives his art the apparent confusion and complexity of Nature." Surely this is what we really prize him, pre-eminently, for: the real, legitimate and required, complexity of his work, involving as it must do an apparent confusion, and not for the confirmation of some banal moral/metaphysical/mythological/anthropological theorem. At the best the commentator is bound to simplify, to systematise, but he can at least show respect for his *raison d'être* by maintaining a guard against gross over-simplification and a too schematic systematisation.

Most of the passages in Mr. LeWinter's admirable addition to the Penguin Shakespeare Library possess interest of some sort, if not always direct illumination. Victor Hugo and Heine, French and German, may set us thinking how restrained and even laconic, after all, are the most excitable of our English romantic critics and the most effusive of our heroine-worshippers. Manzoni on Shakespeare *versus* the Unities sounds much like Samuel Johnson, and Stendhal, in an amusing dialogue between the Academician and the Romantic, even more:

You concede, then, that the spectator can *imagine* a more considerable period of time is passing than that during which he is sitting in the theatre. But,

tell me, will he be able to imagine that the *past* time is a period double the real time, treble, quadruple, or one hundred times more considerable? Where shall we stop?

Hofmannsthal mounts an exhibition of rarefied intellect which must appal us lowfalutin Englishmen, while Taine worries over Shakespeare's most immoderate violation of language (like Donne's heart, it thrives on battery and rape!), deplores the amount of crime and passion in evidence, but allows that somehow or other Shakespeare is "the most marvellous of all creators of souls." Protesting against a particular rendering of Shylock in 1910 as "dislocated, trivial, and nightmarish," Ortega y Gasset launches into a feeling sermon against anti-Semitism.

Grillparzer is quite unable to stomach the "absurd assumption" underlying *Measure for Measure*:

a law imparting punishment by death to everyone who has had physical contact with a woman is plausible only under some fairy-tale caliph in the *Thousand and One Nights*. Hence the entire work seems somewhat arbitrary.

Stranger laws or stranger over-ridings of the law were to be observed in his vicinity less than a hundred years after he wrote—it is never wholly safe, it would seem, to attack Shakespeare on the grounds of implausibility! But for Tolstoy English drama was made up of murders, executions, battles and puns; and Shakespeare was the prime villain for writing Shakespeare, with Goethe not far behind for selling Shakespeare to Europe. *Pace* Mr. LeWinter, Tolstoy on Shakespeare is merely sad and boring, unless perhaps the desperate extremity of his ill-will (as when he objects to Edgar's naming of devils because this character couldn't possibly have read Samuel Harsnett's *Declaration of Egregious Popish Impostures*) can be made to yield entertainment. Where many of these European writers, as the editor points out, were making apt use of Shakespeare as a sturdy weapon in the battle for artistic freedom, Tolstoy was misguidedly attempting to use him for the promotion of the contrary cause. The space so vainly taken up could usefully have been given to three or four of those critics whom Mr. LeWinter has had to omit.

EAST & WEST

German Diary

By John Mander

Düsseldorf

THERE IS an election battle on here—I have just left one behind me in England—and the pollsters are at it again, predicting a Socialist lead of 10 to 17 per cent. Until now North Rhine-Westphalia, of which *Land* Düsseldorf is the capital, has been run by a Lib./Lab. coalition: the Free Democrats under the party's strong man, Willy Weyer; the S.P.D. under the not-too-charismatic, but widely known and respected Heinz Kühn. Last time, in the *land* elections four years ago, the Socialists did sensationally well, getting 49.5 per cent of the vote. But that was in the fumbling twilight of the Erhard government, when economic recession was in the air; and, especially in the Ruhr, with Krupp's failing and mines closing down, there was something of a panic atmosphere. In last year's General Election, the S.P.D. share of the vote fell to 46.8 per cent—a respectable result, at least three points ahead of the Christian Democrats. The Ruhr, in other words, looks safe for the S.P.D. Still, are not the polls a trifle optimistic? It is the first test for the Bonn S.P.D./F.D.P. coalition, here in Düsseldorf and in the Saar and in Lower Saxony. Wisely or unwisely, Willy Brandt, at this moment very much cock of the polls, has declared these polls a referendum on his new *Ostpolitik*. He has taken a risk.

WE SHALL SOON know the result. Meanwhile, a brief note on the local equivalent of *franglais* ("ginglish"). I am no longer startled by *efficiency*, *managerkrankheit* (coronary thrombosis, the nearest equivalent to *Heldentod* in this overworked, but now very unmilitary society), *gentlemanlike*, *topfit*, *trend* (*Genosse Trend*, the S.P.D.'s best friend, so they say), *computer*, *systems analysis*, and so on. Certainly, there has been no chauvinistic counter-campaign to rid the language of these intruders. (For years before Hitler German schoolboys were used to having their compositions brutally *verdeutscht*; indeed this still goes on, but without apparent effect on the newspapers or the new race of technologically-minded young Germans.) But now it has gone a stage further. The Germans are making up "ginglish" words on their own. I have now got

over *twen*, a cognate of "teen," which has become the title of a glossy magazine, and seems firmly embedded in the language. I have the impression most Germans would be surprised to hear that no such word exists in English. But I have uncovered a fresh, somewhat indelicate recruit to "ginglish." You see it in the ads, and it appears to be quite unisexual. So-called Personality Tests use it, asking somewhat peremptorily (to the English ear) "*Haben Sie Sex?*" One expects the follow-up: "When, where, and how often?" But that is not the point: "*Haben Sie Sex?*" means "Would you say you had sex-appeal?" A rather different thing. The contemporary Innocent Abroad would be well advised to steer clear of "ginglish."

Berlin

FOREIGNERS have always noted this aptitude of Germans for absorbing foreign words and fashions. The Nazis themselves were not immune, borrowing their ideology from Gobineau, Chamberlain (Houston Stewart), the Russian anti-Semites, and Mussolini—not to speak of the *blitzkrieg* strategy they gathered from General Fuller and the late Captain Liddell Hart. And it was the Nazis who made English compulsory in the schools. Since the War there has been a huge inflow of new words and concepts—almost, one feels, too much. Surely all this *überfremdung* will lead to a reaction, a resistance to wholesale importations from "*das Ausland*"? Has it, in fact? From stray conversations with students and professors, and other *intellektuellen*, one gets the impression of a two-way reaction. It has often been said in recent years that young Germany has "lost its European idealism"; and all kinds of dire consequences have been predicted. It is true, I would say, if one thinks in terms of the "Carolingian" age of the 1950s. "Little Europe" is taken for granted: it is something for the Eurocrats in Brussels, not something one demonstrates about. But no generation since the 1920s can have been so internationally-minded—though the internationalism tends to revolve around the new Guevara-Fanon-Ho-ho-ho Chi Minh axis. Yet there has been no chauvinist reaction from the Right against all this: not from the young, and not from the middle-aged. (The once-feared "Neo-Nazi" N.P.D. is clearly on the skids, though one might well have expected leftist provocations—their word—to have boosted the party's prospects. In fact, the unholy alliance of Herr Strauss and Herr Springer has benefited.) Round the corner from my hotel, the shattered windows of the *Amerika Haus* are witness to this new, and scarcely original, internationalism. Does Germany, does Berlin, really have *no* problems?

WELL YES, they will tell you, we too have our problems. But they are different, specific to a late-capitalist society, not capable of "turning on" the working class, and indeed—so it would seem—only rightly to be understood by a close reading of Marx, Mao, Marcuse (no longer so much in favour here), and the barbed-wire prose of the "Frankfurter Schule"—the late T. W. Adorno, Max Horkheimer, and younger men like Jürgen Habermas. The "movement," then, has something like a built-in *numerus clausus*: you can only really partake if you speak the lingo. Here, the contrast with America is very striking: the lingo is not that easy-riding, hippy-go-lucky jargon that (frankly) any fool can pick up and many have, but the old hard Hegelian slog in rejuvenated form. If the facts don't fit—too bad for the facts. The German Ideology all over again. In this respect, the young German leftists are not really so internationalist as they pretend—where do Che, Malcolm X, and Uncle Ho come in? This new breed resembles all too closely—this is rude, but Marx would have been the first to say it—the dry-as-dust, yet *schwärmerisch* German Professors who set their hand to forging a united Germany in Frankfurt's *Paulskirche* in 1848. They were seen off, you may recall, by old Prince Blood-and-Iron, the anniversary of whose greatest triumph falls this month. (And will *not* be celebrated, I think, in either part of Germany.) But Frankfurt: well, perhaps Frankfurt has not changed so much after all.

BERLIN HAS CHANGED, sadly, for the worse. Isherwood noted on a re-visit in the 1950s that the Berliners still loved to call their divided and diminished city a *Weltstadt*—the only really cosmopolitan city in Germany. They were not entirely wrong: even while Berlin was dragging economically two or three years behind the Federal Republic in the '50s (while being lavishly subsidised), the atmosphere in West Berlin was freer, less provincial, more responsive to the outside world than in most cities in Germany. Architecturally, for example, the result was impressive. There still stands the only slightly greying Building Exhibition of 1957—Gropius, Aalto, Le Corbusier—as a relic of that time. And since then Scharoun's splendid *Philharmonie*, the new *Deutsche Oper* and much else has been added. The political cabarets are still lively and numerous. Chelsea-style boutiques have sprung up everywhere. Restaurants, bookshops, hotels multiply.

Yet something of the old spirit has departed. One senses, uneasily, that in this city that boasted ten years ago of being the showpiece, the shop-window, of the Western World there is all too much show, too much stage-management, too many tricky lighting effects. A per-

sonal spot-check on the Berlin scene confirms this impression. I had rung a number of friends, in journalism, in publishing and allied trades, to check if they'd be free for lunch or a drink. X, a political commentator, has just flown to Cologne to do his television stint. Y, a rising publisher, is no longer in Berlin, I am told—the main office has been removed to Frankfurt. Z, editor of a politico-literary magazine, would have loved to drop by, but has got to be in Hamburg this evening to put his magazine to bed—a magazine, *Der Monat*, that was a beacon to Berlin in the darker days of the 1950s, and always printed and published in that city.

YES, ONE FEELS, the birds have indeed flown—but what is there to hold them here? Yet the loyalty persists: men like Günter Grass, Uwe Johnson, Hans Magnus Enzensberger, and many younger writers and artists keep a toe-hold in Berlin (though few, I think, are Berliners born and bred). Why? The atmosphere still has less *mief*, less small-town stuffiness, than Munich, Hamburg, or Cologne. True, the political decisions are not made here; the local press—largely Springer-owned—is a good deal below *welt-niveau* in quality; big industry, like Siemens, is transferring its centre of gravity to West Germany. And though the large influx of students from the West has almost brought the university to its knees, it has at least done something to give the city a more youthful complexion (those boutiques, discotheques, experimental theatres). Still, in the end, even the most determined *ewige student* must start thinking of a career—and what is there to offer? The top jobs in industry, everyone knows, are in the West; in politics, there is only Bonn, with its own very special *mief*, or the provincial capitals. In university life it is probably the small (and less "radicalised") towns like Göttingen or Tübingen that offer the best start. The Communists have always relied on West Berlin withering on the vine. If things go on this way—and only a European or inter-German settlement can stop them—they may have their wish in the end.

PERHAPS A CODA is in order here. The Communists may see things going their way—and certainly East Berlin is no longer the drab desert of austerity it was even five years ago. And what with a "radicalised," neo-Marxist youth movement in West Berlin, the Communists might appear to have played the Berlin game with some skill and success since the Wall went up in 1961. But I doubt if the East Germans see it in quite that light. What has been happening, I think, is something far more unexpected and not without a cruel twist of irony. It seems to me precisely the Wall that is at the root of the student troubles. For three or

Bamberg

four years students were busy digging tunnels, and the hero of the hour (and the Springer press) was the student Scarlet Pimpernel who contrived to spirit away an East German through a disused sewer or in the boot of his car.

Then, one by one, the East Germans began to get up to these tricks; and the West Berlin Senate, for the best of reasons, applied the brake to these daredevil activities. It was at about this point that the mood among the young began to change. Before the Wall, students at the Free University had sat with East Berliners—who were free to come and go—in the same seminars and coffee-bars. Communism was something you were on day-to-day terms with (and largely against)—not, as now, an abstract and remote entity. After the first demonstrations and occupations in 1965 a new enemy was sighted: the Americans in Viet Nam and the “repressive tolerance” of the West Berlin authorities. Rapidly, Berlin became—along with Frankfurt—a bastion of the SDS. True, Rudi Dutschke and his friends were no friends of Ulbricht (Dutschke himself was a refugee from the East). But an aggressive, neo-Marxist shock-troop had sprung up overnight, to whose cadres the anti-Communism of the pre-1965 period was no longer “relevant.”

NOR, IN A SENSE, was it. The Wall was a fact: what could Germans, individually or collectively, do about it? Communism, oddly, no longer seemed relevant either, at least in a German context: out of sight, out of mind. Hence the paradox: the “Wall of Shame,” which so shocked foreign visitors, had the unforeseen effect among young Germans of “bracketing out” Communism as a problem that concerned *them*—except in Viet Nam.

Should one conclude that, had the Wall not gone up, the young in West Germany would not have succumbed to the blandishments of the New Left? One cannot be sure: German students, after all, are only doing what their contemporaries all over the world are doing. But of one thing I am fairly certain: during the '50s, before the Wall, such a movement could never have flourished. Ironically, then, the Wall was the necessary condition, not only for the violence of Easter 1968 in Berlin, but for the events of May in Paris that quickly followed. (Dany Cohn-Bendit had been conferring—and picking up tactical hints—with Dutschke and the comrades in Berlin two months before.) Were Ulbricht and Stoph sitting there rubbing their hands? I very much doubt it. I would guess that they looked to West Berlin with an anxiety hardly less than that with which they were watching developments in Prague. After all, revolutionary ideas were abroad again: and who can tell where they may lead?

ROMANTIC GERMANY, does it still exist? I was once mocked, I recall, by a German friend for taking a copy of Goethe's *Italian Journey* with me on a trip to Italy. At that time an assistant Professor, Hermann remarked, “Not many *Germans* would do that today!” Yet I found it (as readers of Auden's translation will have found it) vastly rewarding and entertaining to see Verona, Vicenza, and Venice and so on through the eyes of the Master. “The *Drang nach dem Süden* persists all right—but it's Majorca, the Costa del Sol, and those Italian beaches strewn with dark-heads yearning for their Siegfried they have in mind. And they don't tap out hexameters on their girl-friends' backs, I'm afraid, as Goethe confessed to doing in his *Roman Elegies*. The Germans have changed, and you foreigners won't see it: diplomas in salesmanship and engineering, and a good job with pension prospects, that's what they're after...”

And it's true, the foreigner won't see it, because if Germany attracts him at all—and, let's admit, it's an acquired taste—it is bound to be the literature of the age of Goethe, the art of Grünewald and Riemenschneider, and the relics of the Middle Ages that draw his interest. True, too, that the youngest Germans are often cut off from their past in a way that a Frenchman, a Spaniard, or an Englishman would hardly credit. A whole generation has grown up to reach for its revolver when it hears the word *kultur*. It's like America, and growing more so: “they don't know anything, but they know it all...” They read only what is “relevant.” I suppose, by this criterion, the once-lauded Nordic features of the *Bamberger Reiter*, and the charms of high-gabled, half-timbered Rothenburg ob der Tauber, spared by Tilly in the Thirty Years War, with its intricate gaily-painted wrought-iron shop-signs, and the stupendous Tiepolo ceilings and Balthazar Neumann chapel in the Episcopal Residence at Würzburg are not, well, relevant.

I HAVE BEEN asked to take a class of seventeen-year-old girls in “English Conversation.” I think of the safest possible query to fire off with: “What do you want to do when you leave school?” The an-



swer is as staggering as it is unanimous: "We want to be civil servants (*Beamte*). Oh, really, but why? "Ah well," sing one and all, "because it's so *secure*." That these nubile creatures should have their minds already set on their pension rights is a bit flattening. Perhaps Hermann is right after all: the safest question elicits the safest answer.

SOME WOULD ARGUE, of course, that the Germans have had their heads in the clouds for too long, that the insistence on relevance—neo-Marxist or otherwise—is a fine and healthy thing. Many of us, in the 'fifties, had been inclined to think so. *Sachlichkeit* was the thing; *Deutsche Romantik*, thank God, was out. It is an argument that has often partially, but never wholly, convinced me. Is it dangerous to argue from national character? No doubt it is: and in Germany such argumentation is especially taboo, for reasons that need no elaboration. *Der deutsche Mensch*, *Das deutsche Wesen*, even *Die deutsche Frau* ("Die deutsche Frau raucht nicht...") these were universal phrases not only in the *Nazizeit* but long before it. I do not think you would hear them now. Yet both the conceptualisation and the motive for it—the need of a new state and its citizens for national self-definition—were deeply German and historically, surely, inevitable.

Dick Crossman, I remember, used to tease the Germans that they were not patriotic enough ("Always avoid your anglicised German," he declared). But it's quite true. If the past is dead, so is much of the present. Foreigners ask: how do the Germans *tolerate* the division of their country? Very easily. They have forgotten about it. Frenchmen wouldn't; Englishmen wouldn't; the Germans, somehow, manage it. The opinion polls (if one dare quote them) have been showing for some time that the average German has become more and more reconciled to the division of his country—indeed, to its geographical diminution to less than a third of what it was in 1914 (not to speak of 1940). Yes, they show too that Willy Brandt's *Ostpolitik* is popular, very popular. Yet *Ostpolitik*, every German knows, is not a modern synonym for any *Drang nach dem Osten*. It means giving up the hope of re-unification through free elections, and it means consolidating the frontiers of 1945, which is what the Russians and the Poles want, and is no doubt the reason why the talks with them seem to be going pretty well (unlike the latest Brandt-Stoph talks in Kassel). My guess is that the Germans are indeed poor patriots (in our sense of the word); that they support Brandt's *Ostpolitik* because it is the most comfortable, the *safest* solution. (Ah! Those nubile maidens.) Excellent! wise heads nod over the Foreign

Office port—how *convenient* that the Germans should behave differently from other nations! Really? Personally, it is just these tendencies that would arouse my suspicions.

"*Sie sind ein grosses Volk!*" cried *Mon Général*, to vast applause, on his famous visit to Germany in 1962. Did he really *mean* it, one of his subordinates is said to have asked him? Well, no, replied the General after some reflection—perhaps he had been mistaken. Didn't the response show that? A great people would never have taken a foreigner's word for it.

Munich

THERE IS a mania for building Undergrounds abroad (16 towns are doing it) that has struck and almost paralysed Berlin, Cologne, Stuttgart, and, most calamitously, Munich. Four years ago, half the Ludwigstrasse, Munich's great axial boulevard, was closed to traffic. Today, it's no better. True, this spectacle of organised chaos has shifted downtown towards Schwabing, making complex circumnavigations of the Leopoldstrasse, mapless and relentlessly out-hooted, into nightmare driving. It's tempting to see an analogy in this. When I first came to Munich—in 1954—a large part of the city lay in rubble. It would have been easy enough to build an *U-Bahn* then, but I suppose that had little priority in those



days. Still, it makes one wonder about "German efficiency," probably the one national quality the Germans unashamedly take pride in, and one that easily persuades the foreigner. Again, having seen the Germans build up Munich in twenty years, only to pull it down again for the prestigious *U-Bahn*, the foreigner wonders uneasily to what end they will direct their energy ten years hence. At all costs, he feels, they must be kept busy, or something, somewhere, will explode. But organisation? *Deutschtum ist Organization!* ran the old Wilhelminian slogan. And the slogan will not lie down.

IT SEEMS IMPORTANT to know what's behind it, not least if we're going into the Common Market. Are we about to be invaded by a highly-trained regiment of German salesmen, working with ant-like, co-ordinated precision—like those sinister German governesses of Edwardian days—to undermine our national prestige and self-confidence? It would be as well to know.

SUCH THINGS DON'T lend themselves readily to quantification. But I must say I've always been sceptical—despite my friend Hermann's admonitions—about the Germans still being a nation of *Dichter und Denker*. Three small examples, not perhaps typical, but sufficient to give pause. We order one cup of coffee and one cup of chocolate for breakfast at our Schwabing hotel, "No, Madame, that is not possible." "I see, but why not?" "Well, we always serve coffee in a *Kanne*, for two people, so it is not possible for one." *Problematisch*, of course; but better not make an issue of it. "Very well, can I have one chocolate, and my wife a *Kanne* of coffee with just one cup?" The relief is visible: the matter is no longer *problematisch*, a logical solution has been found. Trivial? Surely. Or is this a battle fought out each morning, over every bachelor or *alleinstehende Dame*, who begs for his or her single cup of coffee?

Michael, an old friend, the child of refugee parents, and one of the few who has chosen to come back, backs this up later in the day. He is a young doctor, who has walked the wards in London, and by now knows the German system inside out. How do the two differ? "Well," says Michael, "it's like this: at nine we start the day with a conference; at eleven we break off for coffee and a second conference; we have an afternoon conference at two-thirty; and at six-thirty we round off the day with a resumé of the day's work." "The hours seem long, but so they are in London: do you get more done that way?" Michael's amused. "Do we, hell. I reckon we got twice the work done over at Bart's. Those conferences really get

you down: everything has to be *problematisch*, because it makes people happier to feel they're up against it the whole time, that they're solving problems, breaking new ground. Every appendicitis a new facet of the *Weltgeist*, that's about it...."

FINALLY, A CASE I've just been reading about in *Der Spiegel*, relevant perhaps to the Common Market and the kind of competition we may expect. At the moment, Rotterdam must be reckoned Germany's largest port (180m. tons as against Hamburg's 40m.). The arrangement works smoothly enough; the Germans have got by peaceful methods what they once tried to gain by war. But the Common Market has not quite extinguished national ambitions. What Germany's *wasserhante* lacks is a deep-water port, able to take tankers of up to 300,000 tons and more. In the early '60s, Hamburg's planners had worked out an ingenious scheme to exchange a fragment of Hamburg territory for a reedy slice of off-shore island from Lower Saxony that could be developed to take such ships and the industrial development that must surely follow. There would also be room for the tourist developers, along the beaches that would stretch out either side of the new causeway.

An imaginative plan. But what happened to it? According to *Der Spiegel*, nothing much to write home about. To get the money, it would have been necessary to persuade the other Hanseatic towns, and the *länder* of Schleswig-Holstein and Lower Saxony to participate. A commission was set up. Conference followed conference. But it was like the present *U-Bahn* mania: now everybody wanted a deep-water port. Bremen had plans for developing Wilhelmshaven. Lower Saxony wanted an industrial development zone adjoining. Meanwhile, Rotterdam waxed richer. "We need a common front against Rotterdam" went the cry. Bremen started building a container terminal at Bremerhaven (*Hansa-port*)—impudently offering Hamburg a 50 per cent share. No go, replied the Hamburgers, and started on their own container terminal. And German interests? Herr Kern, the originator of the scheme ten years back, puts a bold face on it: "By building a series of terminals, instead of one big one, we're really offering the Dutch much stiffer competition." Brave words! Alas, Herr Kern, a loyal Hamburg Senator, had soon to eat them. The original plan, he has just announced, is to be carried through after all, with the assistance of the banks and private industry, if necessary with foreign participation....

MEANWHILE, Rotterdam, and the new Europort remain the biggest outlet for the industrial Ruhr, and this is unlikely to change. And why not,

you may say, in the United Europe of the future? But "German efficiency," organisation, patriotism? We might be back in the *Klein-staaterei* of the 18th century. Daddy, why did the Germans lose the war? Well, as the late Professor E. M. Butler, most awkward and lively of *Germanisten*, noted in her youth in pre-1914 Germany: "The Germans have many talents; but these are not the kind of people who win wars...."

Stuttgart

STUTTGART, I always think, is an underrated city. I see from Christopher Hibbert's book on the Grand Tour that it and its surroundings—Tübingen and the delightful Neckar valley—were not on the professional bear-leader's route. Yet Swabia has produced so many of Germany's *Dichter und Denker*—Schiller, Hölderlin, Mörike, Hegel—and it manages to be deeply German, without stirring up any of those anti-German *ressentiments* which seem to throw the foreigner, and particularly the Englishman, so easily. For the Grand Tourist, Germany consisted of the Rhineland and Bavaria, and perhaps a sojourn in Vienna to gain a little social polish, when wars with France happened to be in progress. True, the little Courts of the various princelings could be fun—as Boswell found—and a quick trip to Berlin might be included to catch a glimpse of the Great Frederick. (Boswell attempted to wangle an introduction, but failed: Frederick seems to have been one of the few able to withstand his advances.) But Swabia was not even on the map.

A pity, it seems in retrospect, for it stayed that way, and the foreign tourist looking for Germany misses something if he doesn't see Tübingen and Stuttgart or the great baroque abbeys and pilgrimage churches of the South. Stuttgart is now an industrial metropolis, though—with its vineyards growing on the hill-slopes that lead down to the old Royal Residence and park—one of the cleanest and most attractive I know. One thing strikes the eye at once and is, I think, genuinely Swabian. Stuttgart is now very rich, capital of a *land*, and home of Bosch and Mercedes-Benz. But the

newly-built city—it was yet another victim of Allied saturation bombing—is neat and modest and habitable in a way that many German cities, arisen from their ruins, are not. There is something Swiss about it all; yet their Swabian cousins are a good deal more easy-going and *gemütlich* than the Swiss.

FRIENDS WE VISITED, who could well have afforded a *protzig* Villa in the country cum-housekeeper-and-chauffeur, live comfortably in the family house built by their father. There is no keeping up with the Joneses, perhaps because there is not much social life as we understand it. Social life means the family and relations, and the big events are name-days, births, christenings, funerals, and the great event of Christmas Eve, when the children, hushed and expectant, are brought in to pluck their presents from the Tree (the Christmas Eve bit seems to have got left out when



the Tree came in with Prince Albert; yet it is the moment in the life of a German child).

Curiously, the Germans are depicted in English folk-memory as a drunken race: perhaps this is a survival from earlier ages, for it is not true now. There is none of the pre-prandial swilling of Bourbon or gin-and-tonic, or the slow, remorseless tipping of the French. A *schnapps* may be offered, brewed from cherries in Black Forest stills, and a bottle of excellent local (alas, never exported) *landwein* taken with the evening's *Aufschnitt* of spiced sausages and *spätzle*. One does not see public drunkenness in Germany, as one does in London or New York—or behind the Iron Curtain. And here, in Swabia, all things are taken in moderation in any case. There is no *nimiety*, no excess. Some may find this dull stuff; yet the Swabians are among the most individualistic and intellectually gifted of all Germans. I have compared it with Switzerland; but it is also a little like the Scottish lowlands—minus the haggis and whisky. If it is the remains of an older Germany you are looking for, Swabia is the place to find it. The Roman *limes* runs—you can make it out in the grass—a few miles to the east of Stuttgart. There is something in Swabia of Roman *gravitas*, and

a sure grip on the Golden Mean. As Mörike, retiring pastor and most Swabian of poets, admonished:

*Doch in der Mitte
Liegt holdes Bescheiden...*

NOT SURPRISINGLY, PERHAPS, Swabia is one of the last bastions of the Free Democrats. The region has strong parliamentary traditions, and a new star on the horizon in the person of Ralf Dahrendorf, Germany's most illustrious sociologist. Dahrendorf might be described as a reincarnation of Max Weber with a touch of Servan-Schreiber. He is a man of the Centre-Left, strongly influenced by Anglo-Saxon thinking (in this case, British: he was at L.S.E. and has an English wife), and making a strong appeal to educated middle-class voters. His decision to stand for Stuttgart's *landtag* as a Free Democrat (he won, astonishingly, over a quarter of the vote in his city constituency), and then for the *Bundestag* in Bonn, is in some ways perplexing. It is no secret that he is ambitious, has been talked of as a future Chancellor and so on. Why, then, the F.D.P.? He spent the last months of the war in a concentration camp after his father, an old Social Democrat, had been arrested. Family loyalties and political ambition would seem in his case to point in the same direction. True, Swabia's F.D.P. is the section of the party that most resembles the British Liberals, while the F.D.P. in the North is more like our old National Liberals (who ended up as an appendix of the Tory party), or indeed those *Nationalliberalen* with whom Bismarck discovered he could do business. Still, as the results come in from the elections in the Saar, North Rhine-Westphalia, and Lower Saxony, it is more a question of whether the F.D.P. can survive at all, than of looking forward to a future F.D.P. *Bundeskanzler*.

Altogether, Dahrendorf has become somewhat *problematisch* to the Germans since he took the plunge into politics. The professors regard him as being too soft on the students: the left-wing students see him as a bourgeois stooge, and would not allow *his* sociology the supposedly "scientific" status granted to the apostles of the Frankfurt School. His rise to prominence has been meteoric, and I find him one of the most appealing and stimulating intellectual figures Germany has produced since the war. Yet he was not too happy in his first job as State Secretary at the Foreign Office in charge of *Kultur*—some say because of differences with Herr Scheel, his Foreign Minister and party leader, some say because he disliked the limitations that office imposes (he angered the State Department by speaking out openly on Viet Nam while visiting the States). The

worst that has been said of him is that he is a "Parsifal"—which suggests that there is a hankering after more rugged qualities in a politician in the minds of many political (and perhaps still more unpolitical) Germans. Germans admire Professors: they rank with Doctors and Pastors at the top of the polls. But I have always doubted whether the Germans care for their politicians to be intellectuals. The last Professor to be Chancellor, Ludwig Erhard, was quickly devoured by better-armoured fish in the Bonn mill-pond—as Adenauer always said he would be. One hopes the same fate is not in store for the admirable Professor Dahrendorf. Meanwhile, he has been shunted off to Brussels to be one of the German commissioners dealing with British entry. At least we should find a good friend there.

Heidelberg

HEIDELBERG is a "must" I have never quite got around to; but an old friend, now Professor of English here, offers to show us round. Somehow, I suspect, thoughts of the Student Prince and a fear of *schmalz* had kept me away in the past. Yet the town in its wooded valley is indeed charming, and the Castle properly romantic. We dutifully climb up to the top of the *Grosse Fels*, a giant wine-barrel the size of a Rhine barge, and taste the local (excellent) wine. In the inner courtyard there is a milling crowd of German and foreign, mostly American, sightseers. There is a delightful Renaissance arch celebrating the doomed nuptials of Frederick of the Palatinate and his Winter Queen, James I's daughter Elizabeth. The Castle, of course, is a ruin, as is only proper—though 19th-century restorers have put back the fine Renaissance inner wall of the courtyard, with its elaborate arcades and statues of Electors and Emperors. In the museum there are innumerable German paintings of the castle by forgotten 19th-century romantics, all dressing up the Castle in its colourful red sandstone against the darkly wooded hills in a pedantically Pre-Raphaelite manner. Only one picture, to my mind, does Heidelberg Romantic justice: Turner's view of the castle, painted perversely from the Western aspect (unlike all the German paintings). With Turner, the red sandstone is gone entirely, the ruin lies white and luminous on a barely-sketched hillside. This is pure vision, as well as masterly workmanship—how strange that it took an Englishman to put the Romantic Heidelberg of Brentano and his friends on canvas!

Before we descend, I overhear a Thurber female telling her brood about how wicked it was of the Americans to have bombed a little castle like that. That makes it a bit easy for

Louis XIV: but it does tell one something about present-day America.

FOR SOME PEOPLE, of course, America is still a place of refuge. It was for my friend Werner, who has just enjoyed a peaceful sabbatical there, after battling for months against student militants in the University. For dinner at his home we are joined by Hermann, now a Professor at Mannheim and in the thick of the fight, as Dean, to save the newly founded University from vanishing into *Nacht und Nebel*. Both Werner and Hermann—whose views on the New Germans I have quoted above—are pretty gloomy about the situation. Violence has not yet reached American proportions, they admit: confrontations remain verbal rather than faecal. Still, a colleague in Berlin whom we all know has just been told, they've heard, that he's not to leave Berlin in future without written permission of his students. His wife has been threatened too by anonymous callers. C, whom we also all know, has re-insured his thesis on Tennyson and Swinburne by adding to its title the magic words "a Study in Alienation." This raises, knowing his earlier views, something of a horse-laugh among us all.

But this stamped to the "Left"—I use inverted commas advisedly—is not really so very funny, when seen at close quarters. Hermann says—and he is not the first I have heard say it—"The trouble is, it's all happened before, only then it was called by a different name. . . ." Hermann is old enough to have lived through the years of the *Nazizeit*; his colleague in Berlin, slightly older, was a student in 1931-34, when the *Hitlerjugend* broke up the seminars of Jewish professors. The Red Guard spirit was abroad then too: but it was more selective—against Jews, Socialists, known anti-Nazis. Now, though the violence is muted, the spirit of denial (*Ich bin der Geist der stets verneint*) is directed more indiscriminately—against all order, all authority in the university and in society. There is something nihilistic, Mephistophelean, in this new cult, as there was in the old. True, the aims are different and would ten years ago (before anyone could see how they might be twisted) have been welcomed as "progressive" by precisely those men who are now being forced, unwillingly, into the "reactionary" camp.

THE NEW SLOGAN is "*drittelparität*"—which means that all decisions affecting the faculty must be made by a committee consisting of one-third students, one-third *assistenten*, and one-third professors. Since many of the former rather downtrodden *assistenten* are likely to side with the students, the senior members' grasp on their own faculty is very unsure. Books are not actually being burnt; but certain subjects are prescribed, and others proscribed,

in a fashion that manages to be both anarchic and authoritarian at one and the same time. The literary-critical, aesthetic approach is out (unless you are fly enough to disguise your seminar on Tennyson as a "Study in Alienation"). At Göttingen, the once famous "philosophical faculty" has closed down: I read in *Die Zeit* an eloquent, almost desperate elegy on its past glories by Professor Walther Killy. Killy argues that this break with the past is in effect a break with the tradition of civilisation itself: the young are to be deprived in future of living contact, not only with the German past, but with the civilisation of antiquity, and the Judaeo-Christian tradition. My friends are of a like mind. They are distressed, chiefly because the methods they were brought up on—historical-critical, but always primarily aesthetic—have gone by the board. As the university becomes a political bear-house, no longer a place of study, their skills have become redundant.

BUT THEIR CONCERN, in reality, reaches far deeper. "I never thought," Hermann says, "that I would come to really *hate* the Germans." I am amazed at this confession. In the old days, Hermann was never one for "fouling the nest," being always Catholic, Bavarian and "unpolitical" in his attitudes. He took the Germans as they came; he always deplored the national self-depreciation that was so common among the post-war intelligentsia. It must have taken a lot of punishment, it strikes me, to have brought *him* to this position. But he means it. And it is not mere personal frustration in his work that has changed his mind. It is the sheer cursedness of the Germans, their self-righteousness, their *recht-haberei*, their rational irrationality, their inability to let things be, that have come to jar. Of course, Hölderlin and Nietzsche have said it before: the Germans cannot live with one another. What is hopeful about the new mood, I try to argue, is surely the internationalism and the anti-authoritarianism that goes with it. Ah! But that was true of the *Jugendbewegung* too, wasn't it? And then the pendulum swung. . . . But can one call it fascism, despite the distasteful resemblances? Certainly, anti-authoritarian fascism sounds a contradiction in terms. Left-wing? Well, the contempt for both home-grown Social Democracy and for the Soviet-style Communism of East Germany seems as universal—and as ill-founded in knowledge of the terrain—as the new-style kowtowing to the gods of the East. The truth is, it is something as yet without name or form. But it is there, and it is German: and it is the kind of thing that is once again making Germans wish they had been born in more fortunate lands.

Worms

I FIND last night's talk weighing heavily on me. Nobody can hate a German like a German: that we already knew, and from the best German authorities. But it disturbs the well-meaning foreigner, as it does in today's America, to see a people so desperately unable to come to terms with itself. True, as Hermann points out, the Americans talk of a "generation gap," where the Germans talk of a "*Generationskonflikt*." One might argue that the latter, though apparently more vicious than the former, is really the more hopeful variation: "gap" suggests an unbridgeable abyss, *konflikt* at least suggests a grappling, even a germ of dialogue. One sees this in practice: a leftist *groupuscule* at Mannheim had been planning to bring in a resolution against the university taking any part in military research. On being challenged as to whether they would support military research if it helped the *Viet Cong*, they retired into a huddle, and came back with the reply that they *would* indeed support such research. I doubt very much whether many American colleges would take so rational—however deplorable—a view.

A TRIP DOWN the Rhine should cool these festering thoughts, and from Heidelberg we swing northwards on the last lap to Bonn. But first Worms—known to every schoolboy as the immortal seat of the ever-risible Diet of Worms. "Here I stand..." and all that. Worms cathedral is indeed impressive: *Ein' feste Burg*, strong and stalwart in the Romanesque manner, lording it over the long, low plain of the Upper Rhine. Here, one reflects, is the origin of another quarrel that set German against German for generations. Does it still? Do those flaunted white-and-yellow Papal streamers in the gabled streets reflect some resentment among the good burghers of Worms that their town should be remembered for the holy impudence of Luther's "I can do no other, so help me God"? If the Luther memorial in the park is resented, one can see why. This is real Wilhelminian stuff, truculent and overbearing, very Prussian: more like a memorial to a great conqueror, than to a Christian pastor—and all within a stone's throw of a great Catholic cathedral. Yet here no stones are thrown. If this were Ulster, a police guard would have to be mounted day and night over the huge bronze monster, or it would long since have been dynamited.

YET THE PARK in which it stands is as calm as could be: children are queuing for ice cream, couples march sedately in their Sunday best past the memorial, keeping well off the grass. There is one oddity about the memorial

which I have never seen commented on. Luther triumphant stands at the centre, at his feet four figures: the faithful Melancthon, who played Engels to his Marx; our own John Wycliffe; Jan Hus, burnt at Constance a century before the Wittenberg theses; and—wait for it—*Savonarola*. Philip of Hesse and the Margrave of Brandenburg are there too, but *Savonarola*? How, one wonders, did the 19th-century patrons of this memorial come to include him? He does not figure elsewhere, as far as I know, in the Protestant pantheon. Yet perhaps his presence here is all too appropriate: it is Luther the sower of discord and strife who is celebrated here, not the humble monk or compassionate pastor. The memorial dates back, when one thinks of it, to the days of Bismarck's *Kulturkampf*: given that, Savonarola is not so out of place. The wonder is that Germany has shed the memories of centuries of conflict so completely, that an Ulster would be impossible here in the land where the great conflict began. It is a debt that Germany owes to Konrad Adenauer, who in this at least was a healer and not a divider to his people.

The Rhineland

THE DRIVE OR VOYAGE down the Rhine from Bingen to Bonn, drinking the local wines and eating the obligatory salmon, is a traditional delight. And for many the Rhineland, I suppose, *is* Germany. Yet, though in the plain round Worms one is in Nibelungen country, the Rhineland has not played the role in post-medieval German history that foreigners often imagine. Famous Rhinelanders? Beethoven, of course, from Bonn. One poet, Stefan George, born at Bingen, where the Rhine plunges northward through the massif. One playwright, Carl Zuckmayer, whose fascinating memoirs (*A Piece of Myself*) I am just reading—the best account, I think, by a German of what it was like to be a German in the first half of the 20th century: honest, humorous, free from rancour or self-hate—equally free from self-deception about the evil years and what led up to them. There is a portrait of his childhood in Mainz in the book which has something (as has all his work) of the Romantic idyll, not always to the English taste, but never slopping over into sentimentality. Politicians? Baron von Stein, who rejuvenated Prussia after the disaster of Jena. Metternich, of course, whose family *Schloss* stands over the valley. And that man of similar mettle, a pillar of strength in troubled times, Catholic and conservative in the true sense of the word (so rare in Germany), Konrad Adenauer.

THE COINCIDENCE is not, I think, idle. Both men were of that type, commoner in the Catholic

South and West—the lands within the *limes*—than in the Protestant North and East, who fear the Germans' tendency to veer (as we are seeing now) from one extreme to the other, from anarchy to despotism, from particularist *Klein-staaterei* to a rigid, dogmatic centralism. In the eyes of men like this, Prussia was never a truly conservative state, because it was lacking in inner harmony; and the Prussianisation of Germany could only spell disaster to the values they cherished. Often they are called Jesuitical; but to them the straight Prussian blade was all too clumsy and too brittle a thing. Certainly, they regarded what happened at Wittenberg and Worms as a disaster for Germany, for much the same reasons. It is easy to argue that both failed in the long run. Yet each kept the peace for a generation. And where, today, is the vain glory of Prussia? And, with the age of Bonhoeffer now as remote to young Germans as the age of Luther, what could be inwardly more dead than German Protestantism?

IT IS EASY TO FORGET that until seven years ago every election in Germany was an Adenauer election. ER KOMMT! stated the posters, and no explanation was required. Now, in the present elections in his homeland, North Rhine-Westphalia, the signs on the hoardings proclaim, perhaps somewhat timorously, KÖPPLER KOMMT! Who, then, is Köppler? Herr Köppler is the new, youngish leader of Adenauer's old party in this *land*, which suffered a nasty shock in the 1966 regional elections, when the S.P.D. got 49.5 per cent of the vote and the C.D.U. only 42.8—a result that was to lead to Erhard's fall and the forming of the Grand Coalition. I quoted, at the start of this Diary, the pollsters' figures predicting a 10 to 17 per cent lead for the Socialists. Now the results are becoming known, and the pollsters (as in England) are

going to have to eat dirt. Herr Köppler is the newcomer, and has spent long, little-known years as a professional Church organiser. "THE FUTURE NEED NOT BE BLACK," the S.P.D.'s posters are saying—and by black they mean clericalist. Will this bring out the Catholic vote, or appeal to non-Catholics, each about equally divided? Brandt has declared that he will regard the result as an interim referendum on his *Ostpolitik*. And Brandt's popularity rating has been up in the 80s in recent months.

Alas for the pollsters and the S.P.D., the results show that Köppler is indeed the "coming" man. This time the C.D.U. has won 46.3 per cent of the vote; the S.P.D. 46.1; the F.D.P. 5.5. The news from the Saar is still worse: there the C.D.U. has taken its vote from 42.7 per cent in 1966 to 47.9 this time. The S.P.D. remains stagnant at 40.1 per cent (a whisker more than in 1966), and the F.D.P. has failed to take the 5 per cent hurdle, and is thus unrepresented in the *landtag*. The results from Lower Saxony are more heartening, with the S.P.D., at 46.2 per cent, half a per cent (and one seat) ahead of the C.D.U., while the F.D.P. has once again been knocked out of the ring. Both the large parties show an increase; but the F.D.P. and (more fortunately) the N.P.D. have been obliterated.

WHAT SHOULD ONE MAKE of these results? Do they register the voters' disapproval of the new *Ostpolitik*? Will the demise of the F.D.P. in two *länder* lead to the slow disintegration of the party? Certainly, it is a good result for the C.D.U., and a bitter blow for the Free Democrats—not to speak of the pollsters (always excepting the excellent Frau Dr. Noelle-Neumann, fairy godmother of opinion polling in Germany, who got it almost dead on) who can go jump in the Rhine as far as political Bonn



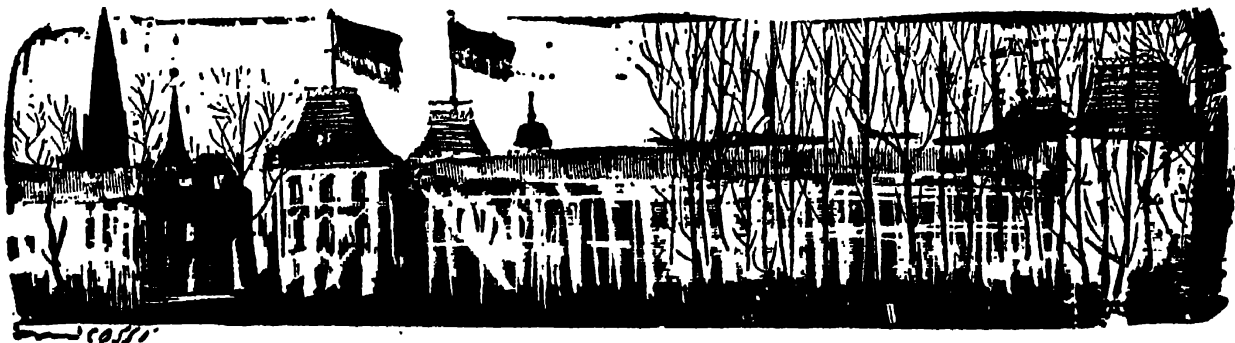
is concerned. The facts are there: Adenauer's party is not only holding its vote, but increasing it—as it has over twenty years—by acting as a right-wing magnet for disillusioned “Neo-Nazis” and Free Democrats. The S.P.D. is putting a brave face on it, but there is no disguising that Brandt's personal popularity has not brought the bacon home for the party. Although, arithmetically, the S.P.D. can claim a very slight percentage increase, there would seem to be no question of a triumphant vindication for Brandt's *Ostpolitik*.¹

Why the setback? Political Bonn seems agreed that the reasons are relatively straightforward. The voters did not regard the *länder* elections as any kind of referendum, but were protesting about inflation and rising prices (shades of Ted Heath!). The S.P.D. has made a great flutter with its *Ostpolitik*, and that is what most foreigners will have read about. But Brandt's original intention—in his own words—was to be “a Chancellor of *Innenpolitik*.” And there is no doubt that a year of Lib./Lab. government has not produced anything particularly startling in the fields of education, tax reforms, anti-inflation measures and so on. The hoo-ha about Brandt's meetings with Stoph, and the encouraging negotiations with Poland and the Soviet Union, have somehow obscured from the experts—though not from the voters—that very little has got done in the sphere of *Innenpolitik*. The elections, then, must be read as a warning to the government that the earlier promises made by Willy Brandt have precedence over foreign adventures like the *Ostpolitik*. It seems pretty clear, again, that the only course open to

the battered Free Democrats is to remain loyal to the government and make boldness their friend. A do-nothing administration for the next three years would probably bring back a large C.D.U. majority, and almost certainly wipe the F.D.P. off the map.

WHAT SEEMS TO EMERGE—or so the talk runs here—is that the voters are neither going to reward a successful *Ostpolitik* very liberally, nor let themselves be frightened—and this is important—by Cassandras like Franz Josef Strauss and Axel Springer. In a word, there may be no votes in it either way. That this may be so is supported by the result in Lower Saxony. Lower Saxony, a *land* bordering on East Germany, and with more refugees and expellees than any other in Germany, has also a substantial reservoir of right-wing farming voters. Yet the S.P.D. gained 5 per cent and the extremist N.P.D. fell back to 3 per cent; more, the S.P.D. did particularly well in areas where there are many refugees. It emerges, too, that the extremism that one hears so much about from students and professors has very little to do with politics as played on the parliamentary level. Of course, the left-wing students would reply that they are not *concerned* with politics on a parliamentary level, that the things they want can only be brought about by Revolution. One has the impression, very strongly, that in this respect there are two political worlds in Germany, as there are in America. And if there are two nations in Germany at the moment, I admit to finding the one represented in Bonn altogether saner and nicer (one would not have said that ten years ago!) than the underworld of irrationality the rise of the new “revolutionary” cult has opened up. Which will prove more enduring it is much too early to judge. Personally, I am struck by the commonsense of the German voter. For this reason alone, I cannot agree with those who see around the corner another January 1933.

¹This may be premature. Since I wrote these words, Herr Brandt has made a triumphal return to Bonn with his newly sealed Moscow Treaty. Eighty per cent of West Germans are said to favour it. This could well turn the forthcoming autumn elections in Hesse and Bavaria into the referendum Herr Brandt has been seeking.





Slav

POINTS OF THE COMPASS

The Decline & Fall of London Town

By Simon Jenkins

"How Do You Like London? ... London, Londres, London?" Mr. Podsnap asked the Frenchman, putting—we notice—capital letters into his accent. "And Do You Find, Sir," he went on, "Many Evidences that Strike You ...?"

Nothing else but Evidence Strikes us. The place is all Evidence, like the sight of a heavy sea from a rowing boat in the middle of the Atlantic where you are surrounded by Everything and see nothing. But Evidence of what? There is no possible answer. Except for the ant heap in Tokyo London is the largest capital city in the world, and—one is told, though I do not know, or much care, how they measure these things—the largest seaport, and is, as Trollope said, unintelligible. One lives in it, afloat but half submerged in a heavy flood of brick, stone, asphalt, slate, steel, glass, concrete, and tarmac, seeing nothing fixable behind a few score white spires that splash up like spits of foam above the next glum wave of dirty buildings. ...

V. S. Pritchett, LONDON PERCEIVED (1962)

THE LAST YEAR of the old decade indeed sorely ravaged the face of London. Hardly a week passed without news of some new decision to destroy old buildings or erect new ones that spoiled the character of existing neighbourhoods. At one point last summer, four separate battles were under way to prevent major acts of destruction in the capital (chiefly, it so happens, against government departments or public institutions). At a time when many people thought we had in this country evolved an impressive set of safeguards to protect architectural and environmental quality, it sometimes seemed as if no one was taking a blind bit of notice.

Yet it is worth remembering that at least there were battles. One result of all the blood that was spilt over Carlton Mews in St James's and Woburn Square in Bloomsbury was the knowledge that such destruction was unlikely to occur again. Indeed, in both these sad cases, it was only the inexorable process of planning ap-

provals that prevented the authorities from stopping the developers. And in both cases, hardly a word would have been raised in public protest just five years ago, though it should be recorded that the Historic Buildings Board of the London County Council had been fighting and winning similar battles, unsung, for many years past.

I recently found myself face to face at a public function with one of those public servants with whom one has often longed to do battle over a particular planning decision. In this case it was a man who had been chairman of a planning committee that had, ten years ago, approved the construction of a new block that completely wrecked the scale of a reasonably charming London street. His defence was that at the time the "balance of argument" had seemed different. The existing buildings on the site were uneconomic and of no intrinsic architectural merit. The new designs seemed "modern and original." And most important, planners in those days just did not think in terms of the relationship between a building and a whole street—or at least did not think it to be an important consideration. It would, he agreed, have been different if the application had come forward today.

Even the most cursory glance at early post-war planning legislation would show that these excuses were at best half-truths. Even back in the dim days of 1951, the Ministry of Town and Country Planning was stating in remarkably clear terms the definitions of "amenity" that should be considered in all planning applications. But what is certainly true is that it is only in the last three or four years that a real head of steam has built up behind the urban conservation movement, and widespread concern been expressed at the way in which the character, and particularly the scale, of cities such as London are being altered by redevelopment.

IT IS DIFFICULT TO TRACE the development of this new concern. Undoubtedly individuals such as Duncan Sandys, with his Civic Amenities Act of 1967 and Richard Crossman during his time at the Ministry of Housing (when he seized historic buildings protection away from the dreadful Ministry of Works) have played a major part in drawing up a new framework. And organisations such as the Civic Trust have done immense good work by issuing, and publicising, design awards as well as initiating rehabilitation schemes intended to raise standards of urban conservation. The pressure groups themselves—such as the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings, the Georgian Group and the Victorian Society—have experienced dramatic increases in numbers, reflecting not only

increased public interest but also the expanded consultative role given them under conservation legislation.

The heightened enthusiasm for participation generally has also given a new bite to public planning enquiries, and has led to a considerable overspill from self-interested pressure groups into the conservation and historic buildings field. Many people, for instance, who were opposed to the location of a third London airport at Stansted discovered—some of them doubtless for the first time—that there was some especially fine architecture in the neighbourhood. Where previously they had simply disliked the idea of increased noise and traffic invading their community, they now found it in their interests to campaign on grounds of “loss of amenity to the surrounding countryside” and potential damage to “buildings of historic interest.” The same has broadly been true of opposition to the Greater London Council’s proposed Motorway Box. When people feel that technological development is getting the better of them, it is to the conservation lobby that they have been turning for help—however far off the main line of argument such help may be.

This, however, is all very fine. It may well be that as a result of this new-found interest, we may within the next decade produce some really effective controls on the development of our cities which both preserve their continuity of character and of human scale and enable them to renew themselves in a balanced way. But has not the horse already bolted? Is it not too late to bar the door?

THE REDEVELOPMENT of virtually all the central areas of London that has taken place since World War II has been drastic, leaving hardly a street or vista untouched. It has been argued, both by architects and engineers, that the city has entered irrevocably into “a new age” in its history, in which (as in previous periods of expansion) what went before must be largely destroyed. Cities, they say, “must change to meet altered circumstances.” And today’s altered circumstances, involving the devolution of industry, the growth of mass commuting and the pervasive use of motor cars, is such as has hardly been seen since the introduction of the chariot. Is it not inevitable that London’s appearance should “evolve” to meet these new conditions?

I personally do not think so for a variety of reasons, some aesthetic and some practical. But it is useful to put the “evolving city” argument in its historical perspective to see that it does have some force.

THE GROWTH AND RENEWAL of London has taken place ever since the Middle Ages in a series of cycles of remarkable regularity. This has been partially related to historical and economic developments, but also has had something to do, more recently, with an independent cycle in the London house-building industry.

The first great expansion out of the medieval confines of the City took place in the second half of the 16th century with the sudden movement of large numbers of people from agriculture to the cities. The result was a gross overcrowding of Tudor London such that the authorities were forced to take action to prevent further growth within the city area. Indeed, Elizabethan legislation on London was some of the most advanced on town planning ever produced in this country—banning multi-occupation and the erection of larger houses in place of existing ones, and forbidding any building in a belt round the walls. Unfortunately, it was also quite unenforceable.

The next leap forward occurred in the late 17th century following the ravages of the Great Fire of 1666. Despite the initial enthusiasm for rebuilding the City on a formal Italianate pattern—and plans such as those by Christopher Wren and John Evelyn give a fascinating glimpse of the town London almost became—the rebuilding was piecemeal. The need for speed of reconstruction meant that cumbersome acquisition procedures were out of the question. Landowners went ahead and built as fast as they could and speculators, such as the phenomenal Nicholas Barbon, made fortunes out of swiftly and often shoddily constructed town houses to meet the sudden demand. The result of this dramatic exercise in urban renewal was that London remained, in contrast to even more ancient cities such as Paris and Rome, laid out on an essentially medieval pattern, as indeed it is today. Never was there a megalomaniac despot to pull it all down and start again, or at least there was never one strong enough to stand up to the Corporation of the City of London. The independence of this body from the Crown and Parliament up the river in Westminster has been a continuing feature of London’s development. Seventeenth-century London was certainly rebuilt—but as a result of an Act of God and by private, not royal, enterprise.

The next cycle of activity came in the middle decades of the 18th century. The Golden Age of British architecture initiated by the Palladians gradually filtered down to the estate developers and the small builders. The fields round London and Westminster began to fill with sedate Georgian streets and squares, planned now on a geometric basis but swallowing up smaller vil-

lages on the way. The building acts of the 1770s ushered in the spirit of "improvement," producing ordinary houses from carefully drawn plans—houses so well built that large numbers still stand today. Every building was a work of architecture, with simple builders borrowing freely from the leading designers of the day. The results can be seen from the splendours of Bedford Square (built by a little known architect) to the calm proportions of a typical London mews.

The Napoleonic Wars caused a lull in this development, but the great estates recovered their former vigour in the 1830s as men such as John Nash and William Cubitt pushed north and west out of Westminster. The simplicity and grace of the 18th century gave way to the heady grandeur of Belgrave Square and the Regent's Park terraces. The style and magnificence of a city that was then physically only a century-and-a-half old made it pre-eminent in Europe.

All these periods of expansion, however, were ones of outward growth rather than redevelopment—though Nash did admittedly knock down a large area of the West End for his Regent Street. It was not until the second half of the 19th century that commercial incentive combined with architectural arrogance to persuade Londoners that the old City Centre was not for them. It was in these years that the main thoroughfares of London and Westminster lost their Georgian charm and acquired a newer and grander façade—more suited perhaps to an age of commercial as well as imperial expansion. It was an age of great architectural eclecticism and revivalism; streets such as Fleet Street, the Strand, and Bishopsgate sprouted with Italianate and Gothic revival. Only the oldest and most established institutions survived this aesthetic onslaught on the main streets of the capital—the learned societies, the guilds, and (mercifully) the church. Meanwhile, in the suburbs, the late Victorian building boom really took hold. A quite fantastic number of houses were erected in the 1870s, putting even modern publicly financed housing programmes to shame.

But the final and most dramatic change in the face of London is that which has been taking place over the past two decades. It was initiated by the wartime *Blitz*, which was not unlike the Great Fire in its lack of discrimination and in the opportunities it opened up for radical development. Large areas of London and Westminster were destroyed—neither Church nor monarchy being spared. And although massive and impressive assistance was granted for reconstruction of such monuments as the Wren churches, many fine buildings such as liveried

company halls were lost for ever. Today only a tiny handful of the town houses built after the Great Fire still stand within the old City of London. In three hundred years it has all gone.

IT IS EASY to wax hysterical over the history of London's rebuilding since the War. But it is fascinating to examine the comparison between this process and that which took place after the Great Fire. For the parallels are instructive—as are the differences.

As in the 1670s, considerable precedence had to be given to getting roofs over heads as quickly as possible. This meant that relatively little structural alteration took place in street plans—although even after the Great Fire stringent controls existed over the spacing, scale, and methods of construction of the actual buildings. After the War, buildings went up as and when the owners could obtain finance and the necessary planning consents. In 1945, as in 1666, a chronic shortage of labour and materials meant a make-do-and-mend approach, which might well be deplored but to which there was no alternative. And just as Wren and Evelyn dreamed of new baroque layouts for the City, so in 1944 Sir Patrick Abercrombie and his successors dreamed of dramatic new urban motorways and segregated precincts as part of their "London of the future."

The differences, however, were equally important. In the late 17th century, architectural fashions were going through an exciting period. New Renaissance styles, introduced into the country earlier by Inigo Jones, were now becoming widely accepted. Men such as Wren and Gibbs created public buildings whose brilliance and originality have seldom been equalled. And even speculators such as Barbon found in the classical, terraced town house a style whose basis was so graceful and human in scale that from the Manhattan brownstone to the modern neo-Georgian estate it has remained in favour ever since.

It was crucial to the nature of post-Fire development that there should have been ample land for expansion. Despite long-standing restraints on building in the "suburbs" a combination of economic pressures and graft ensured that few areas remained sacrosanct from the developers. Land values, as a result, stayed comparatively low and densities never reached the levels they did—and still do—in more compact cities such as Paris.

After the War, however, it was different. Despite low densities, commercial land values soared, aided by the explosion of metropolitan office development. A four-storey, 19th-century office block destroyed by bombing was naturally replaced, if possible, by one double or treble

that capacity—although the height of new building remained initially under control.

BUT THE MOST DISASTROUS feature of post-War development was the simple lack of any creditable architectural vernacular. The years between the wars had been ones of almost total barrenness in British architecture. The promise of some of the more advanced Edwardians, such as C. F. A. Voysey and Charles Rennie Mackintosh, never materialised. What building had taken place tended to revert to the neo-classicism of men such as Sir Aston Webb, defacer of Buckingham Palace and Sir Reginald Blomfield, desecrator of Regent Street. As one foreign authority, Jurgen Joedicke, wrote,

The seeds of modern architecture were sown in Britain—but it was elsewhere on the Continent, in Germany and Italy, that they flowered.

And so when the bombs had done their work, it was the Establishment that took over. No building better typifies its work than the Bank of England annex, built by one Victor Heal across the east side of St. Paul's in the City. It is a long building in a messy neo-Georgian red brick, which winds its way round the Cathedral vista, dominating and enervating a huge area. It is lifeless, unself-confident, and horribly permanent. Where attempts at modernity were made—as at English Electric House in the Strand, or in Oxford Street and Holborn—aesthetics seem to have been forgotten in a welter of plot ratios and reinforced concrete.

Meanwhile, the heart and soul were being ripped out of whole areas such as the alleys north of Fleet Street or the streets and squares of Bloomsbury, simply because no one had the determination to protect them or the imagination to produce stylish or sensitive infilling of the bombed sites. To wander through the back streets of Holborn today is one of the saddest experiences in London. This area was once one of the most vital and attractive in the city and even just before the war it still had immense character. It is now the apotheosis of urban desolation.

IT IS ONLY in the last decade that London's architecture has really begun to get back on to its feet. What might be called the renaissance of British architecture began curiously—but with good historical precedent—with the public authorities. It was the London County Council with their new housing estates and schools, and above all with the Royal Festival Hall who really paved the way. And it has been public institutions of different types that have pro-

duced most of the good modern architecture now standing in London: the Royal College of Physicians in Regent's Park, the Hayward Gallery on the South Bank, and the Royal College of Art in Kensington Gore. An American observer, G. E. Kidder Smith, has noted the contrast between public and private patronage in London with some surprise:

Where the Government or at any rate a select agency like the LCC has been in charge, the building level has been very high; where big business, private wealth and commerce—and above all, speculative builders—are concerned, the picture degenerates into the second-rate or worse.

One has only to look at the modern blocks by the Thames opposite the Tate Gallery to see his point. And were the Shell Centre not so grimly akin to some modern buildings in Moscow, one might regard it as a good argument for an anti-capitalist revolution.

However, it is with the new-found architectural confidence that a wholly novel threat has arisen, quite literally on the horizon. It is the threat to the character of London's existing streets and buildings presented by the visual intrusion of high tower blocks. It is worth emphasising this point, because it is in the use of new materials and techniques of construction—far more radical in their impact than such innovations have ever been before—that the major qualitative distinction lies between the present recreation of London and all previous ones.

In his excellent recent book on *Towns and Townscape*, Thomas Sharp lays great stress on the factors that go to make up a street "view": the balance between variety and consistency in the appearance of a group of buildings and the importance of foci such as public buildings and church spires. And although few people when they look at a street or experience its changing appearance as they move along it are at all conscious of why they like or dislike it, there is no doubt that they can have very strong feelings one way or the other. Just as most visitors to Whitehall or Belgrave Square will say they find them pleasing sights, so few could be found to say anything complimentary about Oxford Street or High Holborn—despite the fact that the architects of buildings in both the latter streets presumably felt their work to be aesthetically satisfactory. People would certainly accept that there is something in the combination of overall perspective and detailed form in a street that "comes off," and which can be ruined by the intrusion of an obstacle to that perspective, or by the use of strange materials, or a clashing style in its building.

LONDON, as we have seen, developed in such a way that instances can be found of successful townscape from almost every age. And equally important, it contains brilliant if fortuitous examples of the successful amalgamation of styles from different ages in one street. Scraps of Bloomsbury still manage to convey an undiluted atmosphere of Georgian London. Some streets in the City still reek of pure Victorian self-confidence. And Whitehall still presents one of the most outstanding combinations in Europe of different styles blending in a remarkable harmony.

Redevelopment has always possessed the capacity to destroy such consistency, and frequently—particularly in the Victorian period—it has done just that. But the developers used always to operate under severe limitations in this respect. The central area sites on which they worked were usually too small to have too wide an impact; they lacked the techniques that might have enabled them to build high. Indeed, for a long while it was thought that London clay could never support skyscrapers. And the traditional materials of brick, stone and stucco used on façades seldom clashed with one another and could often produce a pleasing textural variety. The only cases of severe visual intrusion tended to be church spires—which by the nature of their design, tended to rise naturally and gracefully over rooftops, emphasising by their tapering shape the solidity of the surrounding buildings.

In the last ten to fifteen years, all this has changed. Commercial pressure has combined with the rapid development of steel construction to secure a relaxation of high building controls. And there has been a total confusion among planning authorities in regulating the siting of the resulting tower blocks. Countless memoranda were produced on the potential threat these developments posed to architectural amenity, and numerous controls exist—including enough “teeth” (in theory) to have put a stop to virtually every tower block now standing. The consequence, however, has been almost worse than if no one had ever suggested “visual intrusion” was any problem. At least London might then have had some exciting skyscraper clusters which might have made it easier to limit high buildings elsewhere.

As it is, there are now few architecturally important streets, squares—or parks—in inner London which are not spoiled by a high building at some point or other. The heart of the Victorian City has inevitably—and excitingly—given way visually to the skyscraper. It is only sad that the authorities did not give way themselves much sooner and with more conviction, forestalling some of the smaller post-war blocks

that went up earlier. The area round Holborn is now dominated by the *Mirror* building, Bloomsbury by Centre Point. Regent's Park has lost its wonderful *rus in urbe* atmosphere to the Post Office Tower and the Euston Road development—where the planning authorities ludicrously allowed some tower blocks, but not too many. St James's has New Zealand House. The Vickers Building and the Horseferry Road government complex dominate Whitehall and Westminster. The whole river area is visually desecrated by the monstrous Shell Centre—surely one of the worst pieces of post-war redevelopment in Europe. Georgian Mayfair has been enervated by the Hilton Hotel, devastatingly placed on the axis of Curzon and North and South Audley Streets. Three separate towers dominate the north, north-east, and east views out of Hyde Park. And south across Kensington Gardens now rises the towering block of the government's own Knightsbridge Barracks—designed by Sir Basil Spence, a member of the Royal Fine Arts Commission which explicitly laid down that no tall buildings should be allowed to surround the central parks.

London's planning authorities, whose attitude to high buildings has changed with alarming frequency, perhaps did most damage by believing for a time that, in contrast to American practice, a high building was best seen on its own as “a sort of modern cathedral.” This policy was flatly contradictory to any concept of architectural conservation. It has done more to spoil the essential character of large areas, particularly of West London, than centuries of piecemeal redevelopment.

ALL THIS, however, is already part of London's history. What of the future? In the central area of London the rot has set in so determinedly that the quality most demanded of the conservationist is one of realism. The City of London, Holborn, and Westminster east of Trafalgar Square is an urban area of little definite character, save for pockets of superb resistance such as the Inns of Court. The main thoroughfares, still medieval in layout, are a hotch-potch of predominantly late-19th and 20th-century styles almost never cohering to form a street or area of any architectural significance. And even in places where a real London quality does just survive, as in Guildhall Yard or in front of the Royal Exchange, impending demolitions and the intrusion of tower blocks make the likelihood of hopes being dashed all too real. Central London, in short, could never rival Paris or Rome.

What the area does still offer, however, is an

invaluable museum of national architecture. The Guildhall, St. Stephen's Walbrook, Somerset House, the Temple, the Inns of Court, the City churches and, of course, St. Paul's are all unique monuments of world-wide importance. And London is one of the few cities in northern Europe to have substantial evidence of its Roman fortifications still on the ground and open to view. Although the environmental character of these monuments is largely lost, they remain in themselves heavily protected. The chief battle here will be to save those buildings in the central area which should be part of the museum but at present are not so protected. One current example of this is the City of London Club and other works in Bishopsgate. These buildings tend to be listed by the Ministry of Housing as "Grade 3." They are usually works of architecture which are considered by the experts to be of historic interest but which are insufficiently rare—which usually means insufficiently old—to merit the protection of "Grade 2." A large number of the better Victorian buildings fall into this category—and as a result are fast disappearing from the scene before their true quality has been fully appreciated.

ONE TREMENDOUS BOOST to the preservation of London's architectural heritage in this respect would be for all "Grade 3" listed buildings to be upgraded to "Grade 2"—which means that listed buildings consent would be required before they could be altered or destroyed. This could be done, quite simply, by the stroke of a Ministerial pen. It would not protect absolutely buildings such as those in Bishopsgate—many of which are not listed at all—or all the works of more recent architects like Norman Shaw, but it would at least ensure that public opinion could be mobilised before the demolition men move in. The publication of the Ministry's lists would also help—they are at present only available to be seen on demand.

But if central London must be largely written off from a broader conservationist point of view as a result of the pattern of its post-war development, the same does not go for the rest of the inner area. And it is here that the great battles of the 1970s will be fought.

North and west of Trafalgar Square—in St. James's, Bloomsbury, Mayfair, St. Marylebone, Belgravia, Kensington, Bayswater—there is still some of the finest town architecture in Europe, as indeed there is in corners of all London's traditional inner "suburbs." These areas were developed from the early years of the 18th century and as such were predominantly classical, as opposed to medieval, in conception. Their layout was planned as a unity. Its basis was the

urban square, which although derived by Inigo Jones from Italy, was London's most positive and lasting contribution to the history of town planning. Indeed, it was more than just a square. As Sir John Summerson has written of the Earl of Southampton's development of Bloomsbury Square:

He realised that a square was not enough by itself; it had to be the centre of a residential unit comprising a market or shopping-centre and a number of smaller, less expensive streets. In fact, the whole thing had to have a life of its own.

Equally important was that the individual terraces and ranges of buildings within the pattern were designed to achieve a stylistic consistency. This type of development was by its very nature a fragile one. It depended to a tremendous extent on overall scale and individual proportion. Since the unified terraces were often massive—such as Nash's terraces round Regent's Park—they required correct perspectives for their scale to be appreciated. And even the mildest infilling could be ruinous, as could inadequate maintenance or the intrusion of different materials. (The effect of the Victorian terra cotta surrounds added to the Georgian windows in Russell Square is an ample illustration of this point.)

This basic type of development once covered the whole of the inner London area, excluding only its medieval core and some of the outlying villages such as St. Marylebone or Kensington. It was clearly too much to hope that it should survive intact; the commercial development of the main thoroughfares out of the city was inevitable since the old densities on these streets made them quite uneconomic. And indeed, it is perhaps remarkable that between these main thoroughfares so much has survived. One of the most surprising and delightful experiences of any modern city must be to walk through the almost rural village streets between Montpelier Square and Brompton Oratory—not a hundred yards from Harrods and not fifty, on either side, from the two main roads west out of London.

NEIGHBOURHOODS such as these are the quintessential London. By their grace and style, the Georgian and early Victorian areas possess precisely the qualities not only most needed as an escape from the glass and concrete heart of the capital, but also most sought after by tourists eager for cities that have not succumbed totally to the inhuman scale of so much modern development. They are qualities cities must possess if, over the next decades, they are not to see a perpetual flight of population to the seclusion of the suburbs and the country. What can be done to preserve them?

Existing "historic buildings" legislation provides protection—as in the central area—for most of the finest buildings, and for the set pieces such as Bedford Square. The surviving Georgian houses in neighbourhoods such as Mayfair and St. James's are mostly protected. And schemes such as Nash's Regent's Park and Carlton House Terraces are assured by the good work done on them by the Crown Estates Commissioners—too late, but better late than never. But the problem is, of course, not just to *preserve* individual buildings, but to *conserve* neighbourhoods, where they are still within reach of conservation.

Here a crucial first step was taken in 1967 with the Civic Amenities Act. It set out in legislative form the concept of a "conservation area," to be delineated by the local planning authority. These should be areas of "special architectural or historic interest, the character or appearance of which it is desirable to preserve or enhance." When an application is made for planning permission in *or near* (my italics) a conservation area, the proposal must be advertised and any consequent representations taken into account before the application is determined. Local authorities are also able to give grants and spend money on the rehabilitation and maintenance of listed buildings in a conservation area.

ALTHOUGH SOME IMPACT of this new awareness can be seen—for instance, in the brilliant restoration of Westbourne Terrace in Bayswater—the Act cannot yet be regarded as a success. Although the requirements on publicity are a useful advance they give the conservationist cause no real teeth, and in the formal sense they make no difference to controls already in existence. Conservation areas so far designated in central London are still being knocked about. And when, as so often happens, the local authority is basically sympathetic towards the intentions of the developer, there is little incentive for anyone to worry too much about observing the spirit as well as the letter of the Act.

Nor can much assistance be expected from the Central Government when that body is as susceptible to bureaucratic pressure as it showed itself to be over the destruction of Carlton Mews—and when its own Ministry of Works so regularly offends against the Government's own conservation legislation. The leering dominance of the Knightsbridge Barracks over the Park and over the Montpelier Square district, and the proposed destruction of the west end of Whitehall, are absolute classics of the type of development the Civic Amenities Act was intended to prevent. They might almost form its frontispiece. Yet the Ministry of Works

is subject to no outside sanction in these matters, acting as it does as the privileged agent of the Crown.

So often in the case of the destruction of environment by public authorities and institutions, the only recourse can be to a better-informed public opinion—opinion that is prepared both to bring political pressure to bear on those concerned and to foot what may often be considerable sums in compensation. It is remarkable how far the public is already prepared to go to retain, for instance, works of great art such as the Leonardo cartoon for the nation, and yet appears totally apathetic about the disappearance of the uniquely English art that is enshrined in so many London buildings.

BUT SINCE CONSERVATION is a constructive as well as a preservationist process, a substantial share of the responsibility must fall on the architectural profession. British architects, as I have suggested, cannot be proud of the city they have created out of the ruins of the War, whatever the financial and resource constraints within which they were operating. Part of the problem has been the almost ideological zest for "comprehensive redevelopment"—arch-enemy of conservation. Not only is it the laziest form of rebuilding, but it has been bolstered by the eternal desire of architects and their clients to erect monuments to themselves, aided by the sudden development of new construction techniques. The desolation created by Sir William Holford round St. Paul's, or at Stag Place, Victoria, or at the Elephant & Castle, should be an object lesson to the next generation of architects and planners. That no one now wants to shop in such soulless and unvariegated surroundings is one of the most encouraging signs of the vitality of modern Londoners.

THE GREATEST FAILING of modern architecture has been, quite simply, its inability to cope imaginatively and sensitively with small sites. "Piecemeal redevelopment," which was the traditional way in which a central London street renewed itself without necessarily losing its scale or character, has almost become a dirty word. Although excellent examples abound in the provinces, it is almost impossible to walk the streets of London and find good examples of sensitive infilling. Indeed examples of human-scale modern buildings in general are few and far between. Even buildings such as New Zealand House, excellent on their own terms, fail dismally when they reach the ground floor. Where the Georgian and even the Victorian architect concentrated his attention to scale and to visual detail at the street level,

New Zealand House produces a windswept rush round the corner from the Haymarket into Pall Mall. One can only remark with praise on Hammersmith Council's ability to produce intimate flats in almost Tudor proportions at Reperton Road in Fulham, and on such quiet exercises in imaginative infilling as the Hille Showrooms in Albemarle Street or Tom Kay's ingeniously designed house tacked on to the end of Kensington Place. But the general picture makes one long, at times, for architects to take up Batey Langley's 18th-century pattern books and to start again from the beginning.

For London is threatened by an assault on her physical character which is of a wholly different order from those that have happened before. It might be argued that the recent buildings of Richard Seifert, which are coming to dominate the London scene even more than did those of John Nash, are no less outrageous to

traditional styles than were the Italian imports of Inigo Jones in the 17th century. Jones' buildings, however, were still based on the Renaissance respect for the proportions of the human form. They introduced a variety that blended both in scale and in materials with their surroundings; and they did not tower over whole areas. Seifert's Centre Point, on Tottenham Court Road, is a piece of 20th-century sculpture—of considerable merit—which nonetheless comes like a slap in the eye down the length of Brook Street a mile away. Such buildings may have their place, but it is not here.

The Danish planner, Steen Rasmussen, in his brilliant book *London: the Unique City*, remarked that London's special quality lay in its scale. It is this scale we are now in danger of losing, and which we must preserve at all costs. For it is that which makes London such a supremely agreeable place to live.

Scotsborough

In the mornings, the mist would rise like ivy from the
Smoking clay; would grow in size, and in coldness
And in silence
Was heavier than air, and moved downward to the sea
There it hung in mournful purity, diluted by a cold sun
There it shifted in silent apathy among the shadows of the streets
Or searched for hand holds on the dripping walls

It lingered in bruised silence like thought-forms
It held things, and they glowed like white ember
Dissolved car radiators

It was not in any sense like the mist in Kent apple orchards
Winding among hop-poles
Like self love—
Those mists were like the souls of trees

This was leaf and tissue. It held among other things
Spider webs like long flowing beards; the sonorous
Chant of dripping water. This came into our valleys
Fleecy like Welsh, breeding houses as fear (we are told)
Breeds associations. It transformed the village to a pale negative
Drained of colour but not of form
If it touched walls, they turned to ash, to white dust
And were gone

Warwick Collins

AUTHORS & CRITICS

Dr. Darlington's provocative work

The Genetic Approach to World History

By Max Beloff

THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD after much heart-searching and debate has committed itself to a new honour school in the "Human Sciences." It is an interesting commentary on the superficiality of the protagonists of this scheme that history does not appear among the "human sciences." For either Professor Darlington is right in his belief that the evolution of man and the evolution of society are a single story, and that history which takes no account of man's biological nature is deprived of some of its essential clues to understanding, or he is wrong in which case no bridge between the natural and the social sciences is possible at all. For if we cannot understand the past how can we explain the present or predict the future, and how can we above all claim to understand enough of man and his environment to plan for either?

An historian with no claims to a scientific training is, of course, bound to accept the basic genetic contentions of Dr. Darlington just as Dr. Darlington in his long and endlessly fascinating work¹ has been bound to accept the conclusions of historians and archaeologists as well as those of other relevant scientific disciplines. All he can do is to ask whether there is in the historical record anything which Dr. Darlington wrongly omits or clearly misinterprets; and one should add that few historians themselves can profess a similar range of reference. For myself I can only say that where Dr. Darlington treads on ground with which I am more or less familiar I find it difficult to deny the relevance of the insights that he derives from the genetical approach.

It is after all difficult to refute his main contention, that history deals with human groups and human beings and that the one certain thing about human beings is that each of them has two parents. Whatever may ultimately be added to our knowledge of the origins of species or of the main groupings into which humanity divides, it is obvious that

physical descent from one generation to another is the inescapable pre-condition of there being human societies at all. Human breeding is, therefore, central to society and differences in breeding patterns a matter of primary concern to the student of human societies past and present. It is therefore quite natural that all the great religions should have paid so much attention to the subject in "incest tabus" and so forth.

HUMAN HISTORY is, consequently, largely determined by the interaction of peoples, genetically defined, with their environment and with other human groups through the migrations and conquests, the displacement of one people by another or their superimposition, leading to hybridisation with its frequent stimulus to cultural innovation or to some version of what we now call *apartheid*, in which case the Empire thus created is unlikely to be durable. For as Mr. Gladstone once remarked (on the basis of a narrower range of historical and scientific knowledge than that available to Dr. Darlington): "No conquest has ever been permanent unless followed by an amalgamation..."

Nevertheless, this view of history and the nature of the social theory that results from it are neither of them likely to receive a warm welcome in the present intellectual climate. They challenge not so much the facts as seen by historians of this or that epoch but the framework of assumptions of most of the liberal intelligentsia of the West. Dr. Darlington's view of history stresses what they would rather forget and is pessimistic for reasons quite different from theirs.

IN THE FIRST PLACE, Dr. Darlington's work reminds one of the importance of groups, particularly breeding-groups (which is to say races), while the current fashion is to emphasise the individual. The critics will fasten on the negative aspects of this belief in the conclusions that Dr. Darlington draws from his view that "throughout history all cities have been based on the assortment of races and classes and we cannot doubt that they always will be." One is that "racial discrimination has a genetic basis with a large instinctive and irrational component" and that therefore though it may be modified by education or economic processes "it cannot be suppressed by law."

A perhaps even more disturbing conclusion is that the institutions and beliefs of one culture can only affect another through genetical admixture and that conquest leading to such admixture has been the main source of cultural and institutional progress. Where this is prevented, for instance by the success of the modern anti-colonial movement, regression is likely and

¹ *The Evolution of Man and Society*. By C. D. DARLINGTON. Allen & Unwin, 70s.

will continue until biological evolution working through its normal instruments of "war, famine, and disease" takes over and produces some new and productive form of stratification; as it is now

the colonised and genetically stratified societies are, as always, advancing faster than the uncolonised or decolonised and unstratified societies. The developed countries are developing faster than the undeveloped countries. Africa is moving no longer towards but once more away from Europe.

One could however point equally well to the positive side of Dr. Darlington's thesis, namely the fact that the pool of human genes is complete, and that any further developments must come from the interactions between existing groups or the hybrids they may yet produce. Since we cannot predict what strain may prove most valuable the important thing is to preserve as many as possible. Any group that disappears either through massacre or through exposure to diseases or other adverse factors with which it cannot learn to cope in time is a net loss to humanity.

The strength of the human race lies in the multiplicity of its components and current thinking which regards its members as interchangeable takes no account of fundamentals. On the other hand, Dr. Darlington sees it as natural that groups should live side by side in the same societies and specialise in their economic and social roles. So far from it being an anomaly that the Asians in East Africa should specialise in trade and the African peoples themselves be divided between pastoralists and agriculturalists, he suggests that this is normal in civilised life, and that the hereditary association of human groups with particular crafts and skills goes back to the earliest times and is a constant feature of all civilisations. As he shows, the destruction of such a group or its expulsion does not simply mean that the other people can take over its role; the role may just not be performed and society may slide backwards as a result of measures taken in the name of racial or religious or national absolutism.

DR. DARLINGTON'S SECOND OFFENCE from the point of view of modern conventional wisdom is the relatively low importance that such a genetical view of history ascribes to the economic factor and to the notion of class divisions based upon it. The important thing becomes not the "means of production" themselves with social and political organisation as a mere "superstructure" but the groups that acquire or inherit particular techniques, and the ability of other groups to use their superiority as warriors, priests, or bureaucrats to establish a social order in which they can acquire and

retain the rights to participate in the product of the economic order. Thus the lament of men like Milovan Djilas that the ruling bureaucracies of the modern Communist states are seeking to form a ruling caste or a "new class" is to make assumptions about the possibility of a wholly fluid social order which has no possible roots in man's genetic or psychic make-up.

Much of modern sociology which seeks to explain the inegalitarian nature of human societies as an artificial deviation from a norm is thus seen to be utopian rather than scientific in its foundations. In every individual case we have to return to the genetical composition of the population in question and to its relations with the environment and in particular to the two most formidable aspects of the environment—food (or the lack of it) and disease. Here the human geneticists link up with the students of the plant and animal kingdoms. The human map of the world is only understandable in relation to the limitations set by climate and the carriers of disease. The fact once again that dietary and hygienic prescriptions figure so largely in the laws of most religions is not without significance. On the other hand, while these laws may help to preserve peoples within their original environment they may also limit their expansion. Christianity which was laxer in these matters than Judaism or Islam was also more adaptable since the condemnation of polygamy, which was distinctive of it, could be modified by its large-scale toleration of concubinage particularly in the Christian Middle Ages.

Islam and the Arabs could only advance through conquest which acted as a stimulant to cultural development only when the conquerors could "hybridise" with something valuable in the peoples conquered. Islam itself set bounds to the process:

... the austere prohibitions so suitable for a poor pastoral people could not attract or convert the sophisticated and civilised and settled peoples already possessing unimagined luxuries. The prohibition of wine limited expansion into Europe with the richest vineyards in the world. The prohibition of the pig barred the way into China where pork is a necessity of life. The prohibition of dancing could never find favour with the Negro peoples of Africa to whom, by racial character, dancing is the natural bond of society.

AS IF IT WERE NOT ENOUGH to have affronted the Marxists and the egalitarians, Dr. Darlington also challenges the view that history itself is a story of progress in terms of man's control over his environment. On the contrary, the current reaction against the destruction of natural resources and the pollution of air, water and soil is put into a context in which man's concern for immediate returns and his unawareness of

or indifference to the long-term consequences is long-standing. Deforestation with all its climatic consequences and the growth of deserts are commonplaces of history.

Every new source from which man has increased his power on the earth has been used to damage the prospects of his successors. All his progress has been made at the expense of damage to his environment which he cannot repair and could not foresee.

The lessons of the past do not encourage optimism about the future. To give the scientists and technologists a free hand in the name of economic growth may bring terrible retribution.

It is, therefore, clear that much of the criticism that Dr. Darlington's ideas are bound to generate is not the product of scholarly dissent from his ideas but of an unwillingness to face their implications for social and political theory. If the past is as he describes it we cannot talk about the present or future in the language we do. In this respect, Dr. Darlington has plenty of precursors in the history of science from Galileo to Darwin and Freud. But one should not proceed from one's impatience with the critics to accept without question every aspect of Dr. Darlington's analysis or even its theoretical basis at the level to which he has brought it in this work.

THE TROUBLE WITH the genetical approach like that with so many other alleged "keys to history" is that it explains too much, so that one comes to ask whether it can in fact be used to explain anything in particular. Sometimes one wonders whether we do not need some clarification as to the rapidity with which genetical intermixture can change the inheritance of societies and groups and of the extent to which it is possible to talk of skills or proclivities or temperaments as being inherited in the same way as physical characteristics such as cranial formation or pigmentation. No doubt men can only build upon what they inherit. But when we talk of the inheritance of a skill do we mean that a man possesses it irrespective of nurture or merely that he learns it from his parents and thus appears to have inherited it? Doesn't the genetical approach conceal an element of metaphor?

Dr. Darlington suggests that the reforms of Solon and Cleisthenes by the protection they gave to the artisan

increased still further the attraction of Athens for craftsmen and traders from all over the Greek world and outside it. They even allowed a stream of selected talent to flow into Athenian society by liberation from the large number of slaves in the population.

The decisive switch given to Athenian develop-

ment "resulted after the two or three generations which the possibilities of breeding lead one to expect in the golden age of Athenian achievement." By contrast, the ineradicable inbreeding of the Spartan governing class made it inflexible and incapable of recruitment so its numbers fell disastrously.

On the other hand, as Dr. Darlington points out, there have been many successful societies and classes which have practised inbreeding; so we come to the explanation that "decline in all societies is connected not with inbreeding or outbreeding as such but with a switch from one to the other." If a society practices inbreeding then it must not eliminate internal competition through the selected admission of outsiders within the pale. This is what the Venetian ruling group did in 1297 and the decline of Venice followed. . . . Certainly; but *when* did it follow? It was over two centuries later that the new conditions arose which Venice found it hard to exploit in her favour, and even then the Republic's history had some dramatic and heroic pages in store before its disappearance. The time-scale has been altered.

Even so, provided one keeps the argument about creativity and enterprise in very general terms one must be impressed with the importance of keeping the genetic factor in mind. It is when the argument becomes particular that one's suspicions are more aroused. Dr. Darlington is attracted by the case of the Mamelukes and of their success as a ruling caste so long as they were recruited afresh from "its equalitarian foundations in the slave-market." But he goes on: "if profiting from their success they married and bred, having no women of their own war-like race, they begot worthless progeny. . . ." What is a war-like race? Does Dr. Darlington imply that if they had been found "Circassian" brides from the slave-market to breed from, their progeny would have had the qualities of their parents? The issue is not an academic one, or was not; for much Imperial policy, notably British policy in India, was based upon the assumption that there are war-like and non-war-like peoples. . . . Is this distinction genetical?

Dr. Darlington makes much use of Jewish history in his argument, which is understandable since for all the lacunae in Jewish history it is the longest and most detailed that we have for any human group. The State of Israel is, as Dr. Darlington points out, genetically differentiated and may for some time largely continue so. But what its component strands have in common is the ability of their ancestors to survive through the "ability to fit into societies from which they were racially excluded." In so doing, they filled different but usually specialised roles. Nowhere was this role a military one. Yet within a generation or two, one has a

people whose most obvious characteristic is a formidable power of making war—so that professional Israeli instructors in the military art are now to be found as far away as Singapore. Which is the war-like race, the Jews or the Chinese?

Next only to Jewish history, Dr. Darlington regards the Huguenots and their descendants as a great repository of evidence about the importance of the genetical factor. For their fortunes can be traced both at home in France where they remained a "useful but not very remarkable section of society" and also in migration. . . . And for Dr. Darlington the "brain-drain" is another constant, from ancient Sumer onwards, of human societies whether produced by expulsion or by the search for greater opportunities.

In migration some Huguenots continued to interbreed, others outbred with the host peoples:

So far as they remained inbred, they introduced and developed their manufactures of glass and metalwork, technical achievements contributing to a new growth of industry. Yet outbred, they yielded over a period of six generations outstanding new individuals in every field of activity and culture.

Yet this outbreeding was clearly with Protestant elements of perhaps a not very different stock. One should outbreed then, but not too much. How does one know what is the right degree? Only by the results. It is rather reminiscent of Arnold Toynbee's "challenge and response" whose limitations were so conclusively demonstrated by the late Pieter Geyl.

THERE IS ALSO the temptation of suggesting that where a society is divided, the lines of division must correspond to some genetical difference. For instance, Dr. Darlington rightly points out how stratified English society was before, and even more after, the Norman Conquest. The Norman Baronage (by his own account) having secured their privileges used them to inbreed, with the result that after the marriage of lords to heiresses (and heiresses, then as later, are suspect as being the outcome of sterility in the male line) lands were concentrated into fewer and fewer hands, so that the Wars of the Roses almost destroyed the entire caste. But if that is the case then the England of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries must have seen a good deal of intermixture between the different strata in the population. And if that is so, and Dr. Darlington assures us that it is, then it is hard to see why he should assume that a *genetic* factor entered into the ultimate choice between King and Parliament in the Civil War. Certainly he gives no evidence to show that this was so, and one could assemble a good deal of evidence to the contrary.

One's doubts are still harder to remove when one comes from what might be called macro-theory to micro-theory. Over and above his general interest in human societies and groups, Dr. Darlington is particularly interested in the history of dynasties which have provided humanity's rulers for most of our recorded history. How to keep power without sharing it or raising up supplanters? This has been crucial to all dynasties. The two usual expedients have been close inter-breeding such as the brother and sister marriages of Ptolemaic Egypt and the employment of eunuchs. The former has physical consequences even in its less extreme forms; the latter is unsafe because eunuchs can also hope to perpetuate power through collaterals. The only healthy monarchical system was that of the early and high Middle Ages when Kings could take brides from royal families from a wide range of countries from Scotland to Kievan Russia. The Tartar and Turkish conquests and the Reformation cut down the range of choice, and the fate of the Habsburgs shows what inbreeding can do.

Dynastic practices, in turn, may affect the wider society. Byzantium practised the cult of eunuchism and thus deprived society of the genetic inheritance of able men in every generation. The clerical "celibacy" of the West which did not prevent churchmen from having progeny but only from having legitimate progeny was more effective; a non-hereditary ruling group with a career open to the talents was created, and was still to contribute to society's genetical make up. It is only when vows of chastity are taken seriously that society suffers.

IT IS CLEAR THAT considerations of this kind are too often overlooked especially in the standard treatises on (for instance) European medieval history, written as they are even in modern Universities by men with monkish lenses, who concentrate on doctrine and institutions at the expense of living and disconcerting reality. To read Dr. Darlington makes one want to do one's history over again and to ask one's colleagues whether they can controvert from fact such generalisations as that "equal fusion of unequal races, genetically and ecologically contrasted races, never occurs"; to ask what happens to much of modern sociology and economics (e.g., development economics) when the genetical factors are abstracted.

If "human sciences" meant more of this kind of thing, one's scepticism might be less profound. This is an important book but perhaps a dangerous one. If there were an "X" certificate for books, I am not sure I should not want to apply it here. In the hands of some popularisers it might tend to corrupt. For the adult reader it is not to be overlooked.

LETTERS

Writers & Publishers

IF MR. MATTHEW CORRIGAN thinks that the hubristic publisher's editor is a new phenomenon, he may reflect that long after Byron was established as the most eminent (and profitable) of English authors, John Murray took advantage of his residence abroad to cut from his plays, without even seeking his permission, crucial lines which might be thought to offend the orthodox.

However, I do see what Mr. Corrigan means ["Malcolm Lowry, New York Publishing and the New Illiteracy," *ENCOUNTER*, July]. I only doubt if the American author is entirely the blameless victim he believes. Within my limited observation, there seems today a fatal tendency to confide, to seek reassurance from the editor, and often the agent too, about work in progress. I do not think Lowry was exceptional in this; writers do it who live quite gregarious lives. If an editor gets from one of his authors a long synopsis of his new book, a statement of its aims, and several draft chapters, he can hardly be blamed for assuming that his advice is sought, not only on the book's aesthetic in which the author must have lost his way, but on its commercial prospects. He will answer accordingly, and he is not infallible.

Perhaps unintentionally, Mr. Corrigan leaves an impression that publishers are forcing authors to submit unfinished work for scrutiny. I can only say that from the outset of my writing life, I have never given any information whatsoever about any book of mine, even its general subject, till I was ready to start the fair copy; and the fair copy is the only thing I have ever shown. If this has caused inconvenience, no publisher has ever put pressure on me to change my methods. I must take it therefore that if writers find their confidence sapped by editorial comment at a sensitive stage of the work, they have brought it upon themselves.

Mr. Corrigan seems himself to regard a writer's being alone with his creation as a traumatic experience, like being marooned in outer space. He says of Lowry "He was indeed isolated" (yet he had a loyal and perceptive confidante), "he was not a member of an intellectual coterie" (good for him; coterie life is usually a substitution of talk for work). Why must the writer keep grabbing for support, like a learner on a bicycle who dares not trust himself to his own centre of gravity? No one else in the world can know at what fellow human, *semblable et frère*, the work he has conceived is aimed, and he should have more sense than to ask for the information. One novelist I know has certain knowledge that his most successful book, both critically and commercially, would never have been written had he first consulted his English publisher, who on reading the *ms.* begged him earnestly not to do this kind of thing again.

Perhaps more in America than elsewhere, but probably everywhere, writers have compromised their own freedom by failing to accept that the companionship they seek must be bought at the price of solitude. The fellowship of minds, earned by the finished work, is their essential need; and only disaster can result from their sitting down on the way to feach for substitutes.

MARY RENAULT

Cape Town

Tiger's Reply

MISS KATHLEEN NOTT's reply [*ENCOUNTER*, January] to my article "The Dangers of Finding Something Out" is not very helpful. It was not my claim that social scientists should ignore questions of morality and artfulness; and it is simply incorrect for Miss Nott to suggest that "...social scientists don't know or largely ignore... questions of morals and art." In fact, my argument was just the reverse of this: that social scientists have paid such attention to these very questions of morality and aesthetics or style between communities that they have overlooked some broad similarities which may reflect biological infrastructure of human life. One of these regularities is that humans create moral structures, which are also amenable to classification and analysis. A special characteristic of the human is precisely this propensity to create moralities, to define style, to pursue art. It is splendidly illogical to claim, as Miss Nott does, that the differences between humans and animals is that humans are moral—that in other words morality is a characteristic of the species—and then say this same morality proves we are not animals. Miss Nott suggests we are arguing about the definition of what is human. Not only is that now a supremely boring and anciently repetitive question, it is also a non-question. There is only one human species, and that is that. The real question is: what kinds of behaviour does this species show, what regularities, what divergences are there, and how is this behaviour generated, expressed, and modified.

It is unclear why Miss Nott objects to my effort to suggest that sexual differences in *Homo sapiens* may extend beyond the simple mechanical facts of reproduction. If anything reduces humans to "animals" it is this assertion of the limited and miserable view that we live by bed alone as males and females, and that there are no other real differences of consequence between the sexes. Aside from the empirical fact that in all cultures males and females engage in extensively different careers as people, surely one is entitled to consider the possibility that sexual equality need not rest on the premise that males and females are the same. If we are indeed the moral creatures Miss Nott thinks, then presumably we are capable of treating men and women equally even though we recognise that in certain respects they differ, just as in others they are similar. There is no reason whatever for females to have to compete as men in a male-oriented and dominated world when in fact everything we see around us suggests that most women have children, and yet have some interests in the labour force, in

politics, etc., which they are routinely prevented from pursuing in any formal and systematic way in part because the community makes no special provisions for women. A simple example is the nature of the work week. There is no reason whatever why a full work week should be confined to the male-oriented pattern and why women with young should not be able to be full-time employees with pension, seniority (and *moral* rights in a job) even though they may at certain stages of their lives wish to or be able to work only one or two days.

This need have nothing to do with biology. But nonetheless as a practical and scientific approach to social phenomena biology may help encourage a broader secular competence coupled with a clearer notion of what is sacred about the encounter of human beings with their community. That is why I considered the possibility of a new form of medieval moral structure of interdependence—of which our current fuss about Pollution may be a real and metaphorical indication—which can be abetted by a searching appraisal of what kind of animals we are.

One understands the fears this may inspire. I was not myself prepared for the extent of confusion

which can be generated by discussing Sociology and Biology—many people thought that my writings (and some others which try to come to terms with similar issues) are essentially or potentially “racist” documents. Aside from the ease with which this can become a handy smear tactic, it also assumes (a) that biology is in the state it was during the fulminations of the Social Darwinists (who were not particularly social, and were certainly not Darwinists), and (b) that races are analytically the same as sexes, which is just ignorant. Invoking the Nazis, as Miss Nott does, is appropriate in one sense, but inaccurate in another. The Nazis didn’t *know* biology; they used some neo-biological fancies to justify what they were going to do anyway—as other societies have done who never heard of biology. The whole effort of contemporary biology is to assert the stupidity of using the term “race” in any other serious sense than the cosmetic, and to affirm the systematic interplay of the components of the living system—and this includes all of us. It is also another measure of the reality and promise of our moral imagination.

LIONEL TIGER

New York City

Mindless in California, Half Baked .

By Michael Livingston

YOU CERTAINLY OWE your readers some kind of an explanation for that mystifying document which you published from that young Harvard man, Richard Hyland, under the title of “In Defence of Terrorism” (ENCOUNTER, April, p. 30).

I am quite aware, as a regular reader, that you have over the years tried to do your share of reportage and analyses of this phenomenon. But in the end even the most alert and attentive student of the problem must, on occasion—as I am, at this moment—be overcome with astonishment and bewilderment. Whence this tidal wave of political puerility, cultural nihilism, infantile amorality? The University which sustained this young man and presumably influenced him (if not, why not?) must be something of a degenerated educational institution, a School for Barbarians, if one judges by the ideas which jerk helplessly in this adolescent mind.

“I have learned only two things in my four years at Harvard. The first is that an equally intelligent, rational, and valid argument can be made on all sides of any question from any and all premises. The second is that those arguments have no relationship to anything but themselves...”

For all his implied criticisms of Harvard in his ENCOUNTER article on “The Vulnerability of the U.S. University” (July), Professor Oscar Handlin

never went far enough to account for all the little monsters that have been crawling out of the campus bushes. Who indeed has gone far enough, deep enough, subtly enough?

I appreciate the force of the psychiatric analysis which Professor Bruno Bettelheim has offered (“Obsolete Youth,” September 1969). And the case of Richard Hyland documents it: “What has happened to our generation is that we never got what we wanted.... We don’t want any part of the whole civilisation. It might be necessary to go back two hundred years and start again.” But is Bettelheim enough? I go most of the way with Sidney Hook in his critique of the nihilism which is the centre of “The Ideology of Violence” (ENCOUNTER, April 1970). Or, as Hyland puts it, “blowing up buildings can show that you’re serious.... Terrorism could help restore the understanding of transcendence.... The very virtue of terrorism, in fact, is that it allows a spontaneous release of frustrations....” But is Hook enough? I found much relevant illumination in the parallel which Norman Cohn drew between the pitiful primitives of ecstatic simplism in several centuries (“The Ranters,” April 1970). And Hyland and his classmates want nothing more than to join hands in a circle in Harvard Square, to sing and dance among fancied sacred ruins: “Only then will we be able to plant trees and flowers all over our woes, and begin again....” Yet surely Professor Cohn digni-

fies this when he thinks of it in the perspective of *The Pursuit of the Millennium*. It is more like crawling on all fours towards the nearest Maypole. But perhaps our intellectual critics are needlessly pointing their big philosophical, psychological, and anthropological guns at little creepy-crawlies which are never quite big enough to be in their line of fire. I have just been reading the interview with Mr. Flyland which *The New York*

Times Sunday Magazine recently published (7 June) on the occasion of that world-shattering academic event, namely, his graduation from Harvard with the class of '70. He remains preoccupied with the problem of violence and terrorism, but he is still not sure (after all, he might have to make a rational decision about this!) whether it is such an absolute necessity that he personally must commit himself. His qualms are truly touching:

Nonnegotiable

Isms

*The liberal is your true undying friend,
But disagree with him and that's the end.
The radical, however, claims no friend
Except his catechism, which can bend.
In the revolution there are always cracks:
The Communists killed Trotsky with an ax.
The guns of the Idealists are red-hot:
Whoso commits nonviolence is shot.*

There are no Ghettos

*There are no ghettos in America;
There are plenty of slums and heartbroken cities
But no ghettos. Ghettos had law and honour
And cleanliness. Ghettos lived by the Book
And when the soldiers came, died by the Book.
Let's get the language straight;
Let's be done with this defilement of language;
Let's be done with criminal "humanists"
And poets who hire out for hate.*



Sestina: of the Militant Vocabulary

*The first word you must know is relevant,
The qualifier of experience.
Relevant experience of the revolution,
For instance, trains you to confront the pigs,
The first defence line of the power structure,
Which guards insidiously the Establishment.*

*What we are after is the Establishment,
Which acts as if we are not relevant
And forces us to wreck the power structure.
This confrontation is an experience
Not only for the people but for the pigs
Whom we'll win over in the revolution.*

*When we make love we make the revolution,
As war is made by the Establishment,
For in our confrontation with the pigs
We prove to them that they're irrelevant
And immaterial to the experience,
Which in itself can wreck the power structure.*

*The military-industrial power structure,
A major target of the revolution,
Must also be a sexual experience.
To expose the symbols of the Establishment
Expose yourself—it's highly relevant
And absolutely petrifies the pigs.*

*In our utopia there will be no pigs
And no remains of any power structure
Except what we decide is relevant;
And what is relevant but revolution?
We spell the death of the Establishment,
Which will probably welcome the experience.*

*Meanwhile, experience the experience;
Demand, demand, and overwhelm the pigs
Till we in fact are the Establishment
And constitute a groovy power structure.
Remember the slogan of the revolution:
Now is forever; Now is relevant.*

*While pigs perpetuate the power structure,
Baby, be relevant to the revolution
Till we experience the Establishment.*

Karl Schapiro
in *ESQUIRE MAGAZINE* (New York)

"...I've never been involved in anything like that, in killing people, or creating situations in which people might be killed.... I don't know if I'm ready for that. But we had to learn from Cleaver that the only thing the Panthers could do was use guns.... So I don't want to say it's necessary, because if you really believe in something you do it."

But for projects short of murder he can still be had. He was one of the leaders of the so-called "trashing" of Harvard Square in April. He still, after all his years in Cambridge, Mass., can't get over the fact that there are banking institutions in the town ("Think of that—*five banks* in Harvard Square..."); and he still recommends that all the windows be broken and the places be all set on fire.

As I say, I remain baffled, even after the ideological explanations of Richard Lowenthal (pointing to misbegotten Marxian heresies), and the sociological explanations of Robert K. Nisbet (pinning it all on the pampered brats of the white middle classes), and the academic explanations of Oscar Handlin (pubertarian know-nothingism run

wild), and the historical explanations of Melvin J. Lasky (analysing the recurrence of the Prometheans, the Domsday Metaphysicians, the Sweet Dreamers, and the prisoners of the Revolutionary Metaphor).

Perhaps the explanation, in the case of Hyland, is simpler. I should have suspected it, but there it was in the *New York Times*. The boy comes from—*California*. As he movingly recalls, "There is so much sun and people were really very happy." A mindless child of California, half baked in the sun.

"I didn't have any exposure to all the usual humanist ideas. I had read six books before I came to Harvard. I still don't read much. I've never gotten the reading habit...."

Six books! Why search further—in the psyche, or the class conditioning, or in repressed religious longings? The answer, to paraphrase Samuel Johnson, may well be very simple indeed—sheer ignorance.

Know-nothingness is a bottomless pit.

MICHAEL LIVINGSTON

Oxford

In Defence of Psychiatry

By J. P. M. Tizard

PROFESSOR HENRY MILLER has something in common with Mr. Richard Gordon: each is a doctor who is also a prolific, elegant and entertaining writer. I can curl up (as much as my low back pain will allow) in an armchair with Henry Miller's latest essay with as great and as justified anticipation of enjoyment as I would with Mr. Gordon's newest novel.

In respect of his recent *jeu d'esprit*, "The Abuse of Psychiatry," [ENCOUNTER, May] his opinions are certainly shared by many doctors, but it would be a mistake to suppose that they are generally accepted by the medical profession.

His attitude is perhaps most clearly revealed in the penultimate paragraph with his reference to the unimportance of low back pain; it gives the impression that he is one of those doctors who have little time for those suffering from conditions they cannot understand. In the same paragraph Professor Miller suggests that individuals with less serious psychiatric symptoms, as those with low back pains, should be told to pull themselves together and get

on with their jobs. From a practical point of view, this sturdy British common sense advice may well be correct: it is not so much that these patients have nothing requiring psychiatric (or medical) treatment, but rather that the majority of doctors do not know how to treat them. Nevertheless, there is "something wrong" with these patients; their complaints deserve serious study; and the victims, in the absence of more effective therapy, at least merit sympathy.

Similarly, Professor Miller may well be correct in advocating a "convenient, common sense disposal" by society of thieves and swindlers, but to do so on the grounds that most of them are not irresponsible victims of mental disease begs the question of Professor Miller's definition of that term. Let me put it the other way round and ask Professor Miller if he would regard the majority of thieves and swindlers as mentally healthy.

Professor Miller's analysis of the abuse of psychiatry seems to boil down to four complaints against psychiatrists:

1. that they do not always diagnose organic disease presenting with mental symptoms;
2. that they interfere with the administration of justice—as that term is usually understood;
3. that they are scientifically unsound; and
4. that they pontificate about normal human behaviour, interpersonal relations, and ultimately world affairs.

J. P. M. TIZARD is Professor of Pediatrics and Director of the Neonatal Research Unit at the Institute of Child Health, University of London. He is the author of many papers in scientific and medical journals.

There is certainly some substance to all these complaints. To the first two Professor Miller, apparently unwittingly, suggests in his article a neat solution; the third raises the problem of the extent to which psychiatry in its very nature can be a science like, for instance, physics; as to the fourth, some psychiatrists, like some neurologists, are guilty of pontificating, but it is hardly fair to single them out for this charge.

In the first paragraph of his article Professor Miller defines psychiatry as neurology without physical signs; in his second and third, he bemoans the fact that the practice of psychiatry in Britain has been isolated from that of general medicine—especially neurology. The answer is simple enough: this kind of psychiatrist—the practitioner of neurology without physical signs—should be the same individual as the neurologist who likes his patients to have physical signs. Neurology with physical signs is not so exacting a branch of Medicine as to debar its more distinguished practitioners (including Professor Miller of course) from taking up the practice of neurology without physical signs. (Incidentally, many of my best friends are neurologists.)

Had Professor Miller himself been such a neuro-psychiatrist, he would have diagnosed his own cases of cerebral tumour instead of leaving this to be done by his hard-headed, eclectic psychiatric colleagues, thus saving his patients time and himself from being infuriated. Also he would have diagnosed the rather obvious case of porphyria in his young woman patient while at her bedside instead of when halfway home in his car.

Then if a "Society" decides that criminals should from the standpoint of "disposal" be divided into those who have and have not organic mental disease, or some easily definable sort of insanity such as schizophrenia, this decision could surely be left to the neuro-psychiatrist, who could be called as expert witness, and who need not be "on the side of" the person examined.

Thus freed from the responsibilities of re-diagnosing the neurologists' cases and of telling our judges who should and should not be punished, the real psychiatrist (the type whom Professor Miller's Society aims to abolish) can turn, no doubt with a sigh of relief, to the more challenging task of studying the vast problems of emotional disturbance that are not yet classifiable in physical and chemical terms and which slide imperceptibly into the vagaries of mental health.

It is impossible for any human being to be entirely dispassionate in the dissection of another's emotional life, and the psychiatrist's belief that he must always be on the side of a person examined, a belief which seems hilarious to Professor Miller, to me seems infinitely reassuring. Then since there is no dividing line between mental health and mental illness, it is not surprising that the psycho-analyst should have opinions to express on normal human behaviour.

ANY ORDINARY PERSON reading Professor Miller's article would think that the majority of mental and emotional disturbances could be proved to be due to recognisable organic disease, if only this were sought with sufficient assiduity. This is not the

case. Nevertheless the occasional failure to recognise organic disease as a cause of mental symptoms may sometimes be of serious consequence to the patient. Thus I agree with Professor Miller that psychiatrists should also be well trained physicians. But by the same token one could argue that physicians should also be psychiatrists, because extensive, expensive, and sometimes hazardous investigations for organic disease in the mentally disturbed are also serious for the patient and might, when unnecessary, be avoided on the advice of an experienced psychiatrist.

It is probable, as Freud predicted, that the psychoneuroses will one day be definable in precise scientific terms, just as one can foresee the time when the thoughts underlying Professor Miller's contribution and my reply will be expressible as a series of biochemical and biophysical equations. But that day is a long way off, and for the time being, the doctor who practises psychiatry had better be a philosopher (but not a logical positivist) rather than delude himself into believing that human emotions can be studied on strict Baconian scientific principles. "Dynamic psychiatry," of which Professor Miller appears to disapprove, provides such a philosophy and, more important, a method of study. Both are certain to be modified in the course of time; but until Professor Miller and his like can provide something better, they deserve respectful attention.

J. P. M. TIZARD

Uckeham, Middlesex

I AM DELIGHTED to have drawn the fire of so distinguished a clinical scientist as Professor Tizard, and to find that unlike some of our colleagues he regards medicine as a suitable subject for controversy in the columns of a literary and intellectual magazine. I cannot deal with all the points he raises, but surely some of the apparent discrepancies between our viewpoints are little more than semantic. I would certainly regard some of the criminals I have encountered as perfectly "healthy" from every point of view—but perhaps Professor Tizard is using "healthy" in a different sense? Secondly, my tardy recognition of porphyria is made even more inexcusable by the fact that I do in fact hold a higher qualification in psychiatry; however, diagnosis is perhaps a little easier from a loaded paragraph in *ENCOUNTER* than at the bedside of a difficult patient.

The only thing that really disturbs me about Professor Tizard is his vague obeisance to "dynamic" psychiatry or psycho-analysis. I would have hoped that Sir Peter Medawar's recent articles in *ENCOUNTER* might have severed what I know to be a rather wistful attachment. It is certainly not surprising that psycho-analysts should have opinions to express on normal human behaviour. Indeed they have opinions to express on practically everything. The reason I cannot share Professor Tizard's hinted veneration is that the whole of the psycho-analytic doctrine seems to me a monstrous imaginative fabrication, based on no more than a few grains of anecdotal data.

I hope Professor Tizard's low back pain recovers spontaneously. It is not that "the majority of doctors don't know how to treat it"—as though disease were a complicated lock to which only the most subtle doctors have the key. The sad truth is that since the pathological basis of low back pain is so often entirely obscure there is often no foundation for any rational form of treatment: it is a strange but incontrovertible fact that minor illness is so often more resistant to treatment than major disease. But even if he has to grin and bear it there is always the soluble aspirin—a form of treatment cheaper, more convenient, less tedious and less hazardous than psychotherapy, and one with a considerably higher success-rate in inducing symptomatic relief.

The University,
Newcastle upon Tyne

HENRY MILLER

Impartial Amnesty?

TIBOR SZAMUELY's flippant criticism of Amnesty International [ENCOUNTER, June], and his exaggerated eye-rolling pose of incredulity at what he claims is Amnesty's abstract dealing with the numbers of international political prisoners is, itself, a cynical and illogical—and abstract—manipulation of facts.

On the one hand, Mr. Szamuely makes the correct assumption that in the "real" world there is an important difference between jailing one political prisoner and jailing a thousand of them. However, his conclusion from this is not that it is, therefore, wrong to have any political prisoners, especially a thousand, but rather that the difference (abstract) of 999 men means that not all countries (abstract) are equally guilty (abstract). In other words, the difference between being on the ethical hook or off it, if one judges the guilt of a country which jails men for their beliefs, is 999. The difference is a quantitative one, according to Mr. Szamuely.

He accuses Amnesty International of blurring "the vital difference between totalitarian and non-totalitarian states." But if one relies on the logic and attitude expressed in Mr. Szamuely's article for guidance in determining such a difference, one soon learns that the main difference is that totalitarian states jail *more* people than do non-totalitarian states. Period. Yet, one wonders if such an abstract numerical proportion makes such a big difference to the individuals who are themselves behind bars.

Mr. Szamuely spends his energy trying to discredit Amnesty International's figures, while at the same time accusing the organisation of being too unrealistic when it finds all countries who jail individuals for political beliefs "equally guilty." What he fails to do, however, is precisely what Amnesty tries to do, and often succeeds at doing: bringing to the specific attention of free men the fact that there are *real live individual* political prisoners being held in jails throughout the world because they believe things that power establishments do not like.

To say that a country is, in some way, more "innocent" because it only jails 100 political prisoners, instead of the one million its Cold-War enemy jails, is to miss both the point, and the existence, of the prisoners themselves.

RICHARD G. GALLIGAN

New Haven, Conn.

AN AUTHOR OR EDITOR does not usually reply to reviews but I hope you will allow me to comment on Mr. Tibor Szamuely's article about Amnesty International in your June issue and his response to Mr. Martin Ennals in the August issue. One of the main pegs on which he hung his first attack was a Penguin entitled *Rights and Wrongs* which I edited for Amnesty; but I am concerned not so much to argue with Mr. Szamuely about the book as to defend the organisation which was responsible for its publication.

It is difficult to comment in detail on what Mr. Szamuely says because it is not always clear how serious he is. He makes one good joke in his first article and some readers may have taken the rest of it to be a series of bad ones. Nor is it clear how much of *Rights and Wrongs* he read and how much of it he understood. For example, he states that the "benign attitude to communism and the U.S.S.R." which he detects in some of the articles colours the rest of the contributions. However, he only comments on four of the six contributions. Secondly, though he is quite rightly enthusiastic about Mr. Peter Reddaway's exposure of some of the brutalities practised in the Soviet Union, he entirely fails to take one of Mr. Reddaway's main points which is that, despite everything, some kind of civil rights movement is coming to life in the U.S.S.R.

I do not want to suggest that Mr. Szamuely is an active opponent of the restoration of civil rights to people who have been deprived of them in other countries than the U.S.S.R., but some of what he says seems to me at least irresponsible. It surely does no good to anyone to attack the United Nations and the various Covenants on Human Rights, which have been laboriously hammered out, on the ground that the United Nations is often powerless and the Covenants seldom observed. What matters is that the organisation and the Covenants exist, giving us a framework within which to work and goals to work towards; if they did not exist we should be even worse off than we are.

If Mr. Szamuely accepts, as I am sure he does, that prisoners of conscience should at least be given a chance to defend themselves, it seems heartless of him to attack Amnesty for trying to achieve just that. Both his pieces give an impression of destructive intent. I imagine Amnesty is as ready as any other sensible organisation to welcome constructive criticism of the way it does its job, but the general burden of Mr. Szamuely's remarks is very far from helpful. It is a puzzle why he should conduct what could be a useful controversy in such terms, and it would be interesting to know how *he* would run Amnesty. Or would he just wind it up?

Finally, it is of course merely silly to suggest that Amnesty is unable to distinguish between various kinds of repression; most people, if given the chance, would prefer to go to prison than be shot or tortured and even the staff of Amnesty International (whom Mr. Szamuely seems to regard as a collection of other-worldly do-gooders) have enough sense to understand the difference.

CHRISTOPHER R. HILL

University of York

THE AMNESTEERS expose their pseudo-impartiality far better than I could ever have done. Just a few points in connection with their latest protestations.

Mr. Galligan assiduously falsifies everything I had written. When speaking of "the vital difference between totalitarian and non-totalitarian states" I most certainly did not reduce the issue to that of the number of political prisoners: I wrote in detail about the perversion of trade-unionism, the absence of a free press, etc. There is also such a thing as the "Rule of Law": the Galligans of this world ostentatiously pretend to disregard this, while careful to operate only from within its protection. A splendid vantage-point from which to deny the existence of totalitarianism.

For Mr. Galligan any sophistry is good enough when it comes to justifying totalitarian police-states. He falsely attributes to me the idea that the difference between jailing one political prisoner and a thousand is a purely quantitative one. This, as his letter plainly shows, is the basic premise of his own argument in favour of the Amnesty approach. However, even this callous logic would require that Amnesty adopt a line very different from its present policy, namely make a correspondingly greater effort on behalf of the thousand, instead of using an inverted ratio of indignation, as has been its invariable practice. Moreover, despite Mr. Galligan's twists and turns, numerical proportions are in fact something more than simple quantitative differences. For instance would he not agree that, although racial discrimination exists both in Britain and in South Africa, there is a qualitative difference between the two countries and the two systems?

Messrs. Galligan and Hill both affect great shock at my "flippancy." I suppose I did write flippantly—as flippantly, perhaps, as Swift in his *Modest Proposal*, and for the same reasons: hatred of hypocrisy and compassion for suffering (for suffering in which I have shared, and of which the worthies of Amnesty know little and understand nothing). I lay no claim to even a particle of Swift's genius, but at least my "flippancy" has succeeded in piercing Amnesty's hitherto impregnable complacency.

I fail to understand what Mr. Hill is complaining about. He makes no attempt to refute my charge of a "benign attitude to communism and the U.S.S.R." on the part of himself and his contributors (Peter Reddaway excepted). Instead he resorts to various evasions. What, for instance, has the emergence of a civil rights movement in the U.S.S.R. got to do with my case—unless Amnesty is arrogating to itself the credit for this movement?

According to Mr. Hill it is "merely silly" to sug-

gest that Amnesty is unable to distinguish between various types of repression—yet it is precisely this moral blindness that permeates Mr. Galligan's letter, as well as Mr. Hill's own introductory essays in his volume, where he takes a markedly kindlier view of Soviet tortures and killings (the decrease in which he finds "encouraging") than of South African banning (which he excoriates "with passion"). On the evidence of his letter I presume that he has had second thoughts since then.

Mr. Hill believes that if the various Covenants on Human Rights did not exist we should be worse off than we are. I beg to differ. The Soviet Constitution, as he knows, provides abundantly for the exercise of every conceivable human right. Yet we would be far better off without it, since its only purpose is to deceive well-meaning people into believing that these provisions *actually exist* and are actually honoured by the government that adopted them. Exactly the same applies to the international Covenants in which Mr. Hill and his colleagues have such unbounded faith. Pretty masks which conceal hideous reality are more dangerous than no masks at all. Moral "frameworks" and moral concepts have existed and been accepted by mankind long before the appearance of UNO or of Amnesty International. Spurious constitutional documents and statements of non-operative principles do not add anything to already existing human values or to our moral concern about right and wrong.

TIBOR SZAMUELY

London

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**Soviet Bid
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**Bonn Says Khrushchev
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By Leon Goldenson
The Soviet Union is expected to make a bid for a meeting with the West in Berlin, Bonn officials said today.



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AUTHORS

Bruce Mazlish is a professor of History at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. His book, *The Riddle of History*, was published by Harper & Row in 1966, and his essay "Clio on the Couch: Prolegomena to Psycho-History" appeared in the September 1968 ENCOUNTER. His article in the present number is based on a paper which he gave to the Reed College Inter-disciplinary Seminar on Autobiography in 1969; publication of all the papers prepared for that seminar is planned for the near future....

Millicent G. Dillon writes: "I was born in New York City and now live in Palo Alto with my two daughters. I have been a physicist, a technical assistant in an oil field, a staff assistant for the Association of Scientists for Atomic Education, a social worker and a modern dance teacher. I'm now a college teacher (English)." Her earlier story, "Induce" (ENCOUNTER, June 1969), will be included with "Second Bedroom" in her collection *Baby Perpetua and Other Stories*, to be published in 1971 by Viking Press, N.Y....

Simon Jenkins is a young (27) architectural columnist, whose first book, *A City at Risk: A Contemporary Look at London's Streets*, will be published next month. He writes regularly for the *London Evening Standard*....

James Morris' most recent article in ENCOUNTER was his study of Governor Eyre, "Between Duty & Murder" (July 1970). The first volume of his planned trilogy of Empire was *Pax Britannica* (Faber, 1968)....

The poem "A Word With History," which appears in this number of ENCOUNTER, is to be published in a second edition of *Five Centuries of Polish Poetry* by Jerzy Peterkiewicz and Burns Singer (O.U.P.)...

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Life & Letters Today —

London

MR. F. NEWMAN, the Sussex University publicity officer, yesterday allowed 10 students to search his office for personal papers.

For more than an hour they inspected press cuttings, books and other documents. Mr. Newman, who assured them that he had no political information in his files, allowed photographic copies to be made of several documents.

Afterwards one of the students said they had found left-wing leaflets, and there would probably be a demand that such leaflets should not be kept. THE TIMES

THE Italian Appeals Court which last November reduced the sentence for witchcraft on Professor Aldo Braibanti from nine years to four, has published a 184 page document explaining its verdict.

The court decided that the 48-year old defendant, who was specifically charged with having "plagiarised" (that is stolen) the personalities of two young men, turning them into robots, had actually not succeeded with one of his subjects, thus justifying the reduced sentence.

Reading like a nineteenth century penny novel, as these lengthy judicial verdicts often do, the three magistrates said that Braibanti was "a man full of charm and intelligence, who sought to compensate for his physical shortcomings (he is only about 5ft. 5in. tall) by exalting his intellectual gifts. He sought to be a leader. He professed anarchy, was opposed to the family institution, to the State, to the school system, and to the conformity of the masses."

The youth whom he successfully subjugated to his will ("he opened new horizons to me, I was Alcibiades to his Socrates," the victim told the court) was kidnapped from Braibanti's influence, put in a mental home by his parents, and ordered not to read any books written in the last 100 years. THE GUARDIAN

AN OXFORD University student was fined £5 and bound over to keep the peace for 12 months by Oxford magistrates yesterday after being found guilty of writing threatening words on the pillars of the Clarendon Building during last month's demonstrations.

Simon Sedgewick-Jell, a 19-year-old Balliol College student, pleaded not guilty. He was found guilty of displaying threatening words whereby a breach of the peace was likely to have been caused. The slogans included "BURN IT, DESTROY IT AND BUILD A FREE UNIVERSITY" and "TERRORISM."

Mr. Richard Cole, defending, said the writings were childish and were unlikely to be taken seriously. DAILY TELEGRAPH

NOT SO BANG ON: Oscar Wilde's crack that we and the Americans have everything in common except language is borne out by a useful little book just produced called "Important Information for Americans Only."

Some of the book's hints seem likely, however, to increase misunderstanding. No doubt many Londoners over 35 still exclaim "Bang on!" or "Jolly Good Show," though any American who tries out such expressions of goodwill in the King's Road is likely to be disappointed with the response. But how long is it since anyone said "Hard cheese," praised something as "spiffing" or condemned someone as a "rotter"?

Fony Quin, managing director of the publishers, Guest Publications Ltd., whose American wife is the editor, defends even this Wodehousian terminology. "We got a lot of help from the American Embassy, which told us many phrases Americans ask about" THE TIMES

THE MINISTRY OF DEFENCE has decided that commanders of royal ships no longer need to be issued an 1892 manual on how to deal with slave traders.

The manual (actually three little booklets) contained orders in Swahili that captains could use when boarding slave ships or landing on "uncivilised coasts." The phrases came in handy during Britain's war against slave traders between 1807 and 1867 but have been little used since then. INTERNATIONAL HERALD TRIBUNE

Washington

THE Federal Communications Commission has handed down a precedent-shattering decision by fining a noncommercial Philadelphia radio station \$100 for broadcasting "indecent" language.

The fine grew out of an interview with Jerry Gracia, leader of a top musical group called the Grateful Dead. In a recorded interview, he used a four-letter word for excrement ten times and a short term for sexual intercourse eight times.

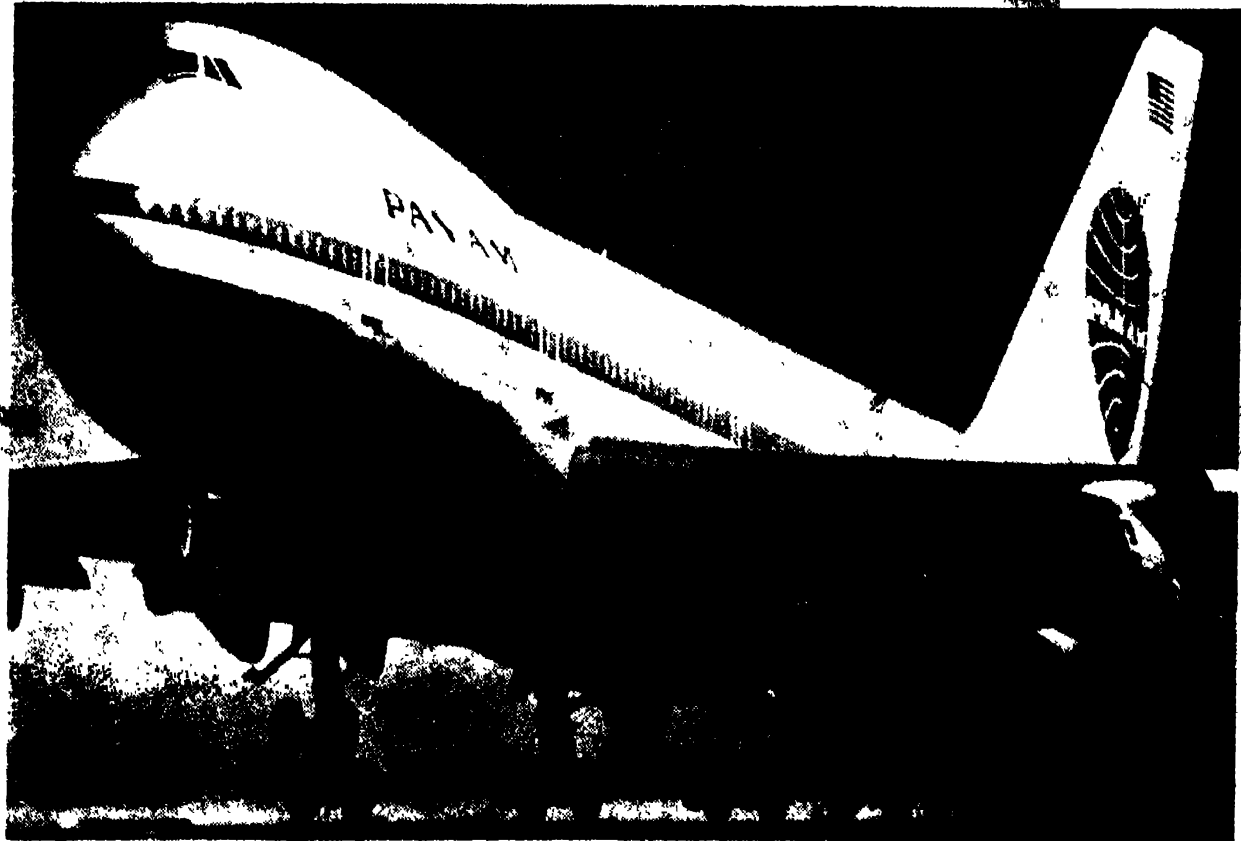
In addition, a visitor to the station, known only as "Crazy Max," volunteered to fill out the hour with comments and he, too used a four-letter word for intercourse.

If such language became widespread the FCC argued, it would undermine "the usefulness of radio to millions of others."

The \$100 fine drew a blistering dissent from Commissioner Nicholas Johnson: "What the commission decides, after all," he wrote, "is that the swear words of the lily-white middle class may be broadcast, but those of the young, the poor, or the blacks may not."

WASHINGTON POST

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John Passmore

sibility of human perfectibility and the hope of finding a way out of the human neurosis into that simple health that animals enjoy, but not man." Freud presented a dilemma: either civilisation, which rests on repression, or unrepressed enjoyment. When it came to the point he preferred civilisation, if with some misgivings. Brown, in the typical mystical fashion, chooses the other horn of the dilemma.

Freud's own teachings, Brown argues, are badly affected by repression. This is why—most clearly, perhaps, in his "Analysis Terminable and Interminable"—Freud was led to reject the view that it is ever possible fully to free a person from internal conflicts, to "perfect"

him. "Our aim," Freud wrote, "will not be to rub off every peculiarity of human character for the sake of a schematic 'normality,' nor yet to demand that the person who has been 'thoroughly analysed' shall feel no passions and develop no internal conflicts."² The object of psycho-analysis, he rather says, is to secure the effective operation of the ego, the "I" of everyday life. Brown, like the classical mystics, is completely dissatisfied with this everyday "I," and, more generally, with Freud's anti-perfectibilist conclusions.

FOR FREUD, although the child is "polymorphously perverse", civilisation rests on genital heterosexuality. So far as this is so, Brown concludes, civilisation is grossly imperfect. The perfected human being will delight "in that full

² *Analysis Terminable and Interminable* (trans. J. Rivière), in *Standard Edition*, Vol. XXIII, p. 250.



life of all the body which [he] now fears"; his sexual enjoyment will no longer be flawed by an anxiety lest it overstep the permissible limits of 'sensuality'.³ The concentration on genital sexuality is, Brown says, "unnatural" and constitutes "the bodily base of the neurotic character disorders in the human ego." We need not pause to ask whether this is so:

³ Recent investigations into sexual life in the United States have made it clear that in that country what Brown sets up as an ideal is in fact being largely realised: sexual relationships, to a rapidly increasing degree, are taking an anal or oral form. See the investigations reported in Charles Winick, *The New People: Desexualization in American Life* (New York, 1968; paperback ed., 1969), pp. 319-23. The new mysticism, in this and in other respects, may be responding to a general social change, as distinct from advocating an eccentric ideal.

Brown's ideal is what interests us, the ideal of an enjoyment which is immediate and absolute, which refuses nothing in the way of immediate experience.

As for science, that has value (Brown argues) only if it can be transformed into a "non-morbid" form in which it would be "erotic" rather than "sadistic," seeking, that is, "not mastery over but union with nature." It would then be a type of "erotic exuberance," no longer an attempt to replace the world we enjoy by a set of laconic formulae. Goethe's theory of colours, in which, in opposition to Newton's mathematico-physical analysis, colours are objects of immediate enjoyment, is for Brown, as for so many German or German-inspired thinkers, the paradigm of "true," non-morbid, science.



The Libertine as Hero

DOCTRINES very like Brown's are to be found in much of the literature of the 1960s, especially in novels originating in the United States. In an underground novel first published in 1966, Richard Farina's *Been Down so Long it Looks Like Up to Me*, drug-taking (with its object the destruction of time and care), sexual promiscuity (which does not involve any care for what is enjoyed), and mysticism (which cares nothing for any merely human achievements), run together in harness with nostalgia for the television serials of the children's session and—of all things—the writings of A. A. Milne. Scenes of sexual enjoyment are interlarded with extracts from *Winnie the Pooh*; one of the characters is named "Heffalump"—another, equally characteristically, is called "Gnossos," to suggest gnosticism.

That "Bible of the hippies," Henry Miller's *Tropic of Capricorn*, no less freely deploys all the old mystical themes. "There is only one great adventure," writes Miller, "and that is inward towards the self, and for that, time nor space nor even deeds matter." To embark on that "adventure," men must not go forward but backwards, according to Miller, into a super-infantile realm of being—to that life of early childhood which "seems like a limitless universe." The "hipster," Norman Mailer writes in a similar spirit, lives "in that enormous present which is without past or future, memory or planned intention." The ideal of John Barth's *Giles Goat-Boy*, characteristically, is "only to Be, always to Be, until nothing was . . . but one placeless, timeless, nameless throb of Being"—and "Be" is used as a synonym for sexual enjoyment.

Indeed, the demand for carefree, child-like enjoyment is what, at least in its "Romantic" form, "the revolt of the young" is about. Many of the young revolutionaries—very obviously in Czechoslovakia but, in some degree, also in the democracies—are still working within the liberal tradition. What they are seeking is an extension of democratic rights, greater access to representative institutions, a higher degree of personal freedom. They may be mistaken in believing that a particular right will give them greater freedom; but this is a mistake about

the facts. There is certainly nothing undemocratic, for example, in opposing conscription. The "Romantic" rebels, on the contrary, are not interested in democratic institutions or in democratic processes. In the manner of the anarchists before them, they would like to replace institutions by "community."

Although the two types of revolt are, in practice, interconnected in complicated ways, in their pure forms they stand in complete opposition one to another. This is very clearly brought out in Yves Ciampi's semi-documentary film *A Matter of Days* (1969). The young French "Romantic" revolutionary heroine is bored and exasperated by the Czechoslovakian student revolt; to her, it is merely an attempt to set up that sort of bourgeois society against which, in France, she has been rebelling. The contrast between the risk-taking revolution of the young Czechs and the theatrical gestures of the "Romantic" revolutionaries is only too manifest. But that is not to say that the "Romantic" revolutionaries have absolutely no ground for their revolt, however ill-defined may be their objectives and however unpalatably childish some of its manifestations may be. (Violence can be a form of play: and the faecal preoccupations of some of the more depressing American young are typical of childish scatology—although it has to be added that both violence and obscenity can be a reaction of helplessness. It has also to be added that neither violence nor obscenity is peculiar to the young. What their elders see, abstractly, as authority, the young experience concretely as violence.)

The society of their elders—to a degree exaggerated by the Depression and the war which followed—placed its emphasis either on success or on security, and, in either case, looked to the future. "Everything," writes Henry Miller, describing the household of his childhood, "was for tomorrow, but tomorrow never came." In general, modern life is extraordinarily dependent on time. No doubt, there are still areas of freedom. We have not yet reached the point described in J. G. Ballard's story "Chronopolis,"⁴ in which, to avoid traffic problems, every detail of everyone's daily life is governed by a rigid time-table. The narrator of Zamyatin's wholly time-dominated *We* can look back with astonishment to our own era as one when men were still free to

⁴ Included in J. G. Ballard, *The Four-Dimensional Nightmare* (Penguin, 1965).

walk in the streets, or to have sexual intercourse, at times of their own choosing. But the fact remains that whereas not until the late Middle Ages were there town clocks, modern life would be unimaginable without what the English language significantly calls "a wrist-watch." It is by no means surprising, then, that the ideal of timelessness—of inhabiting a world in which nobody ever says "you'll be late"—should have its appeal.

NOR IS IT AT ALL SURPRISING that the ideal of pure enjoyment should be resuscitated. For a great many people, life in our society—as, admittedly, in any other society—has been sheer toil, not at all a "game," let alone an exercise of "loves." This is perhaps particularly true of the executive classes, from the ranks of whose children the New Mystics are so largely recruited. As for play, simple care-free enjoyment, that has threatened to vanish. Forced to postpone enjoyment, the middle-aged generation, as the young can see for themselves, find it unattainable when at last they "have time" for it. They seek for enjoyment, no doubt, but what they find, often enough, is only a new form of toil. Even games in the narrower sense of the word have come to be reserved for those who play them well; and merely to play, as distinct from playing games, is thought of as undignified, unworthy of the "serious man." (There is an extraordinary contrast, at this point, between the attitude of the Japanese—in so far as they are still not wholly converted to Western ways—and the attitude of the West; the idea of relaxation as "play" still survives in Japan. But it is conjoined, it would seem, with an attitude of mind for which work is mere toil, not enjoyment with care.)⁵

IF THE OLD PURITANICAL ATTITUDES to sexual play have broken down (this has only happened in part) they have often been replaced by new forms of anxiety, deriving from "sex manuals"—anxieties about "sexual adequacy," anxieties about inhibitions. Whole

books are now written on "the sexual responsibility" of the man or of the woman. Sex has become almost as serious a matter, as little spontaneous, as business. "Sexual play" is now, at its best, a "game," but at its worst, dutiful toil, no longer the spontaneous flowering of tender sensuality, but an applied technique. The intentions behind such manuals are often humane; they are attempts to turn sexual activity into a form of love which involves the cherishing of each sexual partner by the other. Many of them take as their starting-point a growing concern for women, the refusal to regard them as mere objects of enjoyment. But every "love," like every "game," can easily be converted into a form of anxiety-ridden toil. "We turn lovemaking into a compulsory sport," writes the novelist Stephen Vizinczey in his *In Praise of Older Women*, "an etiquette of technique or a therapeutic prescription." And then in reaction from this, as he goes on to point out, we "haste to succumb to joy"; we take the libertine as our hero. (The libertine lives in an "Everlasting Now" by deliberately refusing to pay any attention to the future of the woman he seduces.) That kind of love which is neither a game nor a form of toil, which rests on enjoyment with care but cherishes its object is what seems to lie beyond our capacities.

Paroxysms of Intoxication

ONE CAN ONLY TOO EASILY understand why, when "loves" are understood as "toil," the new mystics reject every form of care involving cherishing love, in favour of an immediate anxiety-free enjoyment, Paradise Now, to be obtained by drugs, if in no other way. Their spokesmen, for the most part, fail to make the crucial distinctions on which we have been insisting. They distinguish, merely, between "games" and "non-games"—defining games as "behavioural sequences defined by rôles, rules, rituals, goals, strategies, values" and counting as non-games only "physiological reflexes, spontaneous play, and transcendental awareness."⁶ But role, rules, goals, strategies, values are as characteristic of toil as of games: such a definition entirely overlooks the element of *enjoyment* in games—perhaps because it is being assumed, as it is so often assumed, that "care" and "enjoyment" are incompatible. As a consequence, it is made

⁵ David & Evelyn Riesman: *Conversations in Japan* (1967), pp. 188, 195.

⁶ Timothy Leary, Richard Alpert, & Ralph Metzner, *The Psychedelic Experience* (1964), p. 13; Lewis Yablonsky, *The Hippie Trip* (1968), pp. 311-12.

to appear that man has to choose between toil and play. It may be argued that the best human society can do for most men is to provide for them intervals of play in a life of toil. In his *Laws* (653) Plato suggests something of this kind. The Gods, he says, out of pity for men's toil have set up festivals, to offer them relief. The "carnival"—a period of irresponsible enjoyment—is a familiar feature of traditional societies and has survived, in a reduced and modified form, into the modern world. Puritanism, with its ideal of a wholly toil-dominated life, sought to destroy festivals; the contemporary fascination with "orgies" reflects, perhaps, a self-conscious attempt to reinstate them. It is worth observing that not only the essentially totalitarian Plato but also Dostoevsky's *Grand Inquisitor* suggest that a life which alternates between toil and play is the one which makes men easiest to control. When men enjoy their work they also demand the freedom to innovate within it; toil plus play is a recipe for tyranny, enjoyment in work entails freedom.

CLOSELY ASSOCIATED with the rejection of loves as too onerous is the rejection of freedom and responsibility in favour of the mystical ideal of "unity." The young generation respond (so we are told) "to the sense and sound of friendship and community, to the exultation they feel when thousands of people link hands and sing *We Shall Overcome*." They are prepared to sacrifice everything to "that feeling of community, of life;" they are not to be deterred by "19th-century rhetoric about democracy and freedom."⁷ This, of course, was the Nazi attitude. If the young have come to mistrust "19th-century rhetoric about freedom and democracy"—not surprisingly when one recalls how often this "rhetoric" is used by those for whom "freedom" means the despoliation of natural resources and "democracy" the use of the State to suppress minorities—they have still not learnt sufficiently to mistrust 20th-century rhetoric about "community and life".

I do not mean to suggest that the "Romantic Rebels" are Nazis in jeans; they have an almost

pathological mistrust of the "leader principle." Fundamentally, they are Dionysians, in Nietzsche's sense of the word. Indeed, Nietzsche's description of the Dionysians sums up their ideals admirably:

Now the slave is free; now all the stubborn, hostile barriers, which necessity, caprice or shameless fashion have erected between man and man, are broken down. Now, with the gospel of universal harmony, each one feels himself not only united, reconciled, blended with his neighbour, but as one with him; he feels as if the veil of Maya had been torn aside and were now merely fluttering in tatters before the mysterious Primordial Unity. In song and dance man expresses himself as a member of a higher community . . . from him emanate supernatural sounds. He feels himself a god, he himself now walks about enchanted, in ecstasy, like to the gods whom he saw walking about in his dreams. He is no longer an artist, he has become a work of art: in these paroxysms of intoxication, the artistic power of all nature reveals itself to the highest gratification of the Primordial Unity.

There could be no better description of the world of pure play. Nietzsche, too, was no Nazi. But the fact is that the attempt to construct a society wholly based on "play" and "community" leads either to total collapse or to tyranny. If not the God Dionysus, then an earthly, and less amiable, surrogate, has to sustain it.⁸

The attempt, however, is understandable. Modern democracy, which pretends to be pluralistic, daily becomes more atomistic. Universities, for example, threaten to become stock-piles of experts, who in no way cherish either the traditions of the University to which they belong or, except in an accidental way, their colleagues and pupils. The Stoical ideal of self-sufficiency has in part been realised: the effect is that men feel isolated, powerless against the State, lonely. Often enough, especially in America, loneliness is described as if it were the human condition. But the themes of human loneliness, separation, isolation, are typical of the industrial age, not of literature as a whole, where loneliness is represented, rather, either as something to be sought—"I wandered lonely as a cloud"—or as a condition to which a few, but only a few, human beings are subjected by chance. Adam Ferguson saw this clearly, even in the 18th century. It is, he suggests, only in the "commercial state"—although he adds "if ever"—

that man is sometimes found a detached and a solitary being: he has found an object which

⁷ Jacobs and Landau, *The New Radicals* (1966), p. 15.

⁸ See *The Birth of Tragedy from the Spirit of Music* (trans. Fadiman) in *The Philosophy of Nietzsche* (1937). The reference is to pp. 173-4 of the separately paginated text of *Ecce Homo* and *The Birth of Tragedy*.

sets him in competition with his fellow-creatures, and he deals with them as he does with his cattle and his soil, for the sake of the profits they bring.⁹

THE YOUNG ARE REBELLING, in part, against the atomistic tendencies of modern society. But they have reacted, in the manner only too typical of human beings, by reverting to the old perfectibilist—and in the end tyrannical—ideal of a total unity rather than the admittedly more complex ideal of a plurality of intersecting communities. It is very natural to argue thus: the experience of belonging to a community is essential to “humanity,” therefore the best of all possible worlds would be a total community to which everyone would belong. But this conclusion by no means follows. If communities can be stimulating, encouraging, the source of “graces,” they can also be stifling, discouraging, destructive of love. A man can be born into a community which does not suit him, from which he has to break loose if he is ever to enjoy his particular loves. One great virtue of democracy, so long as it continues to be a network of communities, is that it is always possible to leave one community and join another, with different rules, different habits, devoted to different pursuits.

This implies, however, that not *everybody* does so; otherwise, there will be no community to join; the value of a community depends on its possessing a degree of stability, of continuity. (Admitting, of course, that the birth of new communities and the death of old communities is also a part of the democratic process.) Too considerable a degree of mobility destroys community; it generates what Durkheim called *anomie*. A university teacher, for example, is unlikely to cherish his university, his colleagues, his students, if he is perpetually poised, ready to move anywhere which offers him more money or a higher status. He may try to substitute his professional associations for his university, but the professional association provides relatively few personal contacts: it cannot serve as a substitute for a face-to-face group. And it leaves his students, not yet “pro-

fessionals,” with no sense of belonging, in their university, to a genuine community.¹⁰

THESE ARE JUST the circumstances in which one would expect to encounter a sense of loss, issuing in a demand for a total community, in which one would be “at home” wherever one moved. To react thus, however, is to miss the point that a community needs to be small and adapted to the special interests of its members—“available,” up to certain limits of size, to those who share these interests, but certainly not providing a suitable “home” for everybody. A “total” community would be so diluted as to be no longer a community. Concretely, indeed, it would coincide with that completely atomistic society which, abstractly, is its opposite extreme.

It is easy enough to see this in the history of universities. The attempt to include all forms of activity within the university destroys the university; it becomes pointless, from the standpoint of “community,” to be a member of it. Everyone begins to pursue his work in isolation from his fellows. So the “total” community—the “multiversity”—ceases to be a community at all, and the advantages which previously excluded persons and activities were supposed to gain from membership of it no longer exist—just as when an attempt is made to “let everybody enjoy” the peace and quiet of a mountain valley by opening a four-lane highway to it. The student, often enough, feels that he belongs to a “real community” only when he joins in revolutionary activity; the “sit-in” is a community, as the university itself is not.

Communities differ in character, however. A university is not, and cannot be, anything like a “sit-in.” Terrible confusion has been caused by the confluence of a number of factors: the ridiculous habit of describing the university as “a community of scholars” rather than as, at best, a community of scholars and pupils, the educational dogma that education must be “problem-oriented” rather than “subject-oriented,” the over-emphasis in universities on the contemporary, the breaking up of educational sequences into disordered “units.” (All of these factors have been particularly influential in faculties of arts and social sciences.) Together, they generate the conclusion that the ideal university would be one in which students and teachers, on

⁹ Adam Ferguson, *An Essay on the History of Civil Society* (1767; ed. 1966), p. 19.

¹⁰ There is, of course, an enormous literature on this subject. The major lines of controversy are sketched in Ferdinand Tönnies, *Community and Society* (1887, tr. and ed. Loomis, 1957).

equal terms, sat around discussing whatever "problems" happened to be currently fashionable. The fact is that students entering a university are ignorant; what they need is to be introduced to consecutive and ordered subjects. As pupils they have rights in the community, and they can reasonably complain when their masters ignore them, teach them badly, or not at all, and refuse to allow them to participate in the university's government. But a university is not, cannot be, and ought not to be, a community of equals. It could become such only by destroying scholarship, abandoning learning, forgetting that its task is to *teach*, which implies that there are learners, and to advance knowledge, which implies that knowledge is something one only gradually acquires.

Once again, the remedy proposed by the "Romantic rebels" is even worse than the disease. The demand that their teachers be constantly at their beck and call, for example, displays a complete incapacity to understand the conditions necessary for scholarly work. But, on the other hand, a pupil needs to do a great deal more than merely to "audit" a course—that revealing American expression; he needs to participate in courses of studies as distinct from simply "hearing" what is said to him.

IN MARSHALL McLuhan's *The Medium is the Message*—McLuhan, it is worth observing, is a warm admirer of Teilhard de Chardin—the ideas of timelessness and of "community" are explicitly run together.

Ours is a brand-new world of allatonceness. Time has ceased, space has vanished. We now live in a *global village*... a simultaneous happening. . . . We have begun again to structure

"On the unisexual tendencies in the United States see, although with considerable reservations, Charles Winick, *The New People*. The themes of nakedness and unisexuality played a prominent part in the Adamite sects, to which Augustine refers, and were also conspicuous in the teachings of certain of the Brethren of the Free Spirit. Sects of this kind have of course—like the "hippies" of our time—always been a small minority. But the reappearance of these ideas at such crucial stages in the history of civilisation is of more than passing interest. See particularly Wilhelm Fränger: *The Millennium of Hieronymus Bosch* (tr. Wilkins and Kaiser, 1962), ch. 2. In the light of recent developments, Fränger's interpretation (p. 121) of Bosch's notorious "anal flower" may have to be reconsidered; the interpretation he rules out, that the Brethren of the Free Spirit thought every erogenous zone permissible, may well be the correct one.

the primordial feeling, the tribal emotions from which a few centuries of literacy divorced us.

Considered as an account of what is actually the case, this is utter nonsense. Men live as much in time and space as they ever did, and in a manner by no means global. Television, on which McLuhan lays so much stress, does not carry the world to the sitting-room; on the contrary, much more than a book, it carries the sitting-room to the world. Men still judge what they see in the light of where and what they are. They are not brought into human relationship with one another merely by looking at the same television programme. If, however, McLuhan is misreporting what is actually the case, he is not misreporting what a great many of the younger generation like to think is the case: that only the present counts, and that the present is the same everywhere—a belief which is no doubt encouraged by the illusion of "prescience" and "contemporaneity" which television offers its devotees. The "Everlasting Now" is ready at hand for all men. To see, as Angela of Foligno professed to do, "the whole world, both here and beyond the sea" they stand in no need of ascetic disciplines; they need only buy, or rent, a television set.

Naked Unisex

TIMELESSNESS AND COMMUNITY are by no means the only perfectibilist ideals to which the "Romantic" rebels revert. The word "beat" in the phrase "the beat generation" is not, as might easily be supposed, a way of referring to those who have been beaten by life; it is an abbreviation for the "beatific", those who have experienced the beatific vision. The old perfectibilist demand for absolute purity of motive has once more raised its head. So the Californian "Diggers"—a "Hippie" group—will accept gifts "only if they are given with love," as distinct from charity. ("Charity" no longer means the love of God, but, rather, a patronising "hand-out"; thus, by an interesting twist of language, acting "out of charity" has come to be identified with acting out of impure motives, whereas to Christians charity was the only pure motive.)

Even the most bizarre "Romantic rebel" behaviour can turn out, indeed, to have its roots in a long-standing mystical perfectibilist tradition. Take, for example, unisexuality.¹¹ According to Genesis, God first of all created

Adam; he did not create Eve directly, as a pure expression of his creative power; he made her out of Adam's rib. Man and woman, according to Genesis, are "one flesh." The implication was not lost on mystical perfectibilists. In the state of perfection, they tell us, there will indeed be only one flesh. In the apocryphal Gospel according to the Egyptians, Jesus tells Salome that the final secrets will not be unveiled until "ye have trampled on the garment of shame, and when the two become one, and the male with the female is neither male nor female." In the so-called "Second Epistle of Clement" this becomes: "When the two shall be one and the outside (that which is without) as the inside (that which is within), and the male with the female neither male nor female."

JACOB BOEHME, the 16th-century mystic, was convinced that imperfection entered the world with Eve's creation. No longer were all created things direct emanations of God—Eve was the prime exception. The German mystically-inclined poet, Gottfried Benn—at one time an enthusiastic follower of Hitler—took as his ideal that "pre-logical" stage of human consciousness, when religion reflected "the original monosexuality of the primitive organism, which performed seed-formation, copulation and impregnation within itself."¹² In many Indian sects, male and female are but different aspects of the one deity. "Margot"—one of the "hippies" in Lawrence Lipton's *The Holy Barbarians*—has been told by her male associates that "the gods were conceived of in their pure primitive form as androgynous . . . hermaphroditic." To be godlike, it follows, one must first ignore the differences between the sexes. In search of "Paradise Now," men and women must dress alike, act alike, and in their sexual relationships be indifferent to the sex of their partner.

THAT IS ONE of the striking features of the "tribal-love rock musical" *Hair*. (Note the typical "community" reference to "tribal-love", the young American rebels are "playing Indians," rejecting the traditional view that the

true hero was the individualistic, aggressive, tribe-destroyer, pioneering cowboy.) In the sharpest possible contrast to the traditional "musical," which has always emphasised sexual differentiation, *Hair* makes it hard to distinguish which of the characters are men and which women. And the sexual actions which are casually simulated appear to be determined only by proximity, indifferently directed towards male or female. It is women who suffer from this identification, as is very clearly brought out in *Hair*. Women are mere "hangers-on," no longer sexually necessary. Girls are dressed as boys rather than—for all their long hair and decorative garb—boys as girls. The sexual relationships suggested and simulated are not, for the most part, of a genital kind: they are anal and oral relationships, for which women are not necessary. What we are perhaps witnessing, in the name of "community," is a revolt against women—but a revolt in which women themselves participate because it can be represented (as by Simone de Beauvoir) as a revolt against the conception of a "feminine role." It is Eve, not Adam, who must vanish if the "original state" of perfect humanity is to be regained; she must take her old place, in Adam's rib, no longer separate flesh. This is not the first time that a class has participated in a revolution of which, in the end, it is the victim.

Unisexuality is a reversion to early childhood, to a point before sex-roles were made apparent by differentiation in clothing and behaviour. At the same time, it is a special application of the mystical search for total unity, for a total community in which, as in Fichte's and Winwood Reade's dream, all mankind thinks and feels as One. So long as the role of the sexes is sharply distinguished that total community remains inaccessible. It is no accident that in Mao's China, too, differentiation between the sexes is reduced to a minimum.

Hair is notorious for its naked scene rather than for its unisexuality. But the nakedness, also, is presented as a mystical revelation, a revelation which makes unimportant, in the act of revealing, the difference between the sexes. More significantly, it suggests a ritual sloughing-off, a purification, through the casting away of "inessentials," mystical and perfectibilist in its inspiration. Adam and Eve, in

¹² Gottfried Benn, "Provoziertes Leben," in *Ausdruckswelt: Essays und Aphorismen* (Wiesbaden, 1949); trans. as "Provoked Life: An Essay on the Anthropology of the Ego" in *The Psychedelic Reader* (ed. Weil, Metzner, and Leary, 1965), p. 42.

the familiar Genesis story, "were both naked, the man and his wife, and were not ashamed." God knew that Adam had sinned, when he saw he had covered his nakedness. Unselfconscious nakedness, an unawareness of sexual difference, belongs in other words, to Paradise; self-consciousness about nakedness only to man after the Fall. Orthodox Christianity took as its point of departure man in his fallen state; in medieval sculpture, therefore, the naked figure is a "huddled body cowering in consciousness of sin."¹³ Metaphorically, however, nakedness continued to play its ancient role. The mystic must "strip himself naked" before he can unite himself with God. In the Syrian monasteries, as amongst Eastern mystics, physical nakedness was by no means uncommon as a sign of sanctity.

At the same time—a fact of which the Nazis made full use in their concentration camps—*compulsory* nakedness can be a powerful weapon of humiliation, as also can be that replacement of names by numbers which is a feature of mathematically perfect societies. By making himself naked—as by scourging himself, by starving himself, by prostrating himself, by submitting without question to authority—the ascetic mystic voluntarily makes use of precisely the dehumanising mechanisms the totalitarian state uses to impose its will on its victims.

The Dropping of Inhibitions

WITH THE Renaissance painters, nakedness is once more linked with Paradise. Later writers and painters have developed the association between nakedness and perfection still further. In the eighteenth century the conception of the Pacific as an idyllic Paradise inhabited by noble savages was strengthened by the nakedness of those "savages." E. M. Forster's "The Machine Stops" presents the hero, Kuno, as rebelling against the atomistic life of his machine-governed Utopia. Trying to make his way to the outer world, he reflects:

I felt that humanity existed, and that it existed without clothes . . . Had I been strong, I would

have torn off every garment I had, and gone out into the outer air unswaddled.¹⁴

The inhabitants of the most attractive of Wells' Utopias, *Men Like Gods*, go unself-consciously naked; that the visitors from our planet are horrified, or tantalised, by their nakedness is, as Wells represents the situation, the clearest possible sign of their imperfection. So when the cast of the "Living Theatre" strip themselves naked for their performance of *Paradise Now* they are reverting to an ancient theme. (Of course, the desire to shock is also an ancient one; but it would be a mistake to suppose that this is all that is involved in apocalyptic nakedness.)

The road to Paradise, one might conclude, is simple: It does not involve a prolonged agony through a night of the soul; all one need do is to take off one's pants. That would not be quite fair. The dropping of pants is a symbol for the dropping of inhibitions. The New Mystic, as we have already seen, rejects Freud's own view that inhibitions are essential to civilisation. Man, he believes, is naturally good; and any society which rests on inhibitions is but an artificial civilisation—a "plastic" substitute for a genuine inhibition-less community, in which man's natural goodness will express itself in love and tenderness.

DRUG-TAKING is another instance in which ancient mystical ideals reappear in a more explicitly physical guise. Again and again, in describing the effects of drugs, addicts use language which compellingly reminds us of mysticism and of Stoicism.

Many drug-takers, in flight from "humanity" and the care inherent in it, turned first to mysticism. So when they took drugs, the language of mysticism was at their disposal to describe their experiences; they taught that language to new converts. But the fact remains that the old language seemed to them to fit their new experiences like a glove. It is very important to recognise that drug-taking has now—as for centuries past in other cultures—taken on the character of a religion: it has zealous converts, who seek to convert others. Like any other religion, of course, it also serves as a source of profit to "drug-pushers." But this should not be allowed to conceal the manifest sincerity of a great many drug-takers and drug-recommenders. "LSD," Marx might now have written, "is

¹³ Kenneth Clark, *The Nude* (1956), p. 303.

¹⁴ E. M. Forster, "The Machine Stops," in *Collected Tales* (1968), p. 170.

the religion of the intellectuals."¹⁵ Hashish, a 19th-century addict wrote, offers to men "a sense of detachment from oneself, of loss of all impulse towards action, and of widespread indifference to other persons as to all worldly ties." Describing his feelings under the influence of mescaline, a contemporary poet uses such expressions as "I know everything"; "there is no Time": "I am without care, part of all." The resemblances between drug-inspired and mystical experience have been most thoroughly explored by Aldous Huxley and Alan Watts—who first established his reputation as an exponent of Zen Buddhism. Under the influence of mescaline, Huxley reports,

visual impressions are greatly intensified Interest in space is diminished and interest in time falls almost to zero The mescaline taker sees no reason for doing anything in particular and finds most of the causes for which, at ordinary times, he was prepared to act and suffer, profoundly uninteresting.¹⁶

In other words, he no longer cares and no longer cherishes.

Watts adds that drugs revive a sense of community. By breaking down that defensiveness which inhibits physical tenderness, they help men and women to enter into "associations with others based on physical gestures of affection," associations which take the form of "rites, dances, or forms of play which clearly symbolise mutual love between the members of the group."¹⁷ In the normal life of modern industrial societies, men and women are inhibited from these relationships; they are unable to permit themselves any erotic contacts—touching, for example—which fall between the extremes of purely verbalised contacts and full genital sexuality. But, by destroying inhibitions, drugs make such contacts possible, and in so doing (it is argued) promote community.

To the traditional Christian it is, of course, an intolerable suggestion that there is any

resemblance whatsoever between "spiritual" and drug-taking mysticism. But, as Huxley points out, the classical mystics did in fact produce bodily changes in themselves—by starvation, by flagellation, by the perpetual muttering of prayers. All of these give rise to physical changes in the body, precisely the sort of changes which from our knowledge of bio-chemistry we should expect to produce "mystical experience."

THESE OBSERVATIONS do not, of course, suffice to demonstrate that the mystics were mistaken in what they reported, that they were wrong in supposing that they have been granted a vision of God. Huxley himself believed that the taking of drugs can now accomplish what it once took starvation and flagellation to bring about. It so affects the chemistry of the brain that the brain no longer acts in its normal fashion as an inhibitor, allowing us to experience only what is practically important, and so permits what Huxley calls "Mind at large" to flow through its filters.

The title of Huxley's principal book on drug-taking is *The Doors of Perception*. His epigraph is from Blake: "If the doors of perception were cleansed everything would appear to man as it is, infinite." (The quotation is from *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*; I have corrected Huxley's version to make it conform to the text in the Oxford Standard Authors edition of Blake's *Poetical Works*, p. 254.) In Blake, very many of the themes we have just been developing are clearly announced: the emphasis on infancy, "*nestling for delight In laps of pleasure*" (p. 290); the attack on Newtonian-type science and abstract reasoning (p. 381 and *passim*); the praise of "*the naked Human Form Divine*" (p. 157); the hostility to "*the two impossibilities, Chastity and Abstinence, Gods of the Heathen*" (p. 429). Note as well, what is very typical of the "Romantic Rebels," Blake's Christianity without God—"God is Jesus" (p. 430)—and his hostility to societies of "*wheel without wheel, with cogs tyrannic Moving by compulsion each other*" as contrasted with Eden whose "*wheel within wheel, in freedom; revolve in harmony and peace*" (p. 388). In short, Blake forcibly reminds us just how much of what the "Romantic rebels" teach derives from a long tradition.

¹⁵ On this point see especially Richard Blum and associates: *Utopiates: The use and users of LSD* (London, 1965), p. 134. For a criticism of the attempt to relate drug mysticism to classical mysticism—a criticism directed especially against Huxley, see R. C. Zaehner, *Mysticism. Sacred and Profane* (1957), which particularly insists on the point that Christianity stops short of the idea of an absolute unity between the mystic and God.

¹⁶ Aldous Huxley, *The Doors of Perception* (1954), p. 23.

¹⁷ Alan W. Watts, *The Joyous Cosmology* (1962), p. 92.

The Pleasures of Austerity

THE QUESTION what we are to make of reports of mystical experience is, of course, a large one, not lightly to be settled. One thing is obvious: whenever the mystics—"spiritual" or "bodily"—make claims which can be empirically tested, they are false. Angela of Foligno tells us that she was lifted up so that she could see all the countries of the world; it follows that in her mystical vision the world was flat. Had we asked her to describe then-undiscovered Australia it is not a mere guess that she could not have done so accurately. If, similarly, a drug-taker tells us that, now he has taken LSD, he "feels like Einstein" it will certainly be pointless to expect from him some new contribution to the unified field theory. He is in exactly the same position as the alcoholic driver who is convinced that he is now in a fit state to win the *Grand Prix*. William James has told us how under the influence of ether he was convinced that he was thinking great thoughts. Writing them down he discovered them, in his waking moments, to be absolute nonsense, of a pseudo-metaphysical kind. Not every drug-mystic, unfortunately, is a William James, capable of recognising nonsense when he sees it.

As for the view, again an empirical claim, that drug-taking encourages a "sense of community," no one can read the pitiful story of American "hippie" communities and still believe that drugs encourage "community," as distinct from vague feelings of "togetherness." A genuine community has common interests and is able to work together in a common life. Out of its common interests affection develops. Touching is not a substitute for love—which is not, by any means, to deny that physical contacts of this sort can have their value.

Nor is there any ground for believing that drugs and spiritual exercises "enlarge the consciousness." Science *does* enlarge men's consciousness: it enables human beings to range more freely through space and time; it reveals to them a set of objects about which they would otherwise be entirely ignorant. Art, too, "enlarges the consciousness;" it creates new objects, objects we can enjoy with care; it helps us to appreciate the shapes and forms, the modes of life, which lie around us. Drugs and mystical exercises, on

the contrary, deliberately set out to *destroy* consciousness, governed as it is by care; they seek to carry men back to the world as they experienced it before they were capable of thinking, a world without structure and order, in which contours and forms float free, the world of "pure experience" (as Bradley and James described it) in which even the distinction between men and the world around them does not exist. Becoming a human being consists, precisely, in learning how to reduce to order that primitive chaos of experience—to which we sometimes revert under conditions of fever or extreme fatigue. The mystic wants us to forget everything we have learnt: in short, no longer to be human.

EVEN MORE OBVIOUSLY is this true of Zen Buddhism. The Zen monk seeks to go back even beyond childhood, to think of himself as if he were a rock or stone. The typical Zen stone-gardens are made of unchanging rocks—the seasonal changes of the Western garden play no part in them. The living is excluded, because the living involves care, change, death. Such gardens undoubtedly have their attractions as a moral holiday, a respite from the attempt to grasp and cope with a changing world—the same sort of respite which can be obtained in a mountain range.

This, it might be argued, is only in order to deal more effectively with the world; mysticism retreats only in order to advance. Classical mystics, it is sometimes said, recognised that "this is the life that counts, and that the state of self-transcendence is a means, not an end in itself." As a generalisation about "spiritual" mystics, this is false. But some mystics, certainly, have sought in transcendent states a form of spiritual refreshment, which would prepare them to live the religious life on earth.

The claim that mystical experience, whatever its origins, make its devotees better persons is hard to test—if only because there is often very little agreement between the mystics and their critics about what constitutes "a better person." But so far as there is agreement on this point, the evidence suggests that although drug-takers, at least, *feel* they are better men after their drug-taking, independent observers often disagree with them. Eighty per cent of the drug users examined in Blum's

Utopiates (p. 104) thought their fellow drug-takers had changed for the better: sixty-nine per cent of observers who did not take drugs thought they had either not changed at all or changed for the worse. The fact seems to be that the breaking down of inhibitions by any means improves some people and makes other people worse; no one who has observed the effect of alcohol will be surprised by this observation. As for the view that the taking of LSD improves the functioning of the intellect, I can only beg the reader—to take one case—to read Timothy Leary's "The Religious Experience: Its Production and Interpretation" (in *The Psychedelic Reader*, pp. 191–213). Intellectual irresponsibility is there exhibited at its very worst. Zen Buddhism positively prides itself on its moral and political irresponsibility; a leading representative of the contemporary Zen movement found no difficulty in becoming a convinced Nazi.¹⁸

Equally, nineteenth-century opium addicts sometimes believed that opium-taking would offer them "spiritual experiences" which would enable them the more effectively to express themselves in poetry—even if the actual effect, in most cases, was to evoke nothing more productive than "the intention but failure to write a great philosophical work." Contemporary mystics, in contrast, often drop out of the world in intention as well as in effect; they are the modern equivalent of the fourth-century hermits in the Syrian desert—although their desert is not Syria but California and what they are mourning is not so much the worldliness of Christianity as the worldliness of Civilisation.

THE FACT REMAINS that even when the mystic believes that he has an obligation towards his fellow-men which his temporary retreat from the world will enable him, in the long run, more effectively to perform, he does

not find perfection in that human relationship but only in his relationship to the One. And even if it be true that, as a result of mystical withdrawal, he finds it possible to act in ways in which he could not otherwise act, this does nothing to demonstrate that the withdrawal is itself anything but a form of play. Other men feel the need for orgies, whether sexual orgies or orgies of destruction, for bouts of drunkenness, or for violent physical exercise, to achieve the same catharsis.

To speak of the mystical ideal as one of unalloyed enjoyment is, it might be objected, an absurd misinterpretation of the situation. How can it possibly be said that the mystic is longing for a life of unalloyed enjoyment when he endures such austerities? But two points arise here. First, we have come to be somewhat suspicious of austerities. As little as half a century ago Baron von Hügel could relate with every expectation of approval the story of a nun who, on learning that a favourite pupil had become the mistress of a wealthy man, told her that until the relationship was terminated, she would scourge herself daily so that she stood in a pool of her own blood. Such spiritual blackmail has nowadays lost much of its moral appeal. But even apart from that, the nun's motives would now, very commonly, be regarded with suspicion; the sexual complications of such self-scourging are only too familiar. Scourging can be a form of sexual play. The practices of famous medieval ascetics are described in detail in the case-histories of Krafft-Ebing's *Psychopathia Sexualis*.

As well, and more fundamentally, mystical austerities are commonly represented as a "stripping off" to the point of nakedness. It is a constant theme of perfectibilists that men need to return to an earlier state, to become as little children, to find their way back to unity with Nature, to the undifferentiated whole they experienced before they began to think, to primitive community. Difficulty, struggle, toil, are needed only in order to find the way back. That the mystic is forced to toil, to struggle, does nothing to demonstrate that what he is seeking to achieve at the end of his struggle is something other than a state of absolute unalloyed enjoyment. The old mystic differs from the new mystics only in believing that to achieve that state he must first toil, not in his definition of what he hopes to achieve.

¹⁸ Compare on this point Arthur Koestler: *Drinkers of Infinity* (London, 1968), pp. 287-91. In his *The Myth of the Twentieth Century* Alfred Rosenberg traced back the ideas of the Nazis to German mystics, especially Eckhart. This, no doubt, is too hard on the mystics, but it is not entirely without justification. Contemporary hippy-mystics are often convinced that they are the recipients of a special divine grace. They display that fanaticism, "aristocratic" pride, and antinomianism which Wesley so feared, setting themselves above all kinds of moral restraint.

The danger attaching to LSD, the fact that it may, often does, produce suffering—a “dark night” of depression and horror—is part of its attractiveness to some of its devotees; it links them more closely with the mystical tradition.

Pseudo-loves & Little Loves

AT THE OPPOSITE EXTREME from the play-ideal lies Puritanism, that Puritanism, so potent in the United States, but widespread also in Europe, against which the new mystics are reacting and which has to be taken into account if their attitudes are to be comprehensible.

Obscenities are a rebellion against the euphemisms of the “comfort-station” and the “powder-room:” nakedness against an extreme body-Puritanism, for which even to show the navel was wicked: unisexuality against a rigid distinction between masculine and feminine roles, panic-stricken by homosexuality; dirtiness and, more particularly, carelessness about faeces against the exaggeration of hygiene and toilet-training; pacifism against the cult of violence and gun-carrying; the ideal of “community” against a viciously competitive individualism; the ideal of play against an intense seriousness of purpose, wholly hostile to wit, irony or any kind of secret smile; the “return to Nature” against savage industrial despoliation; mysticism and ritualism against a moralistic version of Christianity.

“Play of whatever sort,” [a German educator once wrote] “should be forbidden in all evangelical schools, and its vanity and folly should be explained to the children with warnings of how it turns the mind away from God and eternal life, and works destruction on their immortal souls.”¹⁹

“Play,” in this context, has of course, the widest possible application: any form of enjoyment, whether it be play, game, or love, “turns the mind away from God.” Life should be wholly devoted, according to the Puritan, to toil. Secularists have sometimes adopted a not dissimilar attitude. Anxious not to be

condemned as pagan hedonists they—some of the Fabians, for example—have so strongly emphasised the importance of duty, of service, of seriousness that, in their practical attitudes to life, they could scarcely be distinguished from the most pious of Puritans. There is certainly nothing playful about George Eliot, or about the Webbs.

Up to a point, in reacting against the Puritan attitude to life the exponents of Paradise Now are saying no more than what is said in those somewhat trite but extremely pertinent lines of the Georgian poet W. H. Davies;

*What is this life, if full of care
We have no time to stand and stare?*

Looking back on his own past life, so serious a philosopher as Herder was led to comment adversely, as many of us might do on looking back at our own life, on its absence of play. “The sense of touch and the world of sensuous pleasures,” he writes, “. . . these I have not enjoyed. I see and feel *at a distance*.” We have all lost, he goes on to suggest, “the noble sensuality of ancient times, especially in the East.” He himself had suffered in later life, he came to think, because he had failed, in his youth, to live the life “of images, of sensations, of upsurging delight.”²⁰

In so far as contemporary mysticism develops this theme, in so far, that is, as it is a reaction against a life too “full of care,” one does not have to be a mystic to appreciate its attractions. J. M. Keynes was certainly no mystic; but even he complained that men have looked too much to the future; in the language of the nursery, they have placed too much stress on jam tomorrow, too little on jam today.²¹

THERE IS CERTAINLY room in life for play, room for “moral holidays,” more room than our society has permitted. Herbert Marcuse has particularly emphasised that the “scarcity” which is used to justify the postponement of gratification is, in modern industrial societies, largely artificial; ideas like “economic growth” and a “higher standard of living,” used to justify more and more toil, have become absurd fetishes. When Freud argued that civilisation can only be founded on repression, because human resources are so limited that immediate gratification would destroy civilisation, he was reflecting the ideas of a pre-technological age. Much human toil, nowadays, is directed

¹⁹ The pietist Tollner, quoted in K. Groos: *The Play of Man* (1901), pp. 398-9.

²⁰ J. G. Herder, *Travel Diary* (trans. Barnard), in *J. G. Herder on Social and Political Culture* (1969), pp. 69, 78, 83.

²¹ J. M. Keynes, *Essays in Persuasion* (1931), p. 370.

towards the obtaining of possessions and status which are simply not worth having—which, having, one does not enjoy; which are possessed only to be cast aside in favour of objects which are more “up-to-date” and can be purchased only by additional toil. If violence increases to a point at which every citizen has to buy a double lock for every door and add a room to his house as an armoury, this will contribute to economic growth. A country may have a high national income only because it is busy producing weapons of war. Its standard of living may be statistically reported as “high” only because unscrupulous salesmen are successful in selling shoddy goods by fraudulent methods to customers who get no enjoyment out of what they are persuaded into buying.²²

But this is not to say that we should take as our ideal a world which is without past and future or entirely devoid of care. Brown is certainly right. If men were not “full of care,”

²² For more on the topic of economic growth see, allowing for his idiosyncrasies, E. J. Mishan: *The Costs of Economic Growth* (London, 1967) and on national income see, for example, C. S. Shoup: *Principles of National Income Analysis* (Boston, 1947), pp. 269-70. It is interesting to note that although he is a fundamentally conservative thinker Mishan agrees with the “Romantic rebels” on at least two crucial points: the need for recreating a sense of community and the need for living more fully in the present. The conventional “Left” and the conventional “Right” are still squabbling about who is to get what, and by what means; the Soviet Union and the United States are equally committed to the fetish of economic growth. That is one major reason why the conventional divisions between political parties now seem to many people quite irrelevant: the basic conflict, only gradually emerging, is between those who are still wholly committed to the ideal of economic growth and those who are uninterested in economic growth, except where there is *clear evidence* that—as it sometimes has done, and in many countries still could do—it improves the quality of men’s lives, diminishes mutual suspicion, enables men to devote themselves more freely to their loves, offers them opportunities for creative enterprise, or, in short, does what the Enlightenment hoped it would do.

²³ It can also be an expression of discontent, a wilful—as distinct from a playful—destruction of established forms and practices, directed against their authoritarian character, or what is presumed to be such. In this respect the “happening” in Heinrich Böll’s novel *The End of a Mission* (tr. Vennewitz, 1968) may be more typical than it at first sight appears to be. Anarchism is an attempt to turn political action into a “happening,” and in anarchism there is a peculiar mixture of rational criticism and mystical aspiration. It is only to be expected that the boundary lines I have been drawing will be ill-defined and often crossed.

they would have no sense of time—as children at first have not, or that kind of adult who is ordinarily condemned as “irresponsible.” They would have no logic, no history, no quantified science, no technology, no system of production. One can go much further than this. They would have no art, no friendship, no stable human relationships. No doubt, these points are disputable. The attempt to turn art into a “happening” is, one might say, precisely the attempt to create an art without “care,” which is to be enjoyed once and for all as it happens and which is to be in its creation entirely spontaneous, the expression of an immediate enjoyment.²³ And this is only the Romantic conception of art carried to its extremes; in a fashion characteristic of Romanticism it encourages Pelagian pride, pride in one’s “creativity” or originality, discourages pride in work.

Art, however, is not simply play, it is a form of love—enjoyment with care, cherishing an object. So is science. A “science” which was “erotic exuberance,” which did not try to generalise, to economise, which sought only to enjoy each individual object for itself as distinct from cherishing the growth of knowledge would simply not be science. What we may question, indeed, is whether the ideal of a life wholly devoted to enjoyment is even conceivable. The baby must, eventually, withdraw its lips from its mother’s breast; the sexual embrace cannot last forever. Only if the mystic is right, only if there is an “Everlasting Now” to which one can be eternally attached, is perpetual enjoyment possible. And the idea of such an “Everlasting Now” to which a temporal being can somehow attach himself cannot stand up to philosophical criticism. It “saves” itself only by retreating into unintelligibility, as the doctrines of the pseudo-Dionysus will sufficiently illustrate.

FOR ALL ITS VIRTUES, then, play is not enough. Theatrical “happenings”—except when they are interspersed, as they so often are, with boring, sentimental and witless dialogue—can be exciting, in their primitive way; they may represent the return of a not-undesirable Dionysian element into our art. To suppose, however, that a society would be more perfect whose theatre despised Shakespeare and concentrated on “happenings” is as clearly absurd as to suppose that a society would be more

perfect whose art consisted only of propaganda for approved ideals.

In discussing *Hair* we have already noted some of the ways in which the experimental theatre of the 1960s is allied to mysticism. And whether or not *Hair* "lasts" is irrelevant to its interest as a cultural phenomenon, as giving expression in the twentieth century to old, but for long submerged, mystical ideals. Much recent theatre seeks to break down the distinction between audience and performer, to make of them a "single community," and to arouse in the audience physical sensations rather than to offer them occasion for thought. Like advertising, it seeks to kill thought, not to arouse it, by making a direct onslaught on its audience. It refuses to count a thinking audience as a participating audience; to "participate" is, the presumption runs, to be physically involved, to be touched, showered with confetti, moved amongst, fondled, or sat upon. Admittedly, a good many traditional theatre audiences neither think nor participate in any other way; but whereas Shaw tried to break down the lack of participation by making his audience think—and could only do so by thinking himself—thinking by no means suits the contemporary style.

Taking up the suggestions of Antonin Artaud, theatrical productions and experimental films have sought to "explore our nervous impressionability with rhythms, sounds, words, resonances and vocalisations." Theatre has abandoned the traditional stage for open halls reminiscent, in Artaud's words, "of certain temples of Upper Tibet."²⁴

It is worth noting, once more, just how reactionary the new mysticism is. Such dramatic forms as comedy and tragedy gradually emerged out of ceremony and ritual; they became drama precisely by doing so. But the suggestion now is that the theatre ought to revert to the religious ceremony it once was—just as Heidegger would have human thinking revert to its pre-philosophical and pre-scientific stages. The current revival of interest in astrology, magic, the occult, witchcraft, is no less intellectually

reactionary in character; it involves abandoning those habits of thinking scientifically and critically which men have slowly and painfully built up. Its recrudescence demonstrates just how little scientific thinking has penetrated our society, particularly, perhaps, the feminine segment of our society. (The women's journals are the great propagators of occultism.)

THE FACT IS, or so I am suggesting, that there is nothing better than "loves." Some measure of "play" is certainly desirable. "Games" can be enjoyable and can contribute a great deal to the vigour and vitality of a community. Toil is in some measure unavoidable; self-sacrifice, action out of duty, unenjoyable work are bound up with—and can be justified by reference to—our loves. But the quality of a society depends on the quality of the loves it exhibits and fosters.

"Man only plays," Friedrich Schiller once wrote, "when he is in the fullest sense of the word a human being, and he is only fully a human being when he plays." For "plays," in this passage, one should rather read "loves." Schiller is conscious of this in so far as he adds that "with beauty man shall only play, and it is with beauty only that he shall play." The "play" Schiller has in mind is a play in and through cherished forms. I should rather say, adopting for the nonce Schiller's style: "Man only loves when he is in the fullest sense a human being, and he is only a full human being when he loves; his loves man shall enjoy; these are not the only things he should enjoy, but they are the enjoyments in which he shows himself at his best."²⁵

Quite certainly, if the loves society fosters are the love of power, of money, and of status, it is a low-grade society. Yet even these loves are relatively harmless compared with the "cosmic loves"—the activities which describe themselves as the love of God and the love of Humanity. These are the "loves"—on my view, the pseudo-loves—in the name of which human beings persecute, torture, censor, kill. Sometimes, of course, people describe as "the love of God" or "the love of Humanity" what is in fact love for persons: There are doctors, nurses, clergymen, men and women in every walk of life, whom one might in this sense describe as "loving humanity" and who might think of themselves as loving God. Again, we know what Wittgen-

²⁴ For Artaud see *Le théâtre et la cruauté* (c. 1935) and *Le théâtre de la cruauté Premier Manifeste* (1932) included in *Le théâtre et son double* (Paris, 1964), pp. 133, 146.

²⁵ See Friedrich Schiller, *On the Aesthetic Education of Man*, Fifteenth Letter (ed. Wilkinson & Willoughby, 1967), p. 107.

stein is driving at when he tells us in the foreword to his *Philosophische Bemerkungen* that, except that he knows he would be misunderstood, he would like to say of his work that it is written for the "greater glory of God;" he goes on to add that in so far as it has been written not out of this motive but out of vanity, it ought to be condemned. To act out of love for God, or for the glory of God, can mean nothing more than to seek to make a contribution to human life, as distinct from satisfying one's vanity—love as distinct from self-love is sometimes thus described as "the love of God."

But often enough men have sought to demonstrate their love for God by loving nothing at all and their love for humanity by loving nobody whatsoever. These are the men to be feared above all others—the Robespierres who "love humanity," the Inquisitors who "love God." The loves which determine the quality of a society are not such pseudo-loves as these but what, relatively speaking, might be called the "little loves"—the love of one's work, of one's friends, of works of art, of scientific and technological achievements, of justice, of political freedom, of one's community, one's wife, one's children.

ANOTHER "COSMIC LOVE" is the "love of Nature." Man's relationship to Nature exemplifies the contrasts I have been emphasising. It may be a relationship of toil: Nature is then an object to be exploited in the interests of profit. Or Nature may serve, as it does to the yachtsman and the mountaineer, as the opponent in a game. Or, finally, men may be said to "love" Nature. But two quite different attitudes are covered by this phrase. Nature may be loved as a farmer, a conservationist, a forester, loves it—as something to be cherished. Or it may be "loved", in Wordsworth's manner, as a purely sensual object; in my terminology, that is, man's relationship with Nature may be simply "play." In this latter form, significantly enough, it is often associated with mysticism. The "lover of Nature" feels himself "at one" with it, indistinguishable from it, in a kind of swooning enjoyment, not necessarily interpreted in religious terms. Even in this form, the "love of Nature" is perhaps the least harmful form of pseudo-love although one often finds

it serving as a substitute for the love of care-creating human beings. Hermits often built their hermitages in settings of great natural beauty, and it would be difficult to excel, in this respect, the surroundings of Hitler's Berchtesgaden. But it is certainly the active form of love which is now called for, if this is to be a world worth living in.

The Process of Dehumanisation

WHAT OF "love for one's neighbours?" It is quite misleading to use the word "love" in this context. The appropriate attitude to a neighbour—to another human being merely as such—is not love but that quite different relationship which one might call "consideration." It consists in treating a neighbour as another human being, taking his interests into account, coming to his aid if he is in difficulties, admitting his right to live his own life in his own way. Love, when it is a love for persons, includes consideration but goes much beyond it: it is a special relationship to other persons, which implies taking a peculiar interest in their growth and development.

A principal objection to the view that we ought to love our neighbours, love them as brothers, is that it is presumptuous to do so. They may properly resent any attempt on our part to take a peculiar interest in them, merely in virtue of their being our neighbours. We certainly do not wish to be loved by everybody: why should we imagine that everybody wishes to be loved by us? Affection—personal love—always carries with it some degree of intimacy, loss of privacy. Nowhere is there more talk about "the brotherhood of man" than in the Soviet Union: there it is used to justify the total rejection of the right to privacy, the denunciation of neighbours one by another, constant interference in one another's lives. That is why Orwell called his supreme ruler "Big Brother." And precisely the same phenomenon has occurred in rigidly Christian communities like, for example, Puritan New England or 16th-century Spain.

If, with these reservations, we think of "love" as the highest form of human activity we have still to grant to the perfectibilist that "loves," even the best of them, are not perfect in any of the classical senses. "Care" is essentially involved in them, discontent, anxiety, dependence on others, disunity, opposition,

unhappiness. Herder sums up in his characteristically metaphorical fashion: "Nowhere upon Earth does the rose of happiness blossom without thorns: but what proceeds from these thorns is everywhere and under all its forms, the lovely though perishable rose of vital joy."²⁶ Lovely, perishable, joyous—such are the best human loves: but full of thorns.

TO WRITE, for example, can be a "vital joy," but a joy which is inevitably united with the thorns of anxious care. It is not a contribution to perfection, as perfection is classically understood. To write anything worth writing is to arouse opposition and controversy. Writing does not promote the classical perfectibilist ideals of unity and harmony or contentment. To write is to abandon all hope of self-sufficiency, to make oneself dependent on a multitude of other human beings, to surrender one's peace of mind, to stir up one's passions, to struggle with time. Love for persons is no less "imperfect" in the classical sense of the word.

On the other side, or so I have suggested, the classical ideals of perfection banish care only by dehumanising. No doubt they can be so interpreted as not to be destructive of humanity. Art and science have their own orders, the artist and the scientist seek particular forms of harmony: to that extent the love of order need not be dehumanising. If "simplicity" is interpreted to mean no more than "Do not unnecessarily complicate your life with possessions!"—it is an ideal any humanist would do well to adopt. Science, though itself a passion, must certainly be "dispassionate;" if freedom from passion means nothing more than objectivity, disinterestedness, it is certainly not a dehumanising ideal. Man needs to think of himself as "at one with the world", as the perfectibilist urges him to do, if this is to be contrasted with setting himself above, or apart from, the natural world. "Self-sufficiency" is vitally important to humanity, when it means no more than a capacity to do without such solaces as reputation and status.

But classical perfectibilists go a great deal further than this. They set out in search of a total order, a total harmony, and neither science nor art, as Plato saw and the dystopians have seen after him, could be freely operating loves within such a total order; science and art

are by their very nature revolutionary, destructive of established orders. Perfectibilists tell us not only to abandon our possessions but to abandon our loves; to be not merely dispassionate but, what is very different, without passion; to seek a kind of unity which is destructive of that diversity which is the glory of the world and the secret of all man's achievements; to be self-sufficient in a sense which does not permit of love. That is precisely why perfectibilism is dehumanising. To achieve perfection in any of its classical senses, as so many perfectibilists have admitted, it would first be necessary to cease to be human, to become godlike, to rise above the human condition. But a god knows nothing of love, or science, or art, or craft, of family and friends, of discovery, of pride in work. And can we really count as perfection a condition which excludes all of these, for the sake of eternity, of order, or of unalloyed enjoyment?

Man's Useful Passion

IN SPITE OF these reflections, which might lead us to reject perfectibilism in any of its forms, it is very hard to shake off the feeling that man is capable of becoming something much superior to what he now is. This feeling, if it is interpreted in the manner of the more commonsensical Enlighteners, is not in itself irrational. There is certainly no *guarantee* that men will ever be any better than they now are; their future is not, as it were, underwritten by Nature. Nor is there any device, whether skilful government, or education, which is certain to ensure the improvement of man's condition. To that extent the hopes of the Developmentalists or the Governmentalists or the Educators must certainly be abandoned. Nor is there the slightest ground for believing, with the anarchist, that if only the State could be destroyed and men could start afresh, all would be well. But we know from our own experience, as teachers or parents, that individual human beings can come to be better than they once were, given care, and that wholly to despair of a child or pupil is to abdicate what is one's proper responsibility. We know, too, that in the past men have made advances, in science, in art, in affection.

Men, almost certainly, are capable of more than they have ever so far achieved. But what

²⁶ Herder, *Ideas*, Bk. VIII, ch. V, p. 222.

they achieve, or so I have suggested, will be a consequence of their remaining anxious, passionate, discontented human beings. To attempt, in the quest for perfection, to raise men above that level is to court disaster; there

is no level above it, there is only a level below it. "To be man," Sartre has written, "means to reach towards being God."²⁷ That is why he also describes man as a "useless passion". For certainly man is a "useless passion" if his passion is to be God. But his passions are not useless, if they help him to become a little more humane, a little more civilised.

²⁷ Jean-Paul Sartre, *Being and Nothingness* (tr. Barnes, 1957), p. 566.

Memoirs of a Book Reviewer

A month much like any other
 There were five weekends in it
 And no printing strike, but a rape
 In Viet Nam (I believe it was), a
 Symbolical German dentist removing teeth
 And illusions, and a Jewish Italian
 Afflicted with accidie in an elegant style
 (Or maybe that was the month before)
 W. Pater wrote letters to an oriental maiden
 Raped by GIs, while a bored Italian Jew
 Discovered the source of eternal energy in
 The Antarctic (Prix des Libraires) which was
 Discovered a week later by a Swede in a
 Documentary novel and a balloon. A number of
 Quaint peasants murdered their husbands or
 Wives etc. and got off scot-free because they
 Were life-enhancing. And I forgot my name
 (It was found at the bottom of a page)
 I wrote elegant letters to an asian woman
 Murdered by the foreign soldiery. Shakespeare
 Turned up, with an apt word for everything
 Especially titles. I forgot my title
 (The postman brought me proofs of existence)
 Much drinking of *vins de pays* went on. I can
 Remember a hangover. And lots of sex
 In a lost world at the bottom of the Antarctic
 Discovered by E. Pound, an American balloonist
 And I lost my memory for several days, but
 Found it at the bottom of a cheque. In a
 Spare hour I tried to write a poem on life and
 Death in a Vietnamese hamlet called SW18
 Ravaged by peace and the brutal schoolchildren
 W. Pater came about the cooker
 At some stage an exhaustive life of E. Pound
 Appeared. A peasant named Confucius was raped
 By the brutal intelligentsia. A large man came
 About the rates, a book came about the rapes, a
 Large book came about Shakespeare from Voltaire
 To Ungaretti. An index slipped, trouble with
 An appendix, my teeth hurt. At one point (I am
 Almost sure) a book reviewer died at his desk
 Whose name will be found at the bottom

D. J. Enright

A Loo With A View

HANS FEET sat in the smallest room. More exactly, in one of the smallest rooms; for there were six, two on each floor of this small hotel on a Greek island.

But Hans' smallest room had the best view of all. It was on the top floor. Through the open window the sea winked blue for him, apricot roofs offered the secrets of hidden washing-lines, the windows of a neighbouring hotel lit up at dusk and became mysterious little theatres busy with bodies glinting to and fro. The road running by the beach was well in sight, walled gardens inland were open to him—he could certainly keep an eye on things. But all these things were premeditated, he had chosen his bedroom in the hotel precisely to be near this particular smallest room.

Such a course had become a habit with Hans. Like many another northerner summing in the south, he knew that a bad few days would probably come when quite a time must be spent in the smallest room. It would become a second habitation. Mild dysentery, an excess of unusually rich food and drink, too much sun or the chill of a wet swimsuit—much could bring on these three or four monastic days. So with this in view, he chose a loo with a view. The bedroom windows hardly mattered as much—he would only be there for a siesta or at night. It was here in the other room that he would sit for half-hour after lonely half-hour.

He was not always in pain when he sat there. He simply sat on because the pain might start again; he could not be bothered to dress for the outside world and then come scurrying back. Besides, he liked the view, it

soothed and intrigued. And he was not alone, he had his companions.

The subtropical spider, for instance, up in a corner to the right of the door. Long legs so thin they might have been strands of web, and a small dry body like an elegant grey pearl. At first Hans had thought the whole creature to be web: until one day he had seen it move, picking its way very slowly across the corner, lifting its unmanageably long legs as if footsore after a long country walk. He had read somewhere that the larger the spider, the weaker the heart. No wonder this fellow took it easy. Along with the little black mosquitoes squatted here and there on the wall triangular as jet aircraft, but fast asleep all day.

To Hans, embowelled in his small pale cell, these and other insects—a centipede french-polished to a mahogany brilliance, a busy brown beetle-fly with coyly waving antennae—these became as much his companions as the conventional rat in the prisoner's cell. He knew each one personally, missed them if temporarily absent, wondered about their lives spent so far from leaf and earth, exiles on the arid white-washed wall with only a forgotten nail and the toilet roll for company. In such bright white shade, with the blue summer boiling gold outside, it was an odd restricted microcosm with which, hourly, he was glad to grow more intimate.

But there was also the window in the outside wall, set low so the sitter could see much of the world outside as he sat: the macrocosm of the big world of people, villagers, tourists, trippers and tradesmen from the capital port across the island. The small quiescent world of insects sufficed Hans for the five minutes or so of weakness after a bout of pain; but then as his body strengthened his eyes would turn to the window and his larger world

THE DRAWINGS accompanying this short story are by the author.

of people, which on this occasion was to embroil him in the curious train of events which finally unseated him.

LET IT NOT BE thought that, because Hans was sitting in such a room, it is a matter for amusement. Lavatories lead to laughter all too easily. Their mission is a serious one, and all the more so when, like Hans, the sitter is in pain and sadly losing day after day of a holiday saved up for throughout the year. Hans sat there sadly enough; it was only proof of his spirit of adventure, of his interest in most aspects of life, that his eye would not be stopped from roaming. Sit there dull, defeated? Not the lively Hans. He cursed, of course: he had stinted himself quite a bit for his holiday. Nor was he proof against waves of self-pity as, like a child in bed listening to the sounds of a summer night, seaside music and grown-up laughter, he heard the laughter and talk from the café beneath, and saw the big black eyes of the bathers stretched in sunglasses on the beach. Everyone else was having a good time. Only he, Hans, was left out.

Yet these people below, some as near as thirty or more feet, were company of a sort. He was much lonelier in the small hours of night when the cafés and the dancing were over, the lights out, and not a shadow moved. The placid Aegean lapped then loud. The stars brilliant in the clean air spoke too clearly of eternity, gave rise over-easily to insoluble problems. It was thus a relief one night, though indeed startling, when along the road, and silhouetted against the darkly silvered sea, there came slithering the enormous hairy head of a giant with no body. Dread Cyclopean thoughts froze him . . . this ancient classic shore, this landscape of myth, this witched hour of night—anything could happen? But it was finally no more than a peasant's cart loaded high with grass, so high and broad the donkey drawing it was invisible. How early they rose, Hans thought, what a life . . . and pitied his own predicament the less.

IT WAS AT DAWN, and during the yet cool hours between six and eight that, if he was up at his post, his loneliness was most relieved. For now the whole village was up

and working hard against time and the rising strength of their enemy the sun. There was the urgency of a disturbed ants' nest in this unusual hurry among a slow-moving people. Errands of all kinds went to and fro, packages and crates appeared and disappeared, women washed everything they could get their hands on, a horse stood in the sea being swabbed with water. A couple of old men sat drinking coffee and a first glass of ouzo, keeping a stern eye on things. Boats had already come in with the night's fish, which was being sold to black-shawled women by the sea-road. A drift of plain-song came down from the monastery climbing the hill above; beautiful, but Hans was wise to it, at first he had marvelled at the many devoted voices joined in sonorous unison—until he had seen the monk with the transistor. But in a garden below he was certainly surprised one early morning to see the back of a large fat figure pulling on football shorts; it was in the vegetable patch at the end—but surely too fat a man for football? Though, of course, anyone might wear shorts? Only in this case the head was covered in voluminous black cloth—which later fell down over the shorts to make a skirt. It had been an old woman relieving herself in solitude at the end of her garden.



Hans envied her—all over and done with so quickly. But he was also glad to know at last what they wore under those huge black skirts.

NEXT DOOR was a small square pink hotel, with a few rooms at street level along the side facing Hans. One of these rooms gave him great enjoyment. In the

morning, when a young fisherman brought up to the hotel a creel of big lobster-sized crayfish from the wet cage in the sea, he habitually paused by this one window and gave a low whistle. In a few seconds a pale arm would come out from the window, and a hand with lacquered nails would carefully grab the extended live crayfish; and as quickly withdraw. The hand was no chambermaid's hand, it wore a diamond ring which winked in the sun. Whoever the lady was could now be certain of langouste for lunch.

The lady was making sure. Yet she never seemed to pay for this security. Hans sat there wondering what she did with the thing all the morning. Would it occupy the hand-basin or the bath? Was there a bidet? What did the chambermaid think when she came to clean the room and found this large clawed beast paddling round the bath? But then, a tip or two would silence her. And the lady never paid the fisherman? That was the best part of it. For at night, after midnight when there were few people on the little sand-track of a street, the fisherman would appear again. Handsome, agile, cleanly shaved, and in a clean white shirt. A quick look to left and right, the same low whistle, a pause to listen for something—then a light vault on to the sill and through the window for the best part of the night.

Hans promised himself a survey of all the ringed hands in the hotel when he got better. And, by now, better he was getting. The signs were good. He spent much less time with spider and centipede than with the window, the world. Into which he would soon be freed. But the world had a dirty trick up its sleeve—and this had to do with

the same window. Because, on the last afternoon of his seclusion, early afternoon when most people were still at their long southern lunch, he was sitting by his little window with a casual eye on the now empty street—when abruptly at the window appeared a naked male torso. And a head. But only half a face. The lower half was partly hidden by the strap of a woman's handbag. The man had a handbag gripped in his teeth like a spaniel bringing home the evening paper.

The reason for this soon became plain. He needed his hands. For this spaniel man now took a quick look to left and right, the bag swinging dangerously, saw the road was clear, and put his two hands on the sill and vaulted his body clean through and out. A pair of coloured bathing shorts flashed into sight and in the next second the man, shorts and bag had flashed away out of sight. So fast, in fact, that he never even paused to take the bag out of his mouth. The faithful Rover was making off home as quick as he could, treasure trove clenched double safe in his dependable fangs. By this time, Hans was barking. Sitting up and barking as loud as he could.

Because as soon as he spotted what was plainly an act of theft, his sense of duty had risen alongside his astonishment and, responses computing, all at the same time he thought: If I yell Help, people will all listen, wonder, ask each other, and then a few vital seconds later someone might move; if I try to get down myself, I'll be too late; but what is this man but a dog and who am I but a watchdog?

In earlier years, even at school, Hans had developed a good bark. A party trick—but he had got that bark real good, both a treble and a horrid low Labrador contralto. These now he managed one after the other. Sitting there, clutching for safety the toilet roll fixture: Yough, yough, yough! Eow! Eow! Eow! Yough! Eow!



AND ON AND ON. The effort of this brought on a further slight access of his disability; indeed, a kind of final clearance, a completion. And the result below proved a credit to the excellence of his bark. It was so good that nobody paid any attention at all—"Those low, excitable creatures at it again,"

was the immediate Greek comment. And the hotel guests, stuffed full of crayfish and honey-cakes, thought it only part of the colourful Greek atmosphere. But the real doggies themselves?

From oleander-shade, from bins and boats, from the middles of roads and other hideouts they came lurching and limping along, in some cases still only half-awake, one ear up and the other still down—their yellow, dark ruby or sapphire eyes aloft at Hans. A good half-dozen Aegean hounds in all, and of all shapes and sizes, they stood panting and regarding the small pale human face above with a kind of sorrow. One of the smaller dogs began to wag its tail, sensing action, but soon desisted. What did they see? What did they hear? To trained ears; this could hardly be a true bark? Yet it was enough to set one or two of them off yapping in answer; and finally, most shaming of all, to induce one long, lean, liver-coloured hound with an ear turned inside out to point its jowls vertically to the skies and give forth a long, low spine-chilling howl. This was togetherness indeed. Hans stopped barking.

BUT STILL NO SIGN of a single human being in the sweltering noon-day street. The hell with it, he thought—what's it to me anyway? But somewhere tucked away in his marrow lay the boy scout, the empire builder, the secret agent. He began quickly to assess what he knew. The window—which one it was, four from the front? And the thief had run off in a southerly direction—that is, away from the village proper to where a camping site littered an ancient field of olives. And one other thing he remembered—even with the bag hiding most of it, he knew the man to have a thin charcoal line of beard round his face. A fashion adopted from time to time by French students. Though of course other students followed it up like sheep. However, it all pointed to the camping, and now Hans Feet suddenly decided to grit his teeth, gird his loins and go along and see for himself. Beard the student in his den. He felt better already. It was still rather too early for him to leave the safety of his rooms—but he would risk it, the whole episode had invigorated him. He looked

round his little cell—the centipede had gone, disturbed by so much unusual action. The spider stayed put. “So long,” Hans waved to this inscrutable dry-land octopus, and made off.

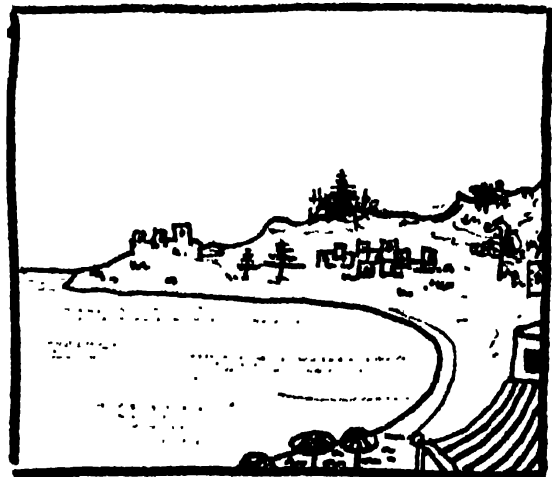
The camping site was scattered, not much organised. Entering the fringe, Hans passed one or two young men, beardless, but also in coloured bathing slips. This stopped him. What had been the thief's colour? Something—pale bluish? He racked his mind. Looked again at these new young men in their slips. All colours. He grew confused—it was like the confusion after a period choosing wall-papers, everything got mixed, judgment failed. Anyway, the beard would clinch it. And sure enough, when he got well in under the olives, he ran straight into a young man in a coloured bathing slip with a thin charcoal-line beard.

NO POINT in beating about the bush. He who hesitates is lost. But—look before you leap? Hans took one good look and leapt. He went straight up to this sturdy muscular young man and said, in French, “Do you speak English?”

The young man gave him the vacant look of one stopped by a stranger in the street. “A leetle,” he said.

“Then,” Hans gave him sternly, “I have to tell you I was watching the Hotel Nausicaa and saw the whole thing.” “Theeng? What theeng?” said the young man, with a worried look in his eyes.

Hans enumerated slowly: “Now if you'll give it back to me, that'll be the last of it. Don't want any trouble, do we? No names, no pack-drill. But let it be a lesson to you.”



"Pack-dreel?"

"Stalling for time won't get you anywhere, my fine froggy friend. You French?"

For some reason this amused the otherwise startled thief. "French?" he laughed. "I come from Sicilia. I am—what you call it—wop?"

Hans blanched. He quickly measured the man's classic armour of muscles, the hair on his chest, the agile bandiness of his legs. Mafia? Better skidaddle? But what—run away from a wop?

"Wop?" he shouted in the man's face: and then saw past it what he had never looked for before he leapt. In the long perspective three young men at least wore charcoal-line beards above their coloured bathing slips. "*Scusi!*" Hans said, as now nervous tension also brought on his disability. "*Pardon!*" he added, and made off at a sharp scuttle for the nearest clump of bushes.

The Sicilian frowned and shrugged. It was too hot to bother. "*Gli inglesi,*" he muttered, "uppa da pola," and walked off to the shade and sleep.

Hans squatted behind a thick myrtle, suffered and thought. He decided to return to the hotel to sleep the heat out, then dress himself up a bit and speak authoritatively to the Nausicaa's manager.

So that at about seven, finding himself indeed very much better, he strolled down to the Nausicaa's café. But the manager was out. Hans sat down to wait, and called for an ouzo. It went down surprisingly well. His first for days. He expanded, and, along with the ouzo, drank in the evening.

THE LITTLE BAY glittered quietly, beginning to darken and dream. A scent of pines drifted on the cooler, pinkening air. The moment was heavy with sea-smells, with the salt-drenched end of another day. Late bathers came wandering back, flushed with sun and languor . . . now for the baths, the scenting, the dressing for another starry southern night, for iced drinks in the warm air, for food and laughter and music. Hans ordered another ouzo, and casually studied the hands and rings of women sitting within view: and then sat bolt upright—he'd got her! Got her immediately! He was sure of it. He could

not, of course, be sure from the diamond ring; but few women used the odd green lacquer this woman chose for her nails—it had puzzled him earlier, but he had thought it was perhaps the reflection of green leaves on colourless lacquer. But now the fact was plain. And the reason, too—for the woman, who was red-haired and much made-up, had very green eyes. A high emerald collar round her neck, a green silk dress, a sharp black beauty-spot on her left cheek and an age-group of about forty. Her shoulders were wide, her bosom big, she was florid and certainly arresting—a very merry and handsome widow. You might have put her down as a singer from the Viennese light opera.

Hans got to his feet. He might as well go straight over and tell her now. The woman was sitting alone, stroking the hotel cat which sat on a chair beside her. She smiled with great pleasure when Hans introduced himself—she plainly liked company, and showed no diffidence about strange men. She patted the third chair at the little plastic marble table. Hans sat down with woman and cat and began speaking, loud and firmly, to make it sound as official as possible: "I'll go straight to the point, madam. I saw a man come out of your bedroom window, and he was—"

"Shhh!" the woman said quickly, her smile gone, a sly look in her eyes. She put a cautionary finger to her lips, and smiled again, but now nervously: "*Not* in front of pussy," she said.

"Through your window," Hans began.

She wagged an arch finger: "*Pas devant le chat,*" she laughed.

"But you see," Hans said, "this man—"

"I won't hear another word! Not *one!*" The woman rose up, tossed back her drink, paused as if deciding something—and then took Hans' arm in a soft but firm grip:



"Now you come with me, I've something to show you. Something special. By the way—my name, since we've met, Mrs Olga Litvin. Amsterdam. Now come along with me—no, I won't have no no's." "No," Hans said; but was taken off into the hotel proper, feeling it would look discourteous to pull himself too forcibly from the lady's grip. Besides, the grip was not unpleasant. So into the hotel, along a corridor, one two three four doors—and her room.

Once the door was shut, she rounded on him, whispering urgently, "I implore you, not another word! I've behaved—oh, silly I know—but Greece, *Greece!* And the weakness of a woman, please understand—I beg you to comprehend. My husband—I'm unmarried, but my how-do-you-say, boy-friend? Protector? A jealous man in cheeses. From Gouda—but news travels fast. Now come on and see what I've got for you!"

Hans was confused enough—but he had also caught on. So now, to postpone for a moment the main matter, he simply said:

"What marvellously good English you have."

"Oh—we Dutch always. Yet I am Russian, too. Now please to come to the bath."

"Eh?"

She laughed delightfully—"Oh, I do not mean take a bath, not yet, milord"—took his arm again and led him through a little door. The bathroom was tiled in several Greek blues, peacock, turquoise, purple, and beyond the shining chromium and glass and enamel it was plainly in full feminine use. Scraps of tissue paper about, powder upset, a scrawled note in lipstick on the mirror above face level, and across one corner a miniature clothes line with bright coloured plastic pegs from which hung stockings and pale triangles of small nylon pants.

IN THE HALF-FILLED bath a large blue-black crayfish slowly skated. At the sight of it, this Mrs Litvin seemed to forget Hans, sat down plump on the little bathroom stool. A moment later she motioned Hans to the only other seat. Hans, his head already bowed to avoid the little washing-line, thankfully sat.

A moment's silence, as seated thus side by side, they contemplated the crayfish. A single bead of saliva formed itself on the

lower lip of Mrs Litvin; eyes still fixed on the succulent sea-beast, she reached for a tissue and wiped it away. Hans waited with mixed feelings. Should he watch the crayfish or Mrs Litvin? Both were attractive in their different ways.

And he realised only too well that, absurdly, he was sitting on the main seat of again another little room. Moreover, the crayfish had some mixed-up resemblance to both his spider and his centipede. But crayfish and Litvin notwithstanding, he knew his real duty was to report about the stolen bag. Yet all he did now was try and count the blue-black creature's legs, six or eight? Was it a sea-scorpion, as his spider was a landed octopus?

At length the red-head Litvin opened her mouth: "I was going to give it to you," she said, "but I am only a weak woman. Let us both eat him for dinner! All day I have kept him for tonight!"

It passed through Hans' mind to thank God she had not, in fact, given it to him. How to have carried it back to his own hotel, how to have stored it in his small washbasin? He only said: "Well, that's very good of you. Thanks."

THE PROSPECTIVE DINNER moved about the bath in a slow motion all its own, half on its feet, half swimming. There were hairy flaps about its tail, and its face brandished long antennae. Roughly this face, with its sharp black eyes and all those antennae, had the look of an aghast colonel of the old brigade. "Poof!" it seemed apoplectically to complain. And well it might, Hans thought, after a day in saltless bathwater. Then pity, and sudden anger at such a beautiful creature being boiled and dissected and swallowed—together with an impatience with himself sitting again on such a seat—prompted him finally and firmly to make his point. And he knew by this time how to put it: "Look, madam," he said quietly, "your bag was stolen this afternoon by a man with a beard."

Mrs Litvin looked slowly up from the crayfish. "Eh?" she said, waking indeed from a dream. "What bag?" Hans said: "How do I know? He had it in his teeth. I was looking out from a window in the hotel over the way—this afternoon."

Mrs Litvin was now fully awake. "Teeth?" she said. "This afternoon? But I was out. I had my bag with me. Oh—was it a red bag?" "I rather think so—I can't be sure." Mrs Litvin took a quick look at the crayfish to reassure herself it was still there—then very sweetly smiled at Hans and shook her head: "Ah, poor thief. When he finds out what is inside!"

Hans was taken aback. Thought instantly: she's so rich she doesn't care. Yet the rich are usually the most predatory and possessive of all? Then, feeling a little hurt that all his trouble should have come to so little, he tried to regain his spirits with a passing joke: "You mean the old chestnut: stuffed with notes—but all marked Bank of Toyland? Your child's bag?"

Mrs Litvin looked suddenly sad.

"No," she said, "I have no children."

Her shoulders looked suddenly small, she seemed to shrink; for the first time Hans saw her face serious and thoughtful. And then she said very quietly: "I would like to have a baby, oh how I would love to have a baby."

Hans was appalled. There was nothing he could say. He simply sat feeling sorrow for her: in a second the little bathroom had been changed into a chapel.

BUT A MOMENT later Mrs Litvin was shrugging her shoulders, giving a wry smile, saying: "Well—back to the bag, it was full of diamonds."

"Good heavens!"

Mrs Litvin nodded. And then said again, "Poor thief."

Hans looked at the crayfish for help. It was all too much. "I see," he tried, "too valuable to market? Too recognisable?"

"Nonsense," Mrs Litvin now laughed. "They were false. A collar like this"—she pointed a green fingernail to her own sparkling neck—"and a couple of diamond bracelets. Our Amsterdam is the first diamond-polishing city in the world—so naturally we have a good industry in paste too. Nobody wants to wear their real stones nowadays, not with all these hoodlums—you say?—around. Keep them safe in the safe. Of course, he'll get a few drachmas. But they were poor stuff. I brought them for bathing."

"Oh."

"So that's that," said Mrs Litvin, and rose as if all had been settled. But then paused, and narrowed her eyes at Hans. "But I forgot," she said. "You're the little face up at the window every day? Yes... I recognise you now. Is he a voyeur, I thought, or is he a sick man, an invalid? But here you are, not sick... not bad, either," and she fluttered her eyelids with now an almost cunning smile.

Hans looked away: "A sick man," he said. "At least I was. But then a sick man soon becomes a voyeur."

Her hand was on his shoulder. "Still," she said, "sick or not, you already know too much. Come—we have time before we eat this fish."

The green fingernails had left his shoulder and crept round to his armpit, gently gesturing him up. Hans rose, the fingers took his arm and gently led him back into the bedroom. Where another hand of fingernails crept round the other side of him, and he was abruptly drawn hard against Mrs Litvin and his head pulled down and Mrs Litvin's lips were crushed and working against his. Which Hans not only succumbed to but now began assiduously to speed on with all his lack of breath.

Only when they were on the bed, half undressing and half kissing still, did he begin to wonder why—why Mrs Litvin—now—Olga had taken so total a step when she might so easily have asked for an honourable promise over dinner. And why he himself was succumbing so easily to the charms of a woman hardly of his usual type. But they were nevertheless charms. And he'd been locked up for a week. And here she was on a plate, plus a *langouste*. Or—was it something to do with that small moment of sadness about the baby, a shaft of sadness bringing two people together?

"Oh—darling—just a minute," she said, stopping. "I must give—" and she got up and slipped on a wrap and went to the smallest room. Hans nodded to himself at the wrap. Modest, he approved; and waited for the usual time. But Olga Litvin was much quicker than that. She came out instantly. And in one hand she held the crayfish which she now took into the corridor shouting for someone. Within a further

expert minute she was back again and throwing herself gasping with pleasure into Hans' arms.

Later they dined well, and moreover found they enjoyed each other's company. Wine, wine—and they returned together to the room and bed.

VERY MUCH LATER, when she was sleeping, Hans in the dark began to watch the window. It was square, and white

with moonlight. In growing panic, he realised that at any moment he might hear a low whistle, see the agile young muscular figure silhouetted on the sill. Jealous. Greek. Maddened. Robbed of his woman. Carrying a knife. . . .

He lay there waiting. It was sure to come. Then, as the minutes passed, resolution rose. At least, Hans thought, I can bark. I can bark like hell. And there in the dark he very quietly cleared his throat.

The Constitutional

(For the archpoet César Vallejo)

There is one in the half-light works.
I hear you clearly, César Vallejo.
In the half-light you whisper
My new address.

Entering,
I wear the dun-coloured coat of poverty.
Like the beetle I found
This simple colour on a long road.

Curbs watching my feet all the way
And at the end a dead man
Sits at the table slicing bread.
He makes me a place
In the half-light.

I sent ahead
My feet in their hope of the honest labourer.
What you slice
Crams the shadow in me.

Yes, my impossible shadow
Leans on your cloth.
In suburbs ample without you,
Considering your traces in the pit,
It has been Benjamin walking toward
His brother.

Dennis Silk

Anglo-Scot

'Upon the thistle they're impaled'

AN ANGLO-SCOT, which means an Anglicised Scot, is naturally despised by both sides. To Scotsmen he is a traitor. To Englishmen he is a figure of fun. They cannot understand why anyone who so obviously reveals his true inclinations by living in London and speaking with an Oxford accent should still insist that he is really a Scotsman at heart. Despised, rejected, scorned, the poor fellow either takes to drink—choosing, of course, Scotch whisky in English pubs—or, like myself, escapes from his intolerable dilemma by leaving Britain and settling in Australia or Canada or New Zealand.

Nothing that I can say is likely to alter these facts. But now, when, in spite of the general election results, Scottish nationalism must at last be taken seriously, it may be of some interest to explain how an Anglo-Scot is made and why so many of us now support the Scottish National Party even though we no longer live there. Here, then, is the case-history of an Anglo-Scot.

I WAS BORN in Hawick in the Borders of Scotland. My father, who, I suppose, would have been well-off if his health had not forced him to retire early, came from an old Border family few of whose members had ever left the district except to soldier in Britain's foreign wars. As a young man my father himself had visited Australia and had not much liked what he saw.

JOHN DOUGLAS PRINGLE was formerly the Deputy Editor of "The Observer" in London. He was, until recently, the Editor of the "Sydney Morning Herald," and is still living in Australia.

He was perfectly content to spend the rest of his life in Scotland, which he believed to be the finest country in the world, and in the Borders, which he believed to be the most beautiful part of Scotland.

Yet in spite of his apparent pride in Scotland, my father, like so many educated Scotsmen in the 19th and 20th centuries, had lost confidence in Scottish culture. Secretly, I think, he felt that the English were in some way superior, though he would have hotly denied this in public. His political hero was Lord Rosebery, a somewhat equivocal figure. It is significant that he himself normally spoke a correct English without a trace of Scots accent though I have heard him talk fluently in broad Scots to the Hawick mill-hands or to the shepherds and fishermen he met in the countryside. At home he would use certain Scots words and phrases, half-humorously and always, so to speak, in inverted commas. For instance, he would say that he had taken "a scunner" to some dish my mother served at table or would tell me to "toom out" the watering-can in the garden.

My mother, on the other hand, was half-English and half-Welsh. She came from a family which had done well out of the industrial revolution and was absolutely confident of English middle-class values. She did not conceal that she found Scots people and Scots customs inferior to those to which she was accustomed. Many of my father's friends were, I suppose, "fair coorse" in the old Scots way. My mother detested their bawdy jokes and heavy drinking. She considered them ill-educated and ill-bred though in fact they were neither. They found her prudish, refined and, perhaps, a bit of a snob.

As a result my mother set herself, from the day I was born, to turn me into an Englishman. This was not easy for, in my early years at least, I was fiercely and patriotically Scottish. I was deeply influenced by the legends and stories in which the Borders are so rich and, in my childish games, lived again the life of a moss-trooper. (Oddly enough, though we lived so close to the Border, we practically never crossed it. In our frequent drives through that lovely countryside my father would take the road up to the Carter Bar or Liddesdale, stop at the Border to survey enemy territory, and then turn back. This seemed to me perfectly natural and, indeed, prudent. Incredible though it may seem, I only entered England once before I was ten and then only because it was impossible to go by train from Hawick to Moffat without changing at Carlisle!)

But my mother was determined. She realised from the start that the key to my Anglicisation or de-Scottisation was education. The first battle was to stop me from going to the Hawick High School which was the natural thing for local boys of all classes to do. She persuaded my father that my health was not strong enough and, besides, she hinted, I would only be corrupted by the coarse manners of the Hawick callants. Instead she persuaded him to send me to a preparatory school in Moffat—in Scotland, certainly, but (and this was the nub) a preparatory school based on English models. The first battle had been won.

A minor skirmish in the same war took place over religion. My father, of course, was a Presbyterian. My mother was an Anglican. She began to take me, therefore, to the local Episcopalian Church, which by then had entirely lost its Scottish character. My father, who had long ceased to believe in anything, did not object. I, equally indifferent, could not.

Of course there were set-backs. I came back from first term at my preparatory school at Moffat, which was filled chiefly with boys from Glasgow, speaking a Glaswegian accent which appalled my mother and even shocked my father. The accent of Glasgow, unfortunately, is both the least attractive and the most catching in Scotland. However, like most children, I quickly slipped back into my normal accent at home and picked up my Glasgow accent again when I returned to school.

In any case my speech was then naturally dotted with Scottish words and phrases. If I

wanted to abuse another boy I would call him "a muckle sumph" or a "silly coof" rather than a "bloody fool." I would "stot" a ball not bounce it. I would "greet" not cry. I have no doubt that my speech would have been immediately identified as Scottish anywhere in England.

No matter: the first victory had been won. My prep school duly taught me to be as English as possible in all things, to despise everything Scottish except Scottish footballers, and to be totally ignorant of Scottish literature and history except for what I read myself during the holidays.

THE SECOND BATTLE came over a choice of public school. My father had been at Glenalmond which, God knows, is English enough even though it is near Perth. My mother wanted me to go to Shrewsbury where her brother had been. My headmaster backed my mother because he apparently felt that scholastically it was a greater distinction. (A truly remarkable example of the cultural cringe.) I therefore went on to Shrewsbury and became, to all appearances, an English boy. At Shrewsbury, of course, there were few other Scots boys and those there were kept quiet about it. A Scots accent would have been mocked. Any Scottish interest would have been thought eccentric. Life in an English public school is hellish enough without drawing attention to yourself by any peculiarity. Like most boys I did my best to conform. By the end of my first year I had lost my Scottish accent. By the end of the second I had almost forgotten Scotland. This process was made easier because my family then left Scotland because of my father's health to live in the South of England. My mother was winning all along the line.

After that there was no obstacle to my complete assimilation. When the time came to choose a university, Oxford was my first choice. No one ever suggested Edinburgh or Aberdeen or St Andrew's, and, if they had done, my masters would have smiled pityingly. I left Shrewsbury knowing far more about the history of Greece and Rome than about the history of my native land and almost entirely ignorant of Scottish literature. I had read the Border Ballads; I had been taught to sneer at Scott and Burns; I had never heard of Henryson or Dunbar except, characteristically, for Dunbar's

tribute to London—"London, the floure of cities alle"—which, by the way, he almost certainly did not write. Though I was eagerly reading T. S. Eliot, no one had told me that there was a poet in Scotland called Hugh MacDiarmid. I was a very model of a little Englishman.

IT MIGHT BE THOUGHT that Oxford would merely have completed and perfected this process. Yet not quite. After all, at Oxford one is encouraged to think for oneself. I discovered that there was still a part of me that was Scottish beneath the English overburden, and I began to dig down to find it. I went to Scotland for holidays, mostly climbing and fishing, but also rediscovering my roots. I met other Scotsmen—one of them was Jo Grimond—who had suffered the same brainwashing in varying degrees. Moreover I began to realise that, in some indefinable way which I certainly did not understand, I was not wholly English, that I was not even accepted as English and that I didn't want to be. I began to feel the nagging, spiritual toothache of a man who has been up-rooted from his own culture.

I do not want to exaggerate. This was still a very faint unease. On the whole I accepted my English lot. When I decided to try journalism I made a feeble attempt to get on *The Scotsman* but quickly gave it up when offered a trial on the *Manchester Guardian*. I was then far more interested in Europe and the coming drama in Germany than in Scotland.

It is all the more curious, therefore, that when war broke out and I volunteered to join the army, I knew at once that there was only one possible regiment for me—The King's Own Scottish Borderers. I went to an O.C.T.U. at Dunbar, obtained a commission in my regiment at Berwick-on-Tweed, and, after a short period in France in 1940, spent a large part of my four years service in Scotland.

This experience was decisive. Not only did I get to know parts of Scotland I had never known before, but I met Scotsmen and Scotswomen of all kinds and classes. I recognised them as my countrymen. I knew myself as Scottish. Moreover I began to resent keenly the unconscious superiority of Englishmen who found themselves temporarily stationed in

Scotland for training and did not try to conceal their amused contempt for their surroundings. They made fun of Scottish names which they did not try to pronounce correctly. They laughed at everything Scots people feel pride in. I realised what it was like to live in a British colony. It was all the more galling because, to my fellow officers, I was simply an Englishman masquerading in Scottish uniform.

Yet I still did not know what to do about it or even what to feel about it. I had no real Scottish culture, no understanding of the Scottish situation. It was not until the end of the war that I could fill this gap by reading deeply in Scottish history and literature; and it was not until I discovered the poems of Hugh MacDiarmid that I knew what to feel.

IT IS DIFFICULT to explain to Englishmen what Hugh MacDiarmid has meant to Scotsmen of my generation. His politics have often been absurd. It is difficult to be patient with a man who could spend his life fighting for Scotland's freedom from England and then turn round and applaud Russia's crushing the Hungarian revolt. In his public appearances—and in some of his prose essays—he often contrives to present an image of a bar-room orator, cantankerous, argumentative and totally unreasonable. But his poetry, and particularly the poems written in the 1920s and 1930s, are another matter. I do not want here to enter into the old argument as to whether the language, Lallans, which he invented for his purpose has any future. The plain fact is that he used it with magical skill to express his meaning. And what he had to say in *A Drunk Man Looks at the Thistle* rang like a bell in my mind.

He taught us that what was now generally thought of as Scottish culture was sentimental and debased; that, through our own neglect, we had lost or forgotten an earlier, truer Scottish culture; that until we rediscovered it our lives would be empty and unsatisfying.

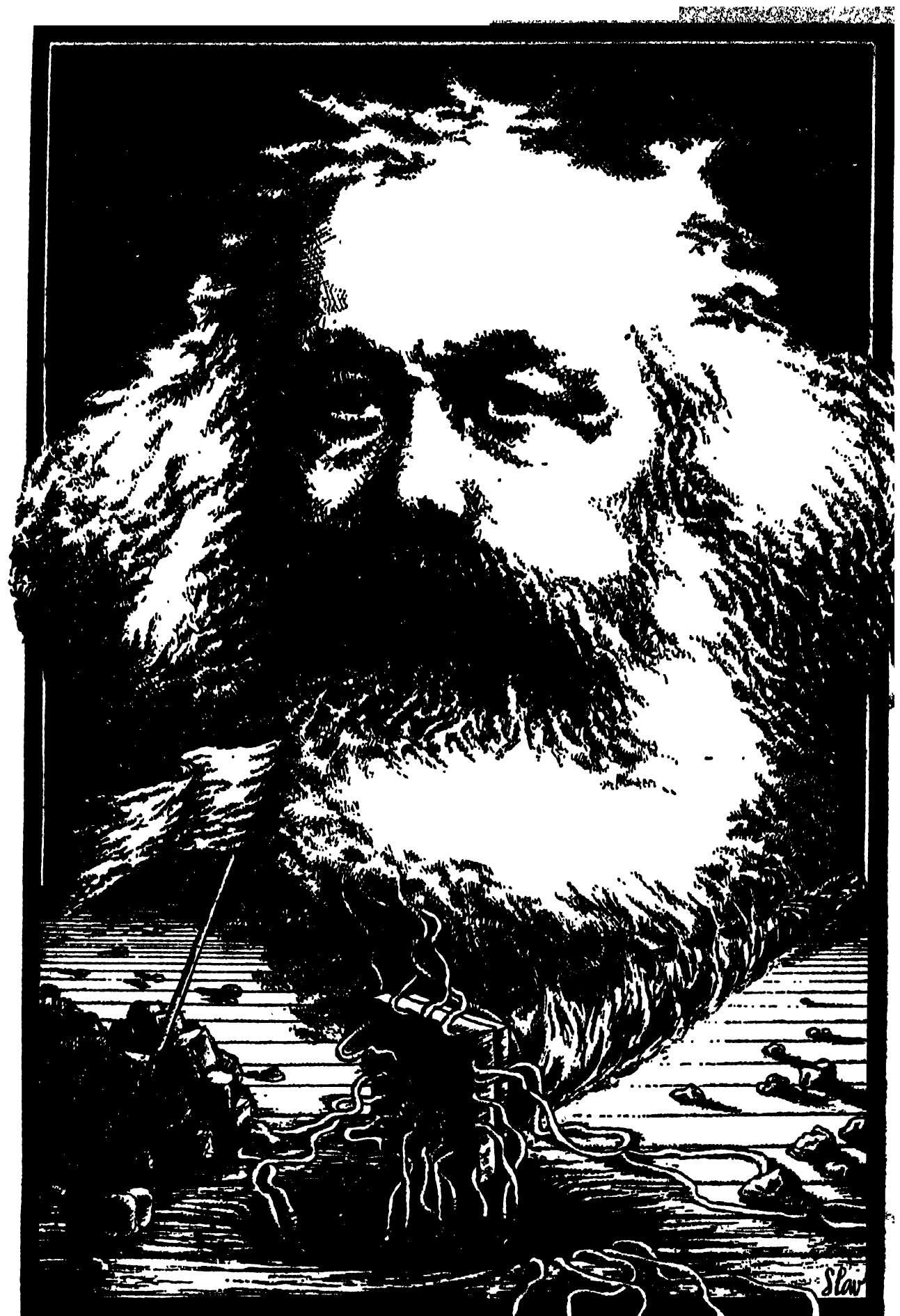
*The wee reliefs we hae' in booze,
Or wun at times in carnal states,
May hide frae us but canna cheenge
The silly horrors o' oor fates.*

Most important of all, he showed, like Yeats and others had done in Ireland, that a literary renaissance could point the way to a renaissance of national feeling.

FOR MYSELF this is all too late. I shall never be a true Scot or a true Englishman or, for that matter, a true Australian. And for that reason I shall never be able to write as I would like to write. A good many of my friends (mostly English friends) would deny this. They tell me we are entering an age of international art and culture where any local or regional characteristics can only be a disadvantage. The new poetry, for instance, will have to be universal in its appeal (like the Beatles) and immediately translatable into any language so that it can be appreciated in the world-village. I cannot agree and doubt whether they would talk in this way if they were not themselves deeply rooted in an English culture which they take for granted. It seems to me indeed that the opposite is more likely to be true, and that a

work of art must be in some sense parochial before it can have universal significance.

Whichever is true, England—and Australia—are in a fortunate position. They are all right, Jock. But if I am right in thinking, as Tolstoy and Dostoevsky certainly thought, that a man is somehow less as a man and a writer less as a writer if he is not rooted in the culture of his own country, then the Scots have a very reasonable complaint. For 250 years they have seen their languages (for one must add Gaelic to Scots), their literature, their thought and customs crushed into an English mould by the great weight of English wealth and government. Whether this process could now be reversed by giving the Scots self-government is, of course, another and very difficult question. But I see no reason why they should not be allowed to try.



Marx & the Missing Link

On the Importance of the "Grundrisse"—By DAVID McLELLAN

DURING the century or so since Marx's thought has been the object of widespread attention and comment, views as to what constitutes the kernel of his doctrine have been widely different. Until well on in this century, Marx was viewed as an economist, the author of *Capital* who had claimed, by his analysis of the contradictions of capitalist society, to have demonstrated its inevitable collapse. This emphasis was both the product of the intellectual climate at the end of the 19th century and of the nature of those of Marx's writings that were then available to the public. By the 1920s, however, interest in Hegel had revived; Georg Lukács and Karl Korsch had given novel interpretations of Marx in the light of this revival; and, above all, around 1930 the publication of Marx's early writings—his Doctoral Thesis, the "Critique of Hegel's Philosophy of the State," and particularly the *Paris Manuscripts*—caused a remarkable change of emphasis. Wide discussion of the early writings was only possible after the War and the first English version of the *Paris Manuscripts* was not produced until the very end of the 1950s. This re-appraisal may have been slow, but, in the minds of some, it was radical and Marx was discovered to be really a humanist, an existentialist, even a "spiritual existentialist."¹ This obviously raised the problem of the relationship of Marx's earlier to his later writings: was there one Marx or two? Schools formed. Possibly the largest number of Marxologists maintained that the young Marx was richer than the old Marx who had lost much

of his original humanist vision.² Others maintained that the fundamental inspiration of Marx's thought was indeed to be found in the *Paris Manuscripts*, but that Marx's later writings were a development of this inspiration.³ Still others (mostly orthodox Communists) claimed that the *Paris Manuscripts* were a transitory stage in Marx's development and rendered superfluous by later works.⁴ The latest suggestion has been that all of Marx should be divided into four parts: 1840-1844, *early works*; 1845, *works of transition*; 1845-1857, *works of maturation*; and 1857-1883, *works of maturity*.⁵

This debate tends to be useless in the same way that the pre-1930 interpretations of Marx do. Just as those interpretations could not take into account the bulk of Marx's early writings and thus are necessarily deficient, so the interpretations mentioned above are equally deficient in that they neglect what is, in a sense, the most fundamental of all Marx's writings—the *Grundrisse der Kritik der politischen Ökonomie*.

The first public mention of this thousand-page manuscript (apparently unknown to

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¹ Erich Fromm, *Marx's Concept of Man* (1961), p. 5.

² These are particularly well represented in Germany, following the interpretation given by Landshut & Mayer in their Introduction to Marx's *Frühschriften* (Stuttgart, 1932). Perhaps the best example is H. Popitz, *Der Entfremdete Mensch* (Basel, 1953).

³ This interpretation is most popular in France and a good example would be J. Y. Calvez, *La Pensée de Karl Marx* (1956), or Erich Fromm's book.

⁴ For example: E. Bottigelli, *La Genèse du Socialisme Scientifique* (1967).

⁵ Louis Althusser, *Pour Marx* (1965), p. 27. This book, which may well be profound, but is certainly obscure, discusses at great length the question of whether it is possible to periodise Marx's thought, and the importance, for deciding this question, of the influence of Hegel on Marx. However, Althusser never once even mentions the *Grundrisse* in this context! For all his playing down of Hegel's influence on Marx, Althusser's approach has a certain resemblance to Hegel—and not only in convolution of style. Althusser's "structure" functions much as Hegel's "Idea"—an independent entity determining the very items from which it has arisen.

Engels) was made by David Riazanov, the director of the Marx-Engels Institute in Moscow who announced its discovery to the Socialist Academy in Moscow in 1923. The German translation of this communication is published in *Archiv für die Geschichte des Sozialismus und der Arbeiterbewegung* (Vol. 11, 1925). It was originally intended to publish the *Grundrisse* in the MEGA edition, begun in 1927, which contains the early writings. MEGA was, however, discontinued and the *Grundrisse* was eventually published in a separate edition in Moscow in 1939 with a supplementary volume in 1941. The time and place of its publication precluded any serious attention being paid to it. Only in 1953, when Dietz Verlag produced a single volume edition, did the *Grundrisse* become available in the West. There is still no English translation.⁶

It is, however, the centre-piece of Marx's thought, and any selection of Marx's writings that does not quote fairly widely from the *Grundrisse* must be judged severely inadequate.⁷ In my view, any discussion of the continuity of Marx's thought that does not take account of the *Grundrisse* would be doomed from the start. In the understanding of Marx, history had indeed repeated itself and the evaluations that exegetes of Marx applied to the *Manu-*

scripts—"The revelation of authentic Marxism ... the central work of Marx, the crucial stage in the development of his thought,"⁸ etc.—sound much more plausible when applied to the *Grundrisse*. The rest of this article is devoted to supporting this view.

MARX'S CORRESPONDENCE (and to some extent his published work) is littered with plans and projects for publication. The first is to be found in the *Preface* that he sketched out to the *Paris Manuscripts*. Here he stated that

... I shall, therefore, publish my critique of law, morals, politics, etc. in a number of independent brochures; and finally I shall endeavour, in a separate work, to present the interconnected whole, to show the relationships between the parts, and to provide a critique of the speculative treatment of this material. That is why, in the present work, the relationships of political economy with the state, law, morals, civil life, etc. are touched upon only to the extent that political economy itself expressly deals with these subjects.⁹

In the event, of course, Marx was to spend a whole lifetime on this "first brochure". In January 1845 Marx signed a contract with Leske, a Darmstadt publisher, for a *Critique of Politics and Economics*. Engels wrote to Marx:

Make sure that you get your book on economics finished even though you yourself are dissatisfied with many things in it; it is all one, the climate is ripe and we must strike while the iron is hot.

But the book was not completed immediately, for Marx felt the need to "settle accounts with our erstwhile philosophical consciousness," which he did in the *Holy Family* and *German Ideology*. By the summer of 1846 Leske lost patience and cancelled Marx's contract. Marx replied, in terms that were to become familiar, that the manuscript would be ready soon and would be much longer in consequence of his having to incorporate new material. Marx speaks there of two volumes of which "the manuscripts—almost finished—of the first have been with me for a long time."¹⁰ This can only allude to the *Paris Manuscripts*. The second volume, on politics, which Marx describes as "rather historical" would have dealt with the French Revolution among other things and incorporated the 1843 "Critique of Hegel's Political Philosophy."¹¹ Later the same year, however, by joining the League of the Just, Marx started a period of active engagement in politics which, though it produced the *Poverty of Philosophy* and the *Communist Manifesto*—

⁶ Herbert Marcuse is one of the few authors to have quoted extensively from the *Grundrisse*, whose importance was first emphasised in English by Martin Nicolaus, "The Unknown Marx," *New Left Review* (No. 48, 1968). A full translation of the text will be published in the English edition of the works of Marx and Engels; but this will not be available for several years. My own edition of selected passages aims to present, with appropriate commentary, the most important sections. There is a good English translation of the self-contained section on *Pre-capitalist Economic Formations* with an excellent Introduction by E. J. Hobsbawm (Lawrence & Wishart, 1964). The French translation of the whole work which has recently been published (Paris, Anthopos, 1967-8), is untrue to the original by trying systematically to exclude or minimise the Hegelian cast of Marx's work.

⁷ Every selection known to me—including that of Bottomore and Rubel, which is in many ways the best—must be so judged.

⁸ Marx, *Die Frühschriften* (ed. S. Landshut and G. Mayer, Leipzig, 1932), p. xiii.

⁹ Marx, *Early Writings* (ed. Bottomore, 1963), p. 63.

¹⁰ Marx/Engels, *Werke* (Berlin, 1957), vol. 27, pp. 16, 449. (Hereafter this edition is referred to as *MEW*).

¹¹ See the interesting Table of Contents that Marx drafted for this book, translated in *Writings of the Young Marx on Philosophy and Society* (ed. Easton and Guddat, 1967), pp. 399f.

the two books that Marx recommended as introductions to *Capital*—did not add to what he was to call his *Economics*.

AFTER THE FAILURE of the 1848 Revolution Marx once again took up his economic studies. He still believed in the imminence of a revolution, but considered that it would be dependent on the outbreak of an economic crisis. In the summer of 1850, Marx obtained a ticket to the Reading Room of the British Museum, and during the whole of 1851 he got through an enormous amount of reading. In January, he was studying books on precious metals, money, and credit; in February, the economic writings of Hume and Locke, and more books on money; in March, Ricardo, Adam Smith, and books on currencies; in April, Ricardo again and books on money; in May, Carey, Malthus and principles of economics; in June, value, wealth, and economics; in July, literature on the factory system and agricultural incomes; in August, population, colonisation, and the economics of the Roman world; in the autumn, books on banking, agronomy, and technology. In all, Marx filled his notebooks with long passages from about 80 authors and read many more. This study was directed towards the completion of his work on economics.

Already in January 1851, Engels was urging Marx to "hurry up with the completion and publication of your *Economics*." By April Marx wrote:

I am so far advanced that in five weeks I will be through with the whole economic shit. And that done, I will work over my *Economics* at home and throw myself into another science in the Museum. I am beginning to be tired of it. Basically, this science has made no further progress since A. Smith and D. Ricardo, however much has been done in individual, often very subtle researches.¹²

The book was eagerly awaited by Marx's friends. In May, Lassalle wrote:

I have heard that your *Economics* will at last see the light of day . . . I am burning to contemplate on my desk the giant three-volume work of the Ricardo turned socialist and Hegel turned economist.¹³

Engels, however, who knew his friend well, declared that

... as long as you still have unread a book that you think important, you do not get down to writing.

In June, however, Marx was as sanguine as ever, writing to Weydemeyer:

I am mostly in the Museum from nine in the morning until seven in the evening. The stuff I am working on has so many damned ramifications that with every effort I will not be able to finish for 6-8 weeks.

Although Marx realised that "one must at some point break off forcibly," in July Proudhon's new book *The General Idea of Revolution in the Nineteenth Century* came into his hands and he immediately diverted his energies into criticising its contents. In spite of its anti-Jacobinism, Proudhon's book appeared to Marx only to deal with the symptoms of capitalism and not its essence. However, by October friends had managed to interest the publisher Löwenthal in Marx's work. Marx's scheme for this work comprised three volumes: *Critique of Economics*, *Socialism*, and *History of Economic Thought*. Löwenthal wished to begin with the last volume and see how it went. Engels urged Marx to accept this proposal, but to expand the *History* into two volumes:

After this would come the Socialists as the third volume and as fourth the *Critique*—what would be left of it—and the famous Positive, what you "really" want. . . . For people of sufficient intelligence, the indications in the first volumes—the Anti-Proudhon and the Manifesto—will suffice to put them on the right track. The mass of buyers and readers will lose any interest in the "History" if the great mystery is already revealed in the first volume. They will say, like Hegel in the *Phenomenology*: I have read the "Preface" and that's where the general idea can be found.¹⁴

Engels advised Marx to make the book a long one by padding out the "History" and finished: "Show a little commercial sense this time." In early December came the *coup d'état* of Bonaparte which made Engels anticipate difficulties with Löwenthal and though Marx stayed in contact with him until well into the following year, nothing came of the negotiations. Even Marx's bitter enemy Kinkel was eager to get a "positive foundation" from Marx's *Economics* and Lassalle proposed the founding of a company that would issue shares to finance the publication; but Marx doubted the success of the venture and anyway did not wish to make public his lack of resources. In January 1852 Marx wrote asking Weydemeyer to find him a publisher in America "because of the failure in Germany."¹⁵ But Marx had already abandoned work on his *Economics*. He worked on his notebooks for a short period

¹² MEW, Vol. 27, pp. 171, 228.

¹³ Lassalle to Marx, 12 May 1851.

¹⁴ MEW, Vol. 27, pp. 233f., 373f., 560.

¹⁵ MEW, Vol. 28, p. 486.

in the summer of 1852 and, as a last hope, submitted to the publisher Brockhaus the project of a book to be entitled *Modern Economic Literature in England from 1830 to 1852*. Brockhaus refused and Marx abandoned his *Economics* for several years.

In 1857, however, the long-predicted crisis did arrive, and moved Marx to take up again his economic studies. The first mention of this in his correspondence is a letter to Engels of December 1857 where he says:

I am working madly through the nights on a synthesis of my economic studies so that I at least have the main principles [*Grundrisse*] clear before the deluge.

He was also composing an extremely detailed diary on the day to day events during the crisis.¹⁶ The "synthesis" that Marx speaks of here was already begun in August 1857 with the composition of a *General Introduction*. This *Introduction*, tentative in tone and incomplete, discusses the problem of method in the study of economics and attempts to justify the unhistorical order of the sections comprised in the work that was to follow.¹⁷ A plan of these sections occurs at the end of the *Introduction*, of which this is a slightly shortened version:

1. The general abstract characterisations that can more or less be applied to all types of society.
2. The categories that constitute the internal structure of bourgeois society and which serve as a basis for the fundamental classes. Capital, wage labour, landed property. Their relationship to each other. Town and country. The three large social classes. The exchange between them. Circulation. Credit (private).
3. Synthesis of bourgeois society in the shape of the state. The state considered in itself. "Unproductive" classes. Taxes. Public debt. Public credit. Population. Colonies. Emigration.
4. The international relations of production. International division of labour. International exchange. Exports and imports. Exchange rates.
5. The world market and crises.

This *Introduction* was left unpublished. Marx wrote in 1859 in the *Preface* to his *Critique of Political Economy*:

I am omitting a general introduction which I had jotted down because on closer reflection any anticipation of results still to be proved

appears to me to be disturbing, and the reader who on the whole desires to follow me must be resolved to ascend from the particular to the general.

The plan, however, in a simpler form was reiterated in the same *Preface*:

capital, landed property, wage labour; state, foreign trade, world market.¹⁸

The manuscripts which survive, written in the six months of October 1857 to March 1858, do not cover all these sections equally. They are obviously for the most part a draft of the first section of the *Economics*: the whole is divided into two parts, one on money and the second, much longer, on capital. The second part is divided into three sections on the production of capital, circulation, and conversion of surplus value into profit. However, these economic discussions are inextricably linked with digressions of a much wider nature on such subjects as the individual and society; the nature of labour; the influence of automation on society, problems of increasing leisure and the abolition of the division of labour; the nature of alienation in the higher stages of capitalist society; the revolutionary nature of capitalism and its inherent universality, and so on. It is these digressions that give the *Grundrisse* its primary importance and show that it is a rough draft of *far wider scope* than what was later included in *Capital*. Sections devoted to such topics as foreign trade and the world market show that Marx was led to sketch out to some extent the fundamental traits of the other five books of his *Economics*. Marx says as much himself:

In the manuscript (which would make a thick book if printed) everything is topsy-turvy and there is much that is intended for later parts.¹⁹

THE SCHEMA IN SIX PARTS given in the *General Introduction* and the *Preface* is plainly not the same as that of *Capital* Book I, published in 1867. Karl Kautsky concluded that Marx must have changed the plan of his *Economics* and this has been the received opinion ever since. *Capital*, in its eventual four volumes, was held to be the form that Marx's *Economics* finally took and in it, to quote Engels, "Marx said everything he wished in one way or another."

This question is obviously of the greatest importance.

If true, then the *Grundrisse*, however interesting, would still only have a secondary importance, that of helping to understand the genesis of *Capital* and thus to interpret its contents. If, on the other hand, Marx kept

¹⁶ MEW, Vol. 29, pp. 225, 232.

¹⁷ It is reprinted as an Appendix to MEW, Vol. 11.

¹⁸ Marx/Engels, *Selected Works* (Moscow, 1962), Vol. 1, p. 360.

¹⁹ MEW, Vol. 29, p. 330.

to the original plan and *Capital* is only the elaboration of the first of the six sections, then Marx's work is dramatically incomplete and it could be claimed that the *Grundrisse*, in so far as it is the *Grundrisse* of more than the first section, is the most fundamental work that Marx ever wrote.

THE THESIS that Marx changed the plan of his major work has been worked out in most detail by Henryk Grossmann.²⁰ He puts the date of the change in 1863 when Marx wrote to Engels that he had been obliged to "destroy the whole edifice."²¹ But this sort of statement is far too frequent in Marx's correspondence to draw any important conclusions from it. Grossmann's main substantial point is that the plan of 1863 was methodologically different. There are two sources which show this view to be mistaken.²²

1. *Marx's Correspondence*. This consists principally of letters to Lassalle who was acting as literary agent in the negotiations with the prospective publisher Duncker. In February 1857 Marx listed for the first time the six sections of his *Economics*: capital, landed property, wage labour, state, foreign trade and the world market, and added that the first section on *Capital* would contain "some preliminary chapters." The arrangement with Duncker was that the manuscript should be delivered and published in sections and the next month Marx informed Lassalle that the first delivery would contain "1. value, 2. money, 3. capital in general." The third section would be divided into "the production process of capital, the circulation of process of capital, and the unity of the two, or capital and profit, interest." In other words, these sections are precisely the three books of *Capital*. The change is not one of methodology, but one of size. When it came to actually writing the first of the six volumes, which Marx speaks of in his letter to Lassalle as simply a "brochure," it expanded to make the three books of *Capital*.

²⁰ Henryk Grossmann, "Die Änderung des Aufbauplans des Marx'schen Kapital," *Archiv für die Geschichte des Sozialismus und der Arbeiterbewegung*, Vol. 14 (1929).

²¹ MEW, Vol. 30, p. 368.

²² For what follows, see further the Basel dissertation of Otto Morf, *Das Verhältnis von Wissenschaftstheorie und Wirtschaftsgeschichte bei Karl Marx* (1951), pp. 75ff. Also, M. Rubel's Introduction to K. Marx, *Oeuvres*, Vol. 2 (Paris, 1968), to which I am here, as elsewhere, much indebted.

2. *The Grundrisse*. In his March letter Marx promised to have the first delivery ready by the "end of May." It would be based on materials which "are only in my notebooks in the forms of monographs which often are very detailed; this would disappear at the moment of composition." These materials are the *Grundrisse*, whose 800 pages Marx had hoped to condense into the "first delivery." The *Grundrisse* (which was not available to Grossmann when he wrote his article) contains a further index which was to be the basis of the first volume of Marx's *Economics*. This index comprises: 1. value, 2. money (with subheadings in great detail) 3. capital, divided once more into the process of production and the process of circulation. This index proves beyond a doubt that the plan of *Capital* was already in Marx's mind in 1857-8 as the first of his six-volume treatise on *Economics*; and that the *Critique of Political Economy* of 1859 contains what he refers to as "some preliminary chapters."

By November 1858, the "first delivery" was still not ready, but Marx thought it would only be four weeks. Illness and journalism had taken up so much of his time and particularly trouble with his liver had (according to him) affected his style. He wished to get everything right as

1. my writing is the result of 15 years' research, the best period of my life; 2. this work upholds for the first time in a scientific manner an important conception of social relationships.

But, as could have been predicted, Marx found that he could not include all that he had to say on "capital in general" in a single brochure:

it is probable that the first part "capital in general" will already take up two brochures since in drafting it I find that just where the most abstract part of economics has to be discussed, too short a treatment would render it unintelligible to the public.

At the same time, Marx insisted that both brochures should appear together: "the inner connection demands it and the whole effect depends on it." However, lack of time obliged Marx to send the first brochure to Berlin or abandon the whole enterprise. He explained to Engels:

In spite of the title *Capital in general*, these pages don't yet contain anything on capital, but only two chapters: 1. commodities, 2. money or simple circulation. You see therefore that the part elaborated in detail (in May when I was with you) will not yet be published.

The heading on this first brochure was: BOOK 1. ON CAPITAL. FIRST SECTION: CAPITAL IN

GENERAL. The plan in the *Grundrisse* shows that Marx intended, after finishing the section with the chapter on *Capital in general*, to add the further sections on more specific aspects of capital—circulation, credit, shares, etc., before proceeding to the other books on landed property, wage labour and so on. (This is spelt out even more clearly in a letter to Weydemeyer of February 1859.)²³

Even in October 1859 Marx still hoped to complete the second brochure, "the true battle," by the end of the year. But journalism, domestic affairs, and political quarrels—particularly the obscure feud with Karl Vogt—ate into his time. In 1861 Marx did begin his "third chapter" but found that in two years he had written about 3,000 pages, a large part of which was edited by Kautsky as a sort of fourth volume to *Capital*, under the title of *Theories of Surplus Value*. In 1863, Marx began once more to work on the central thesis of his *Economics*, but it was seven years before this material emerged as *Capital: Book One* to be followed after Marx's death by Books Two and Three, the whole only constituting the first part of the total *Economics* that Marx in 1857 had intended to write.

THUS MARX'S THOUGHT is best viewed as a continuing meditation on central themes broached in 1844, the high point in which meditation occurred in 1857-8. The continuity between the *Manuscripts* and *Grundrisse* is evident. Marx himself (as we have seen) talked of the *Grundrisse* as the result of fifteen years of research, "the best period of my life."²⁴ This letter was written in November 1858, exactly fifteen years after Marx's arrival in Paris in November 1843. He also says in the *Preface* of 1859:

the total material lies before me in the form of monographs, which were written at widely separated periods, for self-clarification, not for publication, and whose coherent collaboration according to the plan indicated will be dependent on external circumstances.²⁵

This can only refer to the *Paris Manuscripts* of 1844 and the London notebooks of 1850-1852. Marx constantly used, and at the same time revised, material from an earlier date: he used

his notebooks of 1843-1845 while writing *Capital*.

The beginning of the chapter on capital reproduces almost word for word the passages in the *Manuscripts* on human need, man as a species being, the individual as a social being, the idea of nature as, in a sense, man's body, the parallels between religious alienation and economic alienation, etc. The two works also have in common a utopian and almost millennial strain. One point in particular emphasises this continuity: the *Grundrisse* are as "Hegelian" as the *Paris Manuscripts*. This has sometimes been said to be a superficial Hegelianism and Marx's letter to Engels of January 1858 has been quoted:

In the method it has been of great use to me that by mere accident I have leafed through Hegel's *Logic*—Freiligrath found some volumes that belonged originally to Bakunin and sent me them as a present.²⁶

The reading of Hegel may have been accidental but the influence of Hegel went deeper. Some of the most Hegelian parts of the *Grundrisse*—and particularly the index of the book on capital—were written *before* the receipt of Freiligrath's present. Marx himself in a note in the *Grundrisse* written in November 1858 said, "later, before going on to another problem, it is necessary to correct the idealist manner of this analysis." A parallel has—justifiably, I think—been drawn between the renewal of Marx's interest in Hegel and Lenin's reading of Hegel that preceded the writing of his *Imperialism* and *The State and Revolution*. The same point can be put with reference to the term "alienation," which occurs much more in *Capital* than some writers appear to think, and which is central to most of the more important passages of the *Grundrisse*.

MARX NEVER REJECTED any of his writings. It is, of course, true that he speaks of re-reading the *Holy Family* with embarrassment. But this is true of all his writings: "it is self-evident," he wrote in 1846, "that an author, if he pursues his research, cannot *literally* publish what he has written six months previously."²⁷ Or in 1862:

I find a work written four weeks before unsatisfactory and rewrite it completely.²⁸

In 1851 Marx was quite willing to see reprinted his essays from as long ago as the *Rheinische Zeitung* of 1842 and he stated that even the *Communist Manifesto* was in need

²³ MEW, Vol. 29, pp. 383, 554, 566f, 572f.

²⁴ MEW, Vol. 29, p. 566.

²⁵ Marx/Engels, *Selected Works*, Vol. 1, p. 361.

²⁶ MEW, Vol. 29, p. 260.

²⁷ MEW, Vol. 27, p. 449.

²⁸ MEW, Vol. 30, p. 622.

of amendment as time went on. Marx's intellectual development is a process of "self-clarification" (to use his own expression), which cannot either be split into periods or be treated as a monolith.

The central point of this process is neither the *Paris Manuscripts* nor *Capital*, but the *Grundrisse* of 1857-8, the work which, more than any other, contains a synthesis of the various strands of Marx's thought. When the young Kautsky asked Marx whether the time had not come to publish his complete works, Marx's wry answer was:

They would first have to be completed.

In a sense, none of Marx's works is complete, but the completest of them all is the *Grundrisse*.

THE TWO SECTIONS into which the *Grundrisse* is divided are entitled "On Money" and "On Capital", and the very few other sub-headings also give the impression of a strictly economic treatise. However, the actual content is much broader than the title indicates. It is interesting that the *Grundrisse* begins, as virtually all of Marx's major writings, as a critique of someone else's ideas: Marx was always happiest when he could work out his own views by attacking others. The *Grundrisse* opens with a few pages containing a critique of the reformist economists, Carey and Bastiat, brilliantly portrayed as incarnating respectively the vices (and virtues) of the mid-19th-century Yankee and the disciples of Proudhon. After ten pages or so, however, Marx writes: "It is impossible to pursue this nonsense further"; Carey and Bastiat are "dropped" and Marx, having sharpened his tools on lesser minds, proceeds to carve out his own path. The jumbled nature of this manuscript of rough notes, the variety of subjects discussed, and the tremendous compression of the style make it impossible to give a satisfactory brief account of its contents and still less to paraphrase it. The *Grundrisse* is a vast uncharted terrain: the explorers have, as yet, been few and only penetrated the periphery. But in the next few years it will undoubtedly be one of the main areas of

interest to Marx scholars. However, some things stand out at first glance.

Firstly, there is the continuity of thought and style with the 1844 *Manuscripts*, most noticeable in the influence of Hegel in both writings. If the 1844 *Manuscripts* are Hegelian, then so is the *Grundrisse*, no more and no less. The concepts of alienation, objectification, appropriation, man's dialectical relationship to nature and his generic, or social, nature are all equally present in 1858. Early in the manuscript of the *Grundrisse* Marx offers the following comments on the economic ideas of his day, comments entirely reminiscent of his remarks on the "reification" of money in 1844:

The economists themselves say that men accord to the object [money] a trust that they would not accord to each other as persons . . . Money can only possess a social property because individuals have alienated their own social relationships to a thing.²⁹

Or later, and more generally:

But if capital appears as the product of labour, the product of labour also appears as capital—no more as a simple product, not as exchangeable goods, but as *capital*; objectified labour becomes mastery, has command over living labour. It appears equally to be the result of labour, that its product appears as alien property, an independent mode of existence opposed to living labour, an equally autonomous value; that the product of labour, objectified labour, has acquired its own soul from living labour and has established itself opposite living labour as an *alien force*. Considered from the standpoint of labour, labour thus appears to be active in the production process in such a way that it seems to reject its realisation in objective conditions as alien reality, and that it puts itself in the position of an unsubstantial labour capacity endowed only with needs against this reality which is estranged from it and which belongs, not to it, but to others; that it establishes its own reality not as an entity of its own, but merely as an entity for others, and thus also as a mere entity of others, or other entity, against itself.

The most striking passage of the *Grundrisse* in this respect is the draft plan for Marx's *Ökonomik* which is couched in language that might have come straight out of Hegel's *Logic*. Since these sections are typical of large parts of the *Grundrisse*, several of the accounts of Marx's thought produced by scholars of the older generation—Daniel Bell, Sidney Hook, Lewis Feuer³⁰—must now be judged to have been mistaken. It was the thesis of these writers that there was a radical break between the Young and the Old Marx; and the major proof of this was held to be the absence, in the later writings, of the concept of alienation so

²⁹ All my quotations are translated from the edition of the *Grundrisse der Kritik der politischen Ökonomie*, published in East Berlin in 1953.

³⁰ Daniel Bell, "The Debate on Alienation", in *Revisionism* (1962); Sidney Hook, *From Hegel to Marx* (2nd ed., 1962); Lewis Feuer, "What is alienation? The career of a concept", *New Politics* (1962).

central to the earlier writings. In addition those writers who have wished to minimise the influence of Hegel on Marx—and this might apply to Rubel in some of his earlier work—will have to revise their ideas.

BUT THERE IS ALSO a striking difference. In 1844 Marx had read some classical economists but had not yet had time to integrate this knowledge into his critique of Hegel. As a result, the 1844 *Manuscripts* fall into two separate halves as illustrated by the title given them by their first editors: the *Economic and Philosophical Manuscripts*. By 1857/8 Marx has assimilated both Ricardo and Hegel (there are, interestingly, no references to Feuerbach in the *Grundrisse*), and he is in a position to make his own synthesis. He is, in Lassalle's words, "a Hegel turned economist, a Ricardo turned socialist."³¹

From the point of view of economics, the *Grundrisse* contains the first elaboration of Marx's mature theory. There are two key changes of emphasis. Firstly, instead of analysing the market mechanisms of *exchange*, as he had done earlier, Marx now starts from a consideration of *production*. Secondly, he now says that what the worker sells is not his *labour*, but his *labour power*. It is a combination of these two views that gives rise to the doctrine of surplus value. For, according to Marx, surplus value is not created by exchange but by the fact that the development of the means of production under capitalism enables the capitalist to enjoy the use-value of the worker's labour power and with it to produce values that far exceed the mere exchange value of this labour power—which amounts only to food for the worker's subsistence. In fact, virtually all the elements of Marx's economic theory are elaborated in the *Grundrisse*. Since, however, these elements are dealt with at greater length in *Capital*, the *Grundrisse* is more interesting for the discussions that are not taken up again in the completed fragments of Marx's vast enterprise.

What, therefore, is new in Marx's picture of alienation in the *Grundrisse* is that it attempts to be firmly rooted in history. Capital, as well as being obviously an "alienating" force, had fulfilled a very *positive* mission. Within a short space of time it had developed the productive forces enormously, had replaced natural needs by those historically created, and had given birth to a world market. It was, thus, the turning point between the

limitations of the past and the untold riches of the future:

The universal nature of this production with its generality creates an estrangement of the individual from himself and others, but also for the first time the general and universal nature of his relationships and capacities. At early stages of development the single individual appears to be more complete, since he has not yet elaborated the wealth of his relationships, and has not established them as powers and autonomous social relationships that are opposed to himself. It is as ridiculous to wish to return to that primitive abundance as it is to believe in the necessity of its complete depletion. The bourgeois view has never got beyond opposition to this romantic outlook and thus will be accompanied by it, as a legitimate antithesis, right up to its blessed end.

The ideas produced by capitalism were as transitory as capitalism itself: here Marx formulated his most succinct critique of "classical" liberal principles. Pointing out that, although free competition may have been necessary at the beginning of capitalism, it was bound eventually to hamper its development, Marx alludes to

the absurdity of considering free competition as being the final development of human liberty; and the negation of free competition as being the negation of individual liberty and of social production founded on individual liberty. We are concerned only with free development on a limited foundation—that of the dominion of capital. This kind of individual liberty is thus at the same time the most complete suppression of all individual liberty and total subjugation of individuality to social conditions which take the form of material forces—and even of overpowering objects that are independent of the individuals relating to them. The development of what free competition is, is the only rational answer to the defecation of it by the middle-class prophets, or its bedevilment by the socialists. If it is said that, within the limits of free competition, individuals by following their pure self-interest realise their social, or rather their general interest, this means merely that they exert pressure upon one another under the conditions of capitalist production and that collision between them can only again give rise to the conditions under which their interaction took place. Moreover, once the illusion that competition is the ostensible absolute form of free individuality disappears, this proves that the conditions of competition, i.e. production founded on capital, are already felt and thought of as a barrier, as indeed they already are and will increasingly become so. The assertion that free competition is the final form of the development of productive forces, and thus of human freedom, means only that the domination of the middle class is the end of the world's history—of course quite a pleasant thought for yesterday's parvenus!

³¹ Lassalle to Marx, 12 May 1851.

This richer historical content implies that the *Grundrisse*, while continuing the themes central to the *Paris Manuscripts*, treats them in a much "maturer" way than was possible before Marx had achieved a synthesis of his ideas on philosophy and economics. Those interpretations of Marx which take the *Paris Manuscripts* as his central work have seriously misplaced their emphasis. Erich Fromm and—to a lesser extent—Robert Tucker are examples of this tendency.³² Equally, those critics of Marx who sometimes write as though Marx's summary of the "guiding thread" of his studies in the *Preface* to his *Critique of Political Economy* (1859) were a definite and exhaustive account of his views will have to do some wider reading.³³ For such a brief summary as is contained in the *Preface* can only be adequately interpreted by reference to the immense amount of background thinking and writing from which it sprang.³⁴

THE KEY TO THE UNDERSTANDING of the ambivalent nature of capitalism—and the possibilities that it contained for an unalienated society—was the notion of *time*. "All economics", said Marx, "can be reduced in the last analysis to the economics of time." The profits of capitalism were built on the creation of surplus work time, yet at the same time the wealth of capitalism emancipated man from manual labour and gave him increasing access to free time. Capital was itself a "permanent revolution" (*beständig revolutionärer*):

Pursuing this tendency, capital has pushed beyond national boundaries and prejudices, beyond deification of nature and the inherited, self-sufficient satisfaction of existing needs confined within well-defined bounds, and the reproduction of the traditional way of life.

It is destructive of all this, and permanently revolutionary, tearing down all obstacles that impede the development of productive forces,

the expansion of needs, the diversity of production and the exploitation and exchange of natural and intellectual forces.

But, in Marx's eyes, these very characteristics of capitalism entailed its dissolution. Its wealth was based on the introduction of machinery followed (Marx's foresight here is extraordinary) by that of automation (*automatisches System de Maschinerie*); and this entailed an ever-growing contradiction between the decreasing role played by labour in the production of social wealth and the necessity for capital to appropriate surplus labour. Capital was thus both hugely creative and hugely wasteful:

Capital is contradiction embodied in a process, since it makes an effort to reduce labour time to the minimum, while at the same time establishing labour time as the sole measurement and source of wealth. Thus it diminishes labour time in its *necessary* form, in order to increase its *superfluous* form; therefore it increasingly establishes superfluous labour time as a condition (a question of life and death) for necessary labour time.

On the one hand it calls into life all the forces of science and nature, as well as those of social cooperation and commerce, in order to create wealth which is relatively independent of the labour time utilised. On the other hand, it attempts to measure the vast social forces thus created in terms of labour time, and imprisons them within the narrow limits that are required in order to retain the value already created as value. Productive forces and social relationships—the two different sides of the development of social individuality—appear only as a means for capital, and are for it only a means to enable it to produce from its own cramped foundation. But in fact they are the material conditions that will shatter this foundation.

Passages like this show clearly enough that such apparently purely economic doctrines as the labour theory of value are not economic doctrines in the sense that, say, Keynes or Schumpeter understand them. The reading of Marx as an economist among other economists is bound to falsify to some extent his thought. For Marx, as he himself proclaimed as early as 1844, economics and ethics were inextricably linked. The *Grundrisse* shows that this is as true of his later writings as it is of the earlier.

In such a state of affairs there is danger that the forces guiding human development will be taken over entirely by machines to the exclusion of human beings:

Science thus appears, in the machine, as something alien and exterior to the worker; and living labour is subsumed under objectified

³² Erich Fromm, *Marx's Concept of Man* (1961); Robert Tucker, *Philosophy and Myth in Karl Marx* (1961).

³³ John Plamenatz, *German Marxism and Russian Communism* (1954); H. B. Acton, *The Illusion of the Epoch* (1955).

³⁴ See the article by A. Prinz in the *Journal of the History of Ideas* (Summer, 1969) which argues that the *Preface* was written solely with a view to getting Marx's book past the censors. This view seems to me untenable, but shows the sort of considerations that have to be borne in mind when commenting on such a text.

labour which acts independently. The worker appears to be superfluous insofar as his action is not determined by the needs of capital.³⁵

In the age of automation, science itself can become the biggest factor making for alienation:

The worker's activity, limited to a mere abstraction, is determined and regulated on all sides by the movement of the machinery, not the other way round. The knowledge that obliges the inanimate parts of the machine, through their construction, to work appropriately as an automaton, does not exist in the consciousness of the worker, but acts through the machine upon him as an alien force, as the power of the machine itself.

Yet this enormous expansion of the productive forces did not necessarily bring with it the alienation of the individual: it afforded the opportunity for society to become composed of "social" or "universal" individuals (*gesellschaftliches Individuum*)—beings very similar to the "all-round" (*allseitiger*) individuals of the *Paris Manuscripts*. This is how Marx describes the transition from individual to social production:

Production based on exchange value therefore falls apart, and the immediate material productive process finds itself stripped of its impoverished, antagonistic form. Individuals are then in a position to develop freely. It is no longer a question of reducing the necessary labour time of society to a minimum. The counterpart of this reduction is that all members of society can develop their artistic, scientific, etc., education, thanks to the free time now available to all . . .

Bourgeois economists are so bogged down in their traditional ideas of the historical development of society in a single stage, that the necessity of the *objectification* of the social forces of labour seems to them inseparable from the necessity of its *alienation* in relation to living labour.

But as living labour loses its *immediate*, individual character, whether subjective or entirely external, as individual activity becomes directly general or social, the material elements of production lose this form of alienation. They are then produced as property, as the organic social body in which individuals are reproduced as individuals, but as social individuals.

³⁵ In his correspondence with Engels, Marx says that he considers the primitive model of an automatic machine to be a *clock*. Marx got a lot of his information on automatic spinning machinery (as well as other aspects of factory life) from Engels to whom he often turned for help in these practical questions. He confessed to his friend: "I understand the mathematical laws, but the simplest technical reality, where observation is necessary, is as difficult for me as for the greatest ignoramus. . . ." (Marx-Engels, *Werke*, vol. 30, p. 320).

The conditions for their being such in the reproduction of their life, in their productive life process, can only be established by the historical economic process; both these conditions are objective and subjective conditions which are only the two different forms of the same conditions.

It is noteworthy that here, and throughout the *Grundrisse*, the agent of the transformation—the revolutionary activity of the proletariat—is never alluded to.

THE "UNIVERSAL INDIVIDUAL"—a notion that Marx returns to almost *ad nauseam* in the *Grundrisse*—is at the centre of Marx's vision of utopia; the millenarian strain is no less clear here than in the passage in the *Paris Manuscripts* on communism as "the solution to the riddle of history." The universal tendency inherent in capital, says Marx, creates

as a basis, a development of productive forces—of wealth in general—whose powers and tendencies are of a general nature, and at the same time a universal commerce, and thus world trade as a basis. The basis as the possibility of the universal development of individuals; the real development of individuals from this basis as the constant abolition of each limitation conceived of as a limitation and not as a sacred boundary. The universality of the individual not as thought or imagined, but as the universality of his real and ideal relationships. Man therefore becomes able to understand his own history as a *process*, and to conceive of nature (involving also practical control over it) as his own real body. The process of development is itself established and understood as a prerequisite. But it is necessary also and above all that full development of the productive forces should have become a *condition of production*, not that determined *conditions of production* should be set up as a boundary beyond which productive forces cannot develop.

Marx very rarely discussed the form of the future communist society—reasonably enough in his own terms, for he would have laid himself open to the charge of "idealism", the spinning of ideas that had no foundation in reality. But certain passages in the *Grundrisse* give a better idea than the well-known accounts in the *Communist Manifesto* or the *Critique of the Gotha Programme* of what lay at the heart of Marx's vision. One of the central factors is time, since the development of the "universal individual" depends above all on the free time that he has at his disposal. Time is of the essence in Marx's utopia:

If we suppose communal production, the determination of time remains, of course, essential. The less time society requires in order to produce wheat, cattle, etc., the more time it gains for other forms of production, material

or intellectual. As with a single individual, the universality of its development, its enjoyment and its activity depends on saving time....

On the basis of community production, the first economic law thus remains the economy of time, and the methodical distribution of working time between the various branches of production. This law becomes indeed of much greater importance. But all this differs basically from the measurement of exchange values (labour and the products of labour) by labour time. The work of individuals participating in the same branch of activity, and the different kinds of labour, are not only quantitatively but also qualitatively different. What is the precondition of a merely *quantitative* difference between things? The fact that their *quality* is the same. Thus units of labour can be measured quantitatively only if they are of equal and identical quality.

This free time is due entirely to the extensive use of machinery. Whereas in the past machinery has been a power hostile to the worker, in the future its function can be radically altered:

No special sagacity is required in order to understand that, beginning with free labour or wage-labour for example, which arose after the abolition of slavery, machines can only develop in opposition to living labour, as a hostile power and alien property, *i.e.* they must, as capital, oppose the worker.

It is equally easy to see that machines do not cease to be agents of social production, once they become—for example, the property of associated workers. But in the first case, their means of distribution (the fact that they do not belong to the workers) is itself a condition of the means of production that is founded on wage-labour. In the second case, an altered means of distribution will derive from an altered new basis of production emerging from the historical process.

Marx rejected Adam Smith's view of work as necessarily an imposition. But neither did he subscribe to Fourier's idea that work could become a sort of game. According to Marx, Smith's view is true of the labour

which has not yet created the subjective and objective conditions (which it lost when it abandoned pastoral conditions) which make of it attractive labour and individual self-realisation. This does not mean that labour can be made merely a joke, or amusement, as Fourier naively expressed it in shop-girl terms. Really free labour, the composing of music for example, is at the same time damned serious and demands the greatest effort. The labour concerned with material production can only have this character if (1) it is of a social nature, (2) it has a scientific character and at the same time is

general work, *i.e.* if it ceases to be achieved by human effort as a definite, trained natural force, and—no longer a merely natural, primitive force—becomes the activity of a subject controlling all the forces of nature in the production process.

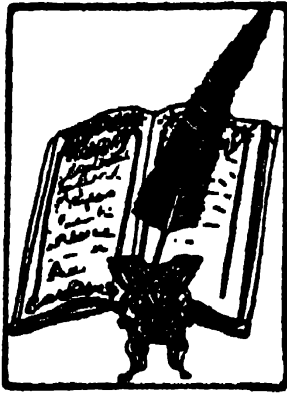
Marx envisages a time when production depends not on the amount of labour employed but on the general level of science and technology, when the measure of wealth is the enormous disproportion between the labour time employed and the size of the product, when "man behaves as the supervisor and regulator of the process of production." Then the true emancipation of mankind will take place:

In this re-orientation what appears as the mainstay of production and wealth is neither the immediate labour performed by the worker, nor the time that he works—but the appropriation of his general productive force, his understanding of nature and the mastery of it as a special force; in a word, the development of the social individual.

The theft of others' labour time upon which wealth depends today seems to be a miserable basis compared with the newly-developed foundation that has been created by heavy industry itself.

As soon as labour, in its direct form, has ceased to be the main source of wealth, then labour time ceases, and must cease, to be its standard of measurement, and thus exchange value must cease to be the measurement of use-value. The surplus labour of the masses has ceased to be a condition for the development of wealth in general; in the same way that the non-labour of the few has ceased to be a condition for the development of the powers of the human mind in general.

THESE EXTRACTS obviously cannot give a full picture of the contents of the *Grundrisse*; but they do give a definite impression of Marx's thought at its richest. The nature of the vision that inspired Marx is at least sketched out: communal production in which the quality of work determined its value; the disappearance of money with that of exchange value, and an increase in free time affording opportunities for the universal development of the individual. The *Grundrisse* is not only important as a vital element for the understanding and interpretation of Marx's thought. The contemporary relevance of Marx's views on the ambivalent nature of technology is sufficiently obvious. There are other alienations than those based on sweated labour.



Column

UNIVERSITIES are, as we should know by now, very strange institutions, and some of them, particularly in the United States, have in recent years begun to

look even stranger than usual. Centres of learning, research factories, training grounds for revolutionaries, agencies of the industrial-military complex, schools of technology; there appears to be no end to the functions they perform, and it is no wonder if students and staff sometimes seem to get a little confused about what they are supposed to be doing.

There is one aspect of their activities, however, to which they do not often pay much attention. Perhaps they might become even more confused if they did. In addition to everything else, universities are important economic institutions, consuming large quantities of scarce and valuable resources, which might conceivably be used in different ways and applied to different purposes, and producing goods and services which, or some of which, might quite easily be produced by other means. In this country we are perhaps particularly apt to forget this aspect of the university, because the idea has grown up that university education is in some sense "free", like air or sunshine, so that there is no reason why anyone should be denied his or her share of it. But even in countries like the United States where students are required to pay for the privilege of a university education, no one suggests that they should pay its full cost. Student fees defray only a fraction of the vast expenditure required to maintain the university system and the balance has to be made up either by the state or by endowments.

The authors of *Academia in Anarchy* (by James M. Buchanan and Nicos E. Devletoglou, Basic Books, Inc., \$5.95) have felt that it would be useful to examine the universities from a strictly economic point of view, in the belief that this might help to dispel some of the confusion which now admittedly reigns in the academic world, both as to ends and as to means. As professional economists themselves, they are encouraged in their belief because, they say, economics has a general theory of how human

beings behave under given circumstances and there is no reason why it should not apply to universities any less than to other institutions, such as industrial corporations or merchant banks. Students and teachers are of the same flesh and blood as shopkeepers or stockbrokers and can be expected to respond in the same way to the same stimuli. If in fact they appear to behave very differently, may this not be merely because universities occupy such a very special and anomalous position in our society and may this not in itself explain the troubles by which they are afflicted? It might be true of course that economic theory only applies imperfectly and partially to universities, because of their peculiar structure. But might not this also explain why they produce such very peculiar results?

Certainly the authors' analysis seems to demonstrate that, economically speaking, the university is a very queer creature; so queer indeed that one almost begins to wonder whether it can exist at all, like a unicorn or a hippogriff. Perhaps that is why, when one listens to so many academic pronouncements on the nature and functions of the university, one often has the feeling that one is in the sphere of fable or fairy tale rather than of day-to-day reality.

The authors are well aware that they are dealing with a very special case.

University education [they say] when examined through an economist's eyes, assumes the character of a unique industry. This is because: (1) those who consume its product do not purchase it; (2) those who produce it do not sell it; and (3) those who finance it do not control it.

In this strange state of affairs, the consumer who does not pay for the product is represented by the student and under such conditions certain results would appear to be inevitable. Firstly, demand for student places will outrun the supply, and require some form of rationing. This in itself introduces an element of confusion into a system whose products are both eagerly desired and theoretically available to all who are capable of benefiting by them. But what is worse is that the product, being free, will also fail to satisfy the consumer, because he has no power to control it. Since he cannot pay the cost of maintaining or improving its quality, it will show a continuous tendency to deteriorate.

To the dissatisfied consumer who does not pay corresponds the producer who does not sell, that is to say university faculties and administrations. They operate in a market in

which prices to the consumer tend to zero and demand to infinity. In such a situation,

is there any difficulty in making the elementary prediction that few, if any, attempts will be made to satisfy directly the demands of consumers? Is there any wonder that faculties offer the sort of product they themselves derive most pleasure in supplying—in turn, a product which need not meet the desires of those for whom it produces?

At the base of this economic structure, almost unnoticed, like the part of the iceberg that is hidden under the sea, stands the investor, here represented by the taxpayer (or private or corporate philanthropist) who sacrifices the resources necessary to support the university system but is totally divorced from any control of the purposes to which they are devoted. The question is, how long will he continue to do so if no one can convince him that he is getting an adequate return for his money, and if what he sees of the end product of the industry he finances signally fails to satisfy his expectations. "Who is so unworldly to invest resources in a product that is deliberately shrouded in veils of mystery and propaganda as to its ultimate value?"

OF COURSE, THE AUTHORS of *Academia in Anarchy* are to some extent teasing us. They are engaged in a theoretical exercise, which consists in applying to a concrete situation, into which many other than economic factors enter, a set of highly generalised principles which only take economic factors into account. It is a kind of intellectual game, to which economists are very much addicted, sometimes with disastrous practical results, but on this occasion we should be grateful to them because they play it divertingly and amusingly. But we should also be grateful because their analysis does in fact help to illuminate certain aspects of the university system today which are sometimes overlooked or misinterpreted, particularly by the universities themselves.

The student, for instance, is not simply a customer for a product; and the strict application of the principles of consumer's choice to university education would certainly make affairs even worse than they are today. Yet, as their own protests and demands show, students are increasingly dissatisfied with the education they are offered, and it is often too easily assumed that this dissatisfaction has no legitimate basis. Of course they would be shocked, and rightly so, if they were told that what they really wanted was the restoration of a free market in university education; but this does not mean that other ways cannot, and

should not, be found to give some recognition to their dissatisfaction or to identify its real origins.

Again, university faculties do very often think, and behave, as if it is only themselves they have to please in the teaching, or the lack of it, with which they provide their students, and, largely as a result of expansion of the universities, it really is often deficient both in quality and in quantity. At the same time, they defend themselves against any form of criticism, either by the students or by anyone else, by an insistence on their "academic freedom" which in some cases amounts to a claim to total irresponsibility. The authors of *Academia in Anarchy* believe that, human nature being what it is, this is inevitable so long as university staff are totally protected from the forces of the market; in their view, things would be rather different if both salaries and tenure depended on an ability to satisfy the demands of the customer, as demonstrated by the willingness of students to pay when they were pleased or to refuse to do so if they were not.

It is also a consequence of the absolute claim to "academic freedom" that the investor/taxpayer should be totally excluded from any control of, or influence on, the ways in which his money is spent, either directly or through his elected representatives. Indeed, by now universities take this situation so much for granted that they hardly bother to explain their purposes in language which the taxpayer can understand. The nearest they get to it perhaps, in this country, is in their quinquennial submissions to the University Grants Committee; but these are documents which belong to the world of secret diplomacy rather than of higher education. Yet university teachers are never tired of telling us, and especially their students, that there is no freedom which does not imply a responsibility. If one were to ask whom university faculties were responsible to, the answer in most cases would be that they are responsible to no one at all except themselves. In other spheres of life, of course, this is not called freedom but anarchy.

WHETHER THIS SITUATION is the result of the degree of protection against market forces enjoyed by the universities is of course a different matter. It is even more doubtful whether it could, or should, be remedied by exposing them to their full blast. In that case, the cure might well be worse than the disease; in my opinion it would be fatal. But I think both that *Academia in Anarchy* has succeeded

in identifying some of the grave weaknesses of the existing university system, and that these weaknesses help to explain many of their troubles. It is for the universities themselves to discover the remedy for these weaknesses, most of all because, as the authors emphasise, the fault is by no means exclusively that of the students. They might perhaps make a good start if university teachers and administrators were to begin by reading *Academia in Anarchy* for themselves, press their students to do likewise, and organise a joint sit-in to discuss its conclusions. It would in any case provide an excellent academic exercise. It might even produce some practical results, though perhaps this is too much to hope for.

IT WOULD SEEM that the conventional wedding ceremony has now largely lost its meaning or its purpose in the United States, not merely among hippies or drop-outs, or youthful or ageing devotees of free love, but precisely among those who until recently were its most faithful patrons. For the Smart Set, it seems, the church aisle, the bridesmaids, the Wedding March, the tiered cake, are out; on the other hand, the more austere ritual of the registry office is felt to be altogether too joyless and clinical for modern needs. What is wanted, it seems, is something which will express the free and emancipated spirit of post-industrial capitalism, while at the same time endowing it with a pastoral charm which is not always thought of as its most characteristic feature.

The thing to do this summer, both on the East and the West Coast, is to devise a wedding ceremony of one's own, and to celebrate it in some place of one's own choosing, preferably somewhere close to Nature, like a flower-sprinkled meadow, or a mountain top, or a dockside, or Central Park. This isn't always easy, because not everyone has a meadow or a mountain or a dock at his disposal, and Central Park is sometimes occupied; but somehow Daddy will always provide. Clothes also are at one's liking, though it seems that it is *de rigueur* to be barefooted as one tiptoes through the tulips, and the service, among the best people, will include readings from Simone de Beauvoir, Eldridge Cleaver, or anyone else who takes your fancy (though for reasons which I cannot imagine Beckett or Burroughs don't seem included in the new Order of Service). Dates are not important, so that a month's old pregnant bride serves only as a

special symbol of the fertility of the Beautiful People. Unless parents and relations are stuffy, pot is preferable to champagne; nothing could be more acceptable to the guests than reefers in gold paper inscribed with the bride's and bridegroom's initials. As for marriage vows, the bridegroom at a recent wedding declared that he took his bride "for better and for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness or in health, in war and in peace, in order or in chaos, as long as we both shall dig it," which just shows how far a genuinely free spirit can improve on the hackneyed prose of the Prayer Book.

But details are really unimportant. The great thing is to be *natural*, spontaneous, and allow Love to have its head. At a recent smart wedding in New York the bridal pair took off their clothes and made love before their guests; the minister explained that "they are trying to have a feeling of unity." And as long as one is really close to nature, there is no reason why such ceremonies should be performed without benefit of clergy, for it must not be thought that the churches are behind in such attempts to give a new look to worn-out rituals. A really smart *alfresco* wedding ceremony on a tiny island in the Saugatuck River, off Westport, was conducted, in pouring rain, by a Roman Catholic priest, in blue jeans and swinging his censer, jointly with a Jewish rabbi, also in blue jeans. The bride wore a \$2000 way-out dress; the bridegroom was in tails. The ceremony included a reading of *How to Build an Organic Community* by an otherwise unknown hippy poet, and ended with the words, pronounced by the rabbi: "With the blessing of God and the authority of the state, believe it or not, and most of all with the authority of the youth of America, I pronounce you man and wife."

I take this information from that excellent observer of the social scene, *New York* magazine, which itself acknowledges its indebtedness to the society columns of the *New York Times* and to *Women's Wear World* (tie-dyed pants suits, St. Laurent midis, white lace Galanos are worn in the meadows and on mountain tops). For the partners in such ceremonies are normally white, middle-class, products of Ivy League colleges and the offspring of socially impeccable parents. *New York* considers that they are "rebelling against a world where it is considered sophisticated to say that love is dead." It must be the first insurrection that ever made the society columns and fashion pages.

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POETRY

A Salute to the Makers

By John Wain

MOST PEOPLE would agree that the "forms" of literature have no importance in themselves, that they are simply conveniences. A writer, essentially considered, is an imaginative person who seeks to convey his imaginative vision to his fellow-men by means of words, just as if he were a painter he would try to convey it in terms of colour and shape, or if a musician in terms of sounds. His medium is the dictionary, especially that great dictionary which is forever writing itself on the lips of a nation in speech. Whether he chops his lines up into lengths and calls the result "poetry", or writes long narratives, or short narratives, or breaks up his stories into dialogue and distributes them among a company of actors to play on a stage—these are interesting decisions, but secondary ones.

Essentially, as I say, this is so. The trouble is that these conveniences, these "forms", are so convenient that there is a constant and largely unnoticed pressure on us to over-rate them. If somebody decides to give a course of lectures on "the novel", for instance, and begins to read and make notes and shape his material, he must necessarily group his chosen writers in an artificial relationship with one another, and deny them their natural relationship with other writers; he must cut them out of the herd, away from the poets and playwrights with whom they would normally co-exist, and corral them together as "novelists" because they chose a particular form. And if any of these novelists happens to have made the attempt to convey his imaginative vision also in poetry, as Hardy did or as Meredith did or as Lawrence did or as I do, then he must expect to have the whole poetic side of his work lopped off and thrown into an antiseptic dustbin, to be dissected when somebody gets round to a study of "poetry"—that somebody in turn, of course, ignoring prose fiction as "not within the scope of this study" or some other churchwardenly formula for the covering-up of timidity and incompetence. If a

poet happens to be a dramatist, as Eliot was, then the critics of drama will discuss his plays at length and mention his poetry only incidentally, if at all; and *vice versa*. This situation is not only bad for critics, making them even more lazy and unadventurous than nature made them to begin with; it is bad for writers as well, because for centuries every Western writer has grown up with the idea that the various literary forms are separated by tall hedges and that to break down one of those hedges—let alone break down two or three of them!—is an act of effrontery only to be justified by transcendent genius.

In the end one begins to think that it would be better if the conventional divisions between literary forms could be brain-washed out of us, if we could somehow wake up one morning knowing that there was imaginative writing but not knowing about Poetry, the Novel, Drama. Think of the bad criticism it would rid us of! I remember, when Dylan Thomas died, an obituary summing-up by a distinguished lady poet, who praised his poems and added rather sniffily that he had a useful gift for writing comic prose that must have been handy for pot-boiling—thus at one stroke blocking the natural avenue between Thomas' poems and the marvellous stories about growing up in *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dog*, which are the natural accompaniment of his poems and obviously come from the same sensibility. To this lady poet, the fact that the stories were in prose automatically put them one step below the poems, because verse is Higher than prose, and the fact that they contained jokes bumped them down another two or three steps, because poetry is too Lofty to have any dealings with humour. Anyone who followed this line of approach would be bound to miss a great deal in Dylan Thomas' poetry, which uses the same rich playfulness of language as the stories, and is haunted by the same spirit of wild comedy: those generous explo-

sions of metaphor burst out from some source of tragic exuberance that is never far from laughter.

NO DOUBT I seem to be labouring the obvious, but I have been reading some books on poetry, and it has driven me to the conclusion that most of the really suffocating nonsense would disappear from the literary scene if the whole category of "poetry" could somehow be dis-invented, if from now on no one called himself a poet, if there were no Poetry Fellowships or Poetry Awards or Poetry Evenings, if all writers were just called writers—or, if this did not differentiate the imaginative writer sufficiently from the authors of books on *Whither Liberalism?* or *How to Fiddle the Income Tax*, let the imaginative writer be called a "maker" as he once was in Scotland. "Maker" is of course the literal translation of *ποιητής*, poet, and as recently as the sixteenth century it was usual to apply the word "poet" to any writer who showed imaginative vision; the Renaissance "defences of poetry" against Puritan attack are not defences of *verse*, but of imagination, invention, symbolism, everything that is not a mere transcript of factual reality.

I admit that this Act of Oblivion would be attended by certain inconveniences. But these inconveniences would only affect bureaucrats of the arts, the kind of people who run the official "poetry world"; and I am sure their ingenuity would be equal to the task of coping with any administrative problems that arose. For writers, and readers, the dis-invention of poetry would be marvellously liberating. It would put an end to all the various kinds of cant whose tendency is to single out the poet and make him feel that he is altogether different from other makers. It would be the end of a mystique, and a very bad and unhelpful mystique it has been. Who does not know the complacent egotist who, having got into print with a few slabs of incoherent maundering, considers it axiomatic that he is the natural superior of Harold Pinter or William Golding?

More important still, it would be the recognition of an existing situation. The breaking-down of barriers between the various literary forms has already happened, *de facto*, and might as well be admitted *de jure*. A hundred years ago, there was a general social expectation about the nature of poetry. If you opened a book of poetry, you saw that the lines were

arranged metrically, and this prepared you for a suppler language and a more audacious use of metaphor. There was an unspoken compact between writer and reader: "This is poetry. Don't expect the kind of thing you are used to in prose." And the prose-writer, also, observed this gentleman's agreement. It was expected that prose should approximate to the language of normal discourse, and on the whole this expectation was fulfilled. Even Dickens, who was more of a poet than most of the verse-poets of his day, managed to stop short of the kind of prose-poetry that was to be written in France only a little later, by Lautréamont and Rimbaud.

This left the poet a clear field in which to be Lofty and also, if necessary, to be Difficult. Where the prose-writer had agreed to "show his working," the poet could make unexplained jumps, and be allusive, and mysterious, in the knowledge that his public would take trouble to fathom out his meaning, and, if they did not succeed in fathoming it out, would keep that embarrassing fact to themselves. To some extent, the entire society said to all poets what Matthew Arnold had said to Shakespeare: "Others abide our question: thou art free." The poet was privileged, the prose-writer was not.

This situation has now completely disappeared. As all imaginative literature is more and more driven into a corner, the distinction between one maker and another becomes less and less important. Back in the 1950s, I remember noticing that Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* seemed more like poetry than most of the verse-plays which were, at that time, still enjoying a vogue. And the tendency has continued. With the disappearance of a mass public for the novel (the kind of writer who used to write mass-circulation novels now writes television sagas), the serious, "literary" novel is now read by very much the same kind of person who reads poetry. Meanwhile the public for poetry itself has changed. The oral culture has brought the notion of "poetry," if not always the thing itself, to a public completely different from the one that traditionally respected it; and, if present tendencies continue, will end by driving the traditional public away altogether.

THESE THOUGHTS have been vaguely present to my mind for some time, but they have been brought to the surface by reading three new books about poetry, two of them first-rate and the third patchy. The first-rate ones are Michael Hamburger's *The Truth of Poetry*¹ and Jerzy Peterkiewicz's *The Other Side of Silence*²; the patchy one is *The Survival of*

¹ *The Truth of Poetry*. By MICHAEL HAMBURGER. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 55s.

² *The Other Side of Silence*. By JERZY PETERKIEWICZ. Oxford University Press, 30s.

Poetry, edited by Martin Dodsworth³, one of those worthy collections by "several hands" that grow out of a series of public lectures. Such collections inevitably include a few duds, but with any luck they have some good things as well; there is, in this one, a first-rate critical essay (Barbara Hardy on Sylvia Plath) and several pieces which could, at any rate, serve as useful introductions. The fatuities, however, outweigh the good things, and it is probably true that books like this, which obtrude a screen of trend-talk between the reader and the poets, are best left alone.

It was Mr. Hamburger's book that gave me most furiously to think, not only because of its high level of thoughtfulness and sensibility, but because it is so disturbingly informative. To be told about poet after poet, from country after country, to be shown examples of their work, to be introduced to their theories about poetry, and their views of the universe, and their personal circumstances, and the titles of their books, and the kind of thing they said in their letters, is to be (as another contemporary poet has put it) "bombed with information." Because Mr. Hamburger knows so much about poetry, in so many languages, and has thought about it so deeply, and is such a good poet himself, and explains it so clearly without minimising the difficulties—because of these things, his book is truly frightening: I mean it makes me want to get up from my chair and run away. For what his book really demonstrates, as he knows perfectly well, is the sheer *chaos* of modern poetry, the lack of agreement about anything at all. Poetry is impersonal, so that the better a poet is, "the more completely separate in him will be the man who suffers and the mind which creates" (T. S. Eliot); from another point of view, "one of the great criticisms of poets of the past is that they said one thing and did another" (Philip Larkin). Chance, the random sweeping-together of material, is an important poetic principle because it counters the willed and the deliberate, which make art unreal (Jean Arp); on the contrary, a poem is "a kind of machine for producing the poetic state of mind by means of words" (Paul Valéry). Yeats comes in somewhere between Eliot and Larkin with his doctrine of "the mask," the notion that the way to achieve great poetry is to meditate on an imaginary being who is the exact opposite of oneself, and thus set up a creative tension between what all too obviously

is and what might have been if you had been born an entirely different person. Somewhere between Arp and Valéry stands Jorge Guillén with his belief that the essential *haecceitas* of everything is embodied in the name we give to it, so that a noun like "Rose" enshrines our memory of past roses and our anticipation of those we shall see in the future. Other poets have tried to strip away the coating of language and 'come directly at experience: a doctrine like Guillén's would make language, in its primary role of the naming of objects, the most direct avenue to experience. The ideal poetic state is purely instinctual, emptied of opinions, reduced to a simplicity that is almost pre-conscious (Gottfried Benn); no, it is an acceptance of normality and responsibility, a consciousness that includes everything that the ordinary man worries about (Franco Fortini). Poetry, to be effective, must purge itself of everything that smacks of invention and originality; its metaphors and similes must operate at the level of ordinary prose usage, that is to say below the point at which they are felt as metaphors and similes at all (Cesar Vallejo); no, answers Wallace Stevens, poetry must shimmer with analogies, it must thrive on correspondences which only the poet has perceived, because "Poetry is a satisfying of the desire for resemblance." Poetry is essentially an exploration, a groping into the dark of the poet's mind for meanings that only the act of creation will reveal (Dylan Thomas); no, its business is to tell its readers "something they know and hadn't thought of saying" (Robert Frost). There seems no point in going on; the great strength of this book, and also what makes it unsettling, is that it demonstrates how little the poets of the modern world, with all the force of their art and the logic of their persuasion, have been able to convince one another. "Each thing meets/In mere oppugnancy."

IF MR. HAMBURGER'S BOOK opens a window on to chaos, Mr. Peterkiewicz also intensifies one's sense of the difficulties of the poet, but in a different way. He is concerned less with the sheer Babel of theory and practice than with the fundamental problems inherent in poetry as a means of perception. Where Mr. Hamburger is exoteric, Mr. Peterkiewicz by comparison is esoteric. He meditates intensely, and rather sombrely, on that side of the poet's experience which links him with the mystic and the visionary. Like Mr. Hamburger, he refers to a wide range of examples, from many literatures; but, essentially, his main exhibits are rather few. He is really interested primarily

³ *The Survival of Poetry*. Edited by MARTIN DODSWORTH. Faber, 45s.

in a handful of major visionary-poets whose spiritual biographies bring up in an acute form the question: how far towards the truth will poetry, in the end, carry us?

I found this book very fruitful, a tremendous stimulus towards meditation on the ultimates of poetry, and I am grateful for it. For this reason I shall pass lightly over what might otherwise be my doubts and reservations. Considered purely as a critical study, *The Other Side of Silence* is not quite satisfactory. Its scope is partial, and it consistently employs language that suggests that its scope is general. "The poet" is habitually used in contexts where some such phrase as "certain kinds of poet in certain situations" would have been more prudent. Further, in spite of a chapter called "The Failure of Mystical Verse", Mr. Peterkiewicz obviously has a large element of the mystical in his own imaginative composition, and assumes (mistakenly, in my opinion) that this is the rule rather than the exception, so that he can write:

In his adoration of nature, the poet finds an obstacle: the obstacle is of the same kind as in any pantheistic concept of God. If deity is so widely and diversely represented in things, why should we feel the mystical thirst for the void, that is for the absence of natural phenomena?

It seems to me highly doubtful that Shakespeare, for instance, ever felt "the mystical thirst for the void", or that such a thirst is necessarily a part of the experience of an artist, even an artist of the greatest intensity and widest range. But one learns, in reading this quite exceptional book, to allow for the steady pressure of Mr. Peterkiewicz's interest in mystical experience, and to adjust the compass a few degrees accordingly. It hardly matters, because the luminous, concentrated atmosphere of his argument causes one to see everything in a slightly different perspective anyway.

Mr. Peterkiewicz is interested in the poet at the point of crisis, the moment when he becomes dissatisfied with poetry. On his very first page, after instancing Rimbaud and St. John of the Cross (the first of whom was stopped short by this crisis, while the second managed to struggle through it), he goes so far as to say that the "profound dissatisfaction with poetry", perceptible in these poets, "seems to be inherent in the best of poetry." That "seems", which indicates a willingness to admit doubt, pretty soon becomes "is", and we learn to recognise in Mr. Peterkiewicz one of those imaginative writers to whom the mystical life is very real, whose inward gaze is fixed on

*A certain marvellous thing
None but the living mock.*

Of course we often meet with this predisposition among artists, and not necessarily those whose *persona* is most spiritual and other-worldly; Roy Campbell was a man of action and a soldier, yet his widow has put it on record that "his first great enthusiasm was for Rimbaud and his last for St. John of the Cross." These two writers, naturally, are central to Mr. Peterkiewicz's book. Other poets come in more or less incidentally, and sometimes with the air of being in unexpected company. (Hopkins, for instance, doesn't really fit in next to his contemporary Norwid, though he can be made to appear to do so.)

Mr. Peterkiewicz's book cannot be said to have a "thesis", but it has a hub round which the various meditations revolve, and the hub is this. Poets drive towards truth in the chariot of language. But sooner or later the horses drop dead or a wheel comes off, and they have to get down and walk. For most of them, this is the end of their dream of arriving at the truth; but in one or two cases the poet manages to get as far as an ideal sanctuary in which truth is perceived so directly that it hardly matters any longer whether he speaks or remains silent, because those of us who have not made this journey will hardly understand him in any case. St. John of the Cross is the hero of the book, because his poetry records a state of joyful reconciliation in which negatives become positives: having cast off all earthly attachments, the saint achieves an even more intense and consuming form of love, the love of the pure spirit of God which lies beyond all material experiences and is their foundation.

PERSONALLY, BEING CLOSED in "the muddy vesture of decay", I find all this part of Mr. Peterkiewicz's book unconvincing. But that is because all my most profound experiences, from making love to watching a sunset, have come to me through the medium of concrete, measurable realities. (I don't say that the experiences themselves have been concrete and measurable; I say that the medium was.) All those high ecstatic states which are to be experienced in the stratosphere, above the perception of physical reality, are unknown to me and I suppose always will be unknown, which is why even a minor earth-inhabiting poet means more to me than a high mystical poet; when the chips are down, I would rather read Herrick than St. John of the Cross, though I can see he is nothing like so important. To

Mr. Peterkiewicz, it is St. John first, the rest nowhere; he is the only finisher, because when poetry failed him and silence closed in, he was able to go on and make poetry out of the transcendent paradox of total indifference towards the world in which poetry is rooted. In Mr. Peterkiewicz's terms, his poetry comes to us from "the other side of silence." But even as he describes this miracle, Mr. Peterkiewicz seems half unable to believe that it really happened. Contemplating the prose treatises which St. John provided as commentaries on his mystical poems, he writes:

One wonders how much his systematic interpretations detach the poems from the aura of the other side, while they succeed in making them clear to us on this side. Was St. John dissatisfied with poetry? The way in which his prose developed from three lyrical records of ecstasy seems to imply that. A poet's intelligence is present in his mystical tracts but it is well harnessed to pure discourse.

Even St. John, it seems, has to be shown as "dissatisfied with poetry", the real reason being that Mr. Peterkiewicz has made up his mind in advance that all the best poets are. Similarly Boris Pasternak, who wrote a marvellous novel after a lifetime of writing lyric poetry, has to be shown as belonging "to our self-conscious age which has, after all, succeeded in diminishing the status of the poet." *Dr Zhivago* is called "a burial ground of poetry"; no evidence is given for this extraordinary statement, except a few disjointed remarks that Pasternak made to some woman who pestered him for an interview. ("I believe that it is no longer possible for lyric poetry to express the immensity of our experience. Life has grown too cumbersome, too complicated.") Against that stands the entire weight of the novel itself, with its poet-hero, its frequent meditations on poetry, its use of poetic rather than novelistic methods, and its offering of *Zhivago's* lyrics as the crown of the whole experience. Mr. Peterkiewicz feels all this, and puts his hesitations into the question, "How sure was he, in fact, about sacrificing poetry for prose?" But he leaves it as a question. The result is to convey the impression, to a hasty reader, that Pasternak's testimony of faith in poetry was in fact an expression of doubt.

So I could cavil on. What makes the book fascinating to me, in spite of its bias, is precisely the wide gulf between Mr. Peterkiewicz's pre-assumptions and mine. All of us who are interested in a subject need an occasional reminder that it isn't only *our* approach that brings out the interest and significance of that

subject. Mr. Peterkiewicz manages to convince me over again of the importance of poetry in the human scheme of things, although—or perhaps because—his approach is overwhelmingly negative. In chapter after chapter, he catalogues the reasons why it is all too easy for a poet to fail, to be overtaken by silence and darkness. Chapter IV, "Language as Experience", is a good case in point. Many poets feel that there is a wisdom inherent in language itself and that by an intuitive and supple use of the language they can release this wisdom to play its part in the world. Metaphorical language, in particular, is often felt to be not so much invention as the discovery of real correspondences, the uncovering of a system of relatedness that is actually, objectively there in the nature of things. Mr. Peterkiewicz rejects this in the name of Time. Since any original metaphor signalises an intense moment of perception, the almost blinding flash when we perceive a correspondence, it holds good for that moment only. Quoting with approval Wallace Stevens' remark that "Accuracy of observation is the equivalent of accuracy of thinking", he goes on severely—

This undoubtedly brings the poet's metaphoric vision near to that of the scientist who sees beyond the accepted cliché of colour and shape. If so, metaphor must imply renewed discovery and otherwise hardly be expected, on its own, to prolong the life of some static monument, any more than language alone can be *aere perennius*.

Therefore:

Once metaphor is understood to be the experience of an intense moment or the instantaneous contact of two images, its survival value will depend on the extent to which it can be catalogued, attached to a period or a stylistic convention.

In other words, all poetic flesh is grass. Once again we come back to the theme that poetry doesn't last, withers away, changes, wobbles, vanishes. Mr. Peterkiewicz views bleakly any theory of poetry-as-discovery because what is discovered immediately starts to recede in time, so that the job has to be done again, perpetually.

THE EFFECT OF THIS KIND of argument is, in the end, tonic. It gives one an increased sense of the difficulty of poetry, the discipline and concentration and sheer *luck* that one needs to write good poems. Even if Mr. Peterkiewicz is perpetually treading on the very verge of his own argument, so that one expects to turn the page and find the conclusive argument, stated at last, that will prove poetry to be impossible, that in itself is stimulating; it provokes a spirit

of revolt in which one cries out that poetry is alive, that time-bound human beings *can* produce art which is time-bound like themselves and is nevertheless valid.

But the chief service performed by Mr. Peterkiewicz's sombre book is without doubt his insistence on poetry as a spiritual discipline. At present, we are going through a flabby, soggy period of instant poetry; the concentration and intensity of art are discarded altogether in favour of a genial incontinence. The poet is seen more and more as a person who appears in public and strikes attitudes. As rhetoric disappears from political life (politicians would lose votes nowadays if they made speeches instead of chatting cosily on television) it seems to be making a backstairs re-entry via the "poetry reading." Certainly the turns that go down best at the average poetry reading are less like poetry than like the kind of speeches politicians used to make at the hustings fifty years ago, plus a larding of obscenities to make them "modern."

In social terms, this kind of poetry is worth a diagnostic glance. At the very least, it provides a useful illustration of the axiom that, while a certain thing may be beneficial, a further degree of the same thing may be harmful. (In some areas this is accepted without argument. Nobody thinks that if one aspirin does you good, fifty will do you fifty times as much good.) Here, the beneficial thing that has gone wrong is simplicity. Twenty years ago, what poetry needed most was an injection of straightforwardness. It was rare, at that time, to read a new poem which could have been recited to an audience with any hope that they would pick up its meaning. The key to "success" in the little-magazine world of that time was to pile on the obscurities. If the editor couldn't make head or tail of your poem, he would probably print it, on the grounds that if it was "difficult" it was probably a genuine poem. Or, at any rate, near enough to pass for one.

The impulse towards openness of texture, which came in during the 1950s, was necessary and liberating. But like most impulses it was carried beyond the point of usefulness. Now, one longs to meet with a new poem that would have to be taken away into a corner and read slowly and carefully. The bandwagoners, often the very same people who were carefully turning out clotted little poems when that was the vogue, have now carried the cult of accessibility of the point where they encourage only banality. Recently I read somewhere about a squabble between a poet

and a reviewer. The reviewer had treated the poet harshly and the poet resented it. "Ah", said the reviewer with the air of a man proving himself right, "let him take his poems and see if they would hold an audience of young people in Liverpool." Literary history is full of meaningless directives applied by self-important little critics: *observe the unities! keep out vulgar language! demonstrate sensibility! demonstrate social consciousness! use poetic cadences! use prose cadences!* But I doubt if there has ever been a more fatuous directive than this one. I have no hostility to young people in Liverpool, or anywhere else, but it remains a fact that many of the poems I value most would not, now or in their own day, have held an audience of young people in Liverpool.

IN SHORT, the usual thing has happened. A movement which promised liberation has gone too far; it has not only broken the bars off the windows and unlocked the door, it has taken the roof off the building as well, and made it uninhabitable. This is a pity, because the new impulse towards a popular poetry is itself something to be welcomed. Those of us who grew up in the age of Eliot had long given up hope of seeing any such thing. All Eliot's theories about poetry started from the assumption, which he in turn had inherited from the generation before, that a nation's taste in poetry is dictated by a small, highly cultivated minority, whose attitudes are handed down, in an increasingly blurred form, to ever-widening circles below them. So that what Bloomsbury, or the current equivalent of Bloomsbury, thinks good poetry today, the provinces will have ladled down their throats tomorrow. What we have seen in the last ten years is the complete reversal of this. *Via* the folk-protest singers, *via* the star-building media, *via* the poetry-reading that turns into a demonstration and the demonstration that turns into a poetry-reading, *via* the quasi-political building-up of figures like Yevtushenko, what we have seen is a movement *upwards*, in which the popular taste has imposed itself on the metropolitan literary couturiers. By about 1965, the present-day reincarnations of Bloomsbury were quick-witted enough to perceive that they could best serve their own interests by acceding to popular taste rather than trying to lead it. Hence the sudden outbreak of know-nothing populism, the genuflecting to "young people in Liverpool", *und so weiter*. The trouble with the popular arts has always been their vulnerability to exploitation.

MEANWHILE, THERE ARE some things to be grateful for. The mere fact that poetry, of whatever standard, is nowadays a popular art and that the young are sympathetic to it, is refreshing. Arnold Benpett remarked that in England the word "poetry" would disperse a crowd faster than a firehose; if this is no longer true, there is always the chance that some really good poetry might sneak in, as it were, and make its impact among all the *Ersatz*. Another refreshing development is the present-day interest in the long poem.

Poe's directive about the impossibility of the long poem was accepted without demur by modern poets. Yet it has always been more honoured in the breach than the observance. While paying lip-service to the idea that poetry must be so concentrated as to be unbearable in anything but very small doses, poets have in fact continued to write at length. The immensely long narrative poem of the nineteenth century did indeed pass away, but even those poets who most fully accepted modern poetic theories did not feel it essential to confine themselves within twenty or thirty lines. Eliot's *Four Quartets* are not exactly short poems; Wallace Stevens wrote long poems all the way through his career, from "The Comedian as the Letter C" (between 1914 and 1922) to "Notes Toward a Supreme Fiction" (written by 1947). Auden, too, was fond of long poems from the beginning; it is only with advancing years that he has become short-winded. Add to this the fact that a reaction against the tight verbal discipline of so much modern poetry was well in motion at least thirty years ago (cf. the deliberate casualness and huge output of Brecht), and we can see that the short, concentrated poem never ousted the long poem as markedly as Poe would have expected.

This gives us a clue to the continuous interest shown by other poets in Ezra Pound's *Cantos*. Pound began work on the *Cantos* in 1915, and was still publishing chunks of them as late as 1965. This means that he has been engaged on them for fifty years, or almost

three times as long as it took Shakespeare to write his complete works. That half-century has seen many critical attitudes to the *Cantos* come and go. In 1915 Pound was the propagandist and instigator *par excellence*, the man who had set himself to modernise English and American poetry, single-handed if he had to. Ten years later, his reputation was eclipsed by Eliot's, and remained in that eclipse for twenty years. Now, it has emerged again; Eliot is neglected by the young, while an actual majority of younger poets, especially in America, would acknowledge a debt to the *Cantos*. Some of this can be discounted; outsiderdom is in vogue once more, which means that Pound's public image is attractive and Eliot's is most emphatically not. There are also literary reasons, however.

The mechanised intricacy of the modern world has bred a great desire for simplicity and spontaneity. This much is obvious. What is not quite so obvious is that it has also bred a desire for the inchoate. The things we have to deal with from morning till night, from motor-cars to television sets, from skyscrapers to business corporations, are all so *finished*, so remorselessly contrived and carried out to the last detail, that we begin to long for something that is fragmentary and suggestive, something that we can complete for ourselves. Beyond all question, what has made the *Cantos* so attractive in the last half-century is their stop-and-start, jotting quality. The great lyrical and rhetorical passages are appreciated, too, when they occur; but the central pull of the *Cantos* lies elsewhere. We can see this clearly enough if we turn to those long American poems that most obviously derive from the *Cantos*, notably Williams's *Paterson* and Charles Olson's *Maximus Poems*. Neither Williams nor Olson had Pound's gift for taking wing and soaring: their poems remain dogged assemblages of concrete exhibits, interspersed with sermonising; but this has not prevented their being taken as seriously, and discussed in the same terms, as the *Cantos*. Obviously people find this kind of notebook-writing very attractive. It ministers to a deep need. In view of the notorious obscurity of long passages of the *Cantos* it may sound odd to say that this need is a need for simplicity; yet, if we dismantle an intricate machine and scatter the parts about on a bench, the result is "simple" compared with the complex system of interacting parts which is the same machine in working order.⁴ The *Cantos* offer us the materials for a history of civilisation and a critique of its institutions;

⁴ Cf. Donald Davie on "The Black Mountain Poets", in *The Survival of Poetry* (p. 219): "... they are not interested in making their poems self-sufficient, sailing free like so many rockets from the learning that was accumulated only as it were to assist take-off; on the contrary the poems depend on the learning, they emerge from it only to burrow back into it again, the poems depend upon—and are themselves *part of*—the lifelong addiction of the poet to the business of educating himself, i.e. the business of understanding the world that he and we are living in."

Pound tells us, of course, exactly what we are to think about everything he brings before us, but we do not necessarily have to accept his directives; in practice, we tend to treat the poem as a living chaos of ideas and information out of which we can make our own world-system.

ONE SEES THIS SAME IMPULSE towards simplicity and spontaneity, towards an art which the reader can participate in and complete, in the rather yearning attitude of younger Western *literati* towards Third World poets. Industrialism has done so much harm to the human spirit that it is not surprising to find a special regard being paid to those poets who come from societies that have never been fully industrialised, where people are still close to their physical surroundings and their basic work has not been taken over by the machine. In an interview with Pablo Neruda in 1966, the American poet and editor Robert Bly went straight to the point in his first question:

—A great river of images has flowed into your poetry, as well as into the poetry of Lorca, Alexandre, Vallejo, and Hernández—an outpouring of poetry from the very roots of poetry. Why has the greatest poetry in the twentieth century appeared in the Spanish language?

Neruda replied modestly, willing to making a generous response while at the same time scaling down the large claim to more manageable proportions. But what I find interesting for our present purposes is Mr. Bly's claim and the terms in which he couched it. Notice the imagery from nature rather than art—"a great river of images", "an outpouring of poetry from the very roots." Mr. Bly thinks of Latin Americans and Spaniards as Wordsworth thought of his dalesmen. They are the uncorrupted, who still have natural and spontaneous feelings and a language able to express them. Within our present world context, Mr. Bly and people who think like him are probably right, as Wordsworth was probably right. Neruda's work, like that of Octavio Paz, does have a large, hospitable directness that seems able to absorb the untreated material of everyday existence and show it in the colours of the imagination. In this respect Neruda's *Canto General* is significantly different from Pound's *Cantos*. Pound gives us a series of high spots. He picks out key places, key times, key persons in the history of civilisation. Neruda is also writing about a whole civilisation, but he seems able to let it simply flow through him. There is far more room in his poems than in Pound's for the animals and plants that travel

through time as fellow-passengers with man. Since *Canto General*, Neruda has simplified his style and produced a long series of *Odas Elementales*, odes to simpler things. These poems are offered by Neruda as a tribute to "ordinary people", the straightforward and simple humanity beloved of Communist theorising.

One wonders, in fact, what such readers make of them, if they read them at all. A simplification on this massive scale is only possible to a subtle and sophisticated mind, and probably only at the end of its career, after a long exploration of the possibilities of rhetoric and ornament. The bedrock simplicities of a poem like Neruda's "Ode to Salt", for instance, would be entirely beyond the range of a young, inexperienced poet who decided to write very simply of simple things. In his case, the result would be merely insipid. It is because Neruda is a strong and seasoned poet that he can get down to this effective level of simplicity. The parallel, among poets writing in England, would be that utterly unadorned language which Eliot found for some of the most luminous passages in the *Four Quartets*, or the poems that resulted from Yeats' discovery that

*there's more enterprise
In walking naked.*

IN GUNTER GRASS'S new novel, *Local Anaesthetic*, the hero pays a long series of visits to his dentist. The dentist has a television set in his surgery to take the patients' minds off what is happening to them. The man watches the television screen and also engages in political debate with the dentist. Sometimes the television set is switched on, sometimes it is not, but the images that come from the studio and the images that the man's own imagination projects on to the blank screen are equally dream-like and equally compelling. Often, for instance, he sees his ex-fiancée, an attractive girl who left him in a humiliating manner. Sometimes he sees her presenting commercials, and sometimes lying wrapped in cellophane at the bottom of an enormous refrigerator.

The man who is having his teeth cared for is a teacher. One of his students, a generously idealistic lad, is so horrified by the use of napalm by U.S. forces in Viet Nam that he plans, as a protest, to take his pet dachshund on to a fashionable Berlin street, take up a position in full view of a smart café, and there, at the hour of coffee and cream-cakes, souse the animal in petrol and set him alight. The

teacher tries to prevent this horrible action. At the same time he is plagued by visions of his own adolescence, when, in the last stages of the war, he roamed the streets as one of a pack of delinquents, committed to the sabotage of the entire grown-up world. Superimposed on all this are the fantasies of his fiancée's father, a retired general just released from years of internment in Russia, who is re-fighting the major battles of the war with scale models in a sandpit, and this time winning them.

I pick out *Local Anaesthetic* for mention because it is worth reading by anyone who still thinks there is a dividing-line between "the novel" and "poetry." It adds up to a very powerful and remarkable picture of one man's mental landscape, and not just any man chosen at random but the characteristic sensitive and intellectual inhabitant of West Germany. All the social realities and the uncomfortable historical legacies are *there*; on the other hand, the continual switching into and out of fantasy, and the pivoting of the story on enormous symbols, take it right out of the domain of that kind of documentary or social-realist novel that would have been, twenty years ago, the natural way of dealing with this kind of subject. Towards the end of the book, there is a passage in which the hero seems to be recollecting the experience of helping his student to set fire to the dog, and being attacked by the crowd, dragged away by the police, thrown into a cell, etc., etc., but there is no indication of any kind whether these things have actually happened or whether he is day-dreaming. This, like the T.V. commercials presented by his ex-fiancée, is simply an example of the kind of thing that, whether it takes place or not, fits naturally into the mental, moral and emotional atmosphere the hero is living in, and which is the real subject of the book.

The dachshund blazing to death in front of the cake-eating ladies, the unattainable girl lying wrapped in cellophane in the deep freeze

—these are metaphors, and the ability to communicate primarily in metaphor has generally been thought of as a mark of the poetic mind. Aristotle thought it the special distinguishing mark of the poet that he could create original metaphors, which presumably means that Aristotle would have classed *Local Anaesthetic* as a poem. This kind of writing has put our literary culture into a situation whose full implications have not, I think, been so far taken up by critics. When Frank Kermode, for instance, says that "in our phase of civility, the novel is the central form of literary art", he seems, for all his polyhistoric scepticism, to be seeing a solid outline of "the novel" where a practitioner is hard put to it to see anything but a luminous blur.

OR, TO PUT IT another way: now that poets seem finally to have abandoned rhyme and metre, pinning their faith in the strength and purity of their images and metaphors ("a great river of images has flowed", etc., etc.), isn't the whole notion of "poetry", as we have come to know it since the Renaissance, nothing more than a sacrificial lamb waiting for the chopper? If the traditional subject-matter of the novel has been taken over by sociology and reporting, so that the imaginative novelist is forced to make his statements by means of poetic metaphor—that is to say, metaphor no longer hidden under the stucco of "realism"—how should the poet continue to mark himself off from the imaginative prose-writer? And why should he try to?

Unless, of course, we are moving into an era in which the difference between poetry and fiction will simply be that poetry is oral, that it is disseminated by means of "poetry-readings" where its main task will be to "hold an audience of young people in Liverpool"; in which case, after a history of thousands of years, I predict for it a future no longer than the future of the Beatles.

Salute, then, to the makers. And let the ranks be closed.

Two Poems

Between Rocks

I saw her in hospital dying, then dead, face
velvet and green, a slight twist to her chin,
by a common metaphor you might say
immature fruit, shrivelled, green.

Lack of continuance, no, is not what I mean, not
autumnal full volume distending a suntinted skin,
which falls, so that ants and drunk wasps
at last bite their way in.

She was her young limbs between
two rocks, by a lake, bracken her bed—
that is my meaning—before she soon
began dying, and was then dead.

Raw Ream: Remembering, now dead, a Teacher

I speak of times before high whining of cars or round
growling of planes, when silence was fashioned by noises:
it is a pool in our hollow of pines looped by the sun
which makes them the colour of foxes, is defined
lightly by crows passing over, by
a huckling of hens relieved of their eggs,
by women calling to women, is broken, so
made by clangs, or by regular bells now and then.

Carrying white eggs for payment
I walk to you over the green
to learn reading, hearing this
sunshine of silence. Minnie, I say, these eggs
are my money. You laugh, take the eggs
(which you will give back to my mother),
skin ream off a pan, spread for me honey
on bread, yellow raw ream over honey.

NOTES & TOPICS

The Personality of E. M. Forster

By P. N. Furbank

I AM NOT SURE it is the time to talk about E. M. Forster. It is too late to speak of the living man and too soon to summon up his ghost. For the moment he lies out of reach and won't give up his secret. And he had a secret—it's not just sentimental to say it: nothing so spectacular as "voices", but he knew how to live in daily touch with his own depths. This set him apart, so that it was no mistake for people to have revered him—as they did and do. He was a rare creature, contrived of the strangest materials.

A rare creature, but a problem to his biographer. Reverence is a luxury a biographer cannot afford. And then, how to make a narrative of the life of a man for whom time stood still? Also, a smaller matter, there's the difficulty that no one ever described Forster as a young man. People record their impressions of a contemporary because he is famous or because he impinged on them personally; and Forster did not impinge—he was inconspicuous, sometimes to the point of vanishing. Moreover, for most of his life, no one could remember a word he said in conversation. So—till he becomes famous—we have to depend largely on his own account of himself. Still, his contemporaries seem to have agreed he was exactly the same at twenty as he was at ninety, so perhaps the problem is not so grave. One can work backwards from what one knows, and I shall do so here. Where shall I begin? As good a place as any would be his attitude to friends, for it was central to him, and in some ways very odd and original, and it leads naturally on to all the other questions.

Forster gave endless time and attention to his friends. He also gave them total loyalty; he never casually dropped people, as most of us do, out of mere forgetfulness or through

change of circumstances. Though he sometimes dropped them, with perfect deliberateness, if they offended him in some vital way; and then he was implacable. It was another principle of his never to listen to apologies or explanations; and when he had made up his mind against anyone, fairly or unfairly, he was most unlikely to change it.¹

Otherwise, if someone became a friend of his, that was that; he continued to be so for life; it was merely a matter of which grade or circle in his system of friendships he should be assigned to (and over the years he might from time to time gravitate or be shifted from one to another). The habit of keeping his friends steadily in mind was basic to Forster. For one thing, he always looked for permanencies in life. He never placed his hopes in the future or wanted to leave bits of his past behind, as people with his degree of ambition mostly do; though since he lived fully in the moment, making a definite event of the most casual meal or conversation or journey, he did not grow stale. More importantly, he regarded people and affections as the sole reality, and keeping them in mind was tantamount to living itself. That this reality was perishable too, in the perspective of eternity, he regarded as the ultimate principle of existence, beyond which there was no looking.

On the other hand, he never "gave" himself fully to friends. To begin with, he never liked being laughed at. It would be wrong to say he couldn't bear it; he swallowed it for friendship's sake, if he had to, but it was no part at all of his idea of the pleasures of friendship, and he winced or bristled so visibly under teasing that people usually didn't try it twice. Equally, he was no good at quarrels. That is to say, they always assumed giant pro-

E. M. FORSTER died in Cambridge on 8 June, 1970, at the age of 91.

¹ Politically, too, he was never much interested in justice; though perhaps in this case he thought there were enough people already looking after it.

portions for him; he nerved himself up to a quarrel with immense effort, and he remembered it for months or years afterwards, writing thousands of words about it in letters or keeping a *dossier* on it. He had curious ways of describing a quarrel. If he were not involved personally, he spoke as though he were—"So we were in trouble. . ."; and if he were involved, he would put the whole thing between inverted commas—"I have been *insulted!*", he might say, as if he only just thought of the name for what had taken place. He could not conceive of enjoying quarrels or of their being a natural part of a relationship, and when his married friends quarrelled he was quite sure their marriage must be breaking up.

Again, though he took his friends' troubles to heart more than the average person (and sometimes more than they deserved) and was forever listening to confessions, with a beautiful attentiveness and sympathy, he set definite limits to the bearing of others' burdens. "My aim in life," he once wrote to a friend, "is to be as sensitive as I can up to a point. When that point is passed one bursts or dies, so a secondary aim is introduced: not to pass it, and every now and then to repaint and mend the sorry fabric of one's armour." He was very much against the Christian doctrine of vicarious suffering and had a whole repertoire of self-protective devices. One of them, in times of stress, was to cultivate erotic thoughts.

For all the duties and responsibilities he imposed on himself, there was something self-pleasing in his approach to people. It came out particularly plainly in his sex life. He achieved physical sex very late and found it easier with people outside his own social class, and it remained a kind of private magic for him—an almost unattainable blessing, for which another person was mainly a pretext. He valued sex for its power to release his own capacities for tenderness and devotion, but he never expected an *equal* sexual relationship. His chief feeling towards anyone who let him make love to them was gratitude. Intense gratitude led him to romanticise them, at least with one part of his mind, and by romanticising them he managed to keep them at a distance. He was infinitely attentive and thoughtful and exacting, always determined to keep his lover "up to the mark"—not be slack or idle, write proper letters and so on—but he never showed any wish to set up house with him. One can't picture him doing it. He could imagine two lovers living together in the "greenwood" but hardly in a flat in Kensing-

ton or a house in Potter's Bar. Of course he knew many homosexual ménages and found them perfectly congenial, but it never crossed his mind to be part of one. But then, it would be wrong to put this down just to temperament. He quite seriously, and on fully thought-out grounds, distrusted marriage as an institution and fretted at having to write "marriage-fiction." He suspected marriage might produce more harm than good; he was sure, at least, that there were finer possibilities outside it.

I WAS PUZZLED by the list of virtues Joe Ackerley attributed to him in his posthumous obituary in the *Observer* (14 June 1970). The article is one of the best evocations of Forster there has been; but the list itself doesn't seem right. "I would say" says Ackerley,

that in so far as it is possible for any human being to be both wise and worldly wise, to be selfless in any material sense, to have no envy, jealousy, vanity, conceit, to contain no malice, no hatred (though he had anger), to be always reliable, considerate, generous, never cheap, Morgan came as close to that as can be got.

It says a lot that he could evoke such wholesale and loving admiration from a close friend. Still, I don't think Forster was without vanity; he had a considerable share of it, as almost all authors have. He thought highly of his own work, though he saw its limitations clearly enough, and had a strong sense of his position. He thought respect was due to it and was very quick to resent slights, and not at all inclined to pass them over, though he didn't make scenes, and showed annoyance in quiet and barbed ways. Certainly he often acted "humbly" from a social point of view. He was inclined to search out the shyest or most commonplace person at a party (just as he would attend politely, as if hearing it for the first time, when total strangers explained what was wrong with the plot of *The Longest Journey*). This was genuinely kind and delicate behaviour (though he was quite capable, too, of doing it to shame his host or hostess); also he *liked* "boring" people and frequently made lifelong friendships with them. Still he was perfectly conscious of the effect he was making and the part his fame was playing in it. Humility hardly comes in.

Nor do I feel that lack of vanity was quite the key to his dowdy appearance—his way of moving through life, as William Plomer puts it, looking like the man who comes to

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wind the clocks. After all, he was dandy enough in his prose-style; as well as being a flexible artistic instrument, it was a very smart costume, the prose of a man who took great pains with his appearance. It is true he was always defeatist about his looks. In his boyhood he played up, in a precocious, only-son manner, to family jokes about his "beauty" and the injury it suffered from sores and sticking-plaster; and he went on making the same kind of joke to himself. He was sure he was physically unattractive, just as he knew, or found out, that in the way of friendship he could attract anyone he really wanted to. Thus he came to terms with his situation very satisfactorily; it was part of a larger decision to be content with a dowdy and suburban way of existence. Still, I imagine that somewhere self-punishment entered in. Men of homosexual temperament often have a strong urge for personal display, they would like to be peacocks and attract all eyes; and if their upbringing forbids it (such a puritan middle-class upbringing as Forster's or Samuel Butler's) they react by making the worst of themselves.

AGAIN, TO RETURN TO Joe Ackerley's list, Forster was perfectly capable of jealousy. His

life being arranged as it was, occasions for jealousy did not often arise; but when they did, he suffered and fought in a very normal, and not especially saint-like, way.

Which makes it all the more striking that he was, as Ackerley says, completely without envy. So far as I can tell, he never once experienced the emotion. The nearest he came to it was after the success of *Howards End*. By a characteristic trick of psychology, as soon as he had experienced success he began to be sure there must be failure in store for him, and started asking himself what would happen when his reputation sank and others overtook him. Would he begin to envy his rivals? In a way, the test actually presented itself; by the end of the war he was relatively a forgotten figure—certainly not a household name like Galsworthy or even Lawrence. And although he was depressed at his sterility and worried about how he was going to live, envy never once entered his thoughts. If one were urging his claims to sainthood (my own ideas about saints are too vague), this would be a weighty argument.

Another would be his generosity, as Ackerley rightly mentioned. Throughout his life he had one clear idea about money, that it was an opportunity to perform acts of loving-kindness.

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His mother also had a very strong sense of duty about money. Forster took over her attitude, raising it from the level of duty to a more imaginative benevolence. Even in early youth he was perpetually giving money to his family and to friends; half his quite small earnings from his early writings went on sending friends on foreign holidays or getting cousins out of scrapes. I suppose hardly anyone in his intimacy did not receive, at some time or other, the well-timed gift of a large sum of money. And one must remember that, until the 1940s, he was by no means a rich man, hardly even comfortably off. During World War I, while he was in Alexandria, he urged his mother to sell his typewriter to help her pay for a cure; and even in the 1930s he was quite worried by the cost of the train-fare to Wiltshire. He thought, a great deal about money and worked out his own theory of giving. One should give large sums; large gifts did not create embarrassment as small ones did—people regarded them as an act of God. Loans were a different matter; they could be very small—and if he lent someone ten shillings and it was not returned by Thursday, as stipulated, he was very quick to ask the reason why.

SO MUCH FOR his virtues. As for his other traits, I think the most characteristic was his passion for moralising. He was moralising busily when he was twenty; and he continued, without intermission, for the next seventy years. He plainly regarded it as the business of life; one was on earth to improve oneself and to improve others, and the path to this was moral generalisations. A landscape, personal crises or the sorrows of others, books, paintings, incidents at the tea-table or international disasters, were, for him, all occasions for drawing a moral. Had he been born a contemporary of George Eliot, this might have passed without notice; but in his own age it sets him apart as an English writer—more so than any oddity of upbringing, like being a miner's son or a Polish sea-captain. It was a dominating influence on his writing. The technical originality of his novels lies in his being more Victorian than ever George Eliot or Thackeray were, more godlike in manipulating his characters and telling us what to think of them; or rather it lies in his working his godlike intrusions more inextricably into his fictional fabric. In a recent BBC radio discussion K. W. Gransden complained, and rightly, that Forster sometimes didn't trust the reader enough and commented where comment was unnecessary. But

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the point seems incidental. For one unnecessary intrusion, there are ten which are necessary and intrinsic. So much does his method depend on them, one forgets to notice them and is only reminded by the queer and spectral thinness of stage-versions of his novels. Moreover the habit grew on him; his commenting presence is more dominating in *A Passage to India* than ever before. He found moralising a device of endless potentiality; there was room for his whole genius in it.

I think he may have taken over this moralising habit from his mother. Carlylean denunciation, moral heroics, earnest evangelical exhortation are perhaps more of a male *forte*; but a habit of putting people right, in season and out, and of giving them the benefit of a general stock of moral knowledge, came to no one more naturally than a Victorian matron. Forster remade his inheritance, if that is what it was; he did not lay down the law like a trumpeting dowager or bossy governess. He was much more various and elusive, by turns gruff and scout-masterly, grave and prophetic and feline and flickering in a mercurial and "camp" manner. The combination was disconcerting but all of a piece. Unlike so many homosexuals, he suffered very little from internal conflicts, and such female characteristics as he adopted were pure strength to him.

His moralising made him formidable, though. One felt his eye on one, like any unwary child or servant. Joe Ackerley has described his unnerving manner of listening, with an attention which seemed to go far beyond the words that were said. His sureness attracted people who were unsure of themselves; but they did not find him an easy companion. They got a great deal out of him, as he did of them; for many, he touched a personal chord no one else had ever sounded, and they were proportionately devoted to him. Still, if you *were* unsure of yourself, there were plenty of snubs to swallow. Though not at all a copious conversationalist, no one ever *managed* conversations more inexorably, and people in his company were always finding words freeze on their lips. And in fact, though he had endless and fruitful experience of shy people, he did not particularly value shyness. Actually, what he liked best, if given the choice, was robust, unfidgety people, at ease in their bodies, people who could cut through his own cobwebs and express affection—as he could not—in a free and demonstrative way. If he trusted people, they could not display affection too lavishly for him.

A GOOD WAY of visualising Forster, I find, is to imagine him when introduced to a dog or cat. I never witnessed this, but can picture him putting himself on a level with the animal, approaching it tolerantly but non-committally. It *might* be a nice animal, but then again it might not; it was a mistake to have preconceptions about such matters; and at all events it didn't matter *much* what character an animal had—but it mattered a little. That would be his tone, I think; and he would shoot glances at the animal, in the intervals of conversation, examining it from queer angles, till he had made up his mind about it.

This was rather the way he behaved as a critic. From many points of view he was a superb literary critic. He felt this himself, and had a pert way of exclaiming how acute he was, and what an easy business criticism turned out to be. His letters of literary advice to friends are admirable. No one was better, as they acknowledged, at sensing their intentions or putting his finger on the spot where things went wrong. As a critic he *looked*, he scrutinised the object as if nothing else like it had ever existed, and he emerged with a brand new, freshly-minted formula, fitting not only the work in question but, potentially, a whole new class of works. His published criticism has the same virtues; many of his judgments in *Aspects of the Novel* seem dated now, but his formulae are as lively as ever.

However, there was a price to pay for this *ad hoc* approach to criticism. He was so distrustful of system in all matters of art, as in matters of the heart and conduct, that he could not enter into the frame of mind of artists to whom system mattered. He could never get his mind round Henry James, for instance, though he thought about him, off and on, all his life. He would write James off as a futile cobweb-spinner; then he would pick up a new novel of his and be astonished at its marvellous power and solidity. The thing seemed a great mystery to him; it never occurred to him that James might have wanted to do one thing in one novel and another in another—that there was a system and larger artistic plan in his literary career. During the Second World War he took it into his head to make an analysis of Beethoven's piano sonatas. As literature it is very attractive and full of fresh inspirations and *aperçus*; but as music criticism, so far as I can judge, it is a semi-failure (a musical friend of mine thought the same). He feels his way too empirically from incident to incident in the music, acclaiming this and puzzling over that; he pushes,

picking and choosing beyond its natural scope.

I mention his limitations as a critic because they help to define his virtues, which were also his virtues as a thinker and writer in general. His mind was a vast breeding-ground for discriminations. He endlessly picked and chose and could distinguish between two blades of grass. No one ever made such restrictive remarks. I can hear them so vividly: "So-and-so, with an intelligent face, fairly"; or, "I am devoted to so-and-so's son, slightly." I remember him once chatting with Lord Beveridge in his club. "What a charmer!" he said afterwards—then, considering his words more carefully, "What an ill-informed distinguished old man." Again, both as a critic and a creator, he was a master of *angle*. As all his friends remarked, nobody came at things from queerer angles. It was not whimsicality; it arose from his seeing things more concretely than other people. (It shows his respect for the concreteness of the world that he always realised his metaphors. Describing himself as having, like a rat, deserted the ship of fiction, he continues "and *swam* towards biography.") He planted himself firmly in the world and took sighting from where he stood; there was this that one could see and that which was concealed by the lie of the land. Of course, one could change one's viewpoint. . . . His great strength as a novelist was his sense for the angles at which people stood to one another and to the universe surrounding them and the constant dance of changing angles from which he makes us view them. For him, the art of fiction, like the art of life, lay in finding one's bearings. "One must face facts", a friend once said to him. "How can I," he replied, "when they're all around me?"

THIS LEADS ME to what you might call his "secret" and his deepest originality; I mean his feeling for life. His knowledge of society was not particularly remarkable; what was superior to him was his knowledge of the possibilities of life. It seemed he could see through to life; it was not a vague generality to him but a palpable presence, and he could hear its wingbeat. I remember him once describing some friends of his and their fondness, when they were children, for an older companion who was not quite right in the head. He spoke of it in a delighted tone, which I find hard to interpret; but it seemed to convey that this was what life was made up of. Everything was there, if one took the trouble to look for it. There was no need, and it would be wrong, to ask oneself if this



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was a small incident or a large one, or to place it in any category or system at all. The whole of life was present in it, and there was nothing beyond. I remember another even tinier incident. We were sharing a hotel bedroom, and as he undressed the coins dropped

out of his pocket. He said, in a tone of mock-superstitious resignation, "When they begin to sing, it's all up with them." There was the same joyful note in his voice. It was oddly ghostly and impressive, as if he truly had some private insight into the workings of providence.

International Commentary

An Interview with Raymond Aron

IT'S A FAIRLY NEW idea, but it seems to go deep—people nowadays want something more than "a standard of living." They're talking about "the quality of life", which doesn't necessarily mean "the simple life."

ARON: I'm afraid, all the same, that the two ideas come to the same thing. The critics condemn pollution, and rightly. But pollution is largely caused by the rise in population and the working of the democratic principle. Towns would be more pleasant to live in if there were only motor-cars for five per cent of the population; but we want a democratic society, and the number of cars, like the number of people, does not add to the pleasantness of existence. The quality of life—it means that everything must be judged in terms of what is held to be beautiful by the self-constituted arbiters of beauty, essentially the intellectuals. That is all very well, but you won't find the working man putting the quality of life before the standard of living. What he says is: Better justice and equality in mediocrity than abundance in inequality. The great majority of workers spend five or five-and-a-half days a week in the factory and they spend an hour or two a day travelling between their home and their place of work. How is one to fill in that wasted time in a way that will enrich their lives? Everybody agrees in principle that the quality of life needs to be improved, but it's an easy thing to say, and the proposition contains a large element of hypocrisy.

RAYMOND ARON's classic study of "Main Currents of Sociological Thought" has just been reprinted in paperback by Penguin in two volumes (6s. and 7s.). Professor Aron who still lectures at the Sorbonne is also a regular columnist for the Paris daily, "Le Figaro". The interview with him was conducted by JEAN CREISER.

—Certainly the idea comes from the more advanced countries.

ARON: Exactly. It comes from well-to-do people in rich countries, the sort of people who mould opinion, people who talk and write—in short, intellectuals. But I find it absurd that in our Western societies, which for a quarter-of-a-century have been obsessed with the problems of higher productivity, the idea that productivity in itself is not a reason for living should be treated as though it were something new. When have people ever believed anything of the kind? The populations of a third of the world have struggled for national independence before worrying about material prosperity. If high production were the only thing that mattered, plenty of countries that have achieved independence would not even have asked for it because in fact it has not made them any richer. Every country has values more important than material wealth. The aims of Gaullist France were *l'indépendance* and *la grandeur*, never *la production* for its own sake.

But what is true is that after a quarter of a century of extraordinary economic progress—the most brilliant period, in this respect, in human history—and despite the feeling that we have almost solved the problems of the 1930s, we are nevertheless dissatisfied with what we have achieved. Past achievements are never interesting. We put them behind us, telling ourselves that the problem of abundance has now been solved for everyone. But enormous inequalities still exist, and even for many of those who are not the worst sufferers the quality of life is increasingly mediocre. We overlook the fact that although material standards of living in our society have risen with comparative rapidity, needs and cravings may have grown even faster. What lends a frenzied quality to the debate in societies such as ours is that everyone aims at a level higher than

the one he has actually reached. It does not matter what the level is. If one asks different categories of French people what they need to enable them to live the kind of life they consider normal, their reply is always to ask for 30 or 40 per cent more than they actually have.

—Isn't the same true for business enterprises? Isn't it the first law of a "progressive" society?

ARON: A law that can be admirably defined in the sense that men never create except when they are challenged to do so. But men in our society live in a state of perpetual compulsion. One can even say that there is something diabolical in progress itself. The society advocated by Jean-Jacques Rousseau was a society of people content with simplicity, with mediocrity if you like, whereas we are a society of dissatisfied people in a state of permanent growth.

It may well be argued that for some centuries, and particularly during the last century-and-a-half, man has been going down a road from which there is no escape. We are experiencing a technological mutation, and no one can say where it will end. We are embarked on this course, and there can be no question of stopping, and still less of turning back. For to turn back would be to condemn hundreds of millions of people to death. We are already worrying about the gap between the world's potential food supplies and the 6 or 7 million human beings who will be living on this planet in the year 2000. How can there be any question of arresting the development of agriculture and industry?

—Isn't it a matter of controlling them?

ARON: An easy word. I used it myself in the conclusion of my book on the *Disillusions of Progress*. But what does it really mean? Men should choose between those technical innovations which are desirable and those which are not. We should check the development of the private motor-car, which simply leads to there being more and more private cars and to their being less and less useful and more and more dangerous. There is something monstrous about our society: surely the slaughter at the weekends is nothing less than monstrous. If Voltaire were alive today he could write a parable which would put *Candide* completely in the shade. I can conceive of a satire on modern society to which no one would have any answer, but it would be a gratuitous literary exercise. "Control" does not mean controlling technical developments—it means controlling the dialectic born of technical developments and human desires, or to put it more simply, the dialogue between industrialism and dem-



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ocracy. Industrialism without democracy is a contradiction in terms. You cannot have mass-production without mass-demand, and so you have got to have democracy. This interdependence of industry and democracy creates problems of which the motor-car is the best example, although they are manifest in many different forms.

—A few years ago you concluded your book Peace and War on a note which was scarcely one of optimism. You were not apparently certain, whether men really wanted "peace on earth." And you went on, "In a few years it will be possible for the human race to destroy itself. Man will not have resolved the contradictions inherent in his own progress until he has renounced either violence or hope." Do you consider that the latest developments in the strategy of deterrence represent progress along the road of violence or along the road of hope?

ARON: If I had to choose between the two extremes as you have stated them, I would say that where deterrence by the threat of nuclear war is concerned I think this is on the side of hope. It is true that we are still only at the end of the first quarter-century of the Nuclear Age. The only two atomic bombs to be used were dropped in the summer of 1945. We are now in the year 1970, and mankind's continued survival, it appears to me, is due to the terror still associated with those two bombs. There is a kind of atomic tabu. Mankind is terrified of its weapons. The great powers have acquired, for the present at least, the art of using them diplomatically, so as not to have to make military use of them.

As you know, that is something that I have said more than once. One cannot say of those weapons that they play no part, because they do so in the sense that they prevent their own use. One has to add, of course, that we can never be sure what part they have really played as deterrents. We shall certainly know when deterrence has failed—but we can never be sure when it has succeeded. It may be that when it seems to have succeeded it is because the enemy had no intention of doing what in the event he did not do. Successful deterrence can never be proved. There can be no proof except the certain knowledge that the other side really intended to do what you set out to deter him from doing.

—Your theory was based largely on the balance between the two great powers—brother-enemies, "les frères ennemis," as you called them.

ARON: I used the expression when it was not the fashionable way of looking at things. What had particularly struck me, studying the post-war period, was to see how the two great

powers had gradually discovered that they were at one in their resolve to avoid war.

—But has not the Chinese bomb re-opened the whole question?

ARON: I should like to say something more before we come to China. Where the two great powers are concerned, their solidarity against war is attended by a marginal risk. There is the danger of confrontation in certain parts of the world, either direct confrontation or (more likely) confrontation between two of their protégés, which may have the effect of dragging them into war. But it seems that in both the United States and the Soviet Union there is a conscious and strong determination not to allow this to happen.

As for China, I am not one of those who believe that Chinese diplomacy will be fundamentally changed when she is in a position to use nuclear weapons. I don't at all believe that the Chinese intend to use them for offensive purposes. I think they will use them in the same way as the two great powers, that is to say, as a last resort and as much as possible to protect themselves against outside interference. I can't see them going in for what is called nuclear blackmail. Ten years ago American opinion was obsessed with the nuclear peril. When I once spent a semester at Harvard I took part in a seminar in which a number of President Kennedy's future advisers were present. They were all immersed in the problem of nuclear strategy, and mistrustful of negotiations with the Soviet Union. Today they worry very little about all that.

—It certainly seems, to judge by what we learn from the press correspondents abroad, particularly in the United States, that the fear of a generalised conflict is less today than it was in the fairly recent past.

ARON: Hermann Kahn, whom I know well, nowadays devotes almost no time at all at his Institute to the problems of nuclear strategy. I remember hearing him say two or three years ago: "Ten years ago we thought that all methods would fail—today we think they will all succeed." The Americans, as is their wont, have swung from a state of obsessive agitation into a mood of tranquillity.

—But how do you account for this decrease of fear? There can be no doubt that people's minds are less haunted than they were by the terror of nuclear war.

ARON: Why did mankind seem to be obsessed with those dangers ten years ago, and why do we now seem to be calmly breathing the airs of peace? Why is it that ten years ago the great majority of American university students

were quiet, conformist, and almost apolitical? Why is the present generation in such a state of agitation and revolt? We are confronted by one of those phenomena which occur in history and are not easily explained, a change of psychological climate or of mood. The situation has not basically changed. These are emotional cycles. There is no evident reason for this alteration between anguish and serenity.

In the case of Europe the essential reason is that we no longer believe that the Soviet Union has any aggressive military intentions where Western Europe is concerned.

—Don't you think that the strategic rapprochement between the Americans and the Russians is to some extent at the expense of China, and may lead to a new racism?

ARON: At present there is no indication of this. The clash between China and the Soviet Union is both a conventional national struggle and an ideological one. Meanwhile the Soviet Union continues to support the North Vietnamese against the United States and is setting up military installations on the Suez Canal. That is to say that although the alliance against nuclear war between Russia and America is a fact, there are nevertheless conflicts of interest between them in a number of parts of the world. The game is not fundamentally different from what it was twenty-five years ago. What is happening simply suggests that at last we have learnt the rules. Mankind is beginning to come to terms with a civilisation in possession of almost unlimited means of destruction, so that progress may, in certain circumstances, end in catastrophe. I believe that what we are witnessing is a new growth of awareness.

The nuclear danger seems more remote, and the dangers of which we are most conscious are those created by the fact of industrial progress. What most troubles adult people today is the sense of being condemned by the young. What diplomatic discovery have we made in the past twenty-five years? We have learnt how to go on fighting without destroying ourselves, but we have not discovered the secret of peace. We have only rediscovered the secret of localised wars. If one is an optimist—as I am—one can say that the probable future (i.e., that which may reasonably be predicted for the next few decades) will be on the lines of the kind of international world we are now living in. A world which has not achieved true unity through sincere cooperation between the great powers, but which on the other hand has not destroyed itself by carrying war to the limit. This is disappointing, but it is at least better

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than yesterday's nightmare. I find that I am less interested in international relations than I was ten years ago. On the other hand, what fascinates me today, although I shall probably not have time to study it thoroughly, is the growth of the supernational economic community. World unity of a sort is being imposed on us by the threat that hangs over us all, and this threat is not fundamentally affected by Chinese or French nuclear weapons. Nor do I think that the strategy of deterrence will be transformed by the latest developments in rocketry, or by the anti-ballistic missile. The business of deterrence depends essentially on the attitude of the leading powers. So long as the Russians and the Americans are of the same mind and act with the same caution, a nuclear war can only break out by accident, or as the outcome of a catalytic process. But these contingencies, although they can never be wholly ruled out, are a great deal less probable than people think, or thought a short time ago, for the simple reason that even if a nuclear bomb were to explode somewhere there is no reason to suppose that the country hit by it would reply by launching its entire armament against the enemy. There is the red telephone, the "hot line", the instrument of protection (or preservation) against what is called the catalytic war or the accidental war. It is a strange and logical system of understanding between enemies, designed to safeguard each side against the possibility of total destruction. Nothing of the kind has happened before in history.

—But there is no hot line to China.

ARON: Not yet, but perhaps there will be.

—Israel is said to have the bomb.

ARON: I have talked to leading people in Israel, although, of course, they have said nothing to me about that. Israeli scientists are certainly not far off it. But put the case at its worst. Suppose that the Israelis, threatened by total destruction, were to use a nuclear bomb. This still would not result in "the annihilation of the whole human race." Horrible though the use of a bomb would be, it would not be the total catastrophe pessimists were talking about a few years ago. Even if we suppose that Israel and Egypt both possessed a number of atomic bombs, the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. would not let themselves be dragged into the conflict for that reason. The use of a nuclear bomb by a small state would be a tragedy, but it would not entail the mass suicide of mankind.

But on the other hand violence has not vanished from the earth, and it is possible that violence within nations will increase, simply because larger conflicts seem to be ruled out. After all, one of the things that cement national unity is the threat from outside. And there are still the kinds of war with which we are familiar, the traditional limited war between Israel and her neighbours, revolutionary wars. Men are very clever at finding ways of fighting each other.

—Is not the absence of major war responsible for the maladies of civilisation which we are witnessing today? I am thinking of sexuality, drugs, nervous depression, violence, racism, and so on.

ARON: Racism, unfortunately, is as old as humanity itself. Ancient tribes often reserved the name of "man" for themselves alone, using some other word to denote the peoples of other tribes, whom they held to be sub-human. Racism is not an invention of 20th century civilisation.

—But don't you think that racism is becoming much more acute in the big cities? I am thinking of New York, and even of London to some extent.

ARON: As for the United States, although racism is decreasing in terms of the segregation of fifty years ago, it is more apparent in other respects. Integration of all communities is the essence of urban civilisation. The separation of black and white was easier in the non-industrialised South than in the industrialised North. But despite appearances, racist feeling is less strong today than it was twenty or fifty years ago. When you land at New York airport today you find that a number of the immigration officials are black, which is something you would not have seen twenty-five years ago. You go into one of the big Washington hotels and find coloured girls and youths at the reception desk, which is another thing you would not have seen twenty-five years ago. But perhaps simply because of this the problem is becoming more serious.

—And more subtle.

ARON: Yes, it is more apparent and more subtle. As the intellectual level of the black

population rises they become increasingly conscious of the discrimination which still remains. De Tocqueville said it long ago: To the oppressed in process of improving their condition, oppression becomes increasingly intolerable, because they see the objective and the distance they still have to go. But the change in sexual mores has nothing to do with the absence of war. Don't forget that the United States, where it is most in evidence, is fighting a war. The sexual upheaval in the States may be due to a mutation brought about by the advance of industrial civilisation. It may be that when a certain level has been reached this leads to the rejection of the values of work, success, and effort which were necessary for its achievement. It may be that the children of the generation which struggled so hard to rise in the world are only concerned with the "quality of life" and have no wish for material success. Success was a gift bestowed on them in the cradle. So the old pioneering spirit, the belief in ruthless competition, is being replaced by a new attitude of mind bound up with the relaxing of social controls, the easiness of earning a living, the resources at the disposal of many young people, even those who do not come from the richest circles, and so on. But as for phenomena arising out of the absence of war, you must look for these in Europe! Young Germans and young Frenchmen without national ambitions, living in countries which are both satisfied and dissatisfied. Satisfied because they are prosperous, but dissatisfied because they are no longer numbered among *les grands de ce monde*. It may be that the spirit of political revolt has something to do with the loss of status in the international sphere.

Whether that is so or not, an idea propounded by certain biologists is now becoming fashionable—namely, that man is by nature a violent animal. For my part, I will leave you to choose between two propositions with which I should like to conclude. You may say that man is a violent animal; or you may say that he is a very remarkable animal who cares more about his reasons for living than about life itself. This implies violence. If he is ready to sacrifice his own life for his ideals, he is even more ready to sacrifice the lives of others.

BOOKS & WRITERS

Coleridge Collected

By Owen Barfield

THERE WAS a period following Coleridge's death in 1834 and lasting for about as long as theology continued to be a matter of general interest, during which both here and in America more attention was paid to his prose than to his poetry. Not that the interest was limited to theology. The group, for instance, known to their contemporaries as "The Germano-Coleridgeans," of whom Robert Preyer gave an interesting account in *Bentham, Coleridge, and the Science of History* (1958), were more interested in history and politics, and it was in 1840 that John Stuart Mill prophesied in his essay on *Coleridge and Bentham*:

The name of Coleridge is one of the few English names of our time which are likely to be oftener pronounced and to become symbolic of more important things in proportion as the inward workings of the age manifest themselves more and more in outward fact. Bentham excepted, no Englishman of recent date has left his impress so deeply on the opinions and mental tendencies of those among us who attempt to enlighten their practice by philosophical meditation. If it be true, as Lord Bacon affirms, that a knowledge of the speculative opinions in the men between twenty and thirty years of age is the great source of political prophecy, the existence of Coleridge will show itself by no slight or ambiguous traces in the coming history of our country.

All the same that period was followed by a much longer one, during which the prose

works were treated, if at all, as a kind of sprawling corollary to Coleridge's theory of imagination as propounded in a couple of paragraphs in Chapter XIII of the *Biographia Literaria*; and it is only in our own time that this second period has been drawing to its close. Perhaps its twilight began when, in the same year (1930) that T. M. Raysor produced his definitive two-volume edition of the *Shakespeare Lectures*, J. M. Muirhead included his own *Coleridge as Philosopher* in Allen & Unwin's Library of Philosophy, of which he was the general editor. Nineteen years later came Kathleen Coburn's erudite edition of the hitherto unpublished *Philosophical Lectures*, with its 70-odd pages of notes including lengthy and valuable quotations from hitherto unpublished *marginalia*; and the last three decades have seen a steady stream of books, and still more articles in learned and other journals, all dealing or attempting to deal with the philosophical as well as the literary and critical thought.

The 1930s were the Freudian decade, and there is no doubt that sympathetic response to Coleridge's pre-eminently psychological philosophy with its emphasis on the mind's unconscious activity, and in a lesser degree to his pre-eminently "metaphysical" psychology, was made easier for a public that had come to take almost for granted the existence at least of such a thing as unconscious mental activity. A growing realisation (see for instance Lancelot Whyte's *The Unconscious before Freud*) that the unconscious is not so new and that there may be a good deal more to it than Freud supposed has accompanied the growing interest in Coleridge which I have mentioned—less, I suspect, by way of cause and effect than as concomitant effects of the same causes. M. H. Abrams' *The Mirror and the Lamp* (1953) contains one of the most satisfactory treatments we possess of his so-called "organicism" in its relation to unconscious mental

OWEN BARFIELD has in the last few years held four appointments in American universities as Visiting Professor. He is at present completing a lengthy study of "What Coleridge Thought." Among his previous books are "Poetic Diction" (1952) "Saving the Appearances" (1957, U.S. edition by Harcourt, Brace), and "Worlds Apart" (1963), all published by Faber & Faber. His most recent book, "Speaker's Meaning," was published by Wesleyan University Press in 1967.

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activity and, though it is not primarily about Coleridge but about Romantic aesthetic in general, it is perhaps the simplest introduction there is to Coleridge's philosophy.

MUCH OF WHAT HAS BEEN written about the mind of Coleridge in the last forty years is of a very high quality. One recalls, for example, Humphrey House's Clark Lectures (1953). But there is one feature that is common to nearly all of it; and that is its excessive absorption in the two related "problems" of chronology and plagiarism. Did Coleridge change his opinions much in the course of his life—or not? Did he only borrow from everything he read, or did he sometimes think for himself? It began with De Quincey and it was still going on last year in Thomas McFarland's packed and learned *Coleridge and the Pantheist Tradition*. The "when" and the "why" seem to take precedence of the "what" so powerfully that one sometimes feels rather uneasy—like a man listening in to a sophisticated argument about different wines and rival vintage years and suddenly afflicted by a qualm of doubt as to whether the disputants had ever actually *tasted* any of them. Or one has been sauntering, guide-book in hand, through a city with interesting architectural pretensions . . . "leaving the old Plotinus quarter, we pass on our right a solid block of Patristic tome and see the BRUNO TOWER rising in front of us. The quaint *Jacob Böhme* chapel is not likely to detain us long from the imposing ashlar of the KANT BUILDING, with its interesting intrusion of the local *Jacobi* style, and (notice the *Blumenbach* frieze) the almost undamaged SCHELLING FACADE . . ."

The tragedy here is that this—"view-hunting", as Carlyle once called it—is precisely *not* the way in which Coleridge wished his books to be read; and one of the reasons why they are sometimes found difficult is that it was not the way they were written to be read. It was never (and this is highly relevant on the issue of plagiarism) the way he read himself. As Professor J. A. Appleyard well remarked in the introduction to his *Coleridge's Philosophy of Literature* (1966):

Rarely was he much concerned with the precise and actual meaning an idea had for another writer; almost always it was its interaction with his own thinking that mattered most to him.

And this was how he hoped to be read himself. "What are my metaphysics?" he asked in the *Friend*—"merely the referring the mind to its own consciousness for truths, indispensable to its own happiness." He desired, as he says

Plato desired, "to excite the germinal power that craves no knowledge but what it can take up into itself." The result is that an exclusively view-hunting approach is automatically self-defeating. Substitute "Coleridgean" for "Pythagorean", and we must say of him what he himself said in the fourth of his *Philosophical Lectures*:

We must have discovered the truth ourselves by other means, before, out of the mass of traditions, assertions, and fables, we can discriminate what really was Coleridgean, and that it *was* Coleridgean.

Hence the titles of his two most considerable prose works after the *Biographia Literaria*: *Aids to Reflection*, and the *Friend*. Hence also their unpopularity. He complained (in a note on Chapter XX of *Southey's Life of Wesley*):

Thousands will read this chapter, or the substance of it, in the writings of Wesley himself, and never complain of obscurity, or that it is, as Hone called my *Aids to Reflection*, a proper *brain-cracker*. And why is this? In the words I use, or their collocation? Not so: for no one has pointed out any passage of importance, which he having at length understood, he could propose other and more intelligible words that would have conveyed precisely the same meaning. No! Wesley first relates his theory as a history: the ideas were for him, and through him for his readers, so many *proper names*, the substratum of meaning being supplied by the general image and abstraction, of the human form with the swarm of associations that cluster in it. Wesley *takes for granted* that his readers will all understand it, all at once, and without effort. . . . Now compare this with the manner and even *obtruded* purpose of the *Friend*, or the *Aids to Reflection*, in which the aim of every sentence is to solicit, nay, tease the reader to ask himself, whether he actually does, or does not, understand distinctly. . . .

If the vogue of a psychology of the unconscious has facilitated the comprehension of Coleridge's psychology, it has operated to increase rather than diminish that penchant for "the human form with the swarm of associations that cluster in it." Coleridge's own psyche—and the *Road to Xanadu* has a good deal to answer for here—is so much more "fascinating" than his psychology. Indeed we have come so far that a casual reference to "Coleridge's psychology" would itself probably suggest only the former to most people. A good plunge into the recent literature even leaves one with the impression that it is no longer merely a matter of disinclination. There is a kind of atrophy—a positive inability to distinguish between talking about the man and listening to what he said. Exegesis now means showing the reader how Coleridge was "satisfying" his emotional,

or his religio-philosophical, "needs"; and it is almost terrifying how rapidly the educated public—the "clerisy" as he himself called them—are becoming positively incapable of distinguishing between the reason of a thought and its cause.

BUT IT IS NOT ONLY that Coleridge himself was exempt from it. This intellectual subjectivism was the very dragon he spent himself in struggling to slay. It was the essential *trahison des clercs* in an "epoch of the understanding and the senses"—by which he meant a time when the cruder conclusions of the scientific revolution and the enlightenment have descended into a stratum of the common consciousness at which they are taken for granted; where they have become inherent in the lexical definitions of everyday words, so that the less overtly they are maintained, the more covertly they prevail. Psyche is in the last resort a product of soma, and therefore thought itself psychosomatically and environmentally determined. Who effectually doubts it? What he had to contend with was not simply opinions different from his own but viable to argument; it was more like the shapeless mass of fallen rock that confronts a miners' rescue team wondering where and how to begin drilling to reach the men trapped behind it. It was, as he put it in the *Statesman's Manual*:

The obstinacy of opinions that have always been taken for granted, opinions unassailable by the remembrance of a doubt, the silent accrescence of belief, from the unwatched deposition of a general, never-contradicted hearsay; the concurring suffrage of modern books, all pre-supposing or re-asserting the same principles with the same confidence, and with the same contempt for all prior systems; and among these, works of the highest authority, appealed to in our Legislature, and lectured on at our Universities; the very books, perhaps, that called forth our own first efforts in thinking. . . .

"Mighty antagonists so strong in themselves, and with such mighty adjuncts" he called them, and it was no exaggeration. For what he was up against, almost single-handed and alone, was the real Establishment, the visceral one—a settled and suffocating deadweight of entrenched custom, compared with which the political and social establishments condemned by Marx and the kids are, in Clio's reckoning, bubble-gum.

As if with the express object of bearing him out, the *Statesman's Manual* itself was promptly greeted with a salvo of incomprehension and abuse. True, it was of its sequel,

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the so-called "Second Lay Sermon", that the *Monthly Magazine* remarked: "to reason with a person of this cast would be as hopeless an undertaking as to reason with the inmates of Bedlam." But Hazlitt himself wrote no less than three reviews of the *Manual*, one of which actually appeared before it was published and was apparently based on the Prospectus:

All his notions are floating and unfixed, like what is feigned of the first forms of things flying about in search of bodies to attach themselves to; but *his* ideas seek to avoid all contact with solid substances. Innumerable evanescent thoughts dance before him, and dazzle his sight, like insects in the evening sun. Truth is to him a ceaseless round of contradictions: he lives in the belief of a perpetual lie, and in affecting to think what he pretends to say. His mind is in a constant estate of flux and reflux: he is like the Sea-horse in the Ocean; he is the Man in the Moon, the Wandering Jew. . . .

It was unfortunate for Coleridge that his bitterest enemy had that Shavian knack of asserting matters of opinion as matters of fact with an ebullient gaiety, clothed in competent, picturesque and vigorous language, that carries its own deceptive conviction. We feel it *must* all be so, just as he says—until we start looking into the matter for ourselves. That there were at least a few of his contemporaries who did look for themselves, we are reminded by a useful 650-page collection, which has recently appeared (and from which I have quoted above), of reviews and articles published during Coleridge's lifetime. *Coleridge and the Critical Heritage*, by J. R. de J. Jackson—author only last year of a careful study of Coleridge's own critical theory—covers the poems and plays as well as the prose. As to the last, he could have no cause to complain of John Foster's sympathetic article on the *Friend*, and still less of J. C. Heraud's (in *Fraser's Magazine*) on the *Aids to Reflection*; since the latter includes a paragraph of common-sense penetration into the fundamental simplicity of Coleridge's objective idealism, which it would be hard to match from 20th-century Coleridgiana. If I was challenged to do so, I should select Nicholas Brooke on Coleridge's "True and Original Realism" in the *Durham University Journal* (1961).

ONE PRACTICAL EFFECT of the radical subversiveness of Coleridge's position has also been a contributory cause of our continued failure to realise it even after all these years have elapsed. The four major works in which he gave expression to it, or tried to do so—the *Friend*, *The Statesman's Manual*, *Aids to Reflection*, and *The Constitution of the Church and State*—have remained out of print for just how many years I should not like to say. As far as I know, there has never been any edition of any of them that included an index. The only way to them has lain through libraries and second-hand bookshops; and it is perhaps doubly unfortunate that this should still have been the situation at the time of the graduate explosion in the last few decades, with its accompanying demand for dissertation-fodder rather than mental interaction. View-hunting, with the net flung as widely as possible, is (quite reasonably) a cardinal virtue in a doctoral thesis; but it is also habit-forming.

That situation is now coming to an end. It was something of an historical event when there appeared last autumn, as the first fruits of the *Collected Coleridge*, long in preparation under the general editorship of Kathleen Coburn, an edition of the *Friend* in two volumes.¹ It is perhaps the most generally important of the four works I have referred to and, had the new edition contained no more than the text and a fairly good index, its appearance would still be an historical event. In fact it contains a quite first-class index, besides much more, which I shall come to in a moment. The *Friend* was originally published as a periodical, to which it was necessary to attract subscribers by various devices, and it is far indeed from being a systematic exposition of Coleridge's philosophy. His own sub-title for the revised edition was "*A Series of Essays in Three Volumes, to Aid in the Formation of Fixed Principles in Politics, Morals, and Religion, with Literary Amusements Interspersed.*" Nevertheless the actual unity of his thought which, as so many have now insisted, underlies its fragmentary exposition throughout his life, shines unmistakably through. Perusal of the *Friend* calls of course for the sort of "interaction" of which Appleyard spoke; and that means first of all undressing from the indolent assumption that whatever has gone out of fashion is on that account discredited. Otherwise it is likely to be found—as the reviewer of this edition in the *Spectator* has found it—"a long, dull book." Yet it includes the eight *Essays on the Principles of Method* (Section II. Essays

I. 580 pp. Vol. II. 680 pp. Princeton University Press. London: Routledge and Kegan Paul. \$20.00/£7 10s the set.

iv-xi) which are perhaps, together with Essay v of "The First Landing-place," the most easily readable introduction to Coleridge's ubiquitous and paramount distinction between the Understanding (which *homo sapiens* shares with the higher animals) and his superindividual Reason—the latter not, as with Kant, a merely regulative principle but constitutive in its speculative as well as in its practical aspect.

In the *Friend* we have also Coleridge's central intuition of polarity—the *Idea Idearum*, as he once called it—as the principle underlying both phenomenal and noumenal reality, far more fully developed than in the *Biographia Literaria*; though there too a discerning reader cannot easily sidestep it. At least one would have supposed not; but one of the most remarkable features of Coleridge literature in general is the way in which, with the exception of R. H. Fogle's little book, *The Idea of Coleridge's Criticism* (1962) and the Introduction to Donald Stauffer's *Selected Poetry and Prose* (1951), it has in fact been avoided. There was, it is true, Professor Alice Snyder's painstaking essay on *The Critical Principle of the Reconciliation of Opposites as Employed by Coleridge* (1918), in which she concluded that his interest in it was largely "a constitutional malady." If the *Friend* had been as readily available as the *Biographia*, it may be that the "New Criticism" would never have sought to father on Coleridge of all people its exclusively literary maxim of an abstract "reconciliation of opposites" in an ironical detachment from both. For here the concreteness and the activity of what he meant by the reconciliation of opposites in polarity is brought out by the instances he draws from natural science. It may be added that his precise relation to the cosmology of science, and particularly to modern physics, is a matter that still awaits adequate treatment. I have seen little of value on the subject beyond Professor Craig Miller's article on "Coleridge's Concept of Nature" which appeared in the Spring 1964 *Journal of the History of Ideas*. Here I fancy the hitherto unpublished notes and marginalia, especially some from near the end of his life, will turn out important. Meanwhile we have, besides the *Essays on Method* in the *Friend*, one or two long letters in Vol. IV of the *Collected Letters*; and Stauffer performed a useful service when he reprinted (in the book above referred to) the *Hints Towards a More Comprehensive Theory of Life*, on which Miller's article was largely based:

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inward and centripetal direction. He has the whole world in counterpoint to him, but he contains an entire world within himself. . . . Naked and helpless cometh man into the world. Such has been the complaint from eldest time; but we complain of our chief privilege, our ornament, and the connate mark of our sovereignty. *Porphyrogeniti sumus!* In Man the centripetal and individualising tendency of all Nature is itself concentrated and individualised—he is a revelation of Nature.

IT WAS IN ELABORATING its relation to biology and evolution, as Coleridge saw it, that he most successfully concretised that *subject-object* relation, which, taken abstractly, has so often been found "a proper brain-cracker." Yet it is quite fundamental. Even in the *Biographia Literaria* it is the "philosophic" imagination, not the poetic, that he actually demonstrates. (The latter was to have formed the subject of the largely unwritten Chapter XIII.) In the *Friend* the philosophic imagination is treated more discursively under the rubric of "method." Not that philosophic imagination is irrelevant to poetic. The reverse is the case. You cannot successfully toy with the notion of imagination—both "primary" and "secondary"—as the producer of art and poetry, while sedulously ignoring its relation to philosophy and science. And primary imagination is the name by which, in those now hackneyed concluding paragraphs of Chapter XIII, he chose to designate that irreducible polarity between self and nature, which was his golden key. Indeed it could be argued without much difficulty that the radical subversiveness of his whole position arose mainly from an early and clear perception that poetic imagination can never thrive, nor even long survive, in a climate of intellectual subjectivism.

There is some evidence that he was not mistaken. How threadbare nearly all the contemporary chatter about art and artists, and happenings, and "literary merit" and what have you, turns out to be beside, say, the little essay *On Poesy or Art* (which Shawcross printed with his edition of the *Biographia*)! Intellectual subjectivism gradually abandons the discovery and communication of truth as a possible end. Never mind, there is still expression; there is still non-representational "creativity"; there is still art and self-realisation in art. Yes, but *what* self? Only moribundaristocracies defend their privilege of insolent behaviour as pompously as if it were the very substance, and not just an accidental badge of their nobility. One could wish to see a small proportion—say a quarter—of the ink and energy expended in vindicating the artist's legal right to be obscene, transferred

to the business of establishing his logical right to be at all.

I HAVE EMPHASISED the philosophical stiffening in the *Friend* because that seems to me to be the most enduring part of it. But it is at least as much a political and social work. As Barbara Rooke puts it in her thoughtful Introduction:

In the intellectual history of the period, *The Friend* is an illuminating example of the power of the creative imagination, experiencing social and personal tensions, not only to endure chaos, but also to make something new out of it.

Without labouring, or even expressly drawing attention to it, she neatly brings out its possible bearing on our present discontents by continuing:

The 1809-10 *Friend*, like the *Watchman*, was written during a time of war. In their different ways, each work is a civil libertarian tract for the times. To recall men to principles, to ask what human society is for, what the human individual is and what the organised community is: this was the steadying task of the creative imagination as Coleridge saw it—especially at a time when men were threatened by violence. The 1818 *Friend* was undertaken in a period of the aftermath of war, when the freedom of the individual and the ends of social organisation seemed undermined less by direct military authority over the individual than by authoritarian fears of the lack of control anywhere, by chaos, and man's inhumanity to man in a society floundering in riots and the repression of riots.

The 1809-10 *Friend* is the original periodical, which is reproduced verbatim in the 2nd volume of the present edition. A few years later Coleridge revised it with great care and in 1818, with a number of omissions and some important additional material, it was reprinted in book form. Later editions, such as there were (the last is Bohn's in 1865), followed the 1818 edition, which constitutes the bulk of volume 1. Volume 2 contains also a full account of the MSS of the various editions and of a number of extant annotated copies, as well as a list of subscribers to the original periodical. There are three Collation Tables, to facilitate cross-reference—a task in which the careful footnotes render invaluable assistance—and I must not omit to mention the useful Chronological Table in volume 1.

FOR COLERIDGE'S POLITICAL theory we must await the *Statesman's Manual* and the *Lay Sermon* and, still more, the *Constitution of the Church and State*. Meanwhile the *Collected*

Coleridge edition of the *Watchman*² has already appeared, published earlier this year. The little weekly periodical, 32 pages long, which Coleridge kept going single-handed for ten weeks in the spring of 1796, has never previously been printed in book form. Without it any Collected Coleridge would be woefully incomplete and the care with which it has been produced, together with its index, notes and incidental matter, make it a worthy companion volume to possess. But it is of course a very different proposition from the *Friend*. In particular it came as a surprise to me to find that a comparatively small proportion of it was actually written by Coleridge himself, and that it is not always possible, even in the case of poems, to say of any particular contribution whether it was so or not. Very many of them are parliamentary and other reports taken from contemporary newspapers, being sometimes merely transcribed, sometimes abridged, and sometimes transcribed with the addition of a little leftish pep by the hard-worked editor. Many will find it less interesting for any light it sheds on Coleridge than as an intimate peep from an unusual angle into the political and social, and indeed legal, climate of England in the early years of the Napoleonic wars.

The *Watchman* and the twin volumes of the *Friend* are numbers 2 and 4 respectively of the *Collected Coleridge* in 16 volumes. When complete, the edition will comprise not only the books and essays long out of print and *margin-alia* at present accessible only in back numbers of out of the way periodicals such as the *Revue de Littérature Comparée*, but also the unpublished MSS—all, presumably, that are traceable. I wish I knew how soon we may expect the remainder and whether I shall be here to see them all. In particular No. 7 (the *Biographia Literaria* edited by M. H. Abrams) must be worth waiting for—or would it perhaps have been better *not* to allocate his outstanding ability to the only prose work of which we already have a scholarly edition, in 2 volumes, by Shawcross?

I suppose that, without the initiative of the General Editor, Kathleen Coburn, and her total dedication to Coleridge, nothing of the sort could have occurred. And it is a mystery to me how she has managed to combine this labour not only with the editing of the *Philosophical Lectures*, but also with the editing and production of the *Notebooks* in five

² *The Watchman*. Edited by Lewis Patton. 477 pp. Princeton University Press, \$12.50, London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, £5 5s.

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double volumes (text and notes), of which the first two have already appeared and the third is, I understand, trembling on the brink. These last, together with E. L. Griggs' *Collected Letters*, of which four volumes have so far been published, will really give us pretty well all the Coleridge there is.

MEANWHILE, in the *Collected Coleridge*, we have these two volumes of which I have been writing: the *Friend*—"that quintessentially mid-Coleridgian omnium gatherum", as Livingston Lowes called it--and the *Watchman*--that little cameo of the S.T.C. of pre-Malta and pre-Wordsworth days--to be duly thankful for. As to the latter, my observations were addressed to the average reader. Coleridgians--a small but distinctive genus containing several species--will value it highly, as they are helpless to avoid valuing anything that puts them further in touch with Coleridge himself. If the problem of chronology, if the problem of borrowing (or "plagiarism") in his writing, and if his emotional and volitional response to the personal problems that beset him are none of them the main point, that does not imply that they are not interesting. Very far from it. Whatever the actual nature of the relation that is assumed, it is a liberal education to trace the contacts of his mind with the greater and the lesser works of his contemporaries and of his predecessors going back to the pre-Socratics. I have often thought that a systematic study of them might make an ideal introduction to the history of philosophy. And as to "Xanadu," there is a turning towards it from every other road, as the footnotes to the new edition of the *Friend* make plain enough.

MAYBE IT IS POSSIBLE to become absorbed in personality and plagiarism without ever actually coming to grips with the philosophy. But if so, the converse is by no means true. It follows from Coleridge's whole way of presenting his case that, like the cheerfulness of Dr. Johnson's would-be-philosophical friend, the man Coleridge "will keep breaking in." And God bless him, how welcome he is to some of us, both as a centric aid to reflection and as an eccentric friend. I am rather sorry if a note of asperity (or was it just peevishness?) has crept at any point into this article. The present moment, with the *Collected Coleridge* at last appearing over the horizon in these two really splendid produc-

tions, and with all the *Notebooks* and all the *Letters* somewhere in the offing, is no occasion for dissension of any sort. Now is the time, if ever there was or will be one, for all Coleridgians to rejoice together in amity over the plenty that is coming to them—plenty for

us interactionists, who prefer to take the thought of Coleridge neat, even if it makes us blink, but plenty also for our personalist brethren, who must have a good stiff seasoning of opium and Sara Hutchinson before they will touch it.

When History (and God) Is on Your Side

On Joachim's Medieval Prophecies — By GORDON LEFF

IT IS CUSTOMARY TO SEE the Middle Ages as an age of faith and to contrast their order and stability with our own lack of certainty. There is some truth in the comparison. But belief also generates its own tensions over how it should be interpreted and by whom; and many of the fiercest struggles in history have been among rival adherents of the same faith. The Middle Ages were no exception. Within the commonly accepted tenets of Christian faith there developed, on the one hand, a binding orthodoxy mediated by the church, and, on the other, a series of dissenting outlooks, some of which became heretical. From the eleventh to the fifteenth centuries, heterodoxy, in its various forms, was endemic in Western Europe until with the Reformation the universal authority of the Roman church, under stress for two centuries, finally broke.

This is not to say that the Middle Ages were a period of religious unrest; compared with the early centuries of Christianity under the Roman Empire or with the religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries they were not. Rather, it was the universal acceptance of a common book—the Bible—as the repository of all truth, and of a divine institution—the church—as its mediator, which invited contrast between Christian precept and ecclesiastical practice. From the twelfth century onwards the disparity between them became one of the main sources of religious criticism and radicalism. Numerous groups sought a return to first apostolic principles, which they could not find in the church, by following literally Christ's teaching in the Bible. The appeal to Christ's own example became one of the most explosive elements in the criticism of the

church and the existing order. If it was not the only source of dissent it was perhaps the most pervasive.

This appeal to an ideal past perhaps received its greatest impetus from the writings of Joachim of Fiore, a Cistercian monk, who lived from about 1135 to 1202. After becoming abbot of the monastery of Curazzo, Calabria, in 1196 he founded a new monastic order of Fiore. Joachim has usually been bracketed with St Augustine as one of the few medieval creators of a Christian philosophy of history. What has not been so widely recognised—at least in this country until the timely appearance of Dr. Marjorie Reeves' masterly book¹—is that his influence was, for the later Middle Ages, perhaps even more far-reaching. Indeed it is no exaggeration to say that Joachim's was the first comprehensive historical interpretation of the world which sought to explain its development in terms of universal laws. Although not the first to divide the history of the world into a series of ages, he was the first to establish a dynamic relationship between them so that past, present, and future were part of a continuous process of development which had a defined goal in this world. Where among St. Augustine and his disciples, man's life in this world was a necessary stage on his journey to his final destination in the next world, Joachim transferred many of the happenings reserved for the next world to this one. He gave the course of history in time a scheme of its own which would culminate in a future age of gold on earth. This did not lessen the finality of the Last Judgment; but it made past and present meaningful in relation to man's future in this world.

It is in this sense, of relating the present to a temporal past and future, that Joachim can be said to have given the Middle Ages an historical awareness, and with it both a critical attitude to the present and, in the hands of many of

¹ *Prophecy in the Later Middle Ages: A Study of Joachimism*. By MARJORIE E. REEVES. Oxford University Press, £5.

his disciples, a Programme for the Future. And just as much of recent history has been dominated by historical philosophies so was much of the later Middle Ages. But with this difference, that neither Joachim nor subsequent Joachimists would have regarded themselves as interpreting history as such but rather as trying to understand God's purposes through the events of this world. It should also be added that, paradoxically, as with many founders of "a new outlook," Joachim's teaching became a source for outlooks which he would have disavowed had he lived to see them. In his own lifetime he was celebrated for his piety; his new monastic order received the Pope's recognition, and Kings and Emperors consulted him; after his death only his doctrine of the Trinity was censured, the main body of his writings and his orthodoxy remaining officially unimpugned.

THE STRIKINGLY NON-HISTORICAL FORM of Joachim's writings can be seen from the three main works in which he developed his scheme of history—the *Concord of the Old and New Testaments*, the *Exposition of the Apocalypse*, and the *Psaltery of the Ten Strings*. They are in the form of commentaries on the Bible and its events, with elaborate symbolical and numerical calculations designed to justify Joachim's belief in an overall pattern in the history of creation. From one point of view he seemed to make no distinction between historical fact and allegory; and it is that which makes much of Joachim's treatment of his figures and events so ambiguous, an ambiguity which was fruitful in leading to the misinterpretations of subsequent generations. Yet, in fact, the real import of Joachim's interpretation lay in his very acceptance of the Bible as revealing an intelligible pattern in history which could only be grasped by going beyond appearances to the underlying reality. The Bible was the source of the world's history. Through its events, properly interpreted, the grand design and final goal of all creation were revealed. This led Joachim to put a new valuation upon history as a dynamic force. The force of his outlook lay in making that Future at once *the consummation* of all history and *within the grasp* of the Present. He thereby generated a sense of apocalyptic expectation which, if it never became the revolutionary force which modern mass movements bred on the idea of historical destiny have become, owed its power to a similar inspiration that the future lay in its hands.

Central to Joachim's interpretation was his division of time into three great overlapping

and interacting eras. The first was that of the Father and corresponded to the period of the Old Testament; the second was the age of the Son and ran from the time of king Osias until around the middle of the thirteenth century, beyond the period at which Joachim was writing; it would be followed by the third and final age of the Holy Spirit, which would last for a thousand years until "the end of the world" and the Last Judgment. Each age was also symbolised by a particular group of men: the first age of the Father had been the age of the married men (the patriarchs); the second was the age of the clerics; the third would be the age of spiritual monks, of whom the Benedictines were the precursors. Each age also had or would have three great men, but whereas those for the first two ages were actual figures drawn from the Old and New Testaments, the three for the coming third age were merely symbols which Joachim found in the Book of Daniel and the Apocalypse. This distinction between the first two ages and the third is the dominant theme in Joachim's system; for it was from the relationship between the first two that he was able to deduce the patterns of history by which he could prognosticate what was still to come in the future third age. Hence his treatment of the first two ages is much fuller and more precise than it is for the third age; and he largely interprets the transition from the second to the third age in terms of what had occurred in the change from the first to the second. Thus the third age was inseparable from the first two ages not only as their outcome, but also in the mode in which that outcome would occur. It was treated less for itself than as the consummation of what had gone before; and if it is the most unorthodox and revolutionary aspect of Joachim's teaching it is also the least substantial, providing an historical perspective rather than a defined epoch.

NOW IT WAS THIS THREEFOLD PERSPECTIVE which meant that, instead of the traditional two ages of the Old and the New Testaments, an additional—and higher—era was interposed between them and the Last Judgment. As envisaged by Joachim it would mean the supersession of the existing forms and their transformation into something higher. Whereas the first age had been under the law and the second was under grace, the third would have still greater grace; while the first age was of knowledge, and the second of partial wisdom, the third would be of full understanding; servile servitude and filial servitude would give place to liberty. With these and many other antitheses

Joachim sought to characterise the differences between the ages and their culmination in the Third Age. Although Joachim never went beyond metaphor in describing the new order still to come, there can be no doubt that he envisaged it as one of spiritual renewal in which, to use his own repeated image, the spirit would triumph over the letter. What this would mean in practice he did not say beyond that it would not entail a new faith or a new church, but rather their expression at a new and higher level.

This was the very point at which Joachim's thinking was most betrayed by those who claimed to be his disciples. His own symbolic terms such as a new "spiritual church" and "spiritual men" and his frequent references to the displacement of the outward "figures" of the sacraments by their inner spiritual import came to take on an independent meaning and to be contraposed to their present visible forms. By the end of the thirteenth century, among some of the Franciscan Spirituals and their followers in Provence and Italy, the spiritual church had come to mean a new congregation of spiritual men—themselves—which was opposed to the carnal church (of Rome under the Pope) which they condemned as the Whore of Babylon and the Congregation of Antichrist.

They were the bearers of a new gospel and possessed a true spiritual insight. Not only was the terminology taken over from Joachim's apocalyptic language, but so also was the framework in which the change from the second to the third era would occur.

Here Joachim's division of the first two ages, of the Father and the Son, into seven phases or epochs was, particularly significant. From the parallels between them he sought to show the way in which each phase was succeeded by the next. In particular he emphasised first something like a dialectical interplay between one phase and the next, so that the New was germinating within the Old and only finally emerged through superseding the Old. Thus the spiritual men who were to typify the third age of the Holy Spirit had their harbingers in St. Benedict's order of monks, which had been founded in the fourth phase of the second age. Since Joachim computed that the age of the Son would end in about the year 1260 this meant that the bearers of the new age had co-existed with the old for over 600 years. They were the agents by means of which the dualism between the flesh and the spirit, which characterised the age of the Son, would be overcome in the triumph of the Spirit in the third age. But, in the second place, this transformation

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would not come about imperceptibly or gradually, but by means of a struggle between the New and the Old. Joachim distinguished between phases of quiescence and phases of disturbance in each of the first two ages. As the end of each age drew to its close the latent antagonism between the Forces of the Old Order and the Forces of the Future came to a head, and a period of conflict between them ensued before the New Age could finally emerge.

Joachim placed this struggle in the sixth and penultimate phase of the expiring age; just as Christ and his disciples had been persecuted by the synagogue, and he had been crucified before his message had finally triumphed, so Christ's successors, the new spiritual monks, would have to suffer the attacks of Antichrist before they, too, prevailed to inaugurate a new golden age on earth, in the seventh and last phase of the second age. Accordingly the pattern which Joachim presented was of an underlying continuity by means of discontinuity, of a series of consummations, or as he called them sabbatical periods, preceded by periods of violent struggle, until from some time after the middle of the thirteenth century a New and Final Era of sabbatical peace would reign.

NOW IT WAS IN THE TRANSITION from the second to the third age that Joachim's teaching had such relevance for the thirteenth century and beyond; for by his own computation the present age of the Son was due to end in around 1260 at the expiry of the 42nd generation from the birth of Christ (counting each generation as thirty years). Accordingly, the beginning of the thirteenth century marked the beginning of the sixth phase when the struggle between the Old and the New would reach its climax. For the generations immediately succeeding Joachim's, they appeared to be in the very vortex of the upheaval. Hence the immediacy of his message to those who, like the Franciscan Spirituals and many others, were suffering either persecution or the effects of the devastating wars between the Imperial and Papal armies in Italy. Their miseries seemed to be a vindication of Joachim's own predictions and his stress upon the coming tribulations which would precede the age of the Spirit. He foretold that the years from 1200 to 1260 would be worse than the preceding centuries of the second age put together; they would be filled with the evil doings of Antichrist; the sixth phase would witness great persecutions culminating in the seventh with the appearance of the first Antichrist (the second

would appear at the end of the third age before the final end of the world and the Last Judgment). The sixth phase, however, would also witness the first heralding of a new spiritual understanding of the Old and the New Testaments which would be consummated in the final victory over the forces of Antichrist. It would be followed by a second incarnation of Christ and the period of sabbatical calm which would inaugurate the third great age of peace on earth, and the rule of the Spirit.

HERE, THEN, READY TO HAND, was an interpretation of the present which offered not just an explanation of the present ills of the world but also hope and justification in suffering. It gave a cosmic setting to the struggles of the various reforming and apostolic groups; they were enacting the final struggle between the forces of Christ and Antichrist, of Jerusalem and Babylon.

Miss Reeves, long distinguished for her work on Joachim, has now brought together the full account of the development and debasement of his influence from the thirteenth century to its final demise in the seventeenth. It is a remarkable book based upon a complete mastery of some of the most intractable material. The greater part concerns the period after Joachim's own lifetime, with only a brief account of Joachim's own life and doctrines. For the first time the full complexity of the different streams—many in origin non-Joachimist and in some cases antedating him by centuries—which converged in Joachist prophecy has been brought into an intelligible order. What will perhaps strike the non-specialist most forcibly is the variety of contradictory outlooks which could adapt to Joachism: from the rich gallery of his archetypes, men could fit out themselves and their enemies in full apocalyptic regalia seeing them all as part of a cosmic upheaval.

If there is a lesson to be learned it is, I suppose, how men of all sorts and conditions can become intoxicated with the idea that History is on their side. By introducing a palpable and immediate goal to the present Joachism incited men to take the future into their own hands in the belief that they were thereby furthering God's design. His scheme of history was adapted to a variety of different ends; what they all had in common was the sense of being part of a grand historical design, which would reach its culmination in this world. It gave not only hope for the sufferings of the present but explained how they would be overcome and by whom. Not for the last time History provided an incentive not just to "understand the world" but to change it.

High Noon & Sunset

Perspectives of Empire—By ASA BRIGGS

IT IS DIFFICULT to write about the history of empires in perspective, with or without Gibbon in mind. "Rulers" and "subjects" felt differently as well as thought differently from each other about fundamental questions of authority, and we start today with the experience of Nationalism as well as Imperialism in the forefront of any analysis. Slogans, old or new, however potent, seldom assist understanding; and most accounts of critical imperial relationships, economic, political or psychological, apply at best to limited areas.

The British Empire, moreover, remains the most difficult of all empires to study in that it was neither extended nor restricted on the basis of one single theory of empire or even of a single set of generally accepted presuppositions. Those who tried in its later phases, like Smuts, to climb to the top of a high mountain and survey the scene from above were all too easily lifted into the clouds: those who pushed pens in Whitehall or even in offices overseas often saw no further than the end of their own noses. The number of people actually involved in the imperial enterprise was always small, although within the minority there were usually some who thought of themselves as an élite. Most people in Britain knew little and cared less about the actual processes at work than was necessary to sustain commitment, let alone involvement. At best, historians of the British Empire—and through all the changes of historical fashion there has never been a lack of them -- can collect attitudes, catalogue interests, illuminate situations and disentangle decisions.

THE AUTHORS of a number of new books on a cluster of related imperial themes approach their problems in very different ways. Mr. Bartlett relates 19th-century empire in the Victorian high noon to other changing aspects of Britain's power structure.¹ Only one of the essays in his volume deals specifically with "imperial Britain", and its author, Dr. Southgate, empha-

sises the point made initially by his editor that

it is misleading to think of Britain pre-eminent mainly, still less wholly, in terms of a British "empire" much of which seemed to policy-makers in London an embarrassment rather than asset.

Shelburne had remarked at the Congress of Versailles in 1783 that "we prefer trade to dominion" (two years earlier Horace Walpole had identified "the moment of the fall of an empire"); and the first essay in Mr. Bartlett's collection is an excellent analysis by Peter Stearns of Britain and the spread of the industrial revolution. Later in the book there is a particularly stimulating essay by Professor. S. G. Lythe on "Britain, the Financial Capital of the World", which, rare in this field, is as sensitive to social undertones as it is to economic and political pressures. Other essays deal with "the great migration" (much of it far outside the bounds of formal empire), with "the rise and fall of free trade" (a system of principles designed for all mankind), with humanitarianism (which concerned other people's empires at least as much as our own) and with the British parliamentary system (considered to be a model, albeit a flexible one, for Europe as well as for new countries in the course of development).

Within the perspectives of Mr. Bartlett's book late 19th-century British enthusiasm for empire—and all the "visions" or "gospels" which stimulated and upheld it—marked something of a retreat from "the optimistic universalism" of the early part of the century, "a substitute for lost ascendancy." There were, of course, other themes. Joseph Chamberlain who would never have thought of himself as deliberately on the defensive, advanced radical arguments relating to the need, more fully articulated as an orthodoxy in the mid-20th century, to develop an under-developed estate; but he had the Birmingham of the 1870s in his mind rather than a Ministry of Overseas Development. For all the obvious stridency of the 1890s, pessimism was an essential ingredient in the story even when demands were being made for "activism" in the distant corners of the world. "The Weary Titan," Chamberlain told colonial

¹ C. J. Bartlett (ed.), *Britain Pre-Eminent, Studies in British World Influence in the Nineteenth Century*. Macmillan, 200 pp., £2.

prime ministers in 1902, "staggers under the too vast orb of its fate." For Kipling Imperialists would likely get no thanks for what they did, nor could they look forward to much save endurance.

It is just as fascinating to compare the reactions of 1897, the year of the Diamond Jubilee, and the years which followed inevitably after it with those of 1851, the year of the Great Exhibition, as it is to compare the reactions of 1851 with those of 1783. Already it was possible to foretell that "all our pomp of yesterday" would be one with Ninevah and Tyre. The empires were echoing each other.

*The gale, it plies the sapling double,
It blows so hard, 'twill soon be gone:
Today the Roman and his trouble
Are ashes under Uricon.*

PROFESSOR BELOFF, who is sufficiently modest to describe his own sizeable volume,² the first of two, as an "essay", approaches problems of empire from the opposite end of the time scale from Mr. Bartlett's mixed band of contributors. He starts, indeed, with 1961 as the vantage point, seeking to describe "the historical perspectives implied in the British attempt to 'enter Europe' simultaneously with the liquidation of Britain's imperial responsibility overseas." He quotes freely from social critics and writers, but we do not need Kipling or Housman's cosmic chronologies to set his scene or to sharpen the doubts. "Winston Churchill," he remarks succinctly,

already a subaltern serving in India in the year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, was to survive to vote in the division on 3rd August 1961 in favour of the motion approving Britain's application to join the E.E.C. The decline and fall of the British Empire had been consummated within a single active lifetime.

This first volume, well planned and cogently written, deals with events between the Diamond Jubilee and 1921. It brings out clearly that there are as many difficulties in accounting for processes of "decline" in an empire as there are in explaining its "rise" (particularly in relation to so much that was "declining" and "rising" also). Like Dr. Southgate, he emphasises from the start that the Empire in 1897 was a collection of highly disparate elements which only accidentally came to constitute parts of "an anomalous whole."

² Max Beloff, *Britain's Liberal Empire, 1897-1921*. Methuen, 387 pp., 65s.

Only when thinking in terms of strategy—the protection of Britain's world role and world-wide communications and commerce—could British public men think in the same context of the settled colonies and the dependencies of Australia and India.

And "imperial strategy" itself was something of a will-o'-the-wisp. Already by 1897 there were marked differences within the different parts of the Empire itself—as there were in Britain—on basic questions relating both to strategy and to economics. There were also failures of communication inside Britain and between the different territories.

The degree to which the different component parts of the Empire saw their problems separately was underestimated by a ruling class largely out of touch with their needs and problems.

It was a young Canadian civil servant who complained in 1908 that

there is in England a real governing class, in the sense that it seeks to control and guide the national interests both in England and in the dominions beyond. The English mind has been so long trained in this way of looking at the world that it will be many years before it will ever come fully to appreciate what self-government means.

Professor Beloff deals admirably with the Boer War and with its aftermath, with the setting up of the Committee of Imperial Defence and with the tangled economics of tariff reform. He points out also the consequences of the repudiation of "imperialism" by the British electorate in 1906, the relationship between elements of continuity and discontinuity behind the scenes, and the significance of the impact of the First World War. "Politically," wrote H. G. Wells in 1916,

the British Empire is a clumsy collection of strange accidents. It is a thing as little to be proud of as the outline of a fruit or the shape of a potato. For the mass of the English people India and Egypt and all that side of our system mean less than nothing; our trade is something they do not understand, our imperial wealth something they do not share.

It is doubtful, indeed, whether the phrase "our system" ever meant much at all. The energy certainly did not come from the centre. "If this splendid country is ever to be properly developed and still more if it is ever to be British," Ormsby-Gore wrote from Tel Aviv in 1918, "it is only the Zionists who can accomplish these two aims." In Ireland, as much as in South Africa or in India, "honourable settle-

ments" designed in London to reconcile old grievances and conflicts seemed on the spot to be merely the prelude to total independence. By 1921 there was neither a central "doctrine" in London to justify active imperial policies nor the will to pursue such policies had "doctrines" been acceptable. "The meridian had been passed; the final liquidation of Britain's world power—the Imperial Sunset—lay only fifty years ahead."

The skill of Professor Beloff's analysis lies in his capacity to relate themes of empire to other themes both in British foreign policy and in British government. Europe and the United States are always kept in the picture. His main point, implicit also in Mr. Bartlett's book, is that the way in which the British Empire was put together as part of a complex of British economic and political achievements, scattered over place and time, determined the way in which it ultimately collapsed—or was parcelled out. A Viceroy of India, a key figure in any such analysis, might write in 1878 that "one of the many unrecognised advantages which we derive from the possession of India is a field of administration which furnishes us with the practical confutation of a great many liberal fallacies"; but there were always too many "liberal fallacies" in Britain itself to give any permanence to the idea of empire, particularly of an Indian Empire. On the "periphery", of course, there was room for every kind of view just as there was ample scope for the divergence of national interests, and Professor Beloff does not say the last word on local traditions of authority, on loyalties, on associations and on family inter-connections. He does make it plain, however, that whatever the circumstances in Britain and in its possessions there was no other country in the world which felt any direct concern in maintaining a British Empire which had been assembled in such an odd manner and in face of such complex resistances. In later life, Churchill himself might try as hard as he could to persuade the Americans to support the Very Weary Titan; but in the freshness of youth in 1898 he had asked more pertinently, "is it likely that the cute Uncle Sam will pick our Asiatic, African and European chestnuts out of the fire for us?"

TWO OTHER BOOKS concerned with British empire builders on the "periphery" rather than at the centre bring in dimensions which are missing both from Mr. Bartlett's and Professor Beloff's books. The authors of the two

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companion volumes on the British in the Far East and in the Middle East set about their tasks with skill and imagination, and their detailed studies are aptly and beautifully illustrated. Sarah Searight³ begins with a quotation from Lady Mary Wortley and ends with one from Flecker: George Woodcock⁴ ranges more ambitiously, ultimately covering what he calls "the final phase" in Hong Kong and Singapore.

It is possible from both these books to appreciate quickly, as it is from similar books on Australia, New Zealand, Canada and South Africa, that the British abroad were not always called upon simply to endure, nor were they usually deeply concerned with any of the possible doctrines of empire. There was a place for escape and for adventure—the wild and the strange—both in the Middle East and in the Far East, but some at least of the men who wanted these dreamed of eventually returning home to a society whose conventions they understood even when they had in effect qualified them. "You gentlemen will know," wrote a Levantine factor in Aleppo to his employer in London in 1745, "that the inducements to a man living abroad and more especially in a country like this, are the hopes and expectations he has of gaining in his earlier days wherewithal to return to his native country to spend the latter part of his life with some comfort."

Miss Searight has to take account, like Mr. Woodcock, not only of British ventures but of the traditional societies which empire-builders had to confront before they faced the rising power of "nationalism." Religion figures in their narrative at least as much as politics, and during the various phases of empire, not least the last, the frontiers of endeavour were set not by flags or by brigade posts but by the rituals and routines of "expatriate" communities. Mr. Woodcock is particularly successful at catching the flavour of life during different periods in the Far East. "From 1900 onwards," he writes convincingly,

racial distinctions as well as class distinctions within the British community became more sharply defined; the social rituals became more important; the routines more mechanical and closer to those of the temporarily lost homeland.

He has excellent sections on food and drink, travel and communications, sport and entertain-

³ Sarah Searight, *The British in the Middle East*. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 219 pp., 70s.

⁴ George Woodcock, *The British in the Far East*. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 259 pp., 70s.

ment, clubs, bars, and hotels. Any account of the rise and fall of the British Empire which leaves out these elements of social life will be incomplete and misleading. Malcolm Muggeridge may well have been exaggerating when he wrote that "the British Empire can now be seen to have been so brief in duration, so slight in its impact, so inchoate in its shape, that it scarcely rates Gibbonian treatment", yet it is clear that treatment of the social history of the British Empire, still full of fascination, requires very different gifts from those of Gibbon. It can be better written from the standpoint of Canberrra or Kuala Lumpur than London or Oxford. And, like any other kind of society history, it cannot in the last resort be social history with the politics left out.

THE KIND OF SOCIAL and political complexity that could exist on the spot is well brought out in a report from Arnold Wilson, the assistant to the British Vice-Consul at Ahwaz during the first decade of this century:

the position of a company which is working under a concession from one government (Persian) but depends on the goodwill of a provincial administration (Arab and Bakhtiavi) and the military and moral support of a third (British and Indian) with a head office in Glasgow dealing with the Foreign Office in London and a Foreign Department (Simla) through local offices (in Persia) is not easy.

However great the difficulties of writing the histories of empires retrospectively as "wholes" and of seeing them in perspective, the difficulties were usually even greater in making urgent decisions in different "parts" in the light of complex situations and intricate relationships. And for all the disputes on imperial strategy, the role of force in local affairs was always more immediately contentious whenever it was felt that force might have to be used.

Finally it should be noted that Mr. Woodcock's view of the "sunset" of today is different from Professor Beloff's. He is more optimistic, indeed, than his predecessors during the 1890s. "There are still sections of the British communities," he writes, "where philistinism reigns and profit is the first consideration, but the shadow is no longer almost universal." *Plus ça change ce n'est pas toujours la même chose.*

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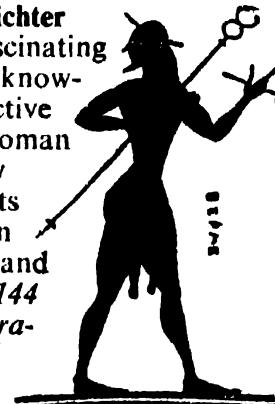
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LETTERS

Publishing & "Illiteracy"

MATTHEW CORRIGAN'S analysis of the New York publishing scene [ENCOUNTER, July] applies equally to publishing throughout the world. Publishers are fumbling to relate "successful" publishing to the technological era in the way Mr Corrigan describes, and in so doing are destroying the fundamentals of creative writing and publishing. As one of the few remaining independent publishers I believe it is our function to publish books of a high literary standard even though they may prove uncommercial; a good publisher should be ahead of trends. I know that often quality will achieve ultimate recognition. For example, two of the authors I publish, discarded by their previous publishers as being "uncommercial" are Anna Kavan and Anais Nin, whose books have now had their due recognition. I could name other examples of unfashionable writers whose worth has eventually been realised. One of the most phenomenal literary "discoveries" of recent years is Hermann Hesse; his first book appeared in 1898 and *Siddhartha* was introduced in England in 1954 by my firm.

I believe instinct and sensitivity to be essential components of a publisher. The paucity and commercialisation of American publishing is such that we have pioneered a number of talented American authors, some of whom have since found publishers there, after a film deal or numerous submissions. Hesse was hawked around the States for more than ten years before the campus vogue confirmed his saleability. The major Norwegian writer Tarjei Vesaas suffered 26 rejections from American publishers before an imaginative young editor (at William Morrow) had the guts to back his instinct and bought *The Ice Palace*, and was proved right.

It is an indictment of publishing and reviewing when good writers strive in desperation to write commercial fiction, perhaps unaware that this commodity is rapidly moving into obscurity.

PETER OWEN

Peter Owen Ltd.,
London

Student Dissent

It WOULD have been appropriate to have entered the lists against Mr Nisbet sooner ("Who Killed the Student Revolution?," ENCOUNTER, February), but one's time was occupied, as was that of a significant number of colleagues, in providing the opportunity for dissent's continued non-violent presence on this campus. In the event, Mr Hook

came along with his tuppence worth ("The Ideology of Violence," ENCOUNTER, April), so the delay has served to broaden the opportunity.

It seems that Mr Nisbet has failed to comprehend the significance of the continuing disturbances within the universities. No one killed the student revolution; there never was one. Of course, it is hard not to smile at his extended analysis of the "revolutionary" postures of a minority. He appears to be describing a sort of bi-sexual Eton wall game, full of ritualistic writhing and grunting on the part of its specially favoured participants. What Mr Nisbet has failed to do is to comment on the *revolt* which *is* taking place on hundreds of campuses. If nothing else, these serious young people are questioning the role of the university in today's world. They are insisting, and Benda might well have been proud of them, that the academy sponsor a continual, critical (though not necessarily negative) dialogue with its local and national communities.

Now to Mr Hook, whose emphases are even more astonishing. I deplore violence as much as he does. But I acknowledge, as I feel he should, too, what has caused this objectionable ideology to take root. It is, quite simply, the pragmatic conclusion deduced by smaller "interest groups" from the ideology practised on a world-wide scale by their peer "interest group." To the extent the American government is justifying the use of (massive) violence to realise its foreign objectives—and claiming success for it!—so, too, will black power groups, student revolutionaries, etc., to realise their objectives. Don't blame the children, Mr Hook, go for the parents! As for the historical parallel, I doubt that the rebels of 1776 had any more monolithic an opposition to face than do those of today. But that is irrelevant. The point is that each group came to *feel* that the normal, peaceful means of change were closed to them, that they were obliged, therefore, to employ force.

Mr Hook cannot so easily have forgotten the gloomy years between the world wars when the régimes of Fascist Italy, Nazi Germany and Falangist Spain were being consolidated. Does he really believe that it would ill have served university communities in those countries, let alone the public at large, to have sought, by vigorous and public dissent, to prevent those vicious developments? Did he not applaud when in Spain, Unamuno, from his rectorial chair, publicly insisted that to oppose the policy of Franco was altogether within his university's "sphere of competence and authority"? Would that there had been more of his stature then! And now!

T. P. JULIUSBERGER

Department of History,
University of Bridgeport,
Connecticut, U.S.A.

MR JULIUSBERGER trots out some of the most foolish clichés of ritualistic liberalism. The American government used much more violence

and with more deadly effect at Dresden, Tokyo, Hiroshima, than anywhere else subsequently. Why did not this resort to violence inspire smaller "interest groups" within the United States to follow suit? What would Mr Juliusberger say to a Southern racist who explained and extenuated the violence of segregationists at Little Rock, Arkansas, and other regions on the ground that it was caused by the use of massive violence by the American government in realising its foreign policy objectives? Lawless segregationists also feel that the normal, peaceful means of change are closed to them, and that they are obliged, therefore, to employ force. Their feeling doesn't make it so.

To classify, as Mr Juliusberger does, American democracy in which dissent has never been more vigorous and public, especially in the universities, with the régimes of Fascist Italy, Nazi Germany and Falangist Spain, is evidence of political delirium. No wonder he cannot distinguish between opposition to government policy within the framework of the democratic process, and the firebombing of libraries, laboratories, and universities.

SIDNEY HOOK

New York University

Dr Miller & Psychiatry

I CAN ASSURE Mrs Markham [ENCOUNTER, August] that Dr Henry Miller does pursue psychiatrists through the columns of the medical journals with criticisms which may sometimes be justified and with a relish which may sometimes be suspect.

Presumably there are some psychiatrists who may almost be raised to the class of *real* doctors — those who employ surgical or other physical or medical methods to control abnormal emotional states by the removal or paralysis of parts of the brain, though controlled trials and experience hardly support early claims for success. The dynamically oriented psychotherapist might feel that there is no hope for him, that like some Irish kern pursued by Norman knight there is no close season, no sanctuary; for him there is only the nightmare of being chased across endless plains by some ferocious and insatiable pachyderm. And yet — Dr Miller would have us believe that an "effective reduction of the acid concentration by physical or surgical measures" will permit the sufferer from a peptic ulcer to deal with all the problems with which he was unable to deal before he developed the ulcer. Unfortunately physical and surgical methods of dealing with such conditions are not invariably successful and even then the problems do not just disappear with the fall in the acid concentration. I suppose it would be as sensible to expect feelings of sorrow to end if you were to stop the weeping by removal of the tear ducts.

I am always consoled by a memory of Alfred Adler describing in his fruity Viennese English a lecture he had recently given in Chicago. After the lecture a Middle-West farmer had complained

that all Adler had said was common-sense—"But what would you have me say?"

DR DENIS PIRRIE

Hassocks, Sussex

I HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN Professor Henry Miller was a bright, articulate fellow, but never realised he was such a prophet in the wilderness of psychiatry. His article, "The Abuse of Psychiatry" [ENCOUNTER, May] should be mandatory reading for everyone in law and in the medical sciences, particularly psychiatry.

He should be inundated with applications for his Society for the Abolition of Psychiatrists.

BRUCE O. BERG, M.D.

Assistant Professor,

Departments of

Neurology and Pediatrics

*School of Medicine,
University of California,
San Francisco*

Agnew, Braine, Tyerman

IN REPLY TO Mr Donald Tyerman [ENCOUNTER, July], a controlled and conformist Press and television are exactly what Vice-President Spiro Agnew is complaining about.

The mass media in the U.S.A. and this country are dominated by the Left. They give a wholly distorted picture of what is actually happening in the world—note, for instance, their deafening silence about Viet Cong atrocities and genocide in Zanzibar and the Sudan. No view in opposition to the Left is ever represented.

Virtually all those who work in the mass media are, of course, Left Wing. Those who dare to be otherwise will quickly find themselves out of a job or, at the very best, permanently denied advancement.

I don't blame anyone for knowing which side his bread's buttered or for taking the side of the Establishment even when he's retired—as I presume Mr Tyerman has. But he really can't have the credit for being a free spirit too.

JOHN BRAINE

*Pyrford Heath,
Woking, Surrey*

MR BRAINE misses the point. The question is not whether the media are Right or Left (in this country they are both) or whether he or I or anybody else agrees with them. The question is whether they are free, free to say what they like, free of Government control or official dictation.

As for his suggestion that I am professionally venal, I leave that to be judged by those who know me, as he does not.

DONALD TYERMAN

London

From Berlin to Amman and Back .

THE TRAIL led from Berlin to Amman and back again. Many of the leading revolutionary terrorists of the German New Left had fled to the Middle East and had made dramatic common cause with the Arab guerrilla organisations. Ulrike Meinhof, once the star columnist of the left-wing Hamburg weekly *konkret*, had managed—after her sensational liberation of an imprisoned comrade in Berlin [see “The Liberators in Berlin”, *ENCOUNTER*, August, pages 92-3]—to make her way to the El Fatah headquarters and together with Horst Mahler, the leading lawyer of the APO on whose behalf the New Left had organised riotous demonstrations [see “The Coming of the New Stone Age”, *ENCOUNTER*, April 1969, pages 58-59], was sending back to the “Genossen” in Germany manifestos for “the establishment of a Red Army force to continue the struggle.” Dieter Kunzelmann, who as a leader of the *Kommune 1* had played such a theatrical role in the student revolts of the Berlin Free University in the 1960s, also kept up a steady flow of underground news and militant messages:

“ . . . We are now in a Camp and have been given the uniforms of the Fedayeen. Were immediately instructed in the use of explosives and made an experimental explosion After that there were lessons in the manufacture of time-bombs Ours is a struggle which cannot be improvised—it needs organised training and discipline, for the professional revolutionary can only be a practitioner in subversion. . . . ”

Was this a surprising and unexpected turn in the Kunzelmann story? Observers of the scene on the German Left could only recall the melodramatic stages in the chequered career of the 31-year-old Berliner who now bears an Arab name (“dear Ede Ben Otto”, as Fritz Teufel, another old Berlin street fighter, now addresses him).

KUNZELMANN BEGAN his public career in 1966 as one of the leaders—with Fritz Teufel [see “Revolution and Ripe Tomatoes”, *ENCOUNTER*, November 1968, page 96] and Rainer Langhans—of Berlin’s celebrated “*Kommune 1*.” In the beginning the tactics of so-called “Pop Politics” brought the *Kommunards* into conflict with the more puritanical factions of the SDS. In one discussion in the SDS headquarters on the Kurfürstendamm Kunzelmann made his famous intervention: “Enough of this Scheiss-Geblabber! What’s really important are my orgasm difficulties. . . .” This line offended the Marxists and led to the expulsion of the *Kommunards* from the SDS in May 1967. But there was method in the obscene madness.

“Since ‘Viva Maria’ [the Louis Malle film with Brigitte Bardot and Jeanne Moreau] we have learned that Revolution can be fun, and such wonderful fun that we can use it for our cause. When the people see how much spass it is to throw eggs at the America-House, then they’ll be joining us. . . . ”

More than that:

“As for the emotional concentration of our anger, it is a matter of indifference what its sources are—even if it is a rage which derives from drugs we must be able to incorporate it. . . . ”

Over the years Kunzelmann and his commissars of the “sub-culture” put their ideas into practice. While Herbert Marcuse was discussing sociological theory inside the Free University, outside on the streets of Dahlem the *Kommunards* danced around the fire which was burning the great seal of the University (“*Veritas, Justitia, Libertas*”). When U.S. Vice-President Humphrey arrived in Berlin, they made an astonishing pseudo-attempt at “assassination”—with missiles made out of pudding. They became celebrated as fellows of infinite jest and fancy, and the German press paid high prices for exclusive interviews. When the city of Berlin arranged a state funeral for Paul Löbe, the famous Social Democrat who had been the last democratic leader of the pre-Hitler Reichstag, the *Kommunards* arrived carrying a primitive wooden coffin and out popped Dieter Kunzelmann in a white night-shirt to distribute leaflets (“*Free Fritz Teufel!*”); it was a *Dracula* performance from which Boris Karloff could have learned. Finally, when they stormed the City Parliament in a “Go-In,” Kunzelmann was sentenced to eight months as a disturber of the peace. He never served the term, nor did the Berlin High Court confirm the police charges against him for harbouring explosives—the Judge believed his testimony that the bomb in his bedroom was not his device, but a plant by the police. By this time Kunzelmann’s “orgasm difficulties” seemed to be pre-occupying the whole nation.

ON THE TENTH of November 1969, the anniversary of the Kristallnacht when the Nazis burned the Jewish Synagogue in Berlin (1938), a bomb was placed in the rebuilt Jewish Community House in the Fasanenstrasse. Kunzelmann’s “Sexual Politics” was now taking on a grimmer note. Many Jewish memorials were paint-smeared with the words “El Fatah” and “Schalom und Napalm.” As his anarchist

... or, "the Transformation of Humanism"

friends explained; "These actions can no longer be defamed as some right-wing radical outburst—they are a decisive link in our international socialist solidarity. . . ." Their difficulties in making popular progress along these lines they attributed to something they called bourgeois Germany's "Judenkomplex." It was not so easy to get around the pro-Semitism which had grown up in post-war Germany after the Holocaust. Kunzelmann wrote from Amman:

"The struggle here makes everything simple. And we are lost if we don't take up this battle. . . . The Left has not yet begun to understand this. Why? Der Judenknax! [a 'thing' about the Jews] . . ."

He went on to explain that to be "against" means to be against your enemies, and that means the embattled struggle. Once again that notorious word Kampf was being revived in the German extremist vocabulary. "Without Kampf we will be sinking into a liberal swamp Violence is the order of the day. We must make sure that clear positions are taken. . . ."

In January of this year, a bomb was planted at a convention of judges and lawyers—and when the "Kommando Kunzelmann" announced it, the suspicion was strong that Kunzelmann had come back to Berlin from Amman and was active in the Kampf.

ON THE 19TH OF JULY Dieter Kunzelmann was observed going to Tempelhof Airport to pick up his girl-friend arriving from Düsseldorf. The Berlin police arrested him. Shortly thereafter Fräulein Irene Siepmann arrived and not finding Kunzelmann (alias "Wolf-Ulrich Schimmang") she proceeded to go to his flat in Schöneberg. The police followed, and their good fortune had no end. In the flat they found what only a "disciplined" and "systematic" German revolutionary would have in his desk—a large Leitz-Ordner in which the complete records of his activities could be found: letters, manuscripts, diaries. Also: explosive materials for bombs which matched completely the earlier Kunzelmann bomb in which the Judge had disbelieved when he had acquitted him.

Among the Kunzelmann documents was a 36-page memorandum for the "blowing up" of the 1972 Olympic Games in Munich. The author was a 22-year-old New Leftist named Georg von Rauch who had been arrested after a violent attack on a reporter for Quick Magazine; Horst Rieck had been severely beaten up and had been taken to hospital with a brain concussion. Part of the von Rauch memo tried to make clear to Kunzelmann the true strategy:

We must pay more special attention to sabotage, for these acts are the most important engine of our Urban Guerrilla struggle. We see ourselves as the Fifth Column in the struggle on the first front. Trained guerrilla cells must be distributed throughout the city. . . . Correct political decisions will only follow a clear position in favour of the guerrilla war and the strategy of an armed struggle. . . . Our commando raids in their new form will be important in the eyes of the people. . . . We must move forward to a direct collaboration with the El Fatah and the Black Panthers Molotov-Cocktail practise must be organised in the Grunewald. . . ."

Nor was all this an abstract blueprint for violence. On the matter of the attack on the journalist Rieck, von Rauch told Kunzelmann:

" . . . silly, ridiculous, crying for help, the fellow thought we were going to murder him, and with all the screaming he might have been right. . . . But we should have arranged beforehand what role each one of us had to play. Tommy was the only one who knew exactly what he had to do (namely, the throat). We should have made an exact division of the legs, the arms, everything. . . . Max executed the only exact deed in the whole confusion: he let him have it with a solid piece of glass, and then took another grip of the bottle and hit him again and again. . . . In my opinion the reason for the failure of this whole action is that we treated him as a person, talked to him, instead of completely tying him up and when he came to giving him another going over. . . . I believe it was Susanne or somebody who said, no, no, and stopped Max. That was correct inasmuch as it was not in our original plan, but what Max was up to was right in the situation. . . . I am now again so involved in the action that I would like to finish off Rieck. That's going to be a problem in such beatings—either Karate or [there follows here a sketch of a pistol]. . . ."

One theoretical conclusion followed from all this:

"We must be clear about this: that in such actions our humanism will be transformed. (Wir müssen uns klar werden, dass bei solchen Aktionen unser Humanismus sich verändern wird). . . ."

One final remark has a certain note all of its own in the history of revolutionary ideology:

"Lesson: In such situations we must, I must, simply liquidate human feeling. (Lehre: Das Human sein müssen wir, muss ich einfach liquidieren in solchen Situationen.)"

DER SPIEGEL/KONKRET/DIE WELT (Hamburg)

"The Zero at the Bone"

I WISH to comment on Mr George Steiner's essay [ENCOUNTER, July], the preface to the Penguin edition of Ernst Jünger's *On the Marble Cliffs*.

"Jünger completed the manuscript of *On the Marble Cliffs* on 12 August, 1939." However, all editions of *Auf den Marmorklippen* are prefaced by the author's statement: "Begonnen Ende Februar 1939 in Überlingen am Bodensee. Beendet am 28. Juli 1939 in Kirchhorst bei Hannover. Durchgesehen im September 1939 beim Heer."

"By the spring of 1940, some thirty-five thousand copies of *Auf den Marmorklippen* were in circulation . . . in 1948 . . . the novel had passed the hundred-thousand mark." The actual figures are: By 1940, the number of copies printed was sixteen thousand. The last printing (1967) reached the number of ninety-four thousand.

Mr Steiner speaks of "the author's 'amnesty' in 1948," Jünger having "refused to appear before a German 'denazification' tribunal . . ." Since Jünger was never cited to appear before such a tribunal, there is no question of his having "refused" to do so. Neither was there a question of "amnesty," of one kind or another. But not being officially "denazified," Jünger could not publish in Germany until 1949.

The "death of his [Jünger's] only son on the Italian front" is mentioned. There is a second son, Alexander, born in 1934.

Mr Steiner's essay also contains statements which, by virtue of their formulation, may give rise to misunderstanding.

After correctly stating that World War I and his performance in it "became the visionary core, the final touchstone of Jünger's entire work," Mr Steiner proceeds to write: "The chaotic hell of the Somme and Langemarck grew into more than a searing memory or an instance of life turned lunatic." Since Jünger was not sent to the front until the end of December of 1914, he did not see action in the battle of Langemarck (October-November, 1914).

"Ernst Jünger's *In Stahlgewittern* ('The Storm of Steel') appeared in 1920 and brought him immediate fame. It remains the most remarkable piece of writing [G. S.'s emphasis] to come out of the First World War." The conclusion that Jünger had immediately found the manner of writing appropriate to his experiences and visions is almost inevitable. However, the style of the original version of *In Stahlgewittern* is, at best, conventional. The book was worked over: only after the fifth revision was the author satisfied that what he said accorded with how he said it.

Though it is doubtless true that Jünger is a serious student of "botany, ichthyology, and entomology," the statement: "Above all, Jünger is a passionate botaniser" is subject to qualification. He is above all not only a dedicated but also a professional entomologist. Three insects, identified by him for the first time, bear his name.

Although Mr Steiner correctly states that *In Stahlgewittern* is "the visionary core, the final touchstone of Jünger's entire work," his relating

this book to *On the Marble Cliffs* without even mentioning *Der Arbeiter*, Jünger's exposition of his social and political views born of the war experience, is oversimplifying a complex issue.

GERHARD LOOSE

Danby, Vermont

GERHARD LOOSE is an authority on Ernst Jünger (cf. his study of Jünger published in Frankfurt in 1957) and I gladly defer to him.

Nevertheless, it may be worth pointing out that on almost every point he raises, other sources seem to differ. Thus, for instance, there is some ambiguity, even in Jünger's own account, regarding the exact date of the completion of *On the Marble Cliffs*. Re-reading the material, I am still left with the impression that some changes in the *Ms* were made between 28th July and 12th August, and that the "review" which took place in September bore entirely on a finished text or galley. With respect to printing figures, Mr Loose draws on the Jünger Archive. But on p. 14 of J. P. Stern's monograph (Cambridge, 1953), we find the statement that some 35,000 copies of the novel were in circulation by the spring of 1940. The figure of 100,000 has been often quoted, notably on the blurb of recent printings and, unless I am mistaken, on the paperback blurb. As to the immediate, immense success of *In Stahlgewittern*, I find no ground to modify my statement. As Stern puts it (p. 9), the volume "became the most popular book of its time, thrusting its writer overnight from the comparative anonymity of a heroic soldier into the limelight of fame." This process took place long before Jünger's later versions. As to botanising and entomology: both play a vital role in Jünger's style and vision. As it happens, it is botany which is by far the most intense of the two pursuits both in *On the Marble Cliffs* and in Jünger's journals of 1940-45.

I unreservedly accept Mr Loose's corrections in regard to Langemarck and to the death of Jünger's son. My sentence ought to have read "eldest son."

All these are very small points. The matter of denazification is far more important. Unbiased authorities agree that Jünger refused to appear before a tribunal, stating that he regarded such tribunals and the process they were engaged in as illicit and demeaning. Hence his inability to publish in Germany until 1949. It is a mere point of semantics as to whether or not the resumption of the right to publish after that date constitutes an "amnesty" or an administrative act of oblivion. What a denazification tribunal would have found in regard to Jünger's wartime attitudes and actions is, strictly, a moot point. For a prejudiced but none the less incisive view, cf. Helmut Kaiser's *Mythos, Rausch und Reaktion* (Berlin, 1962) which I referred to in my article. I am also aware of the importance of *Der Arbeiter*. It would have required lengthy discussion to relate that often turgid and ambiguous tract to Jünger's parable. Such discussion would, I think, throw even further doubt on the moral stance and symbolic values of certain aspects of *On the Marble Cliffs*. This is

precisely what I wished to avoid in a short preface intended to bring this book to the attention of a wide and, perhaps, new audience.

GEORGE STEINER

Cambridge

Translating Verse

MANY READERS would appreciate it and Slavic scholars would find it justified, if Robert Conquest in his article "On Translating Verse," in your May issue, had not overlooked Kenneth Mackenzie's brilliant translation of *Pan Tadeusz*, the major work of Adam Mickiewicz, knowing that all previous translations, especially English and French, were—using Conquest's expression—quite alien to the original.

Pushkin was a great admirer of Mickiewicz, whose popularity in the Slavic countries earned him the name of the Slavic Bard.

Victor Hugo, in his letter addressed to Wladyslaw Mickiewicz, written 17th of May 1867, says: "To speak of Mickiewicz, is to speak of beauty, justice and truth; of righteousness, of which he was the soldier, of duty, of which he was the hero, of freedom, of which he was the apostle and of liberation, of which he is the precursor. . . ."

WACLAW IWANIUK

Toronto

Ismene

TOO BAD all your discussants of Creon, Antigone, and Ismene (Donald Davie, Kingsley Amis, John Mander, *et al.*, omit all textual references to Sophocles' own account. I would have welcomed, in connection with the topical relevance of revolutionary zeal, at least this line (l. 88) of Ismene to her older sister:

"You have such a hot heart for cold ideas. . . ."

JAMES P. O'DONNELL

Berlin

AUTHORS

John Passmore is Professor of Philosophy in the Institute of Advanced Studies, Australian National University, Canberra. . . . He is the author of *A Hundred Years of Philosophy*, *Philosophical Reasoning*, and a number of other books on the history of philosophy. For Michaelmas Term, 1970, he is a Visiting Fellow at All Souls College, Oxford. "Paradise Now" derives from the final chapter of his forthcoming book on *The Perfectibility of Man* (Duckworth, London, and Scribners, New York)

As Professor Passmore writes ". . . The terminology employed in this article is more fully explained in *The Perfectibility of Man*. Roughly speaking 'play' is direct, sensuous enjoyment of what is immediately present. A 'game' is a form of activity in which enjoyment is combined with some measure of carefulness, of concern for the future.

'Toil' is an activity which is devoid of enjoyment. 'Love' is an enjoyable, care-involving activity, which cherishes its object. What we ordinarily think of as 'the same activity' can be, for one person, *play*; for another, *a game*; for yet another, *toil*; for yet another, *love*. So a man's sexual relationships with women can take the form of direct sensuous enjoyment, for which the woman is simply an immediately present object; or a game, in which he takes account of the woman but only as presenting obstacles which he enjoys overcoming in order to have sexual relationships with her; or toil, as when he seeks sexual relationships out of neurotic compulsion or engages in them merely out of a sense of duty; or love, as when he cares about the woman as a person, while at the same time enjoying his relationship with her. . . ."

William Sansom's story in this issue is part of a book, *Hans Feet*, which will be published by the Hogarth Press next year. . . .

Nigel Dennis, co-Editor of *ENCOUNTER* with Melvin J. Lasky, has now taken up permanent residence in Malta. The International Publishing Corporation, feeling that his work as co-Editor cannot be conducted satisfactorily from there, considered that a change in the co-Editorship was therefore advisable. I.P.C. places on record its gratitude to Mr Dennis for his distinguished services to this magazine, and announces that he will be succeeded as co-Editor by D. J. Enright.

D. J. Enright, who has recently returned to Britain after many years abroad as Professor of English at the University of Singapore (and before that in Bangkok and in Japan), is the author of books of criticism, poetry and travel. Among these are *The Laughing Hyena & Other Poems* (1953); *The World of Dew: Japan* (1955); *Conspirators and Poets* (1966); *Unlawful Assembly: Poems* (1968); *Memoirs of a Mendicant Professor* (1969); *Selected Poems* (1969); *Shakespeare and the Students* (1970). He was born in Leamington, Warwickshire, in 1920. He studied with Dr F. R. Leavis at Downing College, Cambridge, and was a contributor to the review *Scrutiny*. He has been a regular contributor to *ENCOUNTER* and to most of the leading literary periodicals of England and America.

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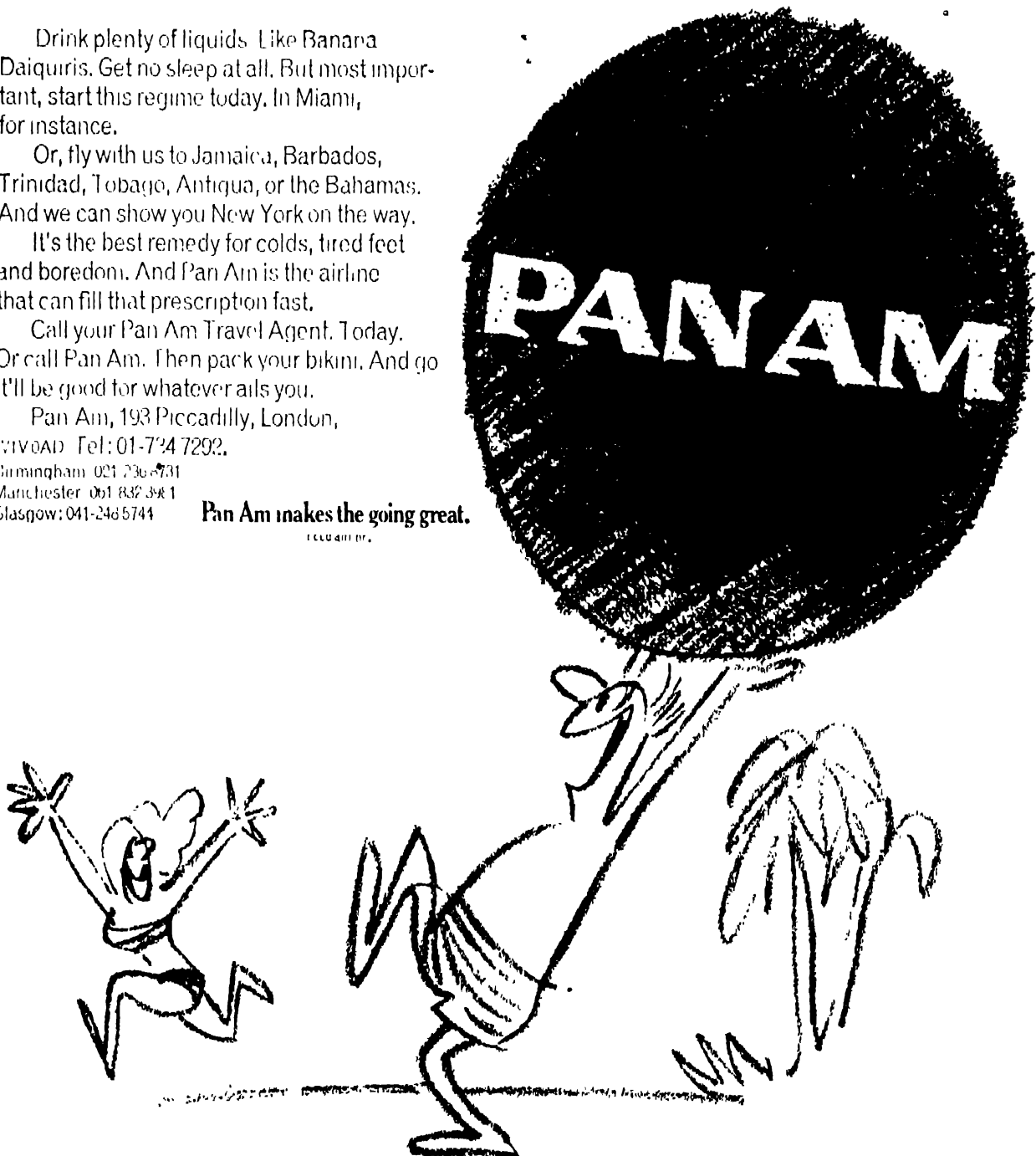
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Where Do We Go From Here?

Thoughts of a Socialist after a Labour Defeat

TO POINT OUT that the several thousand delegates to the major Party Conferences are brought together as minor participants in an annual ritual is as cruel a business as telling children that Santa Claus is an amiable fraud and that their presents do not come from the North Pole. It is not that they don't know. Most conference delegates draft their motions in anger, very much aware of the yawning gap between last year's resolutions and this year's parliamentary performance. Children, too, know more than they should. Every schoolboy is familiar with the principles of aerodynamic lift and knows, from about the age of five, that Santa's aeronautical feats are impossible; and his little sister is well aware that the white-bearded guy kissing her Mum is no saint and might even be the man from next door. Myths are comforting blankets to wrap yourself in.

This is why some things simply are not said, let alone written. One of them is that the Conservative Party did not *debate* itself into an acceptance of the Welfare State between 1945 and 1951. Its bright young men who served their apprenticeships in Central Office under the guidance of Lord Butler were mainly training themselves for office (which they eventually got). All those Charters and Manifestos that were unread by anyone, except political correspondents short of a story or Transport House researchers after political ammunition, were products of a fringe activity. When Churchill returned to Downing

Street it was with roughly the same thoughts he was thinking as he left it. Tories did not embrace the Welfare State and then proceed to reform it. They were stuck with it, and behaved accordingly. A high dive into the chilly waters of the free market, whether in medicine or anything else, would have lost them support among that third of the working-class electorate that had turned out to put them in. The Conservatives certainly adapted themselves very well to the 1950s. But it was because they had a century of practice, not because they took any notice of what was said at, or decided by, their annual conferences. A. J. Balfour's dictum that he would no more take note of his conference's opinions than those of his valet is still alive and flourishing in the Tory corner of Smith Square.

Anyone who stood up and said this at a Tory conference would neither be howled down nor ruled out of order. He might even be lightly applauded by *Crossbow* readers and favourably mentioned in a Sunday think-piece by Mr Robert McKenzie. He could hardly avoid being interviewed on television by Mr Robin Day or Mr George Ffitch. But he would have committed political hara-kiri. No Conservative Association would ever short-list him for a parliamentary seat until his vulgar, myth-dissolving indiscretion had been forgotten. It is not the job of the Conservative conference to think aloud. It is just to be; for the voters must have something to vote for every five years. In the Leader's constituency it is a person. Everywhere else it must be a party. Such are the rules of the game, unwritten by anyone except Mr David Butler and his acolytes.

RAYMOND FLETCHER is Labour M.P. for Ilkeston, Derbyshire, where he was re-elected in the June elections with a majority of 17,091 votes. His controversial (and prophetic) article, "Where Did It All Go Wrong?" appeared in the November 1969 ENCOUNTER.

WITH THE LABOUR PARTY it all seems different. For half a century Labour has done everything at the top of its voice, to the great delight of the journalists who attend its annual

struggles. Labour conferences have all the thrills of the boxing ring. Will Mr Wilson verbally outpoint Mr Jenkins in the fraternal word-jousting? There is also the exciting uncertainty of the racing track. Can the *Tribune* stable get its half-dozen runners past the post? Which of the lively young stallions lately released from ministerial duties will outrun Mr Eric Heffer or Mr Frank Allaun in the National Executive Stakes? None of this may be news, but it certainly makes copy; and the political tipsters have one great advantage over their racetrack colleagues: at Labour conferences the tips and the assessments of form do come straight from the horses' mouths.

Yet what has all this to do with debate? It is all part of the process of adaptations, true. There came a time when Herbert Morrison had to go and Hugh Gaitskell had to come; and the decision, to use Labour's favourite aphorism about foreign policy, was an open one, openly arrived at during a conference. Had Morrison been elected Leader of the Parliamentary Party, of course, many conference decisions would either have gone the other way or have been treated as being without significance. Gaitskell himself, after his elevation, faced one or two fairly hostile conferences. Yet he remained the Irremovable Leader.

I AM NOT questioning the legitimacy of all this. I thought highly of Gaitskell when I wrote against him nearly every week in *Tribune*. I think even more highly of him now. But the point is that his rise to ascendancy over the Labour Party was not due to his winning victories, or even organising votes, for his ideas at party conferences. There never was a comprehensive body of doctrine called "Gaitskellism" that was challenged by another doctrine called "Bevanism" and about which great debates took place. There were Gaitskellites and there were Bevanites. There were trade union leaders who detested Bevan and trade union branch secretaries who distrusted Gaitskell. There were theorists who imagined they could ride capitalism with a light rein and unreconstructed socialists who wanted to destroy the beast. (Gaitskell and

Bevan belonged to neither camp, needless to say.) But most important of all, there were parliamentarians who felt they could win elections with Gaitskell and a lesser number who thought that such victories were hardly worth winning, since it was The System that had to be fought, not its temporary representative in Downing Street.

Here again, I do not rake over old conflicts just for the hell of it. I followed Bevan then and would follow him now—on the reasonable assumption that a man who could react to new ideas quicker than anyone I ever met would now be reacting at computer-speed to those thoughts about the future that such writers as Mr Alvin Toffler and Dr John McHale are thinking.¹ To confess this does not denigrate Gaitskell, about whose totally sincere egalitarianism a useful book is waiting to be written and whose concept of honourable, dedicated public service is the ingredient X that is conspicuously missing from the tasteless pudding of contemporary politics. All of which is a roundabout way of saying that Gaitskell and Bevan were in themselves their best contributions to the politics of their time. Their ideas, though manifestly part of themselves, were never really put to the test at conferences (or, indeed, anywhere else) and it was only at the conference that followed the electoral defeat of 1959 that Labour's ideology, for want of a more appropriate term, was openly argued about.

Gaitskell attributed Labour's defeat in part to Clause Four of the party constitution, the proposed nationalisation of the means of production, distribution and exchange and all that. No party could win votes in the 1960s, he suggested, with such a doctrinal millstone around its neck. What had appeared to the party members of 1918 as a simplified chart showing the route to the Delectable Mountains was, forty years later, merely a reminder that nationalisation was a dirty word for an unprofitable thing. No railwayman felt that he *owned* the railways or had any kind of control over the retired generals who ran them. No miner controlled his own mine, let alone the others. There had, therefore, to be some re-thinking, to use the vogue-word of the early 1960s.

¹ See Alvin Toffler, *Future Shock* (The Bodley Head), 50s., and John McHale, *The Future of the Future* (George Braziller, N.Y.) \$7.95.

WHAT FOLLOWED, in fact, were more calls for re-thinking than actual thinking. Only Mr

Anthony Crosland found the nerve to put his re-thought thoughts (many of them first published in the pages of *ENCOUNTER*) into a book and only Mr Douglas Jay took arms against a sea of political troubles by advocating the dumping of a large part of Labour's past policies and the whole of its myths. Here, indeed, should have been the beginning of a great debate. But it was over before it started. At the conference, Bevan rushed to pull Gaitskell out of the quicksands into which he had strayed. After the conference, party leaders wrangled like medieval scholastics to find the words that would leave everything as it was in the eyes of the faithful while changing everything for potential Ministers. So "the commanding heights" (borrowed from Lenin) found their way into the constitution. Each Bevanite was thus free to regard his own industry as belonging to such heights. Every Gaitskellite could apply the tag to the Government Department which he hoped to control after the next election.

But, it must again be emphasised, there had been no more of a debate at Labour conferences about the new terminology than there had been debates at Conservative conferences about precisely where the winds of change were blowing the party. Policy was what the Government did on the one hand and what the alternative Government hoped to do on the other. Neither was what delegates repeatedly demanded. The famous 300,000-houses-a-year programme had been placed in the governmental pipeline by civil servants some time before Conservative delegates enthusiastically voted *into* the party programme. Labour's repudiation of NATO and nuclear weapons in 1960 did not alter one single word of a single speech made by any of its front-bench spokesmen in Parliament after the conference.

YET PARTY CONFERENCES remain essential to politics. So, in our kind of democracy, does the State Opening of Parliament, the Queen's Speech and the useful fiction that the House of Commons controls, and can therefore dismiss, the Ministers who use it partly as an audience and partly (ever so partly) as a jury. Party conferences, as I have suggested, keep the parties themselves in being; and while their main electoral job, that of addressing envelopes, could be farmed out to other organisations, their constitutional job cannot.

It is that of selecting a candidate and being an organised group of his supporters. It is that of supplying a party label for the selected candidate. And it can be that of providing influential audiences, at fringe-of-conference meetings, for political thinkers who have no taste for the hustings and would-be candidates who find it difficult to present themselves to potential selectors in five-minute speeches.

But could conferences become what delegates sometimes imagine they already are? American conventions noisily put planks in party platforms on which few Presidential feet ever tread once the conventions are dispersed. In the middle of all this tomfoolery, however, delegates are allowed to select the man who will, in convention terminology, be "The next President of the United States." Canadian parties combine the British and American methods of choosing a leader. There has to be an electoral college, in any system. Even in the days when Tory leaders "emerged" there was some counting of heads, even if only over the port at the Carlton Club. Is the downward expansion of our electoral colleges into the party conferences the right way to transform happy gatherings into real centres of extra-parliamentary, countervailing power? Or should they be left as they are, assemblies of bit-players in party-political broadcasts, and repositories of the thoughts and feelings of the last decade? A Canadian academic is over here right now to answer these questions. I am content to leave them to him, on the solid trade union principle of one man one job.

CHOOSING A LEADER, however is not the only important function of political parties as they ought to be. As Bevan once put it, he did not particularly care who went into Downing Street but passionately cared about what. No successful leader becomes Prime Minister equipped only with his own personality. He represents interests. He personifies ideals. He carries ideas in his luggage. And he must, in constant discussion with his colleagues (either in full Cabinet or in his "kitchen cabinet" of intimates), discover the ever-changing limits of the possible, the knowledge of which is 80% of political skill.

The largest assembly of his colleagues, of course, is his Party Conference. He should be able to lead it and learn from it at one

and the same time, nourishing and being nourished by the grass roots. He can no longer do so. The grass-root supporters do not attend conferences, let alone express their views there. The big businessmen who foot the Conservative Party's bills have no need to travel to Blackpool to tell their party what it should do. They cannot afford to waste three days on business that can be done over the telephone in thirty minutes. The City, moreover, is the Conservative Party in permanent session; and its opinions come clicking over the tape machines every hour. Movements in share prices give a clearer indication of what is going on in the engine-room of politics than motions drafted by small shopkeepers and supported by retired colonels.

Labour's conference has also cut itself off from its grass roots. No speaker, for example, echoes Mr Enoch Powell from the Labour conference rostrum, though a great many Labour supporters would welcome such a speech with undisguised enthusiasm. Every demand for more money in the wage packet is wrapped up in grandiose demands for turning society upside down, which the workers ought to want but don't. They want the money, and quite rightly. Here again it is necessary to assert that there is nothing wrong with this ritual concealment of what is really being thought, felt, and done at the grass roots. Conferences should represent what ought to be rather than what is. But in doing so, they deprive politicians of that knowledge of political reality that is essential to their effective practice of their trade. Public opinion polls, as the Labour Party is now dismally aware, are no substitute. Elections, therefore, continue to surprise candidates.

A CANDIDATE in a General Election is as effectively sealed off from reality as a chorus boy in a Drury Lane musical. His activities, when they are reported at all, are reported in the wholly inappropriate terminology of war; and the activities of which he is a six-hundred-and-twenty-ninth part seem, after the first week of trying to arouse bored audiences, to be all going on somewhere else and happening to somebody else. What are these "issues" that the commentators write about? Is Mrs Smith's complaint about how much somebody in the next street is getting from the Ministry of Social Security an issue? and where is this

"strategy" that somebody in party headquarters has worked out? Is it something to do with his own, largely fruitless efforts to get a reaction from indifferent shoppers in the market place or the drudgery of convincing his own supporters that there is an election on and that it is almost as important as the World Cup matches?

Two hours after the final count, whether he is elected or not, reality comes down on him like an icy-cold shower; and what his blood and nerves have been trying to tell him for three weeks finally breaks through into consciousness. None of his activities had had the slightest effect on the result. The personal vote he thought he had earned failed to deliver itself. The election address into which he had distilled the essence of his party's manifesto as well as something of himself had been read by no more than one in a hundred of those to whom it was addressed. And Joe Bloggs, the comfortably re-elected sitting member two constituencies away who had done nothing in the Commons except trudge unthinkingly through the division lobbies at his party's call and little for his constituents except ask them to vote for him, had done better than the smart young technocrats whose bright thoughts came straight from the progressive thinkers on the posh Sunday papers. It had not been a campaign. It had not even been a battle. It had, in effect, been an attempt to bring back live transpontine melodrama to an audience hooked on television.

A GENERAL ELECTION, in fact, is neither a debate nor a campaign, though it is invariably described by participants and reporters as though it were a combination of both. It is a process akin to self-medication, in which a society clumsily diagnoses what is wrong with itself and rejects those political practitioners who have failed to cure it. An election is a rejection. The only votes cast with any degree of enthusiasm are those that are cast against a party. Labour was voted out of power mainly because it had been in. But was rejection inevitable?

Hardly anyone in the Parliamentary Labour Party thought in May that it was even possible. Yet there had been an almost exact historical parallel to what happened at the hustings in June 1970. It was what happened

in the Crimea, in another kind of battle, in 1854. There must have been one or two thoughtful dragoons at Balaclava who suspected that the Light Brigade was misled by false signals as it rode into that valley to snatch defeat out of the jaws of victory. Once the bugles sounded, however, they suppressed their doubts and charged with the rest until the Russian guns opened fire. There were doubters in 1970, too, mostly old sweats who rarely believed what they read in the papers and who, after three years of almost undiluted unpopularity, could not quite believe that the electors had merely dissembled their love all the time.

But the clever fellows who had convinced themselves that they were indispensable to the country, and had been convinced by sycophantic lobby correspondents that their smart remarks in the Commons had reduced the Conservative Party to a demoralised, irrelevant band of natural losers, enthusiastically dominated such "consultations" as took place within the parliamentary party. These lads were for June 18, victory, and promotion, and the pollsters were writing the bugle notes for their advance. He who hesitated was lost, *i.e.* not heard. Even I, who should have known better (and actually did), simply told the only Cabinet Minister who asked for my opinion that June was probably the wrong month, because polls registered only moods, not an actual intention to vote. But I went on television to announce, with what I am told was infectious glee, that the voters had begun to forgive us and probably intended to vote for us. Party loyalty, like alcohol, often dulls the wits it seems to quicken.

YET DOWN AMONG the grass roots, as every party agent knew, there was neither merri-ment nor enthusiasm. I myself had charted the social territory over which the Campaign was to be conducted in the November 1969 issue of *ENCOUNTER* and my findings offered little hope of a third victory for Labour. They formed an unpalatably accurate political chart. One or two colleagues who are branded as intellectuals, destined either for hell or high office, have since told me that the working-class voters they met during the election were not only different from those we all meet at party gatherings. They also thought, felt, and reacted exactly as I said they would.

This should never have been news. Nor was it to the most loyal of Labour supporters—the party agents—who are, unfortunately, treated by Labour parliamentarians as haughtily as a cavalry regiment treats its canteen staff. But the most depressing consequence of my writing the *ENCOUNTER* piece was that nothing of any consequence happened to me after it was published. I lost no friends and acquired no enemies. I was told by one former Cabinet Minister that I should not have done it and by another (for whom my respect is almost unlimited) that while it is proper to change one's mind in the Labour Party one should never, in any circumstances, explain why. Even after Mr Anthony Barber had quoted extensively from me to put a sting in the tail of one of his speeches there was only a muted reaction. A member of Labour's National Executive told me that I should be more careful in what I wrote in future. When I asked whether what I had written was the truth he did not stay to answer.

I AM NO political masochist. Nor do I seek that notoriety that comes too easily these days to anyone with the knack of turning a razor-edged phrase. But somebody, somewhere, in a movement that claims to live in a ferment of ideas, ought to have lobbed a grenade or two at a writer who had systematically demolished his party's mythology and tested much of its conventional wisdom to destruction. I wanted, in fact, to be proved wrong. By exploding some ideas I wanted to clear fertile soil for others. A political idea, needless to say, is not a proposal to establish a committee to look into the possibility of increasing productivity in the synthetic fibre industry. Nor is it a tiny answer to a tiny problem.

An idea is a great big question that begins with some general assumption about the human race and the human condition—such as that all men are created equal and are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights, or that man is born free and is everywhere in chains, or that all recorded history is the history of class struggles. Then come the questions. Is society an organism and the job of government primarily that of keeping its components in order? Or is it an artefact, capable of being re-shaped closer

to the heart's desire? What kind of equality is possible, assuming equality to be desirable, in a society consisting of unequal people? Policies and programmes are derived from attempts to answer such questions. But it is the questions that are the ideas.

It is from the Left that we expect such ideas. To move to the Left, indeed, is to dramatise one's questioning; and when the Left virtually ceases to produce ideas (*i.e.* questions that marry generous assumptions about people with realistic appraisals of what people actually do and want) it is no longer earning its keep. Labour's conference has not, as should have been obvious from its discouragingly familiar agenda, asked any big questions or generated any new ideas. It just mirrored the Conservative conference. One assembly took three days to congratulate itself on having won: the other occupied a whole week blaming somebody else for having lost. Reprehensible behaviour in neither case, but not political debate.

One or two embryonic ideas did come my way after the *ENCOUNTER* piece. But they came, without a single exception, from abroad. On the home ground Mr Michael Foot told me that I had written well, which pleased me, when he ought to have cut me to pieces in *Tribune*, which might have worried me and taught me something. Mr Arnold Wesker's friendly note informed me that he was doing some hard and painful thinking himself, and the first results of it (in the shape of a lecture delivered in Tokyo) seemed to me excellent. Two plays from now, I confidently predict, and Mr Wesker will fruitfully disturb us all (and I do mean everybody else who writes for *ENCOUNTER*).

But the only other reaction from the British Left was a burst of ill-informed anger by that well-known professional proletarian, Mr Alan Brien, in the *New Statesman*. I lost no sleep over it and Mr Brien did not lose one of his regular readers.² I still enjoy his writing—though, as I had to remind him, it has nothing whatever to do with politics. The noisy antics that Mr Brien regards as revolutionary are irritants in The System, not threats to it. One must never mistake one's own emotions for a mass movement. And most of the heroes of the

high-living Left, such as the retired pimps who lead the Black Powerites, can best be characterised in Herzen's famous phrase: "They are not the doctors: they are the disease . . ."

OVER THREE CENTURIES AGO, in the small German university town where I spend a few weeks every year, Johannes Kepler turned his world upside down. He did it by carefully observing how the planets moved. From these observations, which conflicted with his pre-conceptions, he proceeded to work out the laws governing all planetary movements in the solar system. We on the Left desperately need another Kepler or a team of Keplers. We have had a surfeit of Messiahs.

These political Keplers must closely observe such contemporary socio-political phenomena as the growth of the multi-national corporation, the emergence of a world economy as distinct from globally inter-linked national economies, the self-dissolution of the proletariat, the impact of technology on social cohesion, the real results of mass education, the real effect of mass communications, the rising demand that public authority (despite its declining legitimacy in the eyes of those subject to it) should do something to heal and preserve our damaged environment, the limitations on freedom and the abuses of freedom. It is not an exhaustive catalogue of enquiry. It will do for a start.

Then, when the Left and the Labour Party have found out just where the human race is, philosophers can take over from the social scientists and start framing those big questions that become great ideas and indicate the way society should direct itself the better to enjoy life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. I am a socialist, as the whole tone of the last sentence reveals. I want to remain a socialist. I have actively supported the organised working class in its demands for more for over 25 years, and none of my Tory friends has been able to argue me out of the habit. But natural instincts are not enough to keep noses like mine to the political grindstone. I have to be part of a movement; and it must be a *thinking* movement.

The personal pronoun may now be abandoned, necessary though it was to pursue this argument effectively. We Lefties have become rebels without a cause. And causes grow out of great questions.

² See: Alan Brien, "Ray's a Moan", *New Statesman*, 9 January 1970, and my reply in the 18 January number.

John Weightman

The Solar Revolution

Reflections on a Theme in French Literature

I THINK one should always begin by trying to justify the title of a lecture. Why have I chosen to talk about the place of the sun in modern French literature? First of all, because the Westfield Festival is, in its modest way, an act of sun-worship, since it is timed to coincide with the summer solstice; therefore any homage one can pay the sun is relevant to the total operation. Secondly, because the sun is a great, newly discovered force in the modern world. Sun-worship as a thorough-going religion is, of course, as old as recorded history, and two outstanding examples of it occurred in Ancient Egypt and Ancient Peru. But I think we can say that, in Europe, the sun is by way of being a very recent invention. I notice that the present generation of students here take it for granted that, on any fine day, they should lie about on the college lawns wearing as few garments as possible and exposing themselves to the rays of the sun, partly because sunlight is supposed to be health-promoting but partly also for a deeper metaphysical reason that I shall try to elucidate as I go along. I am fairly certain that, possibly up to 1939, it had still not occurred to any of the successive generations of young ladies of Westfield to do this, and I would guess that, before 1914, far from taking their clothes off, they

must actually have walked about with parasols, to shield themselves from the sun. These changes are symptomatic of what we might call the solar revolution which has taken place in Europe during rather less than a hundred years. It has been particularly striking in France and has penetrated to a quite important extent into French literature.

Where this solar revolution began exactly, and how it spread from one country to another, I am not sure and—so far as I know—there has been no thorough study of the question.¹ It seems, in the first place, to have caught on more quickly in Sweden and Germany, perhaps because certain pagan traditions were more deeply entrenched in those countries than elsewhere. It was certainly helped, around the beginning of the century, by the discovery that exposure to sunlight was good for patients suffering from bone tuberculosis. In 1903, a Swiss doctor, Auguste Rollier, opened a sunshine clinic in Leysin in the Swiss Alps, and he seems to have become almost as famous in his day as Dr. Christiaan Barnard is in ours. When he published an English version of his book, *Heliotherapy*, in 1923, he was hailed here as “the high priest of modern sun-worshippers,” and he was no doubt the person largely responsible for the now almost universal belief that sunshine is good for one, and is, in fact, an elixir of youth, like the flames that the heroine of Rider Haggard’s *She* stepped into every time she needed to renew her lease on life. This belief, which is only 50 or 75 years old, is a modern commonplace, and has only

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¹ I broached the subject in a previous article in *ENCOUNTER*: “A View of the Côte d’Azur,” October, 1959.

recently been called into question because certain rich American women who have devoted their lives to following the sun throughout the year, so as to be always sun-bathing in high summer, have found that the effects are not always beneficial. But it is perhaps significant that the musical *Hair*, which is a compendium of fashionable attitudes, ends with a religious chant in honour of the sun: "Let the sunshine in!" The young may have a stronger belief in the sun than the middle-aged.

Rousseau and Sun-Blindness

HOWEVER, I DON'T THINK the new popularity of the sun is due simply to the discovery of its therapeutic properties, although this has been an important factor. I see the change as being rather part of the general return to the idea of nature which began, let us say, at the Renaissance, and has gathered momentum, more especially since the 18th century. However, it is rather curious that Rousseau, the great 18th-century apostle of the idea of Nature, who did more than anyone else to generalise the concept throughout Europe, did not discover the sun as such. He refers, of course, occasionally to the sun, but for him external nature meant primarily the open air, mountains, woods with birds singing in them, moonlight at times, and water—not the sea, which for some reason he doesn't mention, although he crossed the English Channel—water in the form of Alpine waterfalls and Swiss lakes.

The more one thinks about the matter the stranger it seems that Rousseau, who did so much to make the so-called natural landscape fashionable, should not have isolated the sun as being the centre of external nature. Perhaps his failure to do so is connected with his mistrust of science; he prided himself on being a botanist, but his botany was really a kind of practical naturism, a reverent naming of parts. Perhaps it has something to do with his hostility towards Voltaire, which tended to give him a negative attitude to anything that Voltaire was enthusiastic about. Voltaire believed more or less in the advantages of scientific knowledge and, above all, he was a keen student of the dominant science of the time, *i.e.*, Newtonian cosmography. Rousseau, unlike the majority of his educated contemporaries, paid little or no attention to Newtonianism.

The idea of the solar system did not fire his imagination, and so he remained obsessed with discrete, subsidiary or more immediate and concrete natural phenomena, such as mountains and plants. If he had connected up his naturism with Newtonianism, the intellectual history of the 19th century might have been very different, because it was Sir Isaac Newton who had finally put the sun in its proper place at the centre of our solar system, showed how the planets are dependent on it and therefore, by extension, implied that all forms of terrestrial life are regulated by it. However, Rousseau wasn't interested in this view of things and his naturism remains untouched by it.

It must be added, of course, that he was a believer, a kind of deist, and so God was the centre of his universe, and a divine presence behind all natural phenomena. Nature, for him led the individual to God. A man contemplating a mountain or listening to the song of the nightingale had feelings of sublimity which put him directly into contact with the invisible transcendent. In other words, although Rousseau rejected the divinity of Christ, he was still very much within the Christian tradition of Western Europe, and his naturism did not cause him to fall back on to paganism.

NOR CAN IT BE SAID that the majority of poets or prose-writers of the 19th century were thorough-going pagans; they can practically all be put into the category of neo-Christian deists. They may have been heretics in respect of the official religions of their countries but, for the most part, in their various ways, they found evidence of the transcendent in the immediate phenomena of nature. Wordsworth contemplating the daffodils or the lesser celandine, Baudelaire describing Nature as a temple with living pillars, were continuing the Rousseauistic attitude. They were supposing the existence of the transcendent behind appearances. The same remark might even be made about Byron, who almost certainly wasn't a believer. Some of his most famous lines, such as "*There is a rapture on the lonely shore*" or "*She walks in beauty like the night*" owe their quality to their religious resonance. And I think that what is true of the bulk of the literature of the 19th century is reflected in the living habits of the people of the time. In so far as they returned to nature, they were concerned with the incidental phenomena of mountains, landscape,

and sea, rather than with the central phenomenon of the sun.

The 19th century was the great period of mountain-climbing, a sport which had the advantage of combining healthy exercise and an element of danger with an upward movement towards the sublime. It was also, in England rather more than in France, a period when people went for walks through the countryside in order to experience Rousseauistic or Wordsworthian emotions, and the Lake District in particular became a sort of national park for the enjoyment of lyrical naturism. Sea-bathing gradually developed in both countries from the end of the 18th century onwards, but, as is quite clear from pictures and photographs; there was little or no exposure to sunlight. People went to the sea for momentary contact with the water and for the inhaling of sea-breezes, and they sat fully clothed on the beach. As for the poets, they continued, as poets always have done, to write more about the moon than about the sun, and I think one can suggest an obvious reason for this. Sunlight, or daylight, can pass unnoticed as an accompaniment to the multifarious business of living, which absorbs the attention. Moreover, we can look directly at the sun only when it is in its weakest state; when it is fully present, it has to be contemplated through a smoked glass. The moon, on the contrary, appears in the night sky, when the business of the day is over, and the more brilliant it is, the more it attracts attention. It is therefore intensely visible as an isolated and dramatic object to which emotions can be attached—the emotions which have survived the business of the day and more especially the tender emotion of love. This, I submit, is why the moon has traditionally occupied a privileged position in literature, although, as we know, its light is only reflected sunlight.

The Cult of Nature

TOWARDS THE END of the 19th century and at the beginning of the 20th, there was a change of emphasis, but I am not sure by what stages it occurred, or whether it originated in life, science, literature or the fine arts, I can only point to a number of more or less contemporary happenings, without being able to say exactly how they were interlinked. In painting, for example, the Impressionists

made sunlight the most important element in external nature, in a manner that had never been equalled by any previous school of painters. Their cult of external nature, which they went out to explore physically, may have had something Rousseauistic about it in the first instance, but they moved far beyond his brand of naturism by reducing the objects in the external world from the status of things in themselves, with metaphysical implications—a tree, a water-lily, a cathedral, etc.—to the different role of being mere reflectors or supports for sunlight. The tree, the water-lily, or the cathedral, instead of being separate entities pointing beyond nature to God, became part of the pagan décor of the world to be appreciated for its own sake in its relationship to sunlight. One has only to walk into a room devoted to the Impressionists in any picture gallery to get an immediate feeling of the dominance of sunlight as a pantheistic presence. By pantheistic, I mean that the lyrical emotion remains embedded, as it were, in the physical experience, and does not point to any transcendence which might be different from, or superior to, the actual sensation.

Now this pantheistic celebration of the sun, which I see as being clearly distinct from the average, traditional Rousseauistic nature-feeling, is also found in certain writers who rebelled against 19th-century social conventions and were very influential in bringing about the change-over from the moral high-mindedness of Victorianism, whether in England or in France, to the present atmosphere of permissiveness. I am thinking particularly of André Gide and D. H. Lawrence, who can be considered as having carried Rousseauistic naturism several stages further than it was usually taken in the 19th century. Lawrence is outside my subject, but I can perhaps mention that both he and Gide were tubercular, and thus travelled south towards the sun, and ended by incorporating the sun to some extent into their philosophies. Gide, in his famous book, *Les Nourritures terrestres* (translated as *The Fruits of the Earth*), which was first published in 1897 but much later (in the 1920s and '30s) became the bible of French youth, preached a doctrine of pantheistic sensationalism, which included appreciation of sunlight. He has one or two very fine descriptive passages expressive of the sheer pleasure of exposure to the sun, such as one could not find, I think, in any pre-

vious French writing. Then, in *L'Immoraliste*, which came out in 1902, his hero actually takes off all his clothes and lies down naked in the sunshine. So far as I know, this is the very first mention of sun-bathing in French literature, and it seems to have preceded the general practice of sun-bathing in France by at least 25 years, because, as late as 1920, French journalists were still writing articles about sun-bathing in Austria and elsewhere and saying that, of course, such naïve pagan behaviour would never catch on in a sophisticated country like France. But, of course, it did catch on to a quite extraordinary extent and, as I shall try to show in a moment, one can make certain definite statements about the spread of the habit.

HOWEVER, A POINT I WOULD LIKE to emphasise while I am still speaking of Gide, is that this first instance of sun-bathing occurs in a book, *L'Immoraliste*, which links up naturism with uncertainty about moral values. Rousseauistic naturism had been extremely moralistic, and had believed in definite moral values which were derived, more or less obviously, from Christianity. The new naturism tends to go beyond good and evil. This is tantamount to placing good in the self-development of the individual, either because the individual has become an end in himself since there is no longer any transcendence, or because the self-development of the better or stronger individuals will help the evolution of mankind. To put it in Nietzschean terms, which Gide does not use, although he probably owed something to Nietzsche, in this new naturism, self-realisation—achieved if necessary at the expense of ordinary moral values—is a duty for exceptional individuals, because they are bridges leading to the Superman. Gide isn't a thorough-going Nietzschean; he has no real concept of *die Brücke zum Übermenschen*; but he does at times accept the principle that self-realisation is more important than respecting moral rules.

When Michel, the hero of *L'Immoraliste*, takes off his clothes and bathes naked in the sun, he is not simply performing a physical action. The gesture is also, I think, a symbolic recognition of the truth that all life depends ultimately on the sun, and incidentally an assertion that life should, in the first place, be accepted as an undifferentiated explosion of energy, before one tries to categorise that

energy as good or bad. I may seem to be reading a lot into the episode, but these implications are present throughout the book, and in various other parts of Gide's work. I don't think it matters at all whether Gide got this attitude from Nietzsche, or whether he invented it independently. But I think it is probably the case that, in both Nietzsche and Gide, it stems from the new view of Nature which became current from the middle of the 19th century onwards, as a consequence of Darwinism.

As I said before, Rousseau's nature still has behind it a transcendent God; Rousseau saw the moral law as being inherent in nature, since nature, being properly understood, is an expression of God. Darwin, on the contrary, saw nature as a totally amoral process, evolving for reasons unknown in some incomprehensible direction. Nietzsche and Gide try to combine the two conceptions: they get rid of Rousseau's transcendent God; they reject the idea that any social moral law can be inherent in nature; but at the same time they would like, as it were, to adhere emotionally, even pantheistically, to the natural process, in a way which would have been very puzzling to Darwin and still more so to Rousseau, or at least to Rousseau in his ordinary moods. And it so happens that Gide, in particular, singles out the sun to identify with it—perhaps through sheer accident, perhaps because he was tubercular, or perhaps because he happened to go to North Africa at an early stage. At any rate, what we have in Gide seems to be a mixture of Newton, Rousseau, and Darwin. The sun is the centre of our fragment of the universe, i.e., of nature as we know it, and the source of life and energy on this planet; we should follow nature, because nature is good and lyrically true; but the goodness of nature for the individual is above the average laws of good and evil as they are found in traditional society. I would not go so far as to say that all sun-bathers are pantheistic immoralists in communion with the centre of the universe and temporarily indifferent to the requirements of society, but I think it is just as likely that they may be that as imitators of the Rousseauistic noble savage. And, from what I am told, institutions founded on sun-bathing, such as the Club Méditerranée, appear to be patronised in about equal proportions by pantheistic immoralists and would-be noble savages.

The Discovery of the Sun

MENTION OF THE Club Méditerranée takes me back to the actual history of the spread of sun-bathing which, in France, is connected with the spectacular development of the Riviera, which the French call the *Côte d'Azur*, a development which has been helped in certain ways by literature.

As you no doubt know, the Mediterranean coast between Menton and Cannes was, during the whole of the 19th century, a preserve first of the English aristocracy and then, more generally, of the various European royal houses and aristocracies connected with Queen Victoria. The Riviera was used then as a winter resort, because of the mildness of the climate; but no one stayed there during the summer, because the hot summer sun was thought to be unhealthy. Only a few French people ventured to go to the Mediterranean in those days, in spite of the efforts of one or two publicists, such as Stéphen Liégeard, the man who seems to have invented the term, *Côte d'Azur*. The French middle classes, as they gradually discovered sea-bathing and summer walks, went to Normandy, Brittany, and the Atlantic coast, but not to the South of France, and (as I said before) in Normandy and Brittany there was no question of sun-bathing. These Northern holidays are enshrined for all time in Proust's *A la recherche du temps perdu*, and there is no sun-bathing in that novel, although it shows an Impressionist feeling for light. However, the first major change came after the First World War which, to all intents and purposes, swept away the royal houses and aristocracies, so that the cosmopolitan winter season on the *Côte d'Azur* was never re-established in its former glory.

From about 1920 onwards, for the first time people began to stay along the Mediterranean coast in the summer. They were still not French; they were a second cosmopolitan wave, composed not of aristocrats but of artists, writers, bohemians and drop-outs of all kinds, predominantly American, English, German and Scandinavian. This was the period of Isadora Duncan, Scott Fitzgerald, D. H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley and Somerset Maugham, and it was of course very different from the previous aristocratic dispensation, because it combined the attributes of immoralism, naturism, and non-conformism,

that I have mentioned as being characteristic of André Gide. The winter sun had been quite decorous and reserved, and consonant with Victorianism, since Queen Victoria herself had visited the Riviera. It may have become slightly more racy with Edward VII, but only marginally so. But, in the aftermath of the First World War, the summer sun became synonymous with freedom and revolt, as can be seen from Cyril Connolly's excellent short novel, *The Rock Pool*.

THEN, VERY GRADUALLY, the French themselves began to discover the Riviera and to go there in summer. André Gide's literary celebration of the sun was mainly associated with North Africa, but he went occasionally to the South of France. Colette, another great naturist and amoralist, took a house in St. Tropez and used the *Côte d'Azur* background in many of her stories, and her works were being read at the same time as Gide's *Nourritures terrestres* was turning into a best seller. The flood gates were finally opened in 1936, when the *Front Populaire* government introduced annual paid holidays. The mass of the French population then discovered for the first time that their country possessed a Mediterranean coastline where sunshine could be almost permanently guaranteed.

The rush to the south was interrupted, of course, by the Second World War, but it began again with renewed vigour after 1945, and it has been one of the most extraordinary social phenomena in France during the last 25 years. The Riviera has become, as it were, the Florida or the California of France, i.e., the sunshine area where people want to have a house or flat during their working lives, and where they hope to spend their retirement. In other words, the French attitude towards the sun has been transformed, in the space of 35 or 40 years, from one of negativity or relative indifference to one of positive enthusiasm. There is now a double annual migration towards the sun: towards the beaches and the sea for sun-bathing in the summer, and towards the Alpine slopes in the winter. This is a very dramatic change in French habits; it is, in itself, indicative of a philosophic shift, and it is bound to breed further changes of attitude in the future.

Incidentally, I am struck by a curious interaction between literature and life in the course

of this development. I said before that Gide's *Nourritures terrestres*, although written in the 1890s, became the great naturist text of the 1920s and '30s. I think Gide was just as important in France as D. H. Lawrence in England, and that both were extremely influential, whatever one may think of their literary or intellectual value. Now Gide's concept of the sun, based primarily on North Africa, was quite easily transferable to the *Côte d'Azur*. And the transfer was helped, in the years after the Second World War, by the emergence of a new female ideal in France, the most famous French feminine symbol since Mistinguett, and indeed for a time a world figure. This was, of course, Brigitte Bardot, and what is particularly interesting about her is that her creator, Roger Vadim, conceived of her not as the traditional vamp or classical French seductress like Mistinguett, but as a child of nature, equally devoid of clothes, make-up, and sophistication, almost a female Tarzan, indifferent to bourgeois morality. Edgar Rice Burroughs' Tarzan had been, of course, a late male version of the noble savage, combining—in a very Rousseauistic way—morality, nature and impeccable descent from the English aristocracy. Mme Bardot was the female of the 'species' but, belonging to the next generation or so, she was able to drop both morality and blue blood and retain only nature, thus representing the new ideal of the amoral savage. The film which made her famous, *Et Dieu créa la femme*, was shot in the south of France; it contained no reference to God except in the title and included what was, as far as I know, the first nude sun-bathing scene ever recorded in the French cinema. Moreover, Mme Bardot actually bought a house at St. Tropez and, for a number of years, was the tutelary spirit of that village in the sun. It may be that Vadim had absorbed the concept of the child of nature from the general atmosphere and that the sun-bathing scene in *Et Dieu créa la femme* was an unconscious echo, some fifty years later, of the similar scene in *L'Immoraliste*; but, as it happened, there was also a direct link with Gide. Vadim had begun his career as the intimate friend and associate of the film director Marc Allégret, and Allégret in the '20s and '30s had been the most famous intimate friend and associate of Gide. Thus, Mme Bardot, in

a rather complicated way, is a sort of by-blow of André Gide.

From Valéry to Camus

SO FAR, I HAVE DEALT MAINLY with the solar revolution as it has taken place in French life during the last fifty years, and the probable influence upon it of Gide's neo-Rousseauistic and neo-Nietzschean or neo-Darwinian naturism. I have also mentioned Colette, whose importance should not be underestimated. I might also have quoted Henry de Montherlant, a pagan with Catholic overtones, who helped to popularise the notion of action in the sun by writing about his experiences as a bull-fighter in Spain and as a hedonistic individualist in various Mediterranean countries. In all three writers, the sun is a positive force, and their treatment of it contrasts neatly with the way the sun is referred to, for instance, in the works of a non-permissive Catholic writer like François Mauriac who, with monotonous insistence, equates sultry summer afternoons in the Bordeaux area with sensations of sexual guilt. I could also refer to a number of younger, minor writers who take the new solar naturism for granted and send their heroes to the south of France or to North Africa. The sun-consciousness they describe does not go much beyond the kind of philosophy inherent in a great many modern French films, such as *Plein Soleil*, *La Piscine*, *Les Biches*, and so on.

But there are three more important contemporary writers, who deal more directly and more philosophically with the subject of the sun, and it is these three whom I would like briefly to discuss. They are, in chronological sequence, Paul Valéry, Francis Ponge, and Albert Camus. They have little or none of the didactic naturism of André Gide; they are not primarily concerned with the fight against 19th-century convention, but all three belong to the same post-Enlightenment tradition as Gide. They are non-believers looking at the universe in the modern way which has only been fully possible since the final development of the scientific view of nature in the mid-19th century, and they use the sun both as a point of reference and as a symbol, in a manner which is quite unprecedented in French literature, although one can perhaps see intimations

of their points of view in some late 19th-century writers such as Leconte de Lisle, Rimbaud and Mallarmé. They have no parallels that I can think of in English literature. I might add that, although none of the three is specifically an Existentialist, they can all be brought under the general heading of Existentialism, and I would also say that this is very characteristic, since there is a strong Existentialist element in the general sociological phenomenon of the solar revolution. It is perhaps significant, too, that all three are Southerners, *i.e.*, people in a situation where they could not fail to notice the sun, if their emergent philosophy prepared them to be sensitive to it. Valéry was borne in Sète, on the Mediterranean coast, and brought up in Sète and Montpellier; Ponge was born in Nîmes and brought up in Avignon; and Camus was, of course, an Algerian. All three, however, lived the major part of their creative lives in Paris (Ponge, the sole survivor, is still there), and Paris is an ideal place for putting a metaphysical construction on to an individual perception. In all three cases, as we shall see, the metaphysical constructions are remarkably similar.

VALÉRY is famous as a poet, but his major poetry-writing phase was a relatively short period in middle life, when he was between forty and fifty-five. His life-long concern from adolescence to his death at the age of seventy-four was self-analysis or (to be more accurate) the analysis of consciousness, that is—to put it in Existentialist terms—the attempt to achieve coincidence with being through the use of language. All the year round, wherever he happened to be, he rose every morning at dawn—and in winter even before day-break—to pursue this task in his notebooks. It was of course, a hopeless endeavour, because the self has no internal shape; it lives from moment to moment in time and it can only know itself retrospectively to some extent through the imprint it has made on the external world and on other people. Jean-Paul Sartre was to express this dilemma of the consciousness very clearly in the generation

which followed Valéry's; but Valéry himself lived the dilemma concretely, and never got the better of it, as indeed no one can, and it forms the subject-matter of all his writing. He was perpetually trying to define the essence of life, and since, by definition, he couldn't relate it to any transcendent absolute, his final philosophy is a sort of nihilism. All that the consciousness can say is that it tries perpetually to understand the process of life, and just as perpetually fails. To use an image that recurs all through Valéry's work, it is like a serpent trying to swallow its own tail. And then, in the end, it is defeated by death.

Now the sun is important in all this, because it is the source and regulator of life and consciousness, and therefore the exact opposite of death. It is no accident, for instance, that Valéry rose every morning at dawn to try to catch his consciousness, as it were, at the initial point of the daily solar circle, when it might be supposed to be at its freshest and purest. His notebooks are full of lyrical passages which are really prose poems to early morning light. Nor is it an accident, I think, that his best known poem, *Le Cimetière Marin*, which is a meditation on the three major external realities: the earth, the sea and the sun, as they stand in relationship to the consciousness, should be situated at midday, in midsummer, *midi le juste*, as he calls it, the point in time when the sun is exactly above the cemetery, that is above the earth containing the human life-cycle, and above the sea which intensifies the sunlight, so that the consciousness is caught in a momentary and perfect balance between the three basic and essential elements, fire, earth, and water:

*L'âme exposée aux torches du solstice
Je te soutiens, admirable justice
De la lumière aux armes sans pitié!
Je te rends pure à ta place première
Regarde-toi. . . .²*

That is, the highest function of the consciousness at its most acute is simply to be aware of the sun in its relationship to the earth. This manifestation of the contemplative faculty, which is a pantheistic parallel to religious contemplation, might be termed spiritual sun-bathing, and it may enter to some extent into physical sun-bathing. After all, when people take off their clothes to sun-bathe, we cannot be sure that the action is to be understood only literally. It may also be a symbolic baring of

² With my soul exposed to the torches of the solstice
I uphold you, admirable justice
Of light so pitilessly armed!
I return you pure to your place or origin,
Look at yourself. . . .

their non-transcendental souls to the principle of life.

Valéry's *Cimetière marin* has justifiably become a modern classic, but there is an even finer, if less well-known poem, entitled *Ebauche d'un serpent*, which contains a magnificent invocation to the sun, on the part of the Devil in the Garden of Eden. 'The paradox of this passage, and indeed of the whole poem is that it combines total nihilism—the sun is seen as "God's" great mistake: "He" should never have said, *Let there be light*, but should have allowed the dark void to continue eternally—with intense appreciation of the beauty of the sunlit world:

*Soleil, soleil! . . . Faute éclatante!
Toi qui masques la mort, soleil,
Sous l'azur et l'or d'une tente
Où les fleurs tiennent leur conseil,
Par d'impénétrables délices,
Toi, le plus fier de mes complices
Et de mes pièges le plus haut,
Tu gardes les cœurs de connaître
Que l'univers n'est qu'un défaut
Dans la pureté du Non-être.*

*Grand soleil qui sonnes l'éveil
A l'être, et de feux l'accompagnes,
Toi qui l'enfermes d'un sommeil
Trompeusement peint de campagnes,
Fauteur des fantômes joyeux
Qui rendent sujette des yeux
La présence obscure de l'âme,
Toujours le mensonge m'a plu
Que tu répands sur l'absolu,
O roi des ombres fait de flamme!³*

FRANCIS PONGE, compared to Valéry, is a minor poet, but a very charming one, who has made it his business for the last fifty years to compose prose poems about objects,

³ Sun, sun! . . . Brilliant error!
You sun, who mask death
Beneath the azure and gold of a tent
Where flowers hold their council.
By impenetrable delights,
You, the proudest of my accomplices
And the highest of my snares,
You prevent hearts from knowing
That the universe is only a defect
In the purity of Non-Being.

Great sun, you who sound the awakening
To being, and accompany it with fire,
You who enclose it in a sleep
Deceitfully painted with landscapes.
Creator of the joyous phantoms
Which make the obscure presence of the soul
Subject to the eyes.
Always has that falsehood pleased me
With which you overlay the absolute,
O king of shadows made of flame!

any objects—a glass of water, an open door, a wasp, a piece of soap, etc. The point about this, of course, is that for someone with what we might call an Existentialist sensibility, there are no privileged objects, as there were in traditional poetry. Shelley wrote an *Ode to the West Wind*, Keats an *Ode to a Nightingale*, because the wind and the nightingale are sublime romantic objects; Ponge has written an *Unfinished Ode to Mud*. This is because everything outside the consciousness is object, and the lyrical emotion can be engendered by establishing a sufficiently subtle linguistic web between the sense-perceptions relating to any particular object and the rest of the consciousness. However, in our corner of the universe, there is one object which takes precedence over all others, and this is the sun, of which the earth is presumably only a cooling fragment. Also, by a process of what we might call narcissistic parthenogenesis, the sun has evoked life on the earth, but all that this life can do in the last resort is contemplate its source, that is look back at the sun. Now man thinks he is a subject, because he can look at the central object, the sun, but in fact what appears to be object is subject. The sun is subject and man is object; the human consciousness, which thinks it is subject, is really an unconscious object with regard to the sun, and so on. Ponge develops this parody of a creation myth in one of his longer works, *Le soleil placé en abîme*, in Volume III of *Le Grand Recueil*. *Placé en abîme* is a heraldic term, which means placed in the centre of the escutcheon. The sun is in the centre of our escutcheon, i.e., our universe, but *abîme* also has the meaning of abyss, limitless depths, and the sun is of course suspended in the infinity of space. Ponge's poem, which is in several parts, consists of a series of variations on the idea that the sun is an intangible pseudo-object operating as supreme subject at the centre of the universe. Let me quote one or two extracts:

Qu'est ce que le soleil comme objet? C'est le plus brillant des objets du monde. . . .

Le soleil ne peut être remplacé par aucune formule logique,

CAR le soleil n'est pas un objet.

LE PLUS BRILLANT des objets du monde n'est—de ce fait—

NON—n'est pas un objet; c'est un trou, c'est l'abîme métaphysique: la condition formelle

*et indispensable de tout au monde. La condition de tous les autres objets.
La condition même du regard.*⁴

Then follows a definition of the relationship between the sun and the planetary life dependent upon it:

*Voici en quelques mots ce qui s'est passé.
Le soleil, qui n'est pas la Vie, qui est peut-être la Mort
... qui est sans doute en deça de la Vie et de la Mort,—
a expulsé de lui certaines de ses parties, les a exilées,
envoyées à une certaine distance pour s'en faire contempler. ...
Ainsi elles refroidissent, car il les a vouées à la mort,
mais d'abord—et c'est bien pire—à cette maladie, à cette tiédeur que l'on nomme la vie.*⁵

This is an obvious parody of the relationship between God and the creature in Christianity. Ponge expands it by attributing to the sun all

⁴ What is the sun as object? It is the most brilliant of the objects in the world. ...
The sun cannot be replaced by any logical formula,
FOR the sun is not an object.
THE MOST BRILLIANT of objects is not—for that very reason—
No—it is not an object: it is a void, the metaphysical abyss:
the formal and indispensable condition of everything in the world.
The condition of all the other objects.
The condition even of our seeing.

⁵ Here, in a few words, is what happened.
The sun, which is not Life, which is perhaps Death,
... which is doubtless on the hither side of Life and Death,—
expelled certain of its parts from within itself, sent them into exile,
dispatched them a certain distance away so that they should look back upon it. ...
Thus they cool down, because it has doomed them to death,
but first—and this is much worse—to that illness, that tepidness which is called life.

⁶ Thus bodies and life itself are only a degeneration of solar energy, doomed to regretful contemplation of that energy and—almost immediately—to death.

Thus the sun is a scourge or flail. See, like a flail it bursts open heads of grain and pods. But it is a sadistic, therapeutical flail or scourge. It causes its victims to reproduce themselves and it supports them; it *recreates* them and causes them to desire it.

For dazzling object though it be—a cloud, a screen, the smallest shutter, the smallest eyelid formed by it is enough to hide it and therefore to cause it to be desired. And it is not backward in forming such things. And so half of life is spent in shadow, wishing for warmth and light, that is for hard labour in the azure prison.

(N.B. There is an untranslatable half-pun in the French; *dans l'ombre* "in shadow" suggests *à l'ombre*—"in jug.")

the ambiguities possessed by God in the traditional religions:

Ainsi les corps et la vie même ne sont qu'une dégradation de l'énergie solaire, vouée à la contemplation et au regret de celle-ci, et—presque aussitôt—à la mort.

Ainsi le soleil est un fléau. Voyez, comme les fléaux, il fait éclater les épis, les cosses. Mais c'est un fléau sadique, un fléau médecin. Un fléau qui fait se reproduire et qui entretient ses victimes; qui les recrée et s'en fait désirer.

*Car—cet objet éblouissant—un nuage, un écran, le moindre volet, la moindre paupière qu'il forme suffit à le cacher, et donc à le faire désirer. Et il ne manque pas d'en former. Et ainsi la moitié de la vie se passe-t-elle dans l'ombre, à souhaiter la chaleur et la lumière, c'est à dire les travaux forcés dans la prison de l'azur.*⁶

THIS VERY NICE EXPRESSION "*les travaux forcés dans la prison de l'azur*" could be taken from Ponge and used as a sub-title for the whole of Albert Camus' work, and more especially for *Le Mythe de Sisyphe*, because it corresponds fairly accurately to Camus' concept of the Absurd in its relationship to sunlight. His attitude towards the sun is even more markedly dualistic than that of Valéry or Ponge. Whereas they see the sun as being primarily the creative God, with its diabolical and destructive aspects in a subordinate position, for Camus the sun is at once God and the Devil. This point may seem rather difficult to disentangle at first, because Camus may appear to be more of a sun-worshipper than the other two writers. In one sense, he is rather like a traditional Manichean who equates good with sunlight and evil with darkness. His early poetic prose in *Noces* and *L'envers et l'endroit* uses sunshine as a source of lyrical joy, and all through his work he tends to have recourse to the symbolism of the light and the dark. Northern towns—or towns that he considers as Northern—e.g., Paris, Prague, and Amsterdam—are associated with feelings of sorrow and guilt, whereas he repeatedly suggests that one can never be completely unhappy in the Mediterranean, because there is always the consolation of sunshine, which may be tragic, but at least is bracingly so.

However, beneath this light and dark symbolism, there is a deeper perception, which is very close to what I said about Gide's view of the sun as being an undifferentiated source of energy. In any case, Camus can't have the average, modern European view of the sun as being simply healthy, because although he was brought up in the sun, he was tubercular.

Therefore, it is not surprising that, in spite of the concept of the light and the dark, he should set the action of his book, *La Peste*, which is a parable about the problem of evil in North Africa, and should make the plague increase in intensity with the heat and decline again in the cooler weather. After all, the plague germs are just as much a part of nature as man is; therefore it is quite logical that they should flourish in sunlight, if sunlight is a source of life.

But what Camus senses much more definitely, I think, than either Valéry or Ponge is that it is difficult, if not impossible, for man to achieve an optimum relationship with the sun. This is an aspect of the Absurd; if man were not contingent, the weather—i.e., in the last analysis, the solar cycle—would be related to him in a necessary way. However, we know only too well that this is not so. We are usually either too hot or too cold. We are creatures of the sun, but it is difficult to get just the right amount of it. In some places there is not enough, and in others too much, and people have been known to grow weary of it even on the Riviera. This is beautifully expressed in *L'Etranger* in two important passages: first in the funeral scene, where there is a discrepancy between the brilliance of the weather, which causes the tar to melt and the people to perspire—i.e., produces a superfluity of effect—and the deadness of the hero's mother, who is being buried. And secondly, in the famous episode of the shooting of the Arab, which takes place in the early afternoon after lunch, when the light is at its most intense, and the heat most oppressive. This, curiously enough, is just a little later than midday, which Valéry saw as a point of balance; for Camus, this is a moment of imbalance, when the killing is committed. We are clearly meant to understand that it is not the hero, Meursault, who is really responsible for the death of the Arab; he is just the person who happens to pull the trigger, and he is just as much an absurd victim of the universe as the Arab is. In a sense, the murderer is the sun, which brings too great a pressure to bear on the moment. In other words, the sun creates life and destroys life, with absolute indifference, as if the power behind the universe, or inherent in it, had no inkling of the human distinction between good and evil. Only a slight shift in emphasis is needed to move from

this point of view to the more despairing attitude that the power behind the universe is predominantly evil; Camus makes this shift at least once in the late short story, *Le Renégat*, which is about a Christian missionary being converted to devil-worship in the Sahara. Here the blinding glare of the sun becomes a totally evil force to be adored, as it were, for its own sake as an aggressive manifestation of the Absurd.

The Azure Prison

I AM NOT SURE that Camus himself fully realised the implications of this. Perhaps his creative instinct sometimes carried him further than his conscious thought was prepared to go. At any rate, in his major theoretical work, *L'Homme révolté*, he tries to maintain a very different philosophical standpoint. There he seeks to build up a humanistic philosophy on a kind of average relationship to the sun; it is almost as if he wished to humanise the sun itself. He argues that wisdom lies in what he calls *la pensée de midi* or *la pensée solaire*, which is distinguished by *la mesure*, i.e., the Greek sense of measure, and is characteristic of the Mediterranean. He even falls back on to a pseudo-Rousseauistic conception of the goodness of Nature, which he transposes to the Mediterranean, and sees as being a permanent and valuable feature of that area, to be contrasted with the harmfully rampant ideologies of the Northern countries, which are unnatural through being divorced from the Mediterranean. All this, I am afraid, is just a lot of wishful thinking that Camus is yielding to in a mood of weakness. No doubt we have to respect the Mediterranean as the cradle of European civilisation, but it certainly has no monopoly of sanity, and its intermediate solar position, between the equator on the one hand and the Arctic circle on the other, is only a geographical fact which can be turned into innumerable different psychological realities, as the historical record shows.

In the house of the sun there are many mansions, and we can perhaps say that some (such as the Riviera) are more desirable than others, but in the last resort—to revert to Ponge's expression—they are all equally contained within *la prison de l'azur*.

Death Delayed

I WONDER if anybody still remembers the young writer who two years ago published his first novel, entitled *Death Delayed*. The hero of this formidable work is a doctor: the climax is loaded with common sense optimism and the end a triumph of practicable hope. Overnight the novel shot into the best-seller lists and the young author became rather famous. His work was, on his own admission, no masterpiece. He recognised its stylistic faults, poor construction, inadequate characterisation and these did not escape the critics either. But he had hit upon a theme which was close to all men's hearts: the prolonging of life by the monkey-gland method. He had translated his theory into characters and plot and had not missed the chance to mix in a drop of sex and to touch on all possible aspects of the problem, theological and anthropological—a panoramic view that is the hallmark of a best-selling author.

The book was marketed more effectively than perhaps any other in the last twenty years. Everywhere people talked about it, everybody wanted to live longer. On the young author's desk, which he had bought out of the first royalties in order to write a second, better book, the readers' letters began to pile up. He received shoals of handwritten, typed and printed invitations and requests to come to this or that town to read from his book. He was proud. The publishers sent him their best editor, a man in whose car the driving seat had been remodelled by a specialist craftsman to accommodate his most extraordinarily abundant bottom. The young writer toured the country with him.

He gave readings in the town hall of his home town, in the book-stores of all major cities, broadcast from the studios of every radio station. He read at universities, colleges, high schools, junior schools and even schools for the educationally subnormal; to nurses, masseurs, midwives, mothers, gynaecologists, bacteriologists, parsons, monks, nuns, philosophical and temperance societies, the Salvation Army, bodybuilders, vegetarians and devotees of yoga, rolling-mill operatives, political party and trade union secretaries; to famous men's associations and members of the reputable foreign press agencies. He read to clubs for maidens, academics, footballers, table tennis and tenpin bowling enthusiasts, ex-servicemen and ladies' boxing, to conscientious objectors to military service, campaigners for nuclear disarmament and war widows and orphans, as well as making frequent guest appearances in jazz cellars. Everybody wanted to see his face and hear his voice—everybody wanted to live longer. And at the end of every week his editor sent the publishers a situation report. On the few days which the young writer did not spend in the train, the car or the plane he adapted parts of his novel as radio plays, serials, sound pictures and feature broadcasts. In addition he assumed personal supervision over translations into foreign languages even though he was frequently unable to pronounce the name of the country into whose language the book was being translated.

The job of replying to passionate letters from young writers, who sent him their manuscripts and asked him to confirm their talent, he had to delegate to his editor.

Together they followed a tight schedule of flights to countries in all five continents to celebrate the foreign editions of his book with champagne and ladies. His novel was filmed three times and he was asked to approve the screenplay. He was busy.

His new writing desk remained virginal, waiting for him to engender a sentence. The young author thought about it but said to himself: You can afford to let the winter go; you owe it to your reputation and to those people who look to you for advice and hope. You can start early in the spring with the new, better book.

SPRING ARRIVED, and with it the Easter season for the book trade. The young author did not wish to disappoint his publisher. Besides, his editor had secret instructions to give him no chance of doing so. He continued to accompany his protégé from town to town, from book-store to book-store, from club to club. Over and over again he read the same chapters of his novel and in the discussions following his reading he talked of his plan for a second book, in subordinate clauses. However, hardly anybody seemed to have ears for his subordinate clauses. He was never able to get to his hotel bed before the early hours; with tender loving care his editor supplied him with sleeping pills. When he awoke—and frequently enough he did not know in which city he had gone to bed—he said to himself: "Let's get Easter over with. After Easter I shall start the new book."

Easter, too, went by, and now the editor, a conjuror, produced the handwritten, typed and hand-painted invitations from those book-stores and clubs in the smaller towns, which they had hitherto had to miss out because of lack of time. There was a large number of these and they made the young writer sad, for he could not and would not let anybody down. So he went through with these readings too and after each he talked—still in subordinate clauses—about his second book. Yet even in the quieter places in the country he did not seem to be able to make his subordinate clauses heard.

On this tour he grew restless and pale, had to take larger doses of sleeping pills and looked a little starved, although he was no-

where lacking in abundant and nourishing meals.

But now for many months he had spent whole nights in the company of strange people, drinking coffee or brandy, tea or wine, discussing God and the price of bread, pipe-smoking, national sporting teams and stamps, and trying at intervals to think about his second book, with a melancholy face.

THEN AFTER he had dealt with the second-class invitations the summer came and the young author reckoned he would now at last have leisure to sit down at his writing desk. Things did not work out this way for now he received invitations from seaside resorts, spas, mud-bathing establishments and lakeside retreats and to institutions specialising in the cure of kidney, ear, nose, throat and respiratory ailments. All looked forward to a convivial evening with the author of the book *Death Delayed* and a boost for the trade of the local hostleries. Behind the editor's back he asked the publishers if he might not call a halt at last to readings from his first book, for he was thinking of writing another. The publishers replied in extremely friendly terms: the latest edition of his book was almost sold out . . . one must strike while the iron . . . the air in the seaside resorts would do him good . . . and they recommended him to avail himself occasionally of the mud-bathing facilities, to take in new experiences.

Very tired, very sad and dispirited, the young author "did" the seaside and spa resorts. The bitterness of fame caused his lips to tighten and his eyes to lose their sparkle. As the resorts prepared to hibernate for the winter his face was yellow. Then it was time for the next book fair.

THE AUTUMN TRADE got into its stride and numerous readers told their booksellers that they would like to order "that book about death being delayed" for Christmas. Once more the young writer had to set off on his travels. Resigned to his fate he went to the same cities, to the same social gatherings and read the same extracts from his book as in the previous year: nobody noticed. He no longer needed to look at the pages; for some time now he could

recite from memory. But his voice had become quieter and hoarser, his hands trembled; several times he was on the point of falling asleep, although his editor plied him before each reading with those sugar-coated enlivening pills. In his briefcase beside the little table, lectern or armchair was a sheet of white paper, upon which, as a symbol of his still extant hopes, was written a sentence, the first sentence of his new book.

For the second time he arrived shortly before Christmas in his home town. And there the dreaded event took place. He was reading as usual: tiredly, hoarsely, in a monotone. Suddenly however he reared to his feet, tore his first novel and the first sentence of his second to shreds, and knocked his editor to the ground. The hall was shattered by an explosive tumult. He shouted above it, smashed the water glass, hurled a chair at the chandelier. The police had to put him in a strait-jacket and take him to an asylum, where after five days he was reported to have calmed down.

In the Christmas number of a much-read magazine there was due to appear a long essay which, with uncommon precision, tore *Death Delayed* to bits, invalidated almost every sentence and called the enthusiasm with which the book had been received an advertising stunt, a typical folly of the age. However, when they learned of the fate of the young author the article was withdrawn

and, on the advice of the editor, a new one was written which concerned itself benevolently with the second, as yet untitled novel. Only a passing reference was made to his illness. The director of the magazine insisted on going personally to the asylum where he showed the poor chap this fine new article with its accompanying photograph, a picture recalling happier days. The invalid read it quietly. Then he handed back the magazine, smiled sadly but genuinely and said, "Why don't you go to hell?" The director tried not to hear, coughed nervously and patted him soothingly on the shoulder. Then he went away. In the next number of his magazine he depicted in highly emotional language his visit to the sick man, now alas incurable. Subscription figures increased by several thousand.

Sales of *Death Delayed* picked up again. Then, however, contrary to the calculations of the publishers, an entire reprinting remained unsold. In the meantime the novel *Death without Decline* had made its appearance, by another young author, who awoke in his readers a desire for earthly immortality. Since then nobody talks about *Death Delayed* any more. The wretched madman on the other hand is still living in the asylum. He is said to feel as well as ever in body and in soul.

Translated by Keith Hamnett

Natural History Museum

The trustful curator has left me alone
in the closed wing of the aboriginal section
What's here? 3000 spears from Arnhemland waiting
for a computer to calculate their principle of balance
But what's in those wooden drawers? I peek
Sheeez! shrunk heads from New Guinea
& dozens upon dozens of 12-inch penis sheaths

I'm going to lock doors plant spears at windows
& try on everything for size.

earle birney



slaw

Lenin's Fantasy

The Interpretation of a Russian Revolutionary Dream

WE OUGHT TO DREAM! "I wrote these words," Lenin said in his famous factional pamphlet, *What Is to Be Done?* (published in 1902), "and became frightened." His dream was of a centralised revolutionary organisation in which "Social-Democratic Zhelyabovs" would emerge; then he would dare to say, a socialist Archimedes moving the social universe with an organisational lever:

Give us an organisation of revolutionists, and we shall overturn the whole of Russia!

But, inevitably, he wondered whether "a Marxist has any right at all to dream." Was his dream a fantasy like that which had moved Zhelyabov to assassinate a Czar? Was he enthralled by an illusion that a few bold revolutionists could open the way to a re-making of society and humanity? Was his choice of Zhelyabov as a hero-model one which indicated Lenin's own fear that in his dream he was losing his hold on reality? He pondered what the connection between dream and reality should be, and this problem never left him all his life. He wrote that he would conceal himself

behind the back of Pisarev: "There are differences and differences," wrote Pisarev concerning the question of the difference between dreams and reality. "My dream may run ahead of the natural progress of events or may fly off at a tangent in a direction to which no natural progress of events will ever succeed. . . . Divergence between dreams and reality causes no harm if only the person dreaming believes seriously in his dream. . . and if, generally speaking, he works conscientiously for the achievement of his fantasies. If there is some connection between dreams and life then all is well.

More than a decade later, living in exile in Switzerland, with the world at war, his own movement shattered, Lenin was moved to think again: had fantasy penetrated his Marx-

ist science? He immersed himself in the study of Hegelian texts and classical philosophy, seeking an answer to his life-problem. Then he confided boldly to his notebook that all human thought partakes of fantasy:

The approach of the (human) mind to a particular thing, the taking of a copy (=a concept) of it is *not* a simple, immediate act, a dead mirroring, but one which is complex, split into two, zig-zag like, which *includes in it* the possibility of the flight of fantasy from life; more than that: the possibility of the transformation (moreover, an unnoticeable transformation, of which man is unaware) of the abstract concept, idea, into a *fantasy* (in letzster Instanz=God). For even the simplest generalisation, in the most elementary general idea ("table" in general) *there is* a certain bit of fantasy. (Vice versa: it would be stupid to deny the role of fantasy, even in the strictest science: cf. Pisarev or useful dreaming, as an impulse to work, and on empty day-dreaming).¹

THIS TENSION BETWEEN FANTASY AND REALITY is probably the underlying theme of Lenin's work as a philosopher as well as his approach to social science. A man's philosophy and methodology are the outcome of his deepest strivings and anxieties. Lenin, as we shall see, alternated in his lifetime between two philosophies. At the outset, he endeavoured to cling fast to reality; he was a simple materialist, ridiculing the dialectic of Hegel as virtual nonsense, and so hard-headed towards the sentimental "flabby" intellectuals that he revelled in the prospect of an authoritarian bureaucracy. When he brooded, however, in solitary retreat during the First World War, he thrust reality away from him, allowed himself to yield to the solace of Utopian fantasy. Then he wrote that he was the only Marxist alive; he professed to find a master-key to existence in the Hegelian triads; he saw the apocalyptic end of Imperialism as a chapter in human history, and the virtual end of all Bureaucracy within twenty-four hours after the triumph of the revolution. The materialist and social factualist became the

¹ V. I. Lenin, *Philosophical Notebooks*, in *Collected Works*, Volume 38 (tr. Dutt, Moscow, 1961), pp. 372-3.

metaphysician and Utopian. This oscillation between extremes remains embedded in Lenin's legacy to the intellectual life of the Soviet Union.

Of Infatuation, Bitterness & Tears

LENIN'S FIRST philosophical writing was part of his first book, published in 1894, entitled *What the "Friends of the People" Are and How They Fight the Social Democrats*. Like all his writing, it was polemical in character; Lenin was never impelled to study a subject for love of it; it was all part of a fight. In this case, Lenin was replying especially to the distinguished thinker of the elder generation, Nikolai Mikhailovsky, who had criticised the so-called dialectical method of Marx and Engels. What Lenin did was to reject dialectical materialism in favour of "scientific materialism." At the age of 24, as a young revolutionary agitator, Lenin found the dialectic a lot of residual verbal nonsense. Anyone who reads the description of the dialectical method given by Marx in *Capital*, he wrote,

will see that the Hegelian triads are not even mentioned, and that it all amounts to regarding social evolution as the development of social-economic formations as a process of natural history.

When Marx described what he meant by the dialectical method, asked Lenin, was there "even a single word, about triads, trichotomies, the unimpeachableness of the dialectical process, and such-like nonsense . . .?" In effect, says Lenin, Marx's use of the word "dialectic" had become vestigial:

No other role remains for the triads than as a lid and a skin ["I coquetted with the modes of expression peculiar to Hegel," Marx says in this same Preface], in which only Philistines could be interested.

To coquette with phrases is scarcely the mark of a serious passion, even a philosophical one. Marx derived his prediction of the downfall of the capitalist order from a study of its facts and trends, not from triadic formulae, says Lenin, and what he coquettishly called the dialectical method was "nothing more nor less than the scientific method in sociology. . . ."²

This, then, was Lenin at the outset of his career, a self-confident scientific materialist, a believer in a complete "determinism, which establishes the necessity of human acts and rejects the absurd fable about free-will," ridiculing the "subjective method" in sociology,

² V. I. Lenin, *What the "Friends of the People" Are and How They Fight the Social-Democrats* (Moscow, 1950), pp. 54 ff.

rejecting any notion that psychological variables, intellectual, sexual, have any independent causal efficacy in history. The ensuing years brought a bitter party factionalism. The choice of comrades for Lenin was translated into a rejection of comrades. Peter Struve, Julius Martov, George Plekhanov—towards most of them Lenin had a strong emotional attachment, so emotional that he would be embarrassed by his own feelings. And towards all of them he disciplined himself in accordance with his avowal of the primacy of politics for a rupture of relations, disciplining himself to transmute love into hatred. It was as if Lenin had a compulsive need to turn this weakness of his into a hatred, to harden himself. When he broke with the father of Russian Marxism, George Plekhanov, whom he revered, he wrote a document which was poignant in the agony of its self-revelation:

We walked, bursting with indignation. . . . His [Plekhanov's] behaviour was insulting to such a degree that one could not help suspecting him of harbouring "unclean" thoughts about ourselves. . . . He tramples us underfoot, etc. . . . My "infatuation" with Plekhanov disappeared as if by magic, and I felt offended and embittered to the highest degree. Never, never in my life, have I regarded any other man with such sincere respect and veneration. I have never stood before any man with such "humility" as I stood before him, and never before have I been so brutally "spurned". We were actually spurned. We were scared like little children when grown-ups threaten to leave them, and when we funk (shame!) we were unceremoniously brushed aside in the most incredible manner.

Again:

Such mixed, confused feelings. It was a real drama; the complete abandonment of a thing which for years we had tended like a favourite child. . . . And all because we were formerly enamoured with Plekhanov. . . . Young comrades "court" an old comrade out of the great love they bear for him—and suddenly he injects into this love an atmosphere of intrigue! He compels us to feel not as younger brothers, but as fools to be led by the nose, pawns to be moved at will. . . . An enamoured youth receives from the object of his love a bitter lesson: To regard all persons "without sentiment"; to keep a stone in one's sling. Many more thoughts of an equally bitter nature did we give utterance to that night. . . . Blinded by our love, we had actually behaved like slaves. To be a slave is humiliating, and the sense of shame we felt was magnified a hundred-fold by the fact that "he himself had forced us to realise how humiliating our position was."

And again:

. . . Is it I, the fervent worshipper of Plekhanov, who am now filled with bitter thoughts about him? Is it I, with clenched teeth, and a devilish chill at the heart, hurling cold and bitter words

at him in announcing what is almost our "breaking off of relations"? Perhaps it is only an ugly dream? . . . Indeed, so profoundly moved was I that at times I thought I would burst into tears. . . .

And finally:

On the surface everything appeared as if nothing had happened; the apparatus must continue to work as it worked before. But we felt an internal twinge—instead of friendly relations, dry, business-like relations prevailed, we were always to be on guard on the principle: *Si vis pacem, para bellum*.³

Ideologising Truth

STATESMEN have not infrequently written philosophical works, e.g., Balfour, Smuts, Clemenceau; but invariably they have been written as post-political reflections on the meaning of things. Lenin is the only man in history who wrote an epistemological book as part of his tactical plan to defeat another faction within his party. The book has one thesis, that materialism, defined as the belief in the reality of the external physical world, is the only ideology to which a true revolutionist, scientist, or man of common sense can subscribe. Sometimes he confuses this meaning of materialism as physical realism with materialism in two other senses: one, the notion that "nature is the sole reality," that supernatural entities don't exist; and the other, an evolutionary sense, in which materialism means that physical entities preceded the existence of mental ones. The villains of Lenin's book are the philosophical idealists and their ilk, from Bishop Berkeley to the physicist Ernst Mach, who dare to affirm that we can meaningfully speak only of observable elements. The book has more invective per page than any work written in the history of philosophy. Indeed, if one were to ask what its philosophi-

cal method was, we might say: usually the method of invective. Nonetheless, Bertrand Russell wrote a comparatively benign estimate of it—in 1934, to be sure, at a time during the Depression when he was more sympathetic to Bolshevism:

while I do not think that materialism can be proved, I think Lenin is right in saying that it is not disproved by modern physics. Since his time, and largely as a reaction against his success, respectable physicists have moved further and further from materialism, and it is naturally supposed, by themselves and by the general public, that it is physics which has caused this movement. I agree with Lenin that no substantially new argument has emerged since the time of Berkeley, with one exception.⁴

This one exception Russell found, oddly enough, in the instrumentalist theory (which he attributed to Marx) that "truth" is a practical rather than a theoretical conception.

HOW SHALL WE APPRAISE Lenin's argument, and why was it that any departure from materialism struck him as a deviation and heresy, making its proponent a fit candidate for excommunication?

Lenin himself acknowledges: "by no proofs, or syllogisms, or definitions would it be possible to refute the solipsist."⁵ Then what shall be done with the person who says with Fichte: "the world is my sensation"? Or with Wittgenstein in our own time: "I am my world"? "Any healthy person," Lenin writes, "who is not an inmate of an insane asylum, or in the school of idealist philosophers" holds to "naïve realism," a belief which "consists in this, that he believes reality, the environment and the things in it, to exist independently of his perception." The mental health, the sanity of the party, seem to Lenin to be at stake with the philosophical issue of materialism, "a problem concerning the confidence of man in the evidence of his sense-organs." Materialism, he insists, is "the instinctive viewpoint held by humanity which accepts the existence of the outer world independently of the mind." Those philosophies which purport to explicate a non-spatial, non-temporal existence are "products of a diseased mind." Nor will Lenin admit of any departure from the definition of truth as correspondence to fact. He is impatient with empiricists and pragmatists who speak of truth as an "organising form of human experience," or who try to translate "the objective character of the physical world" as its "intersubjectively verified" status. For, Lenin says, there are all sorts of ways for organising human experience; every culture, as we would say, is a socially endorsed form for organising human experience. And for the majority of

³ V. I. Lenin, "How the Spark Was Nearly Extinguished," in *Collected Works*, Vol. IV, *The Iskra Period 1900-1902*, Book I, (tr. Fineberg, New York, 1929), pp. 29-32 ff.

The intensity of Lenin's revolt against Plekhanov was such that it led Lenin evidently to misperceive Plekhanov's role in Marxist philosophy. It was well known, for instance, that Plekhanov had introduced the philosophical phrase "dialectical materialism." Lenin, however, wrote: "Marx often termed his viewpoint dialectical materialism." I have never seen this phrase in Marx's writings.

See G. Plekhanov (N. Beltov), *The Development of the Monist View of History* (tr. Andrew Rothstein, Moscow, 1956), pp. 276, I. Samuel H. Baron, *Plekhanov: The Father of Russian Marxism* (1963), p. 287. V. I. Lenin, *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism* (tr. Kvitko, 1927), pp. 1, 208.

⁴ Bertrand Russell, *Freedom and Organisation: 1814-1914* (1934), pp. 223-4.

⁵ *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism*, p. 226.

mankind, Lenin observes, "house goblins and wood demons" are part of a "socially organised experience." If so, then to say they exist is "truth," if all "truth" means is its employment to organise human experience.

What perturbs Lenin is that every definition of truth, other than as simple correspondence to fact, somehow loosens man's hold on reality. Every other definition refuses to acknowledge that the person does really get to know something about the existent world; every other definition concedes that the world given to us in perception may still be a phantom, a stage-play, an illusion. Every other definition of truth, by its very departure from the criterion of correspondence, introduces into itself an "alienation" of man from reality, as the current phrase goes. As Lenin states it, the idealist philosopher takes sensation not as a connection with the external world "but as a screen, as a wall which separates the mind from the outer world." The empiricists, Lenin protests, "do not sufficiently trust the evidence of our sense-organs." The Kantians likewise say "that the thing exists in itself, but is unknowable." And the final test of the "absurdity" of a philosophy is that it leads one toward solipsism, toward the view that "the world is my sensation."

Lenin expounds what philosophers call a "copy theory of knowledge." "Sensations," he writes, are "the true copy of the objective world." A sound scientific theory, he holds, is "a copy, as an approximate reflection of objective reality." Scientific truth is founded on "a reality which is copied, photographed, and reflected by our sensations."

AMONG REVISIONIST MARXISTS today, especially the group of young Yugoslav philosophers associated with the magazine *Praxis*, Lenin's theory of sensation has been under special attack. They charge that Lenin's view that sensation provides a reflection of reality is the epistemological source of Stalinism. Lenin did, of course, insist that "human practice," which had eventuated in man's domination over nature, "is a result of an accurate objective 'reflection' within the mind of man." Although the science of any given historical period is only a relative approximation to the truth, still, said Lenin, each approximation does incorporate more of that absolute truth: "but it is unconditionally true that this picture reflects an objectively existing model."

The revisionist Marxists, however, seem to me to have fallen into the Leninist fallacy in reverse. Their argument that Lenin's theory of reflection is the foundation for Stalinism

seems to me to be based on misconceptions concerning the relation of philosophy to politics. The *Praxis* philosophers argue that Stalinism was founded on the notion that the correct theory in social science was a "reflection" of the inevitable line of development. Therefore, it would be sound practice to compel everybody to follow that line of development. The Communist Party, as scientific Marxists, would enunciate the correct line. Instead, say the *Praxis* philosophers, there are alternative lines of possible development and the decision as to which will be actualised rests on the involvement, the engagement, of human actors who make their own history. The "truth" is not a "reflection" of a pre-existent or predetermined reality but rather something which is created in human decision which shapes, constructs, and reconstructs reality rather than "reflects" it.

We might undertake to reply to the revisionists on Lenin's behalf. We would say: the revisionists are not really discussing the definition of truth—they are arguing against sociological determinism. The revisionists are arguing that the basic laws of sociology do not have a determinist form but that rather they are characterised, as far as predictable outcomes of systems are concerned, by domains of indeterminacy. Hence, the initial states of a given social system, together with the laws of social science, never provide one with both the necessary and sufficient conditions of the emergent social state. The unpredictable role of human involvement and choice among indeterminate alternatives must be taken into account.

Let us assume that the revisionist standpoint is true. Still, it will be clear that it in no way challenges Lenin's conception of truth as correspondence to fact, or sensation as reflection of external reality. For the objective truth will now be regarded as stated by laws which provide for indeterminate domains; a principle of sociological indeterminacy will be the objective truth rather than sociological determinism. In either case, we shall be accepting as our criterion for scientific decision the crucial status of sensations as "reflecting" the objective state of things. The sociological indeterminist defends his standpoint just as much as does the determinist by appealing to perceptions as reports or reflections of external reality. He avers, for instance, that perceived acts of human intervention are necessary to social outcomes; but he accepts the veracity, at least provisionally, of his perceptions, or sensations. There have been many naive realists who were democrats; and I do not think their

democratic politics was inconsistent with their reflectional epistemology. The Yugoslav revisionists, like Lenin and like Stalin, have drawn too close a relationship between philosophy and politics, even though in their case, their concern is with an underpinning for more liberal values. They remain ideologists.

The Sources of Over-Affirmation

WHAT STRIKES THE READER as strange is the vehemence which possesses Lenin when he discusses this issue of the reality of the external world. He avails himself of Russian literary resources to ridicule the empiricists. Valentinov is like Gogol's *Petrushka*, Chernov is like Voroshilov in Turgenev's *Smoke*. Others call forth Gogol's Inspector-General; the philosopher Avenarius is like Turgenev's rascal. For the great philosopher-physicist Ernst Mach, Lenin rises or stoops to the most demagogic invective:

The philosophy of Mach, the scientist, is to science what the kiss of Judas is to Christ. Mach betrays science into the hands of fideism . . .⁶

It would have been of no avail to point out that Mach was a stubborn anti-clerical all his life. For Lenin sees himself as the Christ whom the empiricists are betraying. Nor would it have availed to observe that Mach had even before Lenin was born been a pioneer in the advocacy of socialistic reforms. Here was simply for Lenin a most menacing heresy, comparable to that of Judas Iscariot, subtly gnawing away at the heart of his doctrine.

Socialists in Germany, France, Italy, and America scarcely attached any political importance to philosophical materialism. Jaurès, the great French leader, was drawn to Kantian ethical idealism, as were even such German men of the Left as Karl Liebknecht and Kurt Eisner. In America, the leftist organ *The International Socialist Review* was enthusiastic over the philosophy of Ernst Mach. And to Mach the world owes an imperishable debt for the inspiration his philosophy gave to the young student in Zürich, Albert Einstein. For Einstein, partaking much of Machian ideas especially under the stimulus of his student friend, Friedrich Adler, who was both a Marxist and a Machian, was guided to the critique of absolute space and time as unobservable

entities. The theory of relativity was largely conceived under the influence of Machian emotions and a Machian frame of mind, trying to expel from one's physical theory whatever was not translatable into an observer's experiences. To Lenin, however, the philosophy of Ernst Mach signified a veritable threat to his sanity.

INDEED IT IS SUCH highly personal psychological reasons rather than anything political or sociological which explain why Lenin attached so much importance to his materialism. Often enough, Lenin gave indications that he kept guard over an unstable personality, threatened by the fear of illusion, the fear of a commitment to an unreal world. Lenin's older sister told, for instance, how shaken Lenin was when he read Chekhov's short story *Ward No. 6*:

Volodya summed up its effect on him in these words: "When I finished reading this story last night, I felt positively afraid. I just could not remain in my room but had to get up and go out. I had the feeling that I, too, was locked up in Ward No. 6." That had happened late at night when we had all gone to our rooms and some were even asleep, and he had nobody to talk to. Those words lifted a veil from his state of mind. . . .⁷

This was in the winter of 1892 in Samara. Chekhov's story was being published in a periodical,⁸ and Lenin was evolving the ideas of his work *What the "Friends of the People" Are*. Lenin was already a Marxist, and condescending towards the idealistic *Narodniki* of the older generation who were his neighbours. And in the midst of his materialistic philosophising, the veil lifts, and he is filled with anxiety. Chekhov's story tells of an understanding reflective physician, who is in charge of a mental asylum; then through the intrigues of an assistant, he himself is declared insane. He finds himself then at the mercy of the brutal caretaker, Nikita, who beats him cruelly. The sane man has patronised the sadistic forces which misuse him and declare him insane. He has lived in illusion. Death ends his torment and insoluble problems. No wonder Lenin had the feeling that he, too, was locked in Ward No. 6, a strange prophetic dream far more accurate than the Utopian declamation of *The State and Revolution*. For in the Soviet society the sane writers today find themselves thrust into insane asylums, a practice a later Nikita initiated. Thus the Soviet dialectic reached its new high stage: the rational transformed into the irrational.

SEEKING TO EXORCISE an inner anxiety of illusion, the fear that perhaps his Marxist learning

⁶ *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism*, pp. 40, 64, 70, 302, 304.

⁷ A. I. Ulyanova-Yelizavovka, "Reminiscences of Ilyich," *Reminiscences of Lenin by his Relatives* (Moscow, 1956), p. 43.

⁸ Ernest J. Simmons, *Chekhov: A Biography* (1962), pp. 300-1.

was an exercise in fantasy and in myth, Lenin responded with an over-determination of his materialism. Leon Trotsky reports that when he first met Lenin, the latter was indeed drawn to Machian doctrines.⁹ But now he extirpated the Machian and the solipsist within himself. He especially polemicised against Dr. A. A. Bogdanov, a disciple of Mach, who together with Lenin had for a few years led the Bolshevik Party. For now Bogdanov was leading a faction opposed to Lenin. Bogdanov, a remarkably exploratory and clear-thinking mind, was also given to psycho-analysing his contemporaries' philosophical divagations, and exerted his art on both the idealist Berdyaev (whom Lenin scorned) and on Lenin himself. Whenever Bogdanov saw Berdyaev, the latter tells, he

kept on asking all sorts of odd questions, such as, How did I feel in the morning? How did I sleep? What was my reaction to this or that? It eventually emerged that in his view my philosophical tendencies were evidence of an impending psychic disorder, and he, being by profession a psychiatrist, wanted to discover how far the process had gone.¹⁰

Bogdanov similarly indicated many years later what he thought was the root-source of Lenin's materialism: "as a doctor, I concluded that

⁹ Leon Trotsky, *My Life* (1930), p. 144.

¹⁰ Nicholas Berdyaev, *Dream and Reality: an Essay in Autobiography* (tr. Lampert, 1962), p. 131.

¹¹ Nikolay Valentinov (N. V. Volsky), *Encounters with Lenin* (tr. Rosta and Pearce, London, 1968), p. 236. Bogdanov, as Gorky recalled, "was an extremely attractive person, of a very mild character"; he used to anger Lenin by beating him at chess. He died in 1928 as a result, it is said, of experiments performed on himself in blood transfusion. Was it perhaps an act of suicide? For Bogdanov, with his theory of the role of intellectuals, might very well have found himself shortly afterwards a co-defendant in the trial of the Industrial Party. See: Maxim Gorky, *Days with Lenin*, p. 26. S. V. Utechin, "Philosophy and Society: Alexander Bogdanov," in *Revisionism: Essays in the History of Marxist Ideas* (ed. Labedz, 1962), pp. 117-125. Lenin in 1920 in his preface to the second edition of his *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism* was still pursuing Bogdanov for "introducing bourgeois and reactionary views" in the guise of "proletarian culture." One might note that by contrast Nikolai Bukharin rendered a favourable judgment of Bogdanov's work. Cf. Nikolai Bukharin, *Historical Materialism: A System of Sociology* (1925).

¹² *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism*, pp. 138, 264.

¹³ Julius Braunthal, *Victor und Friedrich Adler: zwei Generationen Arbeiterbewegung* (Vienna, 1965), pp. 198-9. I am grateful to the executor of Albert Einstein's estate, Dr. Otto Nathan, and Professor Einstein's secretary, Miss Helene Dukas, who allowed me to read some of Einstein's verse in the Archives at the Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton, New Jersey.

Lenin occasionally suffered from a mental condition and displayed symptoms of abnormality.¹¹

WE MIGHT CALL the fear that one's avowed goals are an illusion the "revolutionary anxiety." Since he is pitting himself against the established norms and values of society, the "revolutionary anxiety" arises in moments of doubt. The phrases, the clichés, the programmes, the manifestos, suddenly acquire a hollow ring. The safeguarding of his materialism was a kind of defence-mechanism against the revolution's self-doubt. Otherwise Lenin could have reacted mildly against empiricist and solipsist views, regarding them as men of common sense do as rather paradoxical intellectual standpoints, but scarcely looking upon their proponents as Judases, or ideological plotters.

Lenin is so eager to confute the scientific standpoint of Ernst Mach that he allows himself to embark upon a polemic against the principle of economy in scientific logic, the principle which advises us to choose the simplest hypothesis among those which conform to the facts. Lenin queries challengingly: wouldn't it then be more "economical" to accept the hypothesis that the atom is indivisible rather than that it is composed of "positive and negative electrons"? Lenin's mistake is evident: he interprets the principle of economy as asserting that the world is simple. The principle does nothing of the sort: it tells you that, no matter how simple or complex the constitution of nature may be, you as a scientist will work with the simplest hypothesis which explains the facts. The hypothesis that the atom is indivisible was dropped not because it was simple but because it couldn't explain the experimental facts which such scientists as J. J. Thomson and Ernest Rutherford had adduced. Lenin's materialist defence-mechanism, however, struck out wildly against whatever awakened his revolutionary anxiety. He struck out against the principle of relativity:

Another cause of "idealistic physics" is the principle of *relativity*, the relativity of science, a principle which in a period of bankruptcy of old theories, imposes itself with special force upon physicists. . . .¹²

No wonder that when Einstein's friend, Friedrich Adler, read Lenin's book, he said all that Lenin had proved, apart from his patient capacity to write a big book, was that he knew nothing about the subject. Einstein himself in later years wrote limericks about the stupidities of dialectical materialism.¹³ But Lenin's anxiety

and defence-mechanism were transmitted into the psyches of generations of Soviet students.

LENIN, MOREOVER, as a simple 19th-century Russian materialist misconceived the relation of philosophy to the sciences, indeed, we should rather say, the relation of *philosophies* to the sciences. For this relationship is not unlike that between the philosophies and the arts. As Lenin wrote Gorky in 1908: "an artist can draw much that is useful to him from any philosophy."¹⁴

Similarly, different scientists have drawn inspiration in their work, models, analogues, motivations, from the most diverse philosophies. In one mood, Einstein drew inspiration and direction from Mach's empiricism; in another mood, he was doing work in the spirit of a follower of Boltzmann's atomism. In his philosophy as a scientist, Niels Bohr, developing his principle of complementarity, was somehow guided by a devotion to Kierkegaard and the pluralistic conciliation of his teacher Høffding. Heisenberg drew sustenance from Plato's *Timaeus*. Different philosophies are indications of different themes in the universe. None of them is controlling; and part of the life of science, the source of its vitality, is their unending alternation.

MANY PAGES of Lenin's *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism* are strewn with invective against educators and professors. These reactionaries, he writes, aim "to implant in the high-school students the spirit of idealism." The opponent of materialism is a "police officer in a professorial chair." "The bourgeois professors have a right to receive their salaries from reactionary governments," because they defend medieval, transcendental absurdities. "Not a single professor," he writes, even the most eminent physicist and chemists, "can be trusted even so far as a single word when it comes to philosophy. . . . [The] professors of philosophy are scientific salesmen of theology."¹⁵

¹⁴ *The Letters of Lenin*, p. 265.

¹⁵ *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism*, pp. 145, 182, 264, 296-7.

¹⁶ N. K. Krupskaya, *On Education: Selected Speeches and Articles* (tr. Ivanov-Mumjiev, Moscow, 1957), p. 37.

The current Soviet writing on Lenin's relations with his family and father suppresses this incident, and depicts Lenin's father as imparting to him "spontaneous-materialistic positions." Cf. *The Ulyanov Family* (ed. I. Baranov, Moscow, 1968), p. 114.

¹⁷ *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism*, pp. 50, 116, 195, 239, 298-9.

Why was Lenin's materialism so polemically oriented against these academics? The answer suggests itself in the facts of Lenin's own evolution from religion to materialism. Lenin's father, Ilya Nikolayevich, as Krupskaya tells us, "even though he was a teacher of physics and a meteorologist, believed in God until the end of his life. The fact that his sons had abandoned religion caused him anxiety." When the father complained to a friend "that his children were bad church attenders," the friend suggested: "Give him the stick, don't spare it." "Upon hearing this Ilyich," burning with indignation, decided to break with religion; he rushed into the garden, took off the cross that he wore around his neck, and threw it away." All this happened when Lenin was fourteen or fifteen years old.¹⁶

From Lenin's standpoint, his father—the teacher of physics, the director of primary schools, the religious believer—might have been another police officer in the guise of an educator. The curious bitterness against academics seems to have been a recurring reenactment of Lenin's rebellion against his father's authority and religious devotion. Throughout his life he was tearing the cross from around his neck. His materialism always retained the polemical cast because it was for him less a scientific standpoint than the projection of a fixated emotion of generational rebellion.

Lenin's materialism always remained invested with emotions for overcoming feminine, or unmanly weakness, for proving his toughness. The reactionary professors, he wrote, were succumbing to "the kisses" of the idealists and pragmatists, and were allowing themselves to be "nailed" to a pillory. These were "shameful things." The professors in advanced capitalist countries were living in "concubinage." The empiricists entwined all the idealistic weaknesses into a "Chinese braid," this symbol of femininity, which Feuerbach had once cut off. Mach's "elements" were a "fig-leaf" for his idealism. Kisses, concubines, fig-leaves, and Chinese braids . . . such were the metaphors for the emotional determinants of Lenin's materialism.¹⁷

If Lenin indeed had followed out his own suggestions that solipsism and idealism cannot be logically refuted but only psychologically analysed, he would then have been led as well to examine the psychological basis of his own doctrine. But he could never engage in such self-scrutiny. His notion that philosophies have political consequences would have largely collapsed, for the basis of philosophies lies much

more in temperament, as William James saw, than in political affiliation. But just as Lenin shrank from the subjectivist ingredient in sociology, he suppressed the suggestion of its relevance in philosophical decision. For what Lenin would have feared above all was self-knowledge of the unconscious determinants of his own materialistic dogmatism. Then the neurotic anxieties, fears, and cruelties which led to his materialistic over-affirmation would have come to view.

The Process of Self-formation

IT IS CLEAR that Lenin struggled with his neurosis. His nerves for years previously used to afflict him with physical inflammations and serious sleeplessness. The later years of emigration were especially hard. Comrades of his had gone mad and committed suicide. "Another year or two of life in this atmosphere of squabbling and emigrant tragedy would have meant heading for a breakdown," wrote Lenin's wife.¹⁸ Fortunately for his sanity, the years of reaction were followed by revolutionary upsurge. Years earlier, after a series of squabbles which had led to the suicide of a famous student leader, Lenin wrote to his sister: "You'd better not wish any comrades from the intellectuals on me. . . . The worst thing about exile is these 'exile episodes.' . . ." He had shaped and fashioned his personality to stamp out affections. "Friendship is friendship and work is work," Lenin would say, "and on this account the necessity for war will not disappear," as he obliterated a friendship from his life.¹⁹ From the time of his adolescence he regarded Turgenev's short story *Andrei Kolosov* as the last word on love and sincerity:

¹⁸ Krupskaya, *Reminiscences of Lenin*, p. 214. Relatives, *Reminiscences of Lenin*, pp. 32, 76.

¹⁹ *The Letters of Lenin*, p. 91. Krupskaya, *Reminiscences of Lenin*, pp. 7, 99.

²⁰ Cited in Valentinov, *Encounters with Lenin*, p. 56. Relatives, *Reminiscences of Lenin*, p. 190.

²¹ Krupskaya, *Reminiscences of Lenin*, p. 311.

²² Bernard Shaw, *The Rationalisation of Russia* (ed. Geduld), p. 30. Bertram D. Wolfe, "Lenin and Inessa Armand" *ENCOUNTER*, February 1964.

²³ Krupskaya, *Reminiscences of Lenin*, pp. 41-2. Relatives, *Reminiscences of Lenin*; p. 166 ff.

²⁴ Lenin, as Gorky admirably wrote in later years, possessed in the highest degree the best qualities of revolutionary intelligentsia, "self-discipline often amounting to self-torture and self-mutilation." He describes how Lenin, after listening to Beethoven's *Appassionata* sonata, said: "But I can't listen to music too often. It affects your nerves, makes you want to say stupid, nice things, and stroke the heads of people. . . . And now you mustn't stroke any one's head—you might get your hand bitten off. You have to hit them on the head, without any mercy. . . ." Maxim Gorky, *Days with Lenin* (1932), pp. 48, 52.

He felt that Turgenev showed here, absolutely correctly and in a few lines, how to understand properly what is rather pompously called the "sanctity" of love. He often told me that his views on this question were exactly the same as those expressed by Turgenev in *Andrei Kolosov*. "These," he used to say, "are not vulgar bourgeois views on the relations between men and women, but real, revolutionary ones."²⁰

The story deals with a rather cold, calculating young man who without any compunction breaks with a girl who no longer pleases him. Evidently what pleased Lenin in the story was the hero's refusal to allow considerations of personal loyalty to sway him. When he saw Tolstoy's *The Living Corpse*, the rest of the audience sympathised with the character of the deserted wife in the play; Lenin sympathised with the deserting husband, and wanted to see the play again.²¹

Lenin tried to emulate such models, but the effort in his case involved terrific emotional strains. Though Krupskaya, his wife, became ungainly with illness, Lenin evidently could not bring himself to leave her when he loved another woman.²² But in more trivial matters he could more successfully fashion his character to ideological requirements. He found chess tremendously absorbing, but it impinged on the revolution; and he gave it up. Skating, hunting, the study of Latin—all were eliminated from the revolutionist's life.²³ He feared that music might deprive him of his capacity to be ruthless.²⁴

SUCH WAS LENIN'S PROJECT for self-formation; to repress whatever spontaneous impulses and affections seemed inconsistent with the revolutionist's calling. When so much aggression is directed against one's self, the unconscious protests; a perpetual frustration of impulse and emotion always brings in its train a feeling of unreality. Life seems to lose its savour, and consists of a rehearsal of assigned lines in a play rather than a spontaneous partaking of its joy. The vehement reiteration of his materialism as a party tenet was proportional to his own feelings of unreality. He had to assure himself philosophically of an existence which his self-punitive actions were negating into non-existence.

During the years of the World War, according to his closest co-worker at that time, Gregory Zinoviev, Lenin "seemed to have changed even in his appearance." Living in the poorest quarter of Zurich, "in the house of a shoe-maker, in a sort of garret . . . his hatred of the bourgeoisie became sharp like a dagger . . . Many, who knew him before, were surprised at the change which had taken place in him since the war." The shock of the collapse of the

Second International had taken its toll. "The honour of the proletariat demanded that a war against this war be fought to a finish," and the "imperialist bandits" forever destroyed.²⁵

Leaps to a Reality Transfigured

DURING THE MISERABLE YEARS OF exile, the temptation of the total absorption into dreams waxed stronger. As Krupskaya reports: "During those very hard years of emigration, concerning which Ilyich always spoke with a feeling of sadness . . . during those years he dreamed and dreamed," taking heart as a desperate man does from the chance good cheer of others more prosaically miserable, from a French charwoman singing *Mais votre coeur—vous n'en l'aurez jamais*, or from a Parisian café singer, with whom one evening he dreamed together of world revolution, or during sleepless nights reading the poems of Verhaeren. When Inessa Armand and her daughter visited him, Krupskaya narrates, "Ilyich liked to indulge in day-dreaming in their presence."²⁶ The dream always beckoned to a dialectical logic in which there were qualitative leaps to a reality transfigured. But it was precisely this dialectical logic which could tempt one into a qualitative leap beyond reality to the unreal, to fantasies in which one lost one's last moorings with the physical and social worlds. During the distress and isolation of the World War years, Lenin was converted to *dialectical materialism*.

From the triads and trichotomies which he had ridiculed in 1892 as a young scientific Marxist, Lenin now in sombre isolation derived instead a curious consolation, like an old believer falling back on new readings of sacred texts. He even wrote an "aphorism" in which he exulted in his solitary devotion:

It is impossible completely to understand Marx's *Capital* and especially its first chapter, without having thoroughly studied and understood the whole of Hegel's Logic. Consequently, half a century later none of the Marxists understood Marx!!²⁷

At last he was the ultimate sectarian, the only one in the world in half a century who had divined the master's message. The great mantle was his. Marx had in his maturity playfully belittled his coquetry with Hegelian phrases. For Lenin the coquetry became a passionate obsession. "Hegel actually *proved* that logical

forms and laws are not an empty shell, but the *reflection* of the objective world," he wrote; and then perturbed by his own flight to fantasy, he qualified it to "a brilliant guess." He invented more dialectical aphorisms. "*Dialectics* is the teaching which shows how *Opposites* can be and how they happen to be (how they become) *identical*. . . ." It was a Freudian dream-world in which negation ceases to exist, the fantasy projected into a "logic" all its own. Without the Hegelian dialectic, the conception of development would be "lifeless, pale and dry." The dialectic would make it "living," full of "self-movement," with "leaps." The vocabulary of this Hegelian conversion had the peculiar accents of a man of declining virility finding in the Hegelian words a kind of metaphysical restorative. And then he found in the Hegelian idealism itself the ultimate justification of revolution. The subjective will would create its own world, would posit the revolution itself. What was the meaning of "practice in the theory of knowledge"? Lenin said: "Alias: [i.e.] Man's consciousness not only reflects the objective world, but creates it." Indeed, he now preferred Hegel's theology to Huxley's agnosticism: "this philosophical idealism, openly, 'seriously' leading to God is more honest than modern agnosticism with its hypocrisy and cowardice."²⁸

He called, in his loneliness, for a metaphysics to sustain his fantasy, to give assurance to his will to revolution. A few years before he had berated Gorky for venturing even to think of God as a class-name for human ethical strivings.

Is not God-building the worst form of self-castigation? Everyone engaged in building *God* . . . *castigates* himself in the worst possible way, because instead of occupying himself with "deeds" he indulges in self-contemplation.

The God-builder was then for Lenin a philosophical masochist of the worst kind. Now, however, in 1916 it was the scientific agnostic, with his perpetual demand for evidence, who most aroused Lenin's ire.

The Tyranny of Definitions

IT WAS DURING the war years, when Lenin's immersion in Hegelian dialectic was deepest, that he wrote the two works of social science for which he is most famous, *Imperialism: The Highest Stage of Capitalism* and *The State and Revolution*. Here the power of fantasy was superimposed on the facts. The fantasy, which Lenin regarded as inherent in every generalisation, took possession; dialectic indeed became the logic of projected fantasy. It was no longer a time for realistic

²⁵ Gregory Zinoviev, *Lenin* (tr. Wright, Petrograd, 1918; London, 1966), p. 38.

²⁶ Relatives, *Reminiscences of Lenin*, pp. 203-4; Krupskaya, *Reminiscences of Lenin*, p. 539.

²⁷ *Philosophical Notebooks*, p. 180.

²⁸ *Philosophical Notebooks*, pp. 212, 303, 360.

studies such as his youthful *The Development of Capitalism in Russia*. Instead, Lenin found himself borne along not by scientific prediction but by dialectical prophecy.

Lenin's thesis was that imperialism was in its economic nature "moribund capitalism." The "destructive characteristics of imperialism," he wrote, "compel us to define it as parasitic or decaying capitalism." It was capitalism at "its highest historical stage of development," on "the eve of the social revolution."²⁹ Now here was dialectical method in high flight. For imperialism, as historians have documented, has been a universal theme in the world's history. The Egyptians, Babylonians, Assyrians, Greeks, and Romans had their imperialism; feudal Europe had its imperialism in the Crusades; the Arabs had their Moslem imperialism; the nomadic Tartars had their imperial state, while the sea-faring Scandinavians went forth in their Viking imperialism. The French Revolution brought into being a revolutionary imperialism. Far from imperialism today being the last stage of capitalism, it seems today to be a second or third stage of socialism. The Czechs today complain of Soviet military and economic exploitation, and Fidel Castro charged in 1966 that Communist China was exhibiting towards his country "the worst methods of piracy, oppression, and filibusterism" that had characterised "the imperialist states." Castro said it all came down to the "fundamental question for the peoples: whether in the world of tomorrow the powerful nations can assume the right to blackmail, extort, pressure, attack, and strangle small peoples. . . ."³⁰

LENIN, OF COURSE, was well aware that imperialism had been a recurrent, cross-systemic phenomenon. He was determined, however, to look at reality dialectically, to see all that he hated perish with capitalist society, and to see humanity making a qualitative leap into a new society in which Imperialism would vanish together with the State and the Bureaucracy. He was, therefore, under an emotional compulsion to define imperialism in such a

way that it would indeed end with capitalism. Nothing is so certain as a tautology; and Lenin was removing the question of imperialism in post-capitalist and pre-capitalist societies from the empirical domain simply by linking it through a definition necessarily to capitalism. So Lenin wrote:

Imperialism existed before this latest capitalism, and even before capitalism founded on slavery, pursued a colonial policy and achieved imperialism. But "general" arguments about imperialism, which ignore, or put into the background the fundamental difference of social-economic systems, inevitably degenerate into absolutely empty banalities, or into grandiloquent expressions like "Greater Rome and Greater Britain."

Thus Lenin defends his definition of imperialism as specific to modern capitalism, his well-known definition of imperialism as involving the dominance of monopolies in production, the merger of bank capital with industrial capital, the export of capital, the formation of international monopolies, and the territorial division of the whole world among the greatest capitalist powers.

There are considerable doubts concerning the actuality of the specific traits which Lenin insisted were characteristic of imperialism. Foreign investment was in Britain and the United States primarily financed through a reinvestment of profits, and involved a very small net outflow of capital; Czarist Russia embarked on imperialist ventures though it had no surplus capital for export; the French colonies as a whole imported more in their trade than they exported; the average annual return on the invested capital in such major imperialist ventures as the Witwatersrand mines did not exceed 4.1%; the British economy was not characterised by a merger between financial and industrial capital; critics in the colonies complained that imperialist countries didn't export enough capital to make for the development of industry.³¹ But all such specific criticisms, however, are minor when compared to the major methodological distortion in Lenin's perspective on imperialism.

For Lenin argues that "general" arguments about imperialism must degenerate into banalities. By the same token, one might have argued that Newton's general arguments about the gravitational attraction of all masses, or Einstein's arguments concerning all frames of reference, all observers, were "banalities" or "tautologies." A Leninist would have held that the specific differences between the moon's motion and that of the planets were the only kinds of subjects that could be fruitfully studied. Indeed, the Aristotelian resistance to

²⁹ V. I. Lenin, *Imperialism: The Highest Stage of Capitalism*, pp. 7, 124, 126.

³⁰ *The New York Times*, 7 February 1966.

³¹ See: Herbert Feis, *Europe: The World's Banker, 1870-1914* (New Haven, 1930); Cleona Lewis, *America's Stake in International Investments* (1938), p. 285; Randall Hinshaw, "Foreign Investment and American Employment," *American Economic Review* (Vol. 36, 1946, Suppl.), p. 663; Melvin Knight, *Morocco as a French Economic Venture* (1937), p. 189; S. Herbert Frankel, *Capital Investment in Africa* (1938), p. 91.

Galileo's logic of mechanics had precisely something of this character. Lenin, in other words, failed utterly to appreciate the significance of general laws of science. And the reason why he so failed is that the element of fantasy possessed him when he confronted basic social realities. His emotions wanted to decree the End of Imperialism as the consequence of the End of Capitalism. His imperious revolutionary will wanted to annihilate Imperialism; therefore, by a verbal sleight-of-hand he stipulated that Imperialism could exist only under Modern Capitalism. He projected a whole evolutionary sequence of historical stages into a choice in the use of words obedient to his emotions.

When Yugoslav, Polish, Soviet, Chinese, and Cuban Marxists, therefore, have tried to speak about the imperialist activities of Communist countries, they have found themselves stammering because of their Leninist inhibitions. To talk plainly of a Soviet or Communist or Socialist Imperialism violated the binding rules of their Leninist political grammar. They have struggled vainly with all sorts of equivalents. But to speak of "Great-power Chauvinism" is even more grandiloquent than the expressions such as "Greater Rome" which Lenin disliked. The dialectical tenet with its qualitative leap into the End of Imperialism was a fantasy which simply could not be translated into reality.

The Fantasy-Fact Ratio

LENIN WROTE his *Imperialism* in Zurich, Switzerland, in the spring of 1916. Then came the March Revolution of 1917. The time for transposing fantasy into reality had come, and he dared not miss it. All sorts of fantastic schemes rushed through his mind. His sister Marya writes:

But how to get back? One fantastic plan after another was conceived by Lenin, but they were all impracticable. He spent sleepless nights worrying how to get away from Switzerland. In desperation he decided to act the part of a deaf-mute who had a Swedish passport. . . . He asked an intermediary "to find a Swede who looked like Lenin." The intermediary, Ganetsky, wrote:

³² Relatives, *Reminiscences of Lenin*, p. 158; Krupskaya, p. 337.

³³ Lenin, *State and Revolution* (ed. 1935), pp. 13, 79, 83-4. Marxist theorists have always been naïve about the nature of the administration of industry. Engels wrote in 1851 that "with six clerks I could organise an infinitely more simple, comprehensive and practical branch of administration. . . ." Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, *Correspondence 1846-1895* (tr. Dona Storr, New York, 1935), p. 43.

When I read the letter, I realised how depressed Lenin was, but all the same I had to laugh at this grotesque plan.

Even Krupskaya acknowledges:

His nights were spent building the most improbable plans. We could fly over by plane. But such an idea could only be thought of in a waking dream. Put into words, its unreality became at once obvious.

Then a proposal of his former friend Martov that they secure passage through Germany brought Lenin back to Russia.³²

During the months of August and September 1917, while in hiding, and awaiting with growing impatience the seizure of power by his party, Lenin wrote his celebrated pamphlet *The State and Revolution*. It is a Utopia, written in the language of social science, a mélange of impassioned, unrestrained projective dreams together with harsh insistence on the necessity for violence in revolution. He never completed the pamphlet, for the October events intervened: "It is more pleasant and useful to go through the 'experience of the revolution' than to write about it." Again the dialectical logic, with its schema of qualitative leap into the new world, with its negation of all that was repressive in the bourgeois society, provided Lenin with the formalism appropriate to his fantasy. Given, then, the economic groundwork prepared by capitalism, universal literacy, the discipline of the workers, Lenin wrote that

it is perfectly possible, within twenty-four hours after the overthrow of the capitalists and bureaucrats, to replace them, in the control of production and distribution, in the business of control of labour and products, by the armed workers, by the whole people in arms.

This was a prophecy which never fulfilled itself. The "twenty-four hours" have been dilated into more than a half-century, but the time-coefficient is always expanded with added clauses and auxiliary variables "when prophecy fails." Accounting and control, Lenin predicted, will have been so simplified by capitalism that its techniques will be "within the reach of anybody who can read and write and . . . the first four rules of arithmetic." Then, said Lenin, Bureaucracy will begin to "wither away." The antagonism between mental and physical labour will vanish, and with it, the economic basis of the State. Although he denied that Bolsheviks were Utopians, indulging in "dreams" of how to eliminate all administration, Lenin still insisted that, "within twenty-four hours" after the revolution, the managerial functions would be taken over by average city dwellers and performed for working-men's wages.³³

WERE LENIN'S PREDICTIONS ever founded on more than projective fantasy? Had he made any study of the procedures of accounting and management? Had he made any effort to learn the facts of industrial psychology, or to come to terms with the views of élites and the distribution of abilities enunciated by such sociologists as Michels and Pareto? The amazing thing is that Lenin for all his training as a statistical sociologist, simply yielded to fantasy. If, as Lenin said in 1916, every generalisation contains an element of fantasy, then we might say that some generalisations contain far more fantasy than others. We might even devise a "fantasy-fact" ratio for generalisations, and attempt to state the proportion of fantasy-projection in relation to verifiable fact in the construction of hypotheses. Lenin would have rated very high indeed in his "fantasy-fact ratio."

Curiously enough, in his early manhood (in 1902) Lenin had ridiculed those who raised an outcry against bureaucracy. In those days he thought that only flabby intellectuals wanted to dispense with bureaucracy. The average worker, Lenin insisted, realised that bureaucracy is a technological necessity. The proletarian who has gone through the school of the factory, Lenin wrote, who knows the function of "the factory as a means of organisation," can teach the unstable, bourgeois intellectuals the necessity of bureaucracy. Those who railed against people being transformed into "wheels and cogs" were raising a "tragicomical outcry" against the working of the division of labour. The distinction between Orthodoxy and Revisionism, Lenin wrote, is the counterpart of that between Bureaucracy versus Democracy. He chose Bureaucracy. Those who rejected it, he argued, suffered from some psychological ailment:

There is a close psychological connection between this hatred of discipline and that incessant nagging note of injury which is to be detected in all the writings of all opportunists today . . .³⁴

Whatever this psychological ailment, Lenin himself in 1917 wrote pages of fantasy which went far beyond the ones written by those

whom he had derided in 1902. The dialectical fantasy had superseded the method of social science.

Enthralled by Ideology

PERSONS WHO DWELL in a world of political fantasy are apt to be characterised by great cruelty. For the very component which impels one to reject reality and to reach for a surrogate world is one of some deep, underlying frustration; and frustration, if it expresses itself in fantasy, is also laden with aggression against whoever seems to counterpose himself against that fantasy. Indeed, the fantasy itself can provide the formula for justifying aggression outwards and presenting one's cruelties as historically justified. Certainly, the greatest of Lenin's contemporaries, among those who knew him, felt this ingredient of cruelty in Lenin's personality. Bertrand Russell in 1920 found him "dictatorial," an "embodied theory" with a "rather grim" laugh, lacking in "psychological imagination," and despising many people. Lenin, he wrote retrospectively, was a "narrow-minded fanatic and cheap cynic."

When I met Lenin, I had much less impression of a great man than I had expected; my most vivid impressions were of bigotry and Mongolian cruelty. . . . His guffaw at the thought of those massacred made my blood run cold.³⁵

Maxim Gorky, who had known Lenin for many years, wrote from St. Petersburg in the midst of the revolution that Lenin

has no pity for the mass of the people. . . . Lenin does not know the people. . . . The working classes are to Lenin what minerals are to the metallurgist.

Lenin, according to Gorky, was a Russian nobleman with his distinctive psychological traits, prepared to incite the working class to outrages against innocent people, and deeming himself as authorised "in performing with the Russian people a cruel experiment." Leon Trotsky in 1903 said that Lenin was a "party disorganiser," a would-be "dictator" whose conception of socialism was that of a "barracks régime." The gifted and idealistic Rosa Luxemburg thought there was a "Tartar-Mongolian savagery" about Lenin and his followers.³⁶ The Utopian fantasy and the materialist harshness were a curious joint product, the two polarities of a personality racked with aggressions: towards self, towards others.

LENIN'S MATERIALIST DOCTRINE was absorbed into the official Soviet ideology, and its absolutism became an official tenet. The famous

³⁴ V. I. Lenin, *One Step Forward, Two Steps Back* (Moscow, 1947), pp. 90, 91, 94, 106.

³⁵ Bertrand Russell, *Bolshevism: Practice and Theory* (1920), pp. 35-44; *Unpopular Essays* (1950), p. 171.

³⁶ Maxim Gorky, *Untimely Thoughts* (tr. Ermolaev, 1968), pp. 85-8. *Modern Industrial Movements* (ed. Bloomfield, 1920), pp. 289-99. M. J. Olgin, *Trotskyism: Counter-Revolution in Disguise* (1935), pp. 67-9. J. P. Netti, *Rosa Luxemburg* (1966), Vol. II, pp. 579, 592-5.

short *History of the Communist Party*, to which Stalin lent his name, enunciated a canonical text: "Marxist philosophical materialism holds that the world and its laws are fully knowable . . . and that there are no things in the world which are unknowable. . . ." ³⁷ This is a large philosophical commitment to demand of every Bolshevik.

A more reflective—or post-Ideological—philosopher might argue in the following way.

Consider the two contradictory propositions, first that there are no things in the world which are unknowable, and second that there are some things in the world which are unknowable.

How could we possibly verify either of these two alternative contradictory propositions? For even if it happened that all things in the world taken distributively were knowable, we should still never be able to know whether we had sampled or enumerated all things; and if, on the other hand, there were something in the world which was unknowable, how would we possibly know it? When Lenin writes: "beyond the 'physical,' beyond the external world, with which everyone is familiar, there can be nothing," the agnostic or the sceptic would respond: what manner of proof can there possibly be for such a proposition? Surely it lies in the indeterminate domain.

In short, unless some emotion weights the scale and inclines us to one alternative or the other, the philosopher without ideology acknowledges that we have here a pair of indeterminate alternatives, and that under such circumstances an agnostic or sceptical standpoint

is justified. Lenin, on the other hand, endeavouring to contain his own propensity to fantasy, does so by over-determining the indeterminate. He proclaims a materialism which is hard, dogmatic and mandatory. That is why the new generation of dissidents in the Soviet Union, looking for a liberation from the thought-ways and emotional patterns of institutionalised harshness, of socialised sadism, have begun to turn towards philosophical idealism.

IN THE OBSERVATION of the centenary of Lenin's birth, many estimates of his life and work have been imitatively influenced by the pronouncement of the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party:

Lenin was the first thinker of the century who saw the achievements of natural science in his time as the beginning of an immense scientific revolution, who was able to disclose and to generalise in philosophical terms the revolutionary meaning of the fundamental discoveries made by the great explorers of nature. ³⁸

This is precisely the kind of statement which places fetters on the minds of the Soviet people, their students and their scientists. For Lenin more than any other thinker in this century contributed to the retardation of scientific inquiry. In the name of his narrow-minded materialism he rejected both Einstein's principle of relativity and Freud's psycho-analysis. His writings on imperialism and the state have deprived Soviet students of the intellectual tools which they need for analysing their own society. In the measure in which his name is exalted as the first scientist of the century, in that proportion the society which he founded shows that its thinking still remains infantile, enthralled by ideology rather than guided by science. The Russian intellectual liberation is only now beginning.

³⁷ Central Committee of the C.P.S.U., *History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, Short Course* (1939), p. 113.

³⁸ "Central Committee's Theses on the Lenin Centennial," *The Current Digest of the Soviet Press* (Vol. 22, No. 2, 11 February 1970), p. 5.

Elizabeth Maslen

Six Poems

The Other Half

The ducks on the pond
Are thinking of suing
The corporation—
Or so I have heard.

Once they enjoyed
A leisured view
Of gilt-edged houses and
The occasional face at a window.

Now, tier on tier,
Card-castle flats confront them,
And there are mass-produced stares
Wherever they swim.

The ducks confer constantly, dream
Of where they might fly to. . . .
At least, they are frequently seen
Flapping their wings.

Woman at a Party

This woman wears my company
Like a chastity belt
In the room full of men.
By silence demanding silent help
She clings to my side,
Rather than risk a conversational
Rape. She wants to hide
While thrusting glances ride
Through smoke and spirit haze,
Spearing her into awareness.
She seems amazed:
In sudden discovery of her sex
Crouches to conceal the naming
Of herself as an unclean thing.
She could wing out, but
Flight is action and
She is not capable of moving.
Maybe too this petrified
Awareness has its attraction.

In a Folk Museum

Here is the skull
Of an old wise woman
With holes for the eyes
Lips, brain and nose—
They called it her cauldron.
Just a joke: because
She dosed everyone
With the lore she brewed there
—Sometimes she forced it
On surly folk—but they all lived
To thank her.

And when this soldier
—The photo over there—
Broke in to rob her
All she said was
“I keep my valuables
In my head”—you’ll notice
Where the bone has been shattered.

Of course he found nothing
Inside the hole—they caught him
Still scrabbling for loot,
Cursing and shouting that he’d been tricked
—They say you could have sworn
That the dead lips twitched:
She was always one for smiling.

But the children began weeping
Outside in the sun; and asked
Who in the world would help them,
Now she was gone.

Night Bird

They whisper to him,
Night and silence—
Glass in hand, smoke-hazed,
He hears lips half-imagined
Speaking more clearly
Than all those puppet mouths
Of sunlit prisms.

Twilight creature,
Dazed by the creaking mob
Of four-square starlings
Dragging their shadows
Carelessly over the ground,
Dusting them shamelessly,
Eyes on the lurid wax of a
Moulded sun.

But as it melts,
Smudging the evening trees,
Shadows
So much more eloquent
Tiptoe to meet him laughing,
Softly greet him—
These are his friends.

So, stoically he sits out
The light, enduring
Till it ends, till harshness blends
Into the fluid rhythms
Of the night.

Dead or Alive

It is hard to believe
They are dead,
Those large houses
Standing beside the park.
Roses still bloom
In their gardens,
Perfuming with
The certainty of
Summer;
Their labels bear
Their own names,
Not a mourner's.

They are hollow,
Those houses:
All that was sound
Has been removed now,
Put to use elsewhere.
I admire
The surgeon's skill.

Yet the roses,
In their gardens,
Do disturb me —
Their perfume is
As certain as
The summer. . . .
They do not have
The lily smell
Of death.

The Symbol

Sometimes on the coldest days in winter
The children's hamster slips to the edge of a coma,
And has to be slapped and jerked
Awake: to sleep too deeply
Would certainly kill her now.

She has food, a clean cage, a finger
Soothing her ear, in exchange for
Her old skill at hibernating.
She is, in fact, a mini-miracle
Of modern living.

Might she have preferred
Not to have been a symbol?
To forget in sleep
All the fringe benefits
Of staying watchful, wakeful?

It's the sort of question
We ask ourselves often—
But the simple truth is
The hamster must always be conscientiously
slapped awake,
Whatever her private opinion.



Column

THE NEARER THE British Empire approaches extinction, the greater its fascination seems to become; perhaps the verdict of future historians will be that it made a splendid corpse. In recent years, publishers have poured out an overwhelming flood of books on the Imperial theme, and, even more remarkably, they are intended not for the historian or antiquarian but for a popular audience. *Pax Britannica*, *the Climax of an Empire*; *The Fall of the British Empire*; *Cromer in Egypt*; *The Victorian Empire*; *Mission to Khartoum*; *Milner's Young Men*; *The British Image of India*: the list of titles could be extended interminably, and there is still no end to them. Publishers at least seem to be convinced that by its death the Empire has purged itself of the sins which once pricked uneasily at the conscience, so that, in its decline, it can be seen in the golden afterglow of an Imperial sunset in which everything can be forgotten except the romance.

This sudden spate of books on a subject which only a few years ago could have been guaranteed to inspire not a flicker of interest except in a professional student of Empire, is in itself a curious phenomenon. Is it that a Britain bereft of Empire has suddenly come to see how nakedly she confronts a largely indifferent world and is taking refuge in the dreams which once made her great? Is it that, faced with an imminent decision to join a European community from which she once stood aside in splendid isolation, she tries to reassure herself with memories of the past that the choice is still not unavoidable? Is she simply saying *Goodbye to All That*? Or is it simply that the past never assumes the colours of romance until it is totally and irretrievably dead and can no longer inspire those uneasy doubts, fears, conflicts which it did when it was still alive?

I have a feeling that, of these and other possible answers, the last at least is not true. For the curious thing is that the books which today seem to testify to a renewed interest in the Empire (and the Sunday supplements are in no way behind) breathe very much the same spirit as similar publication which in my youth celebrated it while it was still a reality. Of course, they are a great deal more

sophisticated and critical, far more willing to admit the errors, and worse, which mar the record of Empire; the grosser forms of Jingoism are avoided; and they recognise problems which in earlier days were ignored. And yet, beneath all this, there still persists a belief in the greatness and grandeur of the whole enterprise not unworthy of the Primrose League in its heyday.

Read, for instance, some early passages in James Morris' *Pax Britannica*.

The British Empire was half-empty and half-explored. Its average density of population was 36.8 to the square mile, compared with 373.3 at home in Britain, and there was room for every sort of wilderness; the aboriginal mothers of Australia habitually ate their new-born children, the Gonds of Nagpur worshipped serpents and the smallpox. In every continent men of British stock and nationality were still extending the limits of the Pax Britannica into territories that grew wilder and less hospitable as they grew scarcer. In Africa they were pressing up the Nile, across the Zambezi, inland from the Gold Coast and the mouth of the Niger. In Asia they had recently moved into Upper Burma, North Borneo, and many islands of the South Pacific. In the south they were penetrating the miserable heartland of Australia, and in the west the Klondyke gold rush was luring thousands of prospectors into the moving frontier of the British, the uncompleted adventure. . . .

Making allowances for changes of style and taste, what real difference is there in tone and feeling between this and Sir John Seeley's famous book, *The Expansion of England*? Mr Morris describes the book as "seminal". The seeds have certainly had a late, strange, and luxuriant flowering in *Pax Britannica*. "The uncompleted adventure"! What unreconstructed imperialist could have wanted a better phrase for the Empire at its height?

I WRITE AS ONE who, immaturely, made my own miniscule contribution to legend, in the shape of my first printed work, a prize essay in a national competition for elementary school-children organised by some patriotic association. The subject was the Royal Navy's great new battleship, the *Barham*, and the point of my essay was that this magnificent vessel, a triumph, I said, of modern science and technique, guaranteed the defence of the imperial links which held together the Empire's far-flung trading routes. Of course, I was only repeating what I had been told at school. Yet, very oddly, even today the essay would serve as an excellent brief for the Prime Minister in defence of the policy of supplying arms to South Africa. Indeed, I seem to have re-read it several times in the last few days in the Conservative press.

Yet I was only only repeating the *clichés* taught to children. The Empire lay very much about me in my infancy, even in the remote corner of Wales where I lived. After all, boys not much older than myself from the fishing villages along the Cardiganshire coast were sailing the seven seas in the ships of the Royal Navy and the merchant service; it was one of the few ways out of our poverty-stricken isolation. My own favourite reading included Rider Haggard, Kipling, John Buchan, Francis Bain's *A Digit of the Moon*, Henty, Seton Merriman, and Flora Annie Steel; Ethel M. Dell and Maud Diver did not come amiss. Allan Quatermain and Mr Standfast represented that ideal of virility combined with gentleness which justified the white man in imposing his role on dark continents which, by contrast, symbolised the passive and primitive feminine principle; *She Who Must Be Obeyed* was a monstrously heretical creation who made my flesh creep deliciously. Who could have thought in those days that within my own lifetime such fantasies should have lost all their meaning and that we should have lived to see a time in which J. K. Stephen's wish has at last been completely fulfilled?

*When the Rudyard's cease from kipling
And the Haggards ride no more.*

AS A SOBER antidote to such boyish imaginings one could not do better than read the excellent Jubilee number (price 15s.) with which the very distinguished journal *The Round Table* has celebrated its foundation sixty years ago. It is, in a variety of ways, a fascinating production, and one hopes that it will be as widely read as it deserves, even if occasionally one has the feeling that among its many merits is a gallant determination to make the best of a bad job. A more important one however is that this Jubilee number seriously attempts to summarise and assess the decline of Empire of which it has been a reliable witness and on which it has exercised an important influence during the last sixty years. As its editor says in his introductory article:

Over the sixty years since 1910 the pages of *The Round Table* have . . . recorded, with an accuracy which makes its pages an important historical source, the changing fortunes of the vision of Empire which animated its founders; the reaffirmation of the sense of unity in two World Wars and its decay between whiles; the preservation and development of a community of institutions and its eventual dissolution; the assertion of a common citizenship, but the acceptance of local nationalities when the dream of a wider imperial patriotism faded.

This is an admirably succinct summary of

the immensely wide perspectives covered in this present number; if one had a criticism of it, it is that, of the carefully posed contradictions formulated by the editor, it is their negative aspects which seem to have inspired the best contributors. Thus that admirable historian, Captain Roskill, is admirable in describing the Empire's failure to create any permanent machinery for common defence; its military effort in two World Wars, magnificent though it was, was organised on a purely *ad hoc* basis. Professor Mansergh is equally good in emphasising the crucial importance of the growth of nationalism within the Empire; it was as fatal to its unity as the growth of nationalism to the Austro-Hungarian empire, yet somehow it never seems to have been taken into account in the imperial visions of the founders of *The Round Table*. Its effect was all the greater because it was intensified by racialism, which is the subject of several excellent contributions. One is much less convinced by those which try to show that even in its ruins the Empire has left behind institutions which continue to function and to have a decisive influence on the life of its members and ex-members. *A Commonwealth of Learning*, *A Commonwealth of Law*, *Monarchy in the Commonwealth* ("In the consciousness of subjects overseas she [the Queen] is a more living figure than any of her predecessors: and therefore more secure in their allegiance and a richer influence in sustaining the unity of the Commonwealth")—such essays persuade one that in their authors' minds the dream is still superior to the reality.

Ideas alone are not sufficient to sustain a bond which concrete interests have torn apart, and indeed they themselves are transformed whenever and wherever this has occurred. One is reminded of those who continued to believe in the symbols of the Holy Roman Empire centuries after they had ceased to have any influence on the life of nations. The truth is, as Professor Max Beloff wisely reminds us, that we are still too near the demise of the Empire to speak of its last will and testament. "It was fifteen centuries after the fall of old Rome and three centuries after the fall of Byzantium before the decline and fall of the Roman Empire found its historian." How can we achieve such Olympian detachment with regard to an empire whose ruins are still falling around our ears?

IT IS natural perhaps that dreams should have their place in this jubilee number because, after all, *The Round Table* itself

was the product of a dream; it is proof of the dream's tenacity that the journal should remain so alive and vigorous long after the substance has vanished. In a short but perceptive article, which could with advantage have been longer. Mr David Watt describes how that dream emerged from a meeting of a small group of people in January 1910, first in Lord Milner's rooms and later at Rhodes House. There the decision was taken to start "a quarterly review of the politics of the British Empire," which was in fact to be the organ of a political movement aimed at creating "an organic union to be brought about by the establishment of an Imperial Government constitutionally responsible to all the electors of the Empire and with power to act directly on the individual citizens." Who were the men who formed this grandiose project which, as Mr Watt rightly says, was so far removed from the facts of imperial and national life that it was doomed to failure from the start, and yet, in curious ways, still has a ghostly influence in men's minds?

The most influential of them were members of the famous "Kindergarten" which Lord Milner had taken with him to South Africa and the influence, both of Milner himself and of their South African experience, was to have a decisive effect on them. They were certainly a very remarkable group of young men, of whom many, like Philip Kerr (later Lord Lothian), L. S. Amery, R. H. (later Lord) Brand, Edward Grigg (later Lord Altrincham) and Geoffrey Dawson (then still Geoffrey Robinson), were, in other than imperial affairs, to have a large influence on the life of their times. Seven of the original Founding Fathers were fellows of All Souls and indeed for many years *The Round Table* was a kind of All Souls parish magazine, just as the *Times* under Geoffrey Dawson/Robinson was its daily newspaper. I used to meet them when I was first elected to a fellowship and had the opportunity of observing them at closer quarters and could never quite get over my first impression of what an extraordinary gang they were. "Gang," I think, is the exact word. They had precisely that air of people who are held together by subterranean bonds and unspoken oaths and who operate in mysterious ways to achieve mysterious objectives that are not quite clear either to themselves or anyone else.

THE MOST REMARKABLE of them, though least known to the public, was Lionel Curtis, not in intellect or in practical ability, because in this he was inferior to most of them, but because of a kind of moral fervour which had the

power of sweeping people away against their better judgment into enterprises which they would otherwise have dismissed as chimerical. He combined, in the oddest way, undiluted idealism with the sharpest of eyes for the main chance, not on his own behalf but of the cause in which he was interested, of which Imperial unity was foremost. Millionaires were like putty in his hands when he wanted money from them; he had no difficulty in convincing himself that the City of God was also the City of Mammon and that both would one day amalgamate as the capital of a federal British Empire. Among his many Imperial visions, I was startled to learn one night, was "a Black Dominion North of the Zambezi," which perhaps showed how little he reckoned with the realities of the empire to which he devoted so much of his inexhaustible energies.

But though Curtis might from time to time overpersuade his friends by the intensity of his faith in a united Empire founded on the principles of Alexander Hamilton's *The Federalist*, they were, unlike him, practical men who were interested in the exercise of personal power, and they could not help noticing that the Empire itself, especially the Dominions, did not respond with much enthusiasm to the Imperial theme. Mr Watt, like Professor Nimocks in his fascinating book, *Milner's Young Men* (Hodder, 42s.), emphasises that at the very foundation of *The Round Table* there was a suppressed diversion of opinion; between, for instance, Curtis and F. S. Oliver, who wished to apply the strictest Hamiltonian principles to the Empire, and Philip Kerr, who was enough of a practical politician to realise that they were not likely to recommend themselves to any Dominion Prime Minister who hoped to retain the support of his electorate. Professor Nimocks, indeed, goes so far as to suggest that there was a certain lack of frankness in the policy of *The Round Table* group who, while paying lip service to the whole-hog Imperial federalism of Curtis, in practice accepted that they would have to settle for much less, and in fact even that was too much.

Mr Watt is inclined to absolve them from such a charge; the truth, he thinks, was simply "that everyone involved was in a muddle—and it showed." The highest praise he can find for *The Round Table* is that it managed to rescue something from the wreck of the ideas which presided at its birth. I hope it would not be thought unkind to say that today it still excels at that kind of salvage work.

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NOTES & TOPICS

The Case of Old Bordeaux

‘J.J.S.S.’—By RICHARD MAYNE

“TAKE VERSAILLES, add Antwerp, and ‘you’ have Bordeaux.” The remark is Victor Hugo’s, proudly quoted by the green *Michelin* guide. Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber might have put it differently: “Take Nancy, add Bordeaux, and you have Waterloo.” After his triumph in the by-election at Nancy in June, where he beat his Gaullist rival by more than 7,000 votes in the first round and more than 12,000 in the second, Servan-Schreiber fell flat on his face in Bordeaux last September. In the first round, Prime Minister Jacques Chaban-Delmas won nearly 15,000 votes against Servan-Schreiber’s 3,891, and gained the absolute majority needed to secure the seat without a run-off. It was a severe defeat for the challenger; it was also a defeat for the eternal hope of a Left-Centre alternative to the Pompidou/Chaban-Delmas version of moderate post-Gaullist Gaullism.

The foreign observer—which usually means “your correspondent”—can hardly avoid perplexity at this familiar situation. Years back, one British cartoonist portrayed De Gaulle effortlessly winning a Tour de France cycle-race while his competitors on the left smashed each other’s bicycles. In Bordeaux, as Chaban-Delmas put it, there was no Opposition, only opponents; and even they spent much of their time wrangling among themselves. André Malraux used to argue that the final result would be to polarise French politics between Gaullism and Communism—a prospect appealing to the present majority, well aware that the French C.P. is unlikely to muster more than five million votes in any national confrontation. Chaban-Delmas is probably less

happy than most at the thought of perpetual Gaullist majorities: he knows from personal experience how over-confidence in office can breed dissension in any political party, and how frustration outside it can lead to civil disorders. Why then can’t “the opponents” get together? Why, in France, is there no moderate Opposition comparable to the British Labour Party or the German Social Democrats?

Since Bordeaux, French commentators have put forward a number of theories to account for the *débâcle*. Some explanations are personal, some local, some national. Some concern the peculiar circumstances of the election; some are based on a sociological, almost anthropological, analysis of French politics. Which are the most convincing is clearly vital for the future strategy of the régime and of its opponents. For the sake of convenience, each can be summarised in a slogan or a phrase.

1. “*Jean-Jacques n’est pas sérieux.*” This was a line to be heard from journalists even at the time of Servan-Schreiber’s success at Nancy. Partly, no doubt, it sprang from envy. Here was a youngish man, once a journalist on *Le Monde*, once an acolyte of Pierre Mendès-France; he had transformed his *New-Statesman*-like weekly *l’Express* into a French imitation of *Time* magazine or *Der Spiegel*, he had made a fortune, and he had written and brilliantly publicised a best-selling book, *Le Défi américain*. Now he had gone into politics. He had “liberated” Mikis Theodorakis; he had parachuted himself into the leadership of the Radical Party, and written its truly radical new manifesto; without any pretence at local roots, he had burst his way into Parliament, and now was challenging the Prime Minister on the latter’s adopted home ground. It was all a bit much, and a bit rapid. Nor was Servan-Schreiber tactful or free from vanity. His weekly editorials in *l’Express* had been surmounted by a flattering photograph,

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rugged, youthful, concerned; they had also been signed "J.J.S.S."—which recalled not only the paper's old habit of calling Mendès-France "P.M.-F." but also the magic initials J.F.K. When the press took to calling him "J.J."—pronounced *zhi-zhi*—the diminutive was only partly affectionate: somewhere in the background, it echoed "B.B." (Brigitte Bardot) and even Zizi Jeanmaire. The glossy, film-star connotation was enhanced by Servan-Schreiber's habit of winging in by private plane; by the glibness of some of his writings, made more evident when he collected them in book form; and by the prima-donna presumption with which he tried to appear before the Council of Europe at the time of Theodorakis' providential release. Some members of the Radical party, moreover, were deeply disturbed by the manifesto that he wrote for it: old-style local grandees disliked his proposal for heavier death duties, and weren't much impressed by his posing for publicity pictures in company with Edouard Daladier, their hero of yesteryear. His tactics at Nancy—buttonholing small groups, listening quietly and intimately as local leaders expounded their grievances—won him some admiration; but Gaullists felt or feigned indignation at his recruiting German capital and repudiating some of the traditions of French politics; and his enemies alleged that his promises were pie-crust or, better, *tarte à la crème*. One unauthenticated story had him closeted in his high-powered limousine with a secretary and some local worthy: "Yes, yes," he's supposed to have said, "I'll drop a line to my friend X in the Cabinet and get that put right." Then, to the secretary: "Take a letter. *Cher ami* . . ." And the letter, "of course", was allegedly never sent: it was all a bluff, since J.J. didn't even know the minister concerned. Take it or leave it, this was typical of the slanders that went the rounds. They reinforced his image as "*pas sérieux*"; but they didn't prevent his Nancy victory, and they didn't discourage the Gaullists from taking his challenge seriously enough to deploy an unprecedented phalanx of orators against him in what otherwise might have seemed a rather minor by-election. If, afterwards, he tried to go too fast, too far, it was partly because the Government itself had sensed a real threat in what he represented.

2. "*Se présenter à Bordeaux, c'est se moquer des Français.*" In retrospect, despite imputations of Machiavellian surprise tactics, it seems unlikely that Servan-Schreiber intended all along to be his own candidate at Bordeaux. The risks were too great. One was the risk of ridicule: *Le Figaro's* political cartoonist delight-

ed in portraying him as the all-purpose candidate, hastily packing his bags whenever there was a vacancy—even in Egypt. Polls showed that many Frenchmen agreed: there was something indecorous in hurrying across France to stand in a second election when he'd only just won his first. It was also a legal risk, since there was some dispute as to whether a deputy could be elected for a second constituency. But above all the risk was political. At Bordeaux, Chaban-Delmas had long been well entrenched, with a tightly organised and wealthy party machine based on the city hall. I saw it at work myself at the time of the 1969 presidential election, when it was an open secret in Mayor Chaban-Delmas's entourage that he would be Pompidou's first Prime Minister. The *Mairie* hummed with activity; its able and likable staff made everything smooth for the chance visitor; aides pointed with pride to mayoral achievements—a new bridge across the Garonne, huge new apartment blocks, and a special exhibition building just half a mile long. To all appearances, the city was sewn up. And yet Servan-Schreiber dared to besiege it in person. Had he gone crazy? Was he drunk with his triumph at Nancy? Was there any sense at all in attacking so safe a Government seat?

Events seemed to prove that there wasn't; but there was reason, if not exactly method, in J.J.'s apparent madness. Originally, he had hoped to put up a nominee who would attract the votes of the moderate Left; but he failed to find anyone with sufficient appeal. It was only then, and after some hesitation, that he decided to stand himself; and he promised his Nancy constituents that if he won the Bordeaux seat he would at once resign it in their favour. It seemed absurd to contest a seat that he could never occupy—yet this was precisely the case of Chaban-Delmas himself. The Constitution of the Fifth Republic, largely devised by Michel Debré, was presidential, not parliamentary. It deliberately broke with the "government by assembly" that had made the Fourth Republic so dependent on shifting parliamentary majorities, and to this end it forbade Cabinet Ministers to be Members of Parliament. De Gaulle, however, had come to insist that his Ministers should personally contest parliamentary elections—partly to secure greater political backing, and partly to win more Gaullist seats. The results were sometimes comical. Maurice Couve de Murville, a cold and lofty diplomat whom it was hard to imagine as "the people's choice", was roundly defeated in one election by a champion of Parisian small shopkeepers, but not before he

had recorded—for those who dialled a special telephone number—a forlorn appeal to the voters that greatly amused *le tout-Paris*. What was more, since even Ministers elected were unable to sit in Parliament, their places were taken by the relative nonentities whom they chose as their *suppléants*. It was a case of "Vote for me and elect Buggins." True, in Bordeaux, Chaban-Delmas's *suppléant* was Jacques Valade, Dean of the Faculty of Science; but the principle remained dubious, and Servan-Schreiber's candidacy highlighted that fact. Why then did the Bordelais endorse in his opponent what they condemned in him?

3. "*Servan-Schreiber et Chaban-Delmas, c'est bonnet blanc et blanc bonnet.*" Certainly, the two had much in common apart from hyphenated surnames. Both were youngish, and careful to remain so by keeping physically in trim. Both were more or less self-made men, rich, handsome, and successful. Both were modernisers, believers in technical progress, products and promoters of a busy, sophisticated society. Both, if with different emphasis, were "Europeans"—supporters of economic integration, willing (and in J.J.'s case eager) to see France become part of a United States of Europe. Both were believers in a liberal, educated democracy: Chaban had long been critical of De Gaulle's biased TV, and had set out to correct it when he became Prime Minister. So similar did they seem in some respects that commentators wondered whether at some turn of fortune they might not join forces—forgetting, perhaps, that if like calls to like the cry is often a catcall. For the Bordeaux voter, already suspicious of Servan-Schreiber's What-Makes-Sammy-Run career, there sometimes seemed little to choose between them—especially since neither would fill the seat he won. Why not then play safe and vote for Chaban, since his *suppléant* would at least have the support of the national Government, and would be better placed to gain favour and cash for Bordeaux? For some sophisticates, even, a vote for Chaban may have seemed the best way of ensuring moderation in Gaullist policy. Before Bordeaux, the Prime Minister had been rumoured to be at odds with President Pompidou, and he was certainly under attack from the hard-core members of his party, who disliked in particular his liberalisation of French TV. The Bordeaux election put him firmly back in the saddle; and in this sense Servan-Schreiber's dramatic intervention may have been salutary even by virtue of its failure. Chaban at least won more credit from it than he might

have done from a comparable victory over the Socialist candidate Gabriel Taïx.

4. "*Voter pour lui, c'est diviser la Gauche.*" This was the argument chiefly used by the Communists, although the Socialists felt its force even more strongly. For the Communists, it's hard to feel much sympathy. In France as in Italy, their own monolithic dogmatism has long been the chief cause of left-wing divisions: they tend to form a society within society, seeming sometimes content to maintain the Party and its purity rather than to compromise in the hope of gaining—or sharing—power. "Objectively", as they might put it, they act as the allies of Gaullism in France as of Christian-Democracy in Italy: in both countries the majority blocs, although formally opposed, prop each other up like wheatsheaves in the days before combine-harvesters. In France, in particular, their mutual support has often been a little more than tacit, since many Communist voters are known to have approved of General de Gaulle's foreign policies, including his departure from NATO—although others, paradoxically, are both pro-NATO and pro-Communist, no doubt on the principle of wearing both belt and braces. In these confused ranks a Communist vote seems partly an act of fidelity, partly a gesture of rebellion: it seldom looks like a properly thought-out effort to change the *status quo*. At Bordeaux, the Communist candidate won only 9% of the vote; and even at Nancy, in the second round, the Communist score was less than 20%. Conceivably, things might have been different if all the anti-Gaullists on the Left had made common cause at Bordeaux. This was the formula tried, unsuccessfully, by François Mitterrand in the 1965 Presidential election. It failed then; and in the Bordeaux contest it would have had no chance at all. The saturnine Mitterrand knew this, and he watched Servan-Schreiber's efforts without lifting more than a symbolic finger to help. Too many moderate voters would have shied away from a coalition or even a silent alliance; and too many Left extremists might have done so from the other side. One curious feature of French left-wing politics is that many of those who understandably condemn the conservative bureaucracy of the Communist Party then adopt positions even less likely to recruit a majority of voters. Purity, again, seems more important than power.

But even if an aspiring politician in France must in practice dismiss the extreme Left as an unhelpful if not quite lunatic fringe, there seems less reason to write off the Socialists. In Bordeaux, in the past, they have come close to unseating Chaban-Delmas; and their candidate

in last September's election was an appealing local figure with a wine-growing background and an agreeable *accent du terroir*. Reasonably enough, he was furious with Servan-Schreiber, who seemed a jumped-up Parisian ready to make promises to any provincials, anywhere, who might further his ambitions. Perhaps it was too much to expect M. Taïx to desist in J.J.'s favour. But what about the Socialist Party itself? Why could it not have joined in a common strategy, as Servan-Schreiber had originally hoped? Alternatively, why had he decided to fight alongside the Radicals, who had so long stood for all that was stuffiest in local and regional politics?

One answer, perhaps, is the fear of rivalry. The French Socialist Party, now headed by Alain Savary, had only just emerged from the upheavals that had ended Guy Mollet's long reign as its Secretary-General. To many outside its ranks, Mollet's hold on the party had seemed inexplicable. He was the man who had knuckled under to the Algiers settlers when they threw tomatoes at him; he had connived at the arrest of Ben Bella; he had launched the Suez conspiracy; he had helped initiate the French *force de frappe*. Crafty-looking, with opaque shifting eyes and a wet cigarette, his public image failed to convey his skill and force—the deep sonority of his voice, his adroitness in debate and committee, his persuasive worldly wisdom and well-timed anger. Nosing this way and that for viable alliances, he had held his troops together with an old magic that only latterly faded; when he went, the danger of dispersal came very close. And just because the Socialists felt like a beleaguered army, with popular support declining outside their industrial fiefs, they were tempted to huddle together, rallying round the flag they knew. It wasn't especially attractive: but there was something suspect, they felt, in even François Mitterrand's attempts to enlarge the base. They were Socialists, dammit, not dupes of Moscow, and above all not traitors to their class. That classes were changing—that Maoist and other groups were sniping at the left flank of the Communist Party—that Gaullism threatened to capture much of the old Centre—that a new style of life and politics might be appropriate in advanced industrial societies: all this seemed less important than loyalty. It was an honourable view. But it made compromise difficult. Having reformed the Socialist battalions, their new commanders were reluctant to trust a free-booting bourgeois captain with a nasty habit of sneering at time-honoured regimental trophies.

5. "*Le centrisme n'est qu'un mythe révolu.*"

What the Socialists thought they were fighting in Servan-Schreiber was a spectre that had haunted much of continental Europe for many years. This was the spectre of Centrism. In Britain, despite the ambitions of the Liberal Party, it had never gained a foothold: there was no place for it, either politically or physically. Elections in the United Kingdom were like wars or football matches: one side usually won. In Italy and France, and sometimes in Germany, they were more like Gallup polls. Helped by proportional representation, Parliament fairly faithfully reflected the spectrum of public opinion; and its debating chamber, unlike the British House of Commons, was not divided down the middle but built fan-shaped to accommodate all shades of political allegiance. One result was a frequent need for coalition Governments, mustering a frail majority from several segments of the assembly. The Christian Democrats, grouping a number of political forces under a partly transcendental umbrella, were the chief beneficiaries: so were some of the smaller Centre groups whose support most Governments had to have. The decline of the *M.R.P.* in France began to change all that; so did the rise of the Gaullists, who sought to break out of the traditional party system. One of their more worthy aims was to give the electorate a more direct choice by eliminating the deals and intrigues among party leaders that had normally followed each inconclusive election. For a while, and at some cost, they succeeded; but since De Gaulle's departure in particular the Gaullist movement itself has revealed more and more internal disagreements—like a Christian Democrat Party whose God has resigned. French political life has gradually begun to settle back into more familiar patterns; and moderates of many kinds—from old Centrist war-horses to reforming whizz-kids—have begun to wonder whether a workable and stable majority might not again be built from a coalition of Socialists, Radicals, *M.R.P.*-type Centrists, and even some Gaullists, notably the Independent Republicans led by Valéry Giscard d'Estaing.

Attacked by the Gaullist faithful as a revival of the "*cartel des Non*" which opposed one of the General's referenda, this is an old dream, and one that Servan-Schreiber already cherished in the days of the original *l'Express*. Then, he had run a campaign that featured as potential Presidential candidate a mysterious "*Monsieur X*." It drew considerable attention, and gained some credit—until newspaper leaks revealed *Monsieur X* as the rather colourless Gaston Defferre. Defferre, a right-wing

Socialist deputy and Mayor of Marseille who had briefly served as one of De Gaulle's Ministers, was at odds with Guy Mollet; nor was he any kind of an orator or *Wahl-lokomotive*. Nothing became him so much as his anonymity. After some skirmishing, his campaign lapsed. It was revived, in the 1965 Presidential election, by Jean Lecanuet, originally from the *M.R.P.* Lecanuet, an attractive, clear-headed "European", made a sharp impact on television, and helped to dent De Gaulle's majority sufficiently to force him into a run-off; but the runner-up was François Mitterrand with his cautious alliance with the Communists and his slogan "unity on the Left." Thereafter, Lecanuet faded into little more than an acute political commentator: perhaps there had always been a little too much of the Catholic scoutmaster in his public image. But Centrism was by no means dead. When De Gaulle's resignation in 1969 brought the President of the Senate, Alain Poher, into temporary Presidency of the Republic, Lecanuet and his faithful supporters took heart once again. Poher had none of the "dentifrice charm" that Lecanuet's critics derided. A plump, comfortable man with a voice as soothing as a soft hairbrush, he was very much of the old school of French politicians. He lived in a modest house in the

outer suburbs of Paris; he looked and dressed like a local councillor; his greatest distinction, before his sudden elevation, had been as a Christian-Democrat leader—and later President—of the Common Market's European Parliament. In the 1969 election, he deliberately played down the drama as a contrast to De Gaulle's past tactics; but alongside Georges Pompidou he looked unavoidably amateur. Memories of the 1968 *événements* were still vivid in the minds of the electors: to Poher's comforting reassurances they preferred Pompidou's solid, faintly menacing strength. And when Pompidou appointed the liberal and energetic Chaban-Delmas as his first Prime Minister, it looked rather as if the Gaullists had stolen the Centrists' clothes. Quite quickly, and against the resistance of the General's relatives and intimates, the new Government put in hand some of the reforms that Poher had championed—including a moderate liberalisation of French TV news.

This was the situation when Servan-Schreiber decided to stand at Nancy and later at Bordeaux. His background was very different from Poher's and even from Lecanuet's. He had no *M.R.P.* antecedents, no trace of their faintly cloying clerical affinities, no softness, no traditional roots. His watchword was modernisation: he called for a new

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HODDER AND STOUGHTON

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France in the new Europe, for acceptance of the technological revolution, for a dynamic response to the "American challenge." But the composition of his would-be majority was the same again. The only novelty, in party-political terms, was that he sought to build it from a base in the French Radical Party.

6. "*Le parti radical n'est ni chair ni poisson.*" Strictly the "Radical and Radical Socialist" Party, this describes itself as "a traditional party of the Left." It was founded in 1901, and its early members saw themselves as the heirs of Gambetta's Republicans and even of the Jacobins. Anti-clerical and anti-militarist, they stood for individual rights, peasant ownership, lay schools, and *petit-bourgeois* enlightenment. Many of them were Dreyfusards; many were local or provincial teachers, doctors, journalists, civil servants, shopkeepers, well-to-do artisans. In their time, and on their terms, they were the liberal Establishment: politically progressive, they were nationalistic in foreign policy, and socially rather conservative. Scratch a Frenchman today, and you'll still find Radical reactions; but the Party grew stolid over the years. With 25,000 members, it was less than a quarter the size of its Socialist rival. To many, it seemed the party of snuff and waistcoats and local banquets, of respectability, nostalgia, and resistance to change. Yet within it there have always been truly radical elements; and it was these that Servan-Schreiber seized on when he got the chance to become its Secretary-General. *Ciel et Terre*, the manifesto that he wrote for them with the aid of a colleague, Michel Albert, was a challenging document that enjoyed much notoriety: it has recently reappeared in a pocket edition, as well as in an English translation. Its chapter-headings convey its flavour—"Separating political power from economic power . . . Access to social equality . . . The End of private hereditary power . . . The Redistribution of public power . . . Changing course!" That last exclamation-mark, typically, is Servan-Schreiber's. Not all his troops are so excited. If he failed to win 30% of the votes at Bordeaux, he promised, he would be prepared to resign as Radical leader; and when, with 16.59% he was obliged to face his political creditors, several were willing to see the back of him. With the support of Maurice Faure and others, he was able to stay on—but only to face new hostility. At Nancy in October, he confronted with eloquence and some courage a crowd of more than 2,000 people, half of them still incensed at his Bordeaux

escapade. In the National Assembly, meanwhile, the 14-man Radical group was in trouble. Lacking the 30 M.P.s needed for official recognition, the Radicals had hitherto sat with the Socialist Party; now, it told them that unless they disavowed Servan-Schreiber they would have to sit in political limbo with the *non-inscrits*. But the Socialists, too, were uncertain of their position. With municipal elections due in the spring of 1971, and a general election two years later, they were wondering whether to ally with the Radicals and other Centrist elements, or whether to revive the Mitterrand formula of *rapprochement* with the Communists. Watching the disarray, Prime Minister Chaban-Delmas could be forgiven some self-satisfaction.

7. "*De Gaulle est mort: vive le gaullisme.*" To judge by the General's latest and most tendentious volume of memoirs, this is not a sentiment he shared. ENCOUNTER was one of the first publications to suggest—in "Maigret and the Happening" (September 1968)—that his relations with Pompidou had turned into rivalry; and the story has since been documented in a pamphlet by the "Left-wing Gaullist" Louis Vallon and a new study by Philippe Alexandre, *Le Duel De Gaulle-Pompidou*. Shortly after the General's departure last year, he's said to have predicted privately that Pompidou would come to grief within six months; and although since then the oracle of Colombey-les-deux-églises has remained publicly silent, that in itself was a form of comment. The publication of Alexandre's book may have been the signal to break the silence; so, perhaps, was Pompidou's much-publicised visit to Moscow. At all events, De Gaulle chose to spring his recollections on the world while Pompidou was absent—rather as Pompidou had taken the limelight, in the 1968 *événements*, while De Gaulle was away in Rumania; and in the new memoirs he significantly omitted any testimonial to Pompidou like those he distributed to others, including Jacques Chaban-Delmas. Generals and elephants, to paraphrase Saki, never forget.

France, on the other hand, seems to have forgotten fairly rapidly. As a literary event, the De Gaulle memoirs have been an immense success, eclipsing that of even the ex-convict Papillon. But *le gaullisme sans de Gaulle* seems now to have become part of French political traditions. Chaban-Delmas's Bordeaux triumph has stilled for the time being the voices of internal dissension; his autumn balance-sheet of promises kept and progress accomplished, together with his forceful open-

ing of the new Parliamentary season, have won him congratulations even from Gaston Defferre. Paying tribute to his personal abilities, Defferre urged the Prime Minister to "transform his own majority"—a hint that some on the moderate Left, despairing of a Left-wing or Left-Centre alternative majority, may one day resign themselves to the prospect of permanently Gaullist or part-Gaullist Government, influenced in the direction of liberalism either from within or from outside. If that happened, Gaullism would assume the posi-

tion held in Italy by Christian Democracy; and the political colour of any Government would once again be determined by party deals and in-fighting rather than by the electorate. It would be a paradoxical situation for a movement that set out originally to change the habits of the Fourth Republic. But if the Gaullists play their cards right, and "the opponents" remain divided, this may well turn out to be the chief internal consequence of what De Gaulle still calls *Le Renouveau* that he thought he was bringing to France.

London Commentary

The Inquisitive Society

Towards the Right of Privacy — By MICHAEL BELOFF



INVASION of privacy, like pollution of the environment, a theme of popular debate in the '70s, was a subject for specialists in the '60s. Professor Alan Westin has for long been pre-eminent among the pioneers of research in this field. The awesome message that he conveys has been trumpeted by a number of his fellow countrymen, Vance Packard, Myron Brenton, Jerry Rosenberg, Oscar Garrison; but his work is to theirs as Mozart's is to Mantovani's. His magnum opus, *Privacy and Freedom*,¹ is woven in a rich texture of interdisciplinary scholarship that is peculiar to the distinguished American law schools where he has studied and taught. The cogency of his argument is heightened by his

avoidance of a strident or sensational tone. No one can usefully discuss the topic of which he treats without reference to his book.

Privacy and Freedom was first published in America in 1967. Its publication in Britain in 1970 reflects the fact that concern about the erosion of privacy in contemporary society has now crossed the Atlantic. Within the last two years, Bills have been presented in the English Parliament that deal with telephone tapping, industrial espionage, private detective agencies, and Data Surveillance. A campaign, mounted by the National Council for Civil Liberties and given impetus by a report from *Justice*, the British Section of the International Commission of Jurists, culminated in the attempt by Brian Walden, M.P., with all-Party backing, to have a right of privacy written into the statute book. The whole issue of privacy invasion in Britain is now under consideration by the Younger Committee.

What then are the lessons to be learned in Britain from the teachings of an American prophet?

Professor Westin's most valuable and universal achievement is to define not merely the content of privacy, but its importance.

MICHAEL BELOFF, who is a young London barrister and the author of *"The Plate-Glass Universities"* (1968), writes: "My book on the general subject of privacy in Britain will be published by Secker & Warburg in 1971 or 1984. . . ."

¹ *Privacy and Freedom*. By ALAN F. WESTIN. Bodley Head, 63s.

Privacy is the claim of the individuals, groups or institutions to determine for themselves, when, how, and to what extent information about them is communicated to others. Viewed in terms of the relation of the individual to social participation, privacy is the voluntary and temporary withdrawal of a person from the general society through physical or psychological means, either in a state of solitude or small group intimacy or, when among larger groups, in a condition of anonymity or reserve.

He illustrates the fundamental psychological need of persons to be let alone with wide ranging allusion, to the writing of anthropologists, ethnologists, and sociologists. He explains why we feel what we feel about privacy. He rationalises our instincts.

But, as Professor Westin also shows, the issue is not simply one of need, but one of desire. Man requires an irreducible minimum of privacy if he is to maintain his psychic balance. He may wish for far more than that minimum. Primitive and totalitarian societies largely deny privacy to their members. A respect for individual privacy is the hallmark of civilisation. The current concern about its decline that is prevalent in the West is concern about privacy as a luxury, not as a necessity.

In Britain, the value of privacy is highly regarded. Professor Westin comments

Britain has what might be called a "deferential democratic balance," based on England's situation as a small country with a relatively homogeneous population, strong family structure [one recalls the Provost of King's invective about "the family with its tawdry secrets" . . . M.B.], surviving class system, positive public attitude toward government, and élite systems of education and government service. This combination has produced a democracy in which there is great personal reserve between Englishmen, high personal privacy in home and private associations, and a faith in government that bestows major areas of privacy for government operations. There is also a tradition of tolerating non-conformism which treats much deviant political and social conduct as permissible private action. The balance among privacy, disclosure and surveillance in Britain is one in which disclosure or surveillance of associational and governmental activities occurs less frequently than would be the case in democratic nations where the patterns of deference toward and trust in the Establishment were not so strong.

Some may quarrel with his explanation; few with his conclusion. A nation's pulse beats on its proverbs. "An Englishman's home is his castle"—and where he can, he surrounds it with a privet hedge.²

² A report by the Building Research Station of the Ministry of Public Building and Works published in 1969 confirmed the existence of the desire of the British householder for private property that is truly private.

The challenge to personal privacy in Britain as in America is the product of institutional behaviour, often in itself commendable, against a background of technological advance. The cause for anxiety is, in the broadest terms, that more people know more about more other people. This anxiety focuses both on the acquisition of such knowledge and on the methods used to acquire it. The bug in the wall, like the foot in the door, invades privacy, whether or not the information obtained thereby is of a kind that the individual has no particular wish to conceal. By contrast, the government census-taker or the inquiring journalist may elicit information that the individual desires to keep hidden by methods that cannot be deemed objectionable in themselves. Yet this too constitutes an invasion of privacy. The development of new techniques of surveillance, however, has had an impact on the kind of surveillance that is carried out. The police do not tap telephones in order to listen to housewives ordering the groceries. Computers capable of storing a million items of data are under-exercised if fed with but a thousand. The more that it is possible secretly to discover, the more the discovery will be of secrets.

THE TECHNOLOGY OF INTRUSION is familiar enough to readers of spy stories. The pinhead microphone; the fluorescent dye; the pocket TV camera; the laser-listener; the bug in the olive; the "big brain" computer—all have revolutionised the way in which information can be collected and stored. As Professor Westin writes: "The pace of change in electronics, optics and micro-miniaturisation is so swift that the latest 'existing' methods are outmoded almost before a book about them can be published."

What was available in America yesterday is today available in Britain. The revelations of British experts in the field of industrial counter-espionage have exposed as naïve the belief that property in such devices is the prerogative of the American spy.

The question, then, is not *are* they, but *how far* are they being used? Professor Westin's exclusively American discoveries can be matched by research in a British context. In Britain as in America, surveillance of individuals moving about in public places is on the increase. The Greater London Council have plans to control the inflow of traffic to the metropolis by monitoring the major highways with television cameras. Many shops, like Selfridges and C & A, and supermarkets use Photo-scan. Closed television circuits operate at Euston and

on stations on the new underground Victoria Line. The police have carried out experiments with the same equipment at Hatton Garden, London's diamond centre, and in the boutiques of the King's Road. Similar surveillance is carried out at the football grounds of West Ham United and West Bromwich Albion. Hidden eyes may soon be employed in the Bodleian Library and National Gallery. Like that of the aerial satellites that multiply in the stratosphere, their vision is all-embracing. Innocent as well as guilty are helpless to evade their gaze.

Individuals' communications, like individuals themselves, enjoy a fragile privacy. There is no doubt that the Government, with an experience dating back to Walsingham in the reign of Queen Elizabeth I, are the chief offenders in this field. The Birkett Committee's Report on the Interception of Communications in 1957 found for the practice—chiefly used in the interest of security—only the dubious sanction of "long usage." Since that date, it has been impossible to discover how often and to whom the Home Secretary has issued the necessary warrant for such interference. The "D"-notices affair of 1967 originated in the claim by Chapman Pincher of the *Daily Express* that private cables were being scrutinised by the Government. The Government attempted to suppress the article but the claim was not denied. On several occasions it has been established that letters to and from Rhodesia have been tampered with. By excluding Government invasion of privacy from the ambit of the Younger Committee's study, the Government have effectively prevented further informed public discussion of this issue.³

Law enforcement officials are another body who freely use the methods of interception of communication, whether by wire-tapping, bug-planting, or tape-recording of conversations. The police in England, unlike in America, are unfettered by any relevant exclusionary rules of evidence. However such evidence may have been obtained, it is admissible in an English court, subject to a rarely exercised judicial discretion. For example, the Kray brothers were recently brought to book with the aid of bugged evidence. There has even been a successful prosecution for making malicious telephone calls on the basis of a voiceprint, which the police made through the medium of wire-

³ Another example of government invasion of privacy lies in the licence given to over 10,000 officials to enter private premises without permission. The list includes tax collectors, school and factory inspectors, and certain staff of the Ministry of Defence.

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tapping.⁴ Nor is the value of such evidence lessened when the detective who secures it is a private rather than public agent: witness its frequent appearance in divorce cases. The Association of British Detectives has banned the use of "bugs" as unethical, but less scrupulous members of this uncontrolled profession flout this convention. The practice of using monitoring devices is on the increase.⁵ Records of conversations, surreptitiously obtained, have been used in proceedings of the Jockey Club.

The growth of investigatory journalism has been another stimulus to this kind of activity. "Bugs" and their like have been used by all the mass media. In 1967, the BBC *24-Hours* team, in order to provide an authentic picture of what happens when a person of limited means tries to find a home in London, followed an applicant with hidden microphone and concealed camera. The Granada Investigation Bureau tapped a telephone line of a London shipping agency in order to prove that it was engaged in sanctions-busting. *The Times* made its recent allegations of corruption against three CID officers on the foundation of certain clandestinely taped "confessions." In many instances of this kind of exposé, the distastefulness of the technique has been compounded by the fact that it is a "plant" who is equipped with the "bug."

⁴ Those powers and practices of the police which invade privacy have been extended in recent years. The Road Safety Act 1967 has authorised them to make breath, blood, and urine tests. The Criminal Justice Act 1968 has made it easier to get Magistrates' permission to take fingerprints. The Dangerous Drugs Act 1967 invites them to "stop, search and detain" citizens on nothing more than the suspicion that they possess drugs. In 1969-70, they have taken and kept photographs of arrested demonstrators at a Springbok match in Aldershot against whom no charges were brought; filmed demonstrations in Manchester; and "borrowed" films made by television reporters of demonstrations in Northern Ireland. They have allegedly planted spies in several universities. Some would further extend their powers: cf. W. Rees-Davies, M.P., *War on Crime*.

⁵ Oliver Gillie, "Rogue Detectives," *New Society* (April 16, 1970).

⁶ Cf. Peter Hamilton, *Espionage and Subversion in an Industrial Society* (Hutchinson, 1967); Ronald Payne, *Private Spies* (Barker, 1967); Philip Hickson, *Industrial Counter-Espionage* (Spectator Publications, 1968).

⁷ Though this itself raises privacy issues, as shown by the controversy over student files that was the major spur to British university unrest in the Easter term 1970. Cf. E. P. Thompson (ed.) *Warwick University Ltd.* (Penguin, 1970).

⁸ *The Daily Telegraph Magazine* (3.11.1967).

⁹ Cf. *Privacy under Attack* (Madgwick), National Council for Civil Liberties, 1968, pp. 19-20; *Memorandum on the Invasion of Privacy*, Bulletin of the British Psychological Society (23).

FINALLY, industrial spies make generous use of these techniques. Industrial espionage is itself an industry.⁶ Though in this instance, the aim of the privacy invader is to procure property rather than personal secrets, he inevitably comes to possess the latter, a not unwelcome by-product of his intrusion. In all these cases, technological advance in communications has merely facilitated technological advance in interception. The more sophisticated the communication, the easier it is to intercept.

PROFESSOR WESTIN's second main area of concern is psychological surveillance: the use of personality and psychological tests of various kinds, not for educational or psychiatric purposes, but to aid in personnel selection for government, corporate and private organisations. The *Justice Report* concluded:

At the present time, the threat to individual privacy in this field is a live issue in the United States but not—so far as we have been able to discover—in this country. This does not, however, mean that it will not become one in the foreseeable future.

The assessment erred on the side of optimism. The future is already here. It is true that the polygraph (lie-detector), widely employed in America both for law enforcement and personnel selection, is in Britain used for neither purpose; further that, by and large, personnel selection, whether for public or industrial service, is still a matter of private reference⁷ and interview. However, the "American Challenge" has involved some British firms in an adoption or imitation of their parent company's techniques; for example, Rootes have made use of the Lüscher colour test. Cambridge Consultants, an engineering research and development company, predict an increase in this kind of experiment. The use of graphology in the making of appointments has even penetrated to the National Allotments & Garden Society.

Another method, imported from abroad, is the Einstein "Stress Interview" where the candidate for selection is bombarded with a series of brutal and intimate questions, so that the interview becomes an interrogation.⁸ In addition to these efforts to assess the employability of a candidate by intrusion into his psyche, the application forms of many firms demand an increasing amount of ordinary factual information, and trespass into the realm of politics and religion.⁹

Professor Westin's third area of concern. Data Surveillance, is perhaps the most impor-

tant for Britain. There is in this country an information boom. In part, the information gatherers are concerned for their own security or for the protection of others. Hence the Government practises "positive vetting" on all Top Secret posts in the Civil Service and most Foreign Office jobs; and the Secret Service, a shadowy body unrecognised in law, collects dossiers on individuals, which, it has been guessed, number in the millions. Industry investigates both managers and employees, and to a growing degree, their wives as well. Their own procedures in this regard are supplemented by the activities of such firms as Target Investigations, who trace and collate information on the decision-makers in major companies, and Management Investigations Limited, who maintain and supply a "blacklist" of dismissed employees.

In another sphere, Tracing Services Group are especially concerned with investigating credit ratings and tracing bad debts. They aim to have files on 80 to 90% of the population by 1980, and their services are of particular value to finance companies. Private detective agencies, like the Capital Bureau of Investigation, sell items of information like a person's bank balance, his criminal record (if any), or his ex-directory telephone number, to any interested party.

Sometimes the information is collected primarily for the individual's own benefit. The British Government, from the time of Domesday Book to the age of decennial census, have surveyed their subjects in the name of better administration. Medical and psychiatric records are collected by hospitals so that doctors may make a swifter diagnosis by reference to past history. The TAM-meter collates television viewing habits so that programmes may be designed to satisfy the popular taste. U.C.C.A. gathers information in its role as a central clearing house for schoolboys wishing to enter universities. Now a similar scheme has been proposed whereby graduates may be fitted into employment. Agit-prop garners material about political fringe groups so that extremists may be put in touch with each other. And Operation Match and Dateline send out forms asking the most intimate questions about the individual's views, with the promise that they will thereby arrange liaisons for aspirant lovers.¹⁰

¹⁰ The filler-in of the questionnaire is asked to select, *inter alia*, from the following options: (a) I

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The pressures of research give further impetus to this information boom. Political pollsters probe voting intentions; so, too, for different purposes do party workers. Market researchers examine consumer tastes. Social scientists rely on mass surveys for their conclusions; freshmen at the Plateglass University of Sussex are given questionnaires to complete that delve into every background and belief. The Ministry of Social Security has recently announced a census on birth control methods. Teaching hospitals put the patients' privacy at risk for the necessary purpose of educating a new generation of doctors. The claims of history now justify the most intimate revelations about the famous dead, as in Lord Moran's account of Churchill's declining years and Michael Holroyd's biography of Lytton Strachey. The content of what is unknowable or unknown about the individual is constantly shrinking.

THE INVENTION AND development of the Computer has given special momentum to this hunger for fact. The British Government is starting to imitate American use of this equipment. The Ministry of Social Security has a computer at Reading which calculates and pays out welfare benefits (though this may alleviate the intrusiveness of the old Means Test). The Ministry of Transport has one at Swansea for the registration of motor vehicles. Under the aegis of the Home Office, Scotland Yard's two million records are to be stored on a computer at the Metropolitan Police Estate at Hendon, which will be linked with 800 police stations throughout the country. Local authorities follow suit: hospitals too—psychiatric records are stored and linked by computer in some parts of South London and Manchester. So do credit agencies and universities. Even dates are fixed from data banks by computer cupids. The individual in the welfare state leaves a spoor of records behind him; medical, employment, educational, financial. Modern man is born free, but goes everywhere on tape.

The computer poses particular threats to individual liberty. Firstly, it can make mistakes; and the victim of such error can be ignorant of the cause of his misfortune. Someone may be refused credit or a university place because the computer has been fed with incorrect facts, or has made an incorrect retrieval.¹¹ Secondly, it provides an opportunity

¹¹ Cf. the story of the tenant threatened with eviction because the Post Office Giro system apparently failed to transfer his payment from his account to that of the Birmingham Council (*Daily Mail*, 22.4.1970).

for blackmail by the official who has access to it. Thirdly, it means that a man's follies will always be on record; he will never be freed from the fetters of his own past.

Computers apart, the abuse of information can take place in a number of ways. For example, those involved in personnel selection will naturally be biased towards caution. Better to take someone who has never been involved in radical politics, or whose sexual life has never deviated from the norm. The naked society breeds organisation men.

Politicians sensible of every fact about their electorate will adopt a stance tailored to suit such. The Conservative Party, in their "*Project '67*," embarked on a study of census returns so that they might skilfully angle their election literature for particular constituents. Principles will thus cease to have any part in politics. Image will be all.

Information helps the profiteer as well as the politician. In 1966, the Registrar-General allowed certain items of census information to pass to direct mail order firms, who made use of it to send unsolicited samples and suggestions to potential customers itself an invasion of privacy. But whether information be abused or not, persons have a basic right to maintain the maximum secrecy about their activities and habits that is compatible with the public weal. The very exposure of facts to unauthorised eyes constitutes a harm.

IF PROFESSOR WESTIN underplays any aspect of the invasion of privacy from a British viewpoint, it is that of invasion by revelation. The reason for this is clear. Although American law provides a civil remedy for those whose privacy has been invaded by an insensitive or prurient organ of mass communication, the battle for extra-legal restraint has been decisively lost. However, in England the existence of national newspapers and a national television service supplies a context where any such misbehaviour is of peculiar importance. The Press Council has checked the worst abuses by newspapers in this field of privacy invasion, but it can by no means eliminate them when it offers only reprimand to the wrongdoer rather than remedy to the wronged. The disinterment of the Pro-fumo affair through the medium of Miss Keeler's memoirs in the *News of the World* in 1969 was a notorious example of the impotence of ethics in the face of profit. The publication of the names of heart transplant donors is another source of recent controversy.

Television, by contrast to the Press, lacks even the control of a supervisory council. There



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have been several episodes in the last few years of unacceptable intrusion on private grief, notably the interviews with the parents of the Aberfan dead. "Trial by Television," the pitting of the experienced interrogator against the unfavoured interviewee, is another means whereby privacy is put in jeopardy; so too are shows such as "Candid Camera" and "This is Your Life."¹² Lord Mancroft's abortive Bill to establish a right of privacy in 1961 focused entirely on the excesses of the mass media. Bad newspapers and bad programmes are driving out good. The issue is as live as ever, not least because juxtaposed to the individual's desire to keep his own secrets inviolate is his less virtuous interest in learning the secrets of others.

The debate about invasion of privacy, however, has two sides. Professor Westin's contribution is to supply the balance of perspective. In almost all instances hitherto discussed, the invasion has been not gratuitous or for evil ends but for some valid and socially useful purpose. Governments require information so that their predictions may be accurate, and their planning logical. National security must be maintained and crime controlled. Scholarship

and study make no perverse claims. Why should business groups risk their money by lending it to the insolvent or employing the unreliable? If it was cruel to expose Mr. Pro-fumo's peccadilloes to the public eye in 1969, was it not vital so to expose him in 1963? Should privacy be lightly accorded to the venial or the wicked?

Moreover the weapons of intrusion are in themselves technically neutral. In many cases, they are the "spin-off" of valuable research in space travel, communications, medicine and psychiatry. They solve as well as create social problems. Those who would destroy the computer of the satellite are Luddites, not liberals. The issue is one of attitude more than of technology.

ANALYSIS OF THE VARIETY of ways in which privacy is invaded or threatened in contemporary society should prompt us not to say "No," but to ask "Why?" The onus of proof should be on the invaders to justify their activities. Privacy will continue to be invaded. It cannot be otherwise. But it should cease to be invaded without good reason.

The chief, if not the exclusive, agency of control will be the law. English law, unlike American, recognises no right of privacy. The traditional causes of action at common law provide protection for it in a variety of indirect ways, but are powerless in face of the novel technological challenge. Trespass demands a physical intrusion, nuisance a proprietary right in the plaintiff and a proof of special damage. Defamation offers no succour where the hurtful revelations are true. Even equity guards only the confidences of special confidential relationships. American judges were disrespectful of precedent but mindful of academic writing such as the classic Warren and Brandeis article in the *Harvard Law Review* of 1890. They acted against a backcloth of a written constitution, and looked to the substance of the matter. Therefore, they developed a common law right from the same sources that have proved so unfruitful in the hands of their

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¹² Professor Westin discusses at some length another example of privacy invasion by television: subliminal advertising. In England, brief experiments in 1957 to promote popcorn and soft drinks were swiftly abandoned. Both BBC and ITV are under a statutory duty to bar subliminal material from the screen. The row over the Labour Party's allegedly subliminal political broadcast of 8 April 1970 is thus a rarity. Cf. A. Davey, "Subliminal Persuasion," *New Society* (21.5.1970).

English counterparts. In England, the forms of action have truly ruled from their graves.¹³

Reform in England is therefore likely to come from statute based on the future recommendations of the Younger Committee. The creation of a Right of Privacy in this manner will be as valuable for its declaratory effect as for the remedy that it provides. If carefully drafted, the statute should not shackle the legitimate activities of press or police. It will, however, be inadequate if enacted in isolation.

The invasion of privacy, as I have shown, occurs in different contexts, which demand different responses. It is important to note that by its very nature, it is often a secret abuse. The invaders are not themselves invaded. Spies like conjurers conceal the practice of their art.

Priority must therefore be given to ensuring that the weapons of intrusion, like guns or drugs, do not fall into the wrong hands. The use of electronic, optical or other artificial devices as a means of surreptitious surveillance should be made illegal except in limited and specified circumstances; and their possession should be controlled by licence.

The rules of evidence should be changed so that evidence should be inadmissible in civil proceedings if obtained by such devices, and admitted in criminal cases only where the police had been issued with a warrant for their use.

Special rules should govern the acquisition of information by computers and the right of access thereto. Individuals should be apprised

of where information about them may be filed, and have the opportunity to check its accuracy. A code of ethics should be established for computer programmers. Their duty of confidentiality should be no less than that of the doctor or the lawyer.

In sum, the right of privacy must be protected by criminal as well as civil law, by adjectival as well as substantive law, and by administrative as well as legal technique.

BUT BEFORE ANY SUCH REFORM can be undertaken two conditions must be satisfied. Firstly, the extent and nature of privacy intrusion must be appreciated and described. Law reform is not the amendment of legal rules *in vacuo*; it is the response to social problems. For too long, English writers have discussed the subject in the language of unalloyed academicism.¹⁴ Professor Westin's well-evidenced arguments are a welcome corrective to this approach.

Secondly, the complexity of the policy choices involved must be analysed and assessed. Otherwise the pace of technological change will render *ad hoc* legal and administrative reform obsolete almost before it is undertaken.

Professor Westin concludes his book thus:

The setting—the marvels of micro miniaturisation and circuitry, chemical synthesis and projective psychiatry—is new. But the choices are as old as man's history on the planet. Will the tools be used for man's liberation or his subjugation? In the density, complexity and tight interrelation of twentieth-century life, can we preserve the opportunities for privacy without which our whole system of civil liberties may become formalistic ritual? Science and privacy; together they constitute twin conditions of freedom in the twentieth century.

Privacy protection is not an issue for lawyers alone. It involves scientists, architects, sociologists, town planners. It is of especial concern to a democratic society squeezed into the confines of a tiny island. The challenge posed by this remarkable book is as much to the spirit as to the statute book.

¹³Cf. Leo Brittan, "The Right of Privacy in England and the United States," *Tulane Law Review*. Vol. xxxvii, No. 2.

¹⁴Cf. H. Street, *The Law of Torts* (4th ed.), p. 307, "there may be circumstances when invasions of privacy will not constitute defamation or any other tort already discussed. For example, the jilted lover who makes his former sweetheart a present of a bathing costume which dissolves in chlorinated water, the farmer who offends the old spinsters across the road by encouraging his beasts to mate on Sunday mornings in a paddock in full view of the old ladies." This is a paradigm case of Homer nodding!

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"Life is a rose that withers in the iron fist of dogma. . . ."

GEORGE MOORE, *Reminiscences of the Impressionist Painters* (1906).

CONSIDERING his extraordinary versatility and the measure of his achievement, George Moore (1852-1933) is the most neglected of all modern writers. The writer became submerged in the legend, which was distorted in most literary circles. His quarrel with Yeats, who did not do him justice, damaged his reputation. However, his neglect is certainly owing in part to the fact that he was, in Walter Allen's apt words, "frequently a great silly"; but then he fully recognised this aspect of himself, and in his still vastly underrated autobiographical works he mocked himself in a way that made others feel even more uncomfortable than he felt himself. He almost made a point of not aiming at any kind of personal consistency. He made many friends among painters, but his literary disciples were probably the most mediocre ever collected by a man of genius: John Freeman, Humbert Wolfe, Charles Morgan. . . . Geraint Goodwin's *Conversations with George Moore* (1929) continued a process that had started in 1922 with the well-intentioned but gormless *A Portrait of George Moore in a Study of His Work* by John Freeman; the damage was completed by Charles Morgan's *Epitaph on George Moore* (1935), so that Joseph Hone's *Life* (1936), an admirable biography, was hardly able to salvage its subject's reputation.

Now that studies of Moore—mostly American—are beginning to appear, and his own works are slowly creeping back into print, it is time for a reassessment. Moore himself lacked a satisfactory critical terminology, and

his work needs to be examined not in the terms of his own varying conceptions of it but in those of what it actually achieved.

Moore himself eludes us almost as easily as he eluded Freeman and Morgan, until we see that the essential man exists only in his work. He always made a great thing of preferring "art" to "life"; but an investigation of what he really meant by art, an investigation which must be conducted by means of reading his books rather than taking his expressed opinions at their often absurd face value, reveals an original and complex mind. He belongs, in fact, not to an old school, but to a new one.

IN 1880, WHILE ENJOYING HIMSELF in Paris, Moore received "an odious epistle" from his uncle summoning him home: his tenants, because times were particularly hard, were refusing to pay their rents, and consequently he was in debt. In the final 1926 revision of *Confessions of a Young Man* (1888)¹ he preserved the following passage:

That some wretched farmers and miners should refuse to starve, that I may not be deprived of my *demi-tasse* at Tortoni's, that I may not be forced to leave this beautiful retreat, my cat and my python—monstrous. And these wretched creatures will find support in England; they will find pity!

As is apparent, Moore the writer was prepared to take risks that alienated his audience: surprisingly few people have been able to see that his various self-portraits were satirical, ironic, and self-mocking. The writer in him operated in a seclusion whose degree of strictness has not been appreciated. Perhaps this is why he chose the society of painters—or writers with a marked lack of sustained talent—relying on his works alone to win him immortality. But his failure to achieve dignity as a human being saddened him, and is reflected in his books.

¹ Reprinted by Heinemann (1952).



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MOORE needed to satirise what he had been as a very young man in Paris; he hides his blushes theatrically in *Confessions of a Young Man*, possibly making himself out to be rather sillier and more thoughtless than he had actually been. Clearly the bizarre furnishings of the Paris apartment and the python that lived off live guinea-pigs were invented, or their details lifted from decadent literature; but the atrocious pseudo-Baudelairean verse that Moore wrote in *Flowers of Passion* (1878) and *Pagan Poems* (1881) needed careful living down. One of the achievements of *Confessions of a Young Man* is the way in which it conveys an accurate sense of, and isolates, the genuine element in Moore's immature paganism, while keeping it at a properly comic distance. He did not have Swift's violent passion, but he had much of his tortured subtlety and his sense of justice. Like Swift, too, he expressed himself fully only in his writings; he could never enter into complete relationships with other people.

George Moore the young versifier, a striking non-poet, was what Professor Jean C. Noël, in quite the best and most exhaustive comprehensive study of him yet written,² aptly calls "*un auteur en quête d'une personnalité*." As Moore himself wrote in the opening words of *Confessions*, "I came into the world apparently with a nature like a smooth sheet of wax, bearing no impress, but capable of receiving any. . . ." We have now become used, mainly through modern French critical theory and the "autobiographical" works of Michel Leiris and other writers, to the notion that "straight autobiography" consists of a series of more or less banal semi-fictions, and that novels are in themselves autobiographies. Moore anticipated this as early as 1888, for in *Confessions* he makes no attempt whatever to present himself in conventionally realist terms. This is so incongruous as coming from the self-styled British champion of Zolaesque naturalism that it has been overlooked.

It might be argued that the modernity was an accidental product of Moore's reticence and painful self-consciousness; but the George Moore the writer knew he was obliged to invent in *Confessions* is nevertheless a much more "real" figure than anything else realised in late 19th-century autobiography (or biography). By the time of the trilogy, *Hail and Farewell* (1911-14),³ this autobiographical

process, often misunderstood as an indiscriminate potpourri of boastfulness, lying, silliness and fortuitous humour, was certainly fully conscious. Moore deserves credit, which he has never had, for seeing as clearly as any writer of his generation that the art of fiction needed to be developed along quite new lines. He was *avant-garde* in the best, unexhibitionistic, and unobtrusive sense. What else is his remark to Robert Ross (in a letter of 1913)—

A man only seems natural when he is speaking aside or to himself; he seems quite mechanical when he is uttering little phrases to people standing by . . .

—but a partial recognition of the need to develop new techniques in fiction? His own work made a highly individual contribution to the development of such techniques. One must consider the young non-poet whom Moore had to work on in *Confessions*. This is an extract from an early poem:

On the wall that hides the ghastly
Spectacle within from the passer
In the street,
Lay a lengthy line of photographs.
First upon the list there came a man
Forty years of age or thereabouts,
Common-looking, marked with toil;
He was swollen like a bladder;
By his side I saw what seemed a woman,—
Long and draggling tresses fell
Round her decomposed face. . . .

But his obstinate autodidacticism paid off in the end. Once he had discovered what he could do, which included seeing his past and present selves remarkably clearly, Moore's self-education became a matter of literary interest. It is true that his several early failures—particularly his original educational one, which might have broken a more passionate man, or turned him into a best-selling middlebrow at best—prompted him to put a sometimes unduly precious emphasis upon "style." But his best work transcends this—its "monotony" is largely an illusion based on our expectations from a writer advertised as "the acknowledged master of pure English prose in our time." However, to gain the maturity that produced *Confessions* he had had first to take another risk, a risk provoked by his failure as a painter and his financial humiliation (as he saw it): his first three novels. In these he began to find himself.

NATURALISM, too often confused with the realism out of which it grew, was materialistic, deterministic, and combined philosophical pessimism with humanitarianism in varying proportions. "The novel," wrote the

² Jean C. Noël, *George Moore, L'homme et l'oeuvre* (Didier, Paris, 1966).

³ This will become available shortly in Chatto & Windus' Landmark Library.

Goncourts in the Preface to *Germaine Lacerteux* (1865), "is entitled to claim the liberties and frankness of science." Whether true or not, Moore's indignant claim (made in 1922 to Barrett Clark that Zola, when visiting a famous cocotte in order to gather material for *Nana*, had "asked at once to see her bedroom. . . . He wanted. . . . to measure it, get its exact proportions!"), makes a valid point. The "scientific" approach was something that never attracted him: although it would be foolish to claim that he was not influenced at all by Zola, too much has been made of his alleged early naturalism.

As a young man in Paris, Moore (the "smooth sheet of wax . . . capable of receiving any impress") met Zola; later, after his return, the time came for him to try his hand at fiction. Knowing that he was inexperienced ("I just did not know how to write," he said later), he shrewdly provided himself with a self-consciously anti-Victorian, naturalistic programme, taking over Zola's "odious" candour and social realism—but very little else. His public characterisation of himself as Zola's British disciple was as strategic as were his words to Zola in a letter written just after the publication of his first novel: "I owe you everything." As Malcolm Brown writes in his *George Moore: A Reconsideration*,⁴ *A Modern Lover* (1883; re-written in 1917 as *Lewis Seymour and Some Women*) "is a true original, indebted finally to the vision of George Moore." Still, it looked good to owe the disgraceful Zola "everything" at the terrifying outset of a writing career. The conception behind the two next novels, *A Mummer's Wife* (1885) and *A Drama in Muslin* (1886; re-written in 1915 as *Muslin*) does owe more to Zola's deterministic theories. But the naturalism in the three early novels is the least interesting and, technically, the most disastrous thing about them: it led Moore into philosophical asides that were foreign to his creative impulse, and into the narrative flatness with which he is often charged.

Naturalism is important in Moore's fiction because it taught him, from early on, not to leave out sordid details for genteel reasons—and thus enabled him to dwell unobtrusively on his own sexual predilections—and because, though officially espousing it as a bold, new method, he created an opportunity for himself

⁴ University of Washington Press (1955). It is doubtless significant that no English publisher has thought it worth while to issue this first full-scale critical study of Moore.



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to get started. When he made a character say, in *A Modern Lover*, that "The novel is . . . contemporary history, an exact and complete reproduction of social surroundings: the novel is . . . environment," he added, as if rejecting poetry, "The poem . . . is an abstraction. . . ." But Moore, if not his mouthpiece, was to concentrate more and more upon what he inadequately and even wrongly here described as "abstraction," which bears, the character continues, "the same relation to the novel as the rich, ripe fruit you relish when your hunger is satisfied does to the roast beef." He had delightedly discovered Walter Pater, through *Marius the Epicurean*, in 1885; fundamentally he was more attracted by Pater than by Zola, whom he only exploited.

Its procedures apart, *A Modern Lover* deals less with environment or social surroundings than with problems of character and artistic morality. Lewis Seymour, partly based on Moore's Paris room-mate Lewis Weldon Hawkins, selfishly and coldly uses women as a means to an end; but financial and social success as a painter, and his entrance to the Royal Academy, are bought at the price of the ability to paint pictures that mean anything. Moore was already making a tentative approach to some of the themes that were to preoccupy him: the existential consequences of "art for art's sake"; the sexual nature of women; the relationship between art and life. Despite its awkwardness, there are good things in *A Modern Lover*, the most interesting being Lewis' clever and cold seduction of a married woman who is considerably above him in social station. Straight away Moore showed the essential modernity of his treatment. He did it by exploiting his own voyeurism and sexual prurience. Lewis excites Lucy Bentham into accepting his advances by, among other things, suddenly undressing (the excuse is "art") when awaiting her entrance to the room; Moore even hints at, or perhaps probes, Lewis' real nature in an odd bit of dialogue:

"We both have long slim legs, undistinguishable in black stockings" [Lucy says to him].

"But tell me, why do you wear black stockings?"

"Because I used to wear shoes, and my socks kept slipping, and the suspenders that men wear to keep up their socks hurt."

"Is that the only reason, Lewis? . . ."

Moore also exploited his own ex-dilettantism in his book, by explicitly condemning it as parasitic.

The real subject of both *A Mummer's Wife* and *A Drama in Muslin*, despite their natura-

listic programmes, is the nature—particularly the sexual nature—of women. Moore loved to create scenes where girls or women are together without men: the feminine streak in him was so well developed that he could do it convincingly, thus incidentally giving himself a valid opportunity to act as peeping Tom. (One of the potential dangers to the girls who worked for him in his last years was reckoned to be that he might ask them to undress.) Just as Kipling homosexually yearned to be in on all male mysteries, so Moore—to our greater profit—voyeuristically yearned to be in on the secrets of the ladies. The energy most men devote to full-blown episodes of romantic love he tended to divert into this channel. He also "tried to shock and astonish people"—as Theodore Duret said in his recollections of him in his Paris years—when in *Muslin* he reported girls' conversation about their petticoats and the warmth of their "shammy-leather drawers"; but in his work, unlike his conversation or the polemics he conducted in newspapers, he harnessed his more trivial energies to an increasingly serious purpose.

Having courageously and with considerable cunning routed the circulating libraries for trying to suppress *A Mummer's Wife*—*Literature at Nurse, or Circulating Morals* (1885) is an excellent example of how actually to outwit Mrs Grundy—Moore wrote four more experimental novels before achieving his first undoubted masterpiece, *Esther Waters* (1894).

THIS WAS THE LAST of Moore's novels that can with any justice at all be described as naturalistic. But the description in itself indicates the limitations of the term: since, if it is used properly, then the novel must be called anti-naturalistic in effect, though naturalistic in intention. As I have suggested, Zola's chief function as an influence on Moore was to give him a method by which he could get started. His insistence on sexual realism, only one element in his naturalism, appealed to Moore: sexually reticent by nature, as he was personally shy, he willed himself to be both sexually forthright and aggressively "shocking."

Esther Waters has become Moore's only established classic, but not without strong resistance on the part of the critics. It is still fashionable to describe it as clumsily written, or as "a thin enough story." Esther's "I shouldn't have touched the second glass of ale" (to help to explain her seduction to her mistress) has been held up to ridicule; but this of course is exactly what a girl like her *would* have said to a kind but morally strict woman like Mrs Barfield. Those

⁸ Quoted from *Lewis Seymour and Some Women*, 1917, the revision of *A Modern Lover*.

who ridicule the remark reject the sympathy, tolerance, and conscientious accuracy that Moore achieved in his portrayal.

The objection of Brian Nicholas in his and Ian Gregor's *The Moral and the Story* (1962) is more frivolous. (It reveals the limitations of criticism in which theory becomes detached from human feelings.) The novel fails, Nicholas asserts, because Moore is neither properly naturalistic nor properly "artistic and . . . ethical": Esther is a (naturalistic) victim of circumstance, but she survives! This absurd charge altogether rejects the notion that a novelist can be anything except a perpetrator of critical theory. As Helmut Gerber has pointed out in his excellent new study of Moore's transitional period,⁶ "What Nicholas does not . . . recognise is that in most of his novels GM was more interested in the problem than in the answer." He might have added that whereas Moore is a novelist Nicholas is a critic engaged in trying to reduce all fiction to the kind of abstraction with which he happens to be able to cope. Moore's view of life is a fundamentally tragic one, but his note of hope, more intelligent and sensitive than Zola's determinism, is expressed in his unsentimental warmth. When his critics attack his depiction of a servant-girl who fights for her son's life and wins, it is usually because they know and care less about such people than Moore did. The poignant irony, the insistent psychological accuracy, of the final page—"All was forgotten in the happiness of the moment . . . the possibility that any moment might declare him to be mere food for powder and shot. She was only conscious that she had accomplished her woman's work. . . . What a fine fellow he was!"—is not unkind because Moore was the least unkind of men. In writers of his capacity that is something considerable; but his ability to touch the heart without jerking the tears has not helped him with the majority of critics.

MOORE'S NEXT BOOK, the three tales contained in *Celibates* (1895), should not be confused with the five tales contained in *Celibate Lives* (1927), which has just been reprinted.⁷

⁶ *George Moore in Transition: Letters to T. Fisher Unwin and Lena Milman 1894-1910*. Edited with a commentary by Helmut E. Gerber (Wayne State University Press, 1968).

⁷ *Celibate Lives* (Chatto & Windus, The Landmark Library, 21s.). The publishers are to be congratulated on making what is perhaps his most important book available once again; but it is a pity that they have omitted both the author's preface (called "Advertisement") and even the simplest bibliographical outline.

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Now Anatoli has reconstructed the complete *Babi Yar*, differentiating typographically between the original published text, restored censored passages and new material written between 1967 and 1969. *Babi Yar* in full turns out to be as much a denouncement of Soviet oppression and anti-semitism as it is of Nazi brutality, and exhibits Soviet censorship in action for the first time. The book is translated by David Floyd.

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Celibates, the earlier work, consists of *Mildred Lawson*, about a girl who cannot discover in herself "a passion for God or man," *John Norton*, a revision of the novel *A Mere Accident*, and *Agnes Lukens*, which tells how a young girl is reluctantly driven back to convent life by the vulgarity and selfishness of her parents. *Mildred Lawson* was much improved as *Henrietta Marr* in *In Single Strictness* (1922), where it appeared with *Wilfred Holmes*, *Priscilla and Emily Lofft*, *Hugh Monfert* (yet another revision of *John Norton*) and *Sarah Gwynn*. The volume now reprinted first appeared in the Uniform Edition, and contained the same stories as *In Single Strictness*, except that *Hugh Monfert* was replaced with *Albert Nobbs* from *A Storyteller's Holiday*.

Moore's best stories—one must not forget those in *The Untilled Field* (1903), and *The End of Marie Pelligrin* from *Memoirs of My Dead Life* (1906)—are exquisite. Subtle, delicate, sympathetic, they succeed in describing and explaining whole life-patterns; they seldom clumsily and inadequately tell; they reveal. It is strange but symptomatic that T. O. Beechcroft in his recent survey of the short story in English, *The Modest Art*, should devote two or three sentences to Moore and a whole chapter to Kipling.

Although the stories in *Celibate Lives* are his best—and among the best in English—the much earlier *John Norton* is remarkable for the success with which it examines the problem of repressed homosexuality—that this is its theme only Jean Noël appears to have recognised. It is worth pausing over, for although it is clumsy compared to Moore's later work, and the ending is unsatisfactory, it illustrates the subtlety of his technique. His later work is very much more complicated.

John Norton, of a rich Anglican family and heir to a large Sussex estate, chooses to live away from his mother (who wants him to marry) in a Jesuit seminary. He does not wish to become a priest, however, but only to lead a monastic life and to devote his wealth to the buying of beautiful things for his Church and himself. He is persuaded to return home, and eventually half-proposes to a boyish innocent girl, Kitty. Immediately afterwards Kitty is raped by a tramp, whereupon she subsides into hysteria. The next day John calls on her; as he opens the door of her room she throws herself from her window and is killed. He decides to continue with a plan to turn his house into an abbey.

Moore, though with a less sure touch than he later commanded, relates the events that

lead up to Norton's declaration of love with great subtlety. Nothing nearly as acute on the subject of homosexuality had been published in English during the century, although the word itself is not, of course, mentioned. This was one of the first occasions on which Moore explored his view of life as a series of individual surrenders to various kind of dogma; paradoxically, although his only permanent mistress was his art, the tendency of his art is to regard all forms of sexual sublimation, of avoidance of pleasure, as neurotic and tragic.

The nature of Norton's devotion to his chosen church is wholly homosexual. He is "a little aggressive" in explaining how the "Catholic ceremonial," with its "Handsome lads of sixteen . . . chosen for acolytes," is more graceful and comely than the Protestant. He is physically strong, and would like to have been a crusader. He deprecates that music written for boys' voices is now sung by women. He punishes himself for his secret desires by embracing discomfort: condemns upholstery, refuses a feather mattress. In the chapel at the Jesuit college there is a corner in which the housemaids kneel: ". . . they would be better away. They present a temptation where there are a number of young men about . . . some . . . look round . . . It is beastly." Here he exhibits the homosexual's classic obsession with other men's heterosexual desire; the housemaids do not disturb him. Evidently, however, he cannot embrace the priesthood because this would mean parting with his money, which has undoubtedly come to represent his sexual potency.

After being taken seriously ill and cursing and swearing "fearfully" (but the language is not given) in his delirium,

he realised—if not in all its truth, at least part—that his love of God had only taken form of a gratification of the senses. . . . saw Christ standing in judgment amid a whole million of youths.

Because of the terror of this experience, and what is conventionally expected of him—Kitty, in any case, is flat-chested, boyish and, sexually, absolutely innocent; not "too much like a woman" but like "a little antique statue done in a period of decadence"—Norton is able to persuade himself that he loves her.

Moore now employs a master-stroke to demonstrate that all is not truly well. Norton is planning the conversion of his Italian-style house into a Gothic Abbey—"a charming recollection of . . . the England of the monastic

ages." But his architect sends in an unpromising report, whose first sentence exactly describes—if only in the Freudian terms in which it is often, surprisingly, necessary to study Moore—Norton's own marriage problem:

"The interior would be so constructed as to make it impossible to carry up the central tower. . . ."

Nevertheless, he says to his mother: "Either of two things: I must alter the architecture of this house, or I must return to Stanton College." He can expend his potency either as generative semen or as money in the service of beauty. On a walk with Kitty, he suddenly—in an impulse, one must infer, compounded of desire to do his duty by his estate, and need to experiment with this tolerably boyish girl—kisses her ("I don't think it was a sin," she tells him); he then obliquely proposes marriage. But immediately he prays "that accident might lead him out of the difficulty . . .," which of course it does.

The story fails at this point because the character of Kitty is not developed: she exists too much as a convenient figure through which to develop the character of Norton, and not enough in her own right. The delicate balance that Moore has so far preserved between realism and symbolism is disturbed, partly because he kept too rigidly to his original

novel, partly because the strain imposed by the era's ban on explicitness at last proved too much. The tramp's assault on Kitty does of course represent the brutal, self-defeating, and narcissistic selfishness of Norton's attempt to use the girl as a means of simultaneously overcoming and indulging his "sinful" proclivities; it also stands for his underlying hatred of her as a female; but it is not a wholly effective or appropriate symbol, for it is out of key with the realistic surface with which the story is endowed. The ellipses need filling in.

BUT MOORE BECAME MORE successful as he left the realistic method behind him. His most successful portrait of a homosexual type is Joseph of Arimathea in *The Brook Kerith* (1916), probably the most intelligent novel ever written about Christ. The perfection of *The Lake* (1905) was earned by the efforts made in the "double novel," *Evelyn Innes* (1898) and *Sister Theresa* (1910), which once more dealt with the problems of celibacy, monasticism and wordly and sexual desire.

Moore was able, in persistently working at his own problems of sexual incapacity and desire, and of artistic selfishness, to create a meaningful world. In his own time his later "prose ethics," as he misleadingly called them, were praised, in Ben Jonson's words, by

Solzhenitsyn

A documentary record

Edited and with an introduction by Leopold Labedz

Of the books on Solzhenitsyn which will be published, this is the essential one. Letters, interviews, discussions and articles, by Solzhenitsyn himself and by his accusers and defenders, describe in the most telling way his fight for creative freedom in Soviet literary life. They cover his rehabilitation in

1956; the publication of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*; the clampdown on his subsequent work which led to his expulsion from the Soviet Writers' Union last November; and now the award of the Nobel Prize for Literature, giving reactions from inside Russia as well as in the West.

Allen Lane The Penguin Press are rushing out *Solzhenitsyn: A documentary record* for publication on 10 December, the day the Nobel Prize is awarded. 30s

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"blinde Affection, which doth ne're advance/
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
/Or crafty Malice," which thinks "to ruine,
where it seem'd to raise." They are only just
now beginning to get their due; but for the
most part they remain unread. It seems that
the obscurity into which *The Brook Kerith* has
fallen is partly due to its subject: its essentially
anti-Christian (though not anti-Jesus) message
has proved embarrassing. Even Bonamy Dob-
rée's useful introduction to Moore's later fiction
in a new collection of essays, *George Moore's
Mind and Art*,⁸ skates round the subject. Yet if
this, the main aspect of the novel, is thus
ignored, it cannot be appreciated at all.

THE CURRENT REPRINT of *Celibate Lives*,
perhaps the finest product of his later years,
should lead to a revival of interest in Moore.
His own polite devotees dismissed *Albert
Nobbs*, a story in which comedy, pathos, ten-
derness and psychological insight are perfectly
combined, as "incredible"; as usual, they bung-
lingly missed the point. A new generation of
readers, to whom Moore is only the author of
Esther Waters, but to whom Turgenev and
Joyce are familiar, will be able to appreciate
him better. They will more easily be able to see
that *Wilfred Holmes*—the opening story—is no
slight, old-fashioned sketch of commonplace
merit, but a full-scale portrait of a man com-
pressed into a few thousand words. It must be
partly a portrait of his brother Julian (though
no one seems to have noticed this), with its
conclusion—the fatuous little tune that so
exactly sums up the mediocrity of Wilfred
Holmes. When Moore is read not simply as a
naturalist, but in the modern context he
demands, he is a much more rewarding
writer.

SOME BOOKS ABOUT Moore (only the
recent ones, with the exception of Hone's
biography, are of serious account) have already
been mentioned in passing. Malcolm Brown's
George Moore: A Reconsideration was the
first serious critical study. Its chief virtue is

that it separates the man from the writer—in
other words, reveals the essential man—and
concentrates not on the figure attacked by such
journalists as the gossipy and superficial Susan
Mitchell, but on the writer—in Ford Madox
Ford's description, the "wolf-lean, silent,
infinitely sweet and solitary." Brown also dis-
cerns, where other critics either evade or fail
to see the issue, the nature of Moore's view of
Pauline Christianity.

Jean Noël's *George Moore* is the first really
thorough and comprehensive critical study, and
is full of new insights. Apart from the annota-
ted bibliography of writings about Moore prin-
ted by H. E. Gerber in his *English Fiction in
Transition* (1880-1920),⁹ it contains the fullest
bibliography. Noël deals chronologically with
all Moore's works and revisions. Gerber's own
George Moore in Transition is the first book to
deal in detail with the period 1894-1910, in
the form of a well-informed and critically
sympathetic commentary on his letters to his
literary friend Lena Milman and to his pub-
lisher, T. Fisher Unwin—for whom he was
more than a match in business. Few writers, as
Gerber shows, have looked after their affairs
more shrewdly; the terms Moore extracted
from Unwin, and the amount he was able to
revise on his proofs (the proof was almost an
initial stage of writing for Moore) would make
most serious contemporary writers envious.¹⁰

All these books have come, significantly, from
America and France; but one (on the whole,
excellent) new book from Great Britain begins
to redress the balance: a collection of old and
freshly commissioned essays by various hands,
George Moore's Mind and Art. This covers all
aspects of Moore, including his involvements
with Wagnerism, by William F. Blissett, and
Irish literary politics, by Herbert Howarth. The
editor's own essay on *The Melodic Line in
Narrative* is helpful in sorting out Moore's
actual achievement in his later fiction from
what he variously asserted it to be. Brendan
Kennelly's essay on the short stories, however,
is unsatisfactory and parochial.

THE BEST OF THE MANY portraits of Moore
(he was painted or drawn by Manet, Degas,
Tonks, Rothenstein and others) is one painted
about 1891 by Sickert, and now in the Tate
Gallery. It perfectly expresses the mixture in
him of sad clown and devoted writer. The
clownishness of the face has a quality of pathos
not unlike that which Moore himself could
achieve. The mouth beneath the moustache is
an enigmatic blur—cruel? sensual? sardonic?
passionate? or all these at once—but the eyes
are startlingly dedicated and compassionate.

⁸ Edited by Graham Owens (Oliver & Boyd, 42s.).

⁹ Vol. II, No. 2 (parts I and II), 1959, and Supple-
ments; Vol. III, No. II, 1960; Vol. IV, No. 2,
1961. The complete bibliography, which is being
compiled by Edwin Gilcher, has not yet appeared.

¹⁰ There is no complete edition of Moore's letters
but other letters may be found in: *Letters from
George Moore to Edward Dujardin*, trans. in
1929 by "John Eglinton" (W. K. Magee); *Letters
of George Moore* (ed. Eglinton 1942); *George
Moore's Letters to Nancy Cunard*, ed. Rupert
Hart Davis (1957).

through their bleariness. One is tempted to say that Sickert, himself a superb writer of prose, understood Moore better than anyone else.

One cannot say that Moore, as a man, catches the admiration any more than Sickert's portrait of him. He operated too haphazardly, from too many levels of humour or high seriousness, to achieve dignity. But if one has to accept that he was "frequently a great big silly," one has also to acknowledge Sherard Vines' oddly apt judgment, that he possessed "a dear good heart." This quickly emerges from his various protests about cruelty to animals (printed at the end of Hone's biography): he not only hated cruelty, but also understood its consequences.

FORD MADOX FORD did not get on with Moore. (he resembled him in too many ways), but admitted that he was "infinitely the most skilful man of letters of his day—the most skilful in the world." His skill consisted in filtering his considerable Irish silliness—it is worse than, but sometimes reminds one of Shaw's—out of his writings, and yet preserving the enormous energy from which it sprang. Thus, even his last major work, *Aphrodite in Aulis* (1930), written when he was a sick old man, steers a surprisingly firm course between stupidity and monotonous enervation. Although Moore did as much in the short story as any writer of the last century, he is not one of its most important novelists. He might have been if he had had more raw sexual energy. But the neglect into which his novels, from *The Lake* onwards, have fallen, is undeserved. The deliberate exquisiteness of their oral surface does seem old-fashioned, a stylistic dead-end of naturalism; but in fact, for all its occasional preciousness, it is the expression of a content whose profundity has not yet been appreciated. The later novels, with the incomparable rhythms of their prose, must be read in an absolutely modern context. Only thus may they arouse the response they require.

Far from having ever left Moore behind, we are only just beginning to catch up with him now.

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Wise Heads, Wise Tales

Clarity and Crypticism in the East—By D. J. ENRIGHT

THE WISDOM OF THE EAST is at times obscured by the mystery of the East—or, it could be, sustained by it. This condition may help to account for the current popularity of selected snippets from Eastern philosophy, as also selected techniques from Eastern poetry, at a time when logic, reason and reasonableness are considered to have proved incompetent or corrupt. (As a selected Western snippet has it, a bad workman quarrels with his tools . . .)

An important variant of the apophthegm is the analogy or parable, much employed by Eastern philosophers. And that a thinker so little metaphysical as Confucius should have attracted such masses of commentary might be held to indicate the weakness of this form of teaching. Yet it could also be claimed that discussion is of the essence and the fact that Confucianism survived so long indicates the strength or aptness of the system. People like to be told stories, they like it all the more if there is a suggestion that wisdom lurks somewhere in the story, and often they don't mind much if they fail to detect the wisdom with any certainty.

But we have already committed at least two major sins, in talking of "Eastern philosophy" as if all philosophies originating in the East were identical, and in implying that all "Eastern philosophers" were out to teach Truth or the Way of arriving at it all the time and to all comers. The second, at least, of these sins we had better attempt to expiate. Unfortunately, there is an evasiveness which betokens a breakdown in thinking either accidental or prudential and an evasiveness which is intended to leave the door open for the pupil to make his own way through. On top of that, there are times when we personally welcome evasiveness and other times when it irritates us: one's reception of Eastern wisdom would seem to lie more at the mercy of one's state of mind than such things (but think of Shakespeare interpretation!) ought to. But there too the sages cover themselves. They tell us, or some of them do, that the provoking of irritation is itself

one technique of teaching: make a man mad and you may possibly make him wise. Thus the Sufis have gone out of their way to annoy and antagonise, to court blame and abuse, in order to make a point. Idries Shah describes this as the high form to which masochism or "holy suffering" is the corresponding low and degenerate form, and their deliberate clowning is thus akin to the more austere riddling of the Zen masters (though the latter can be coarse: "What is the Buddha?" "A dry shitstick"). If however the "irritation" doesn't work in this way and the recipient is merely repelled, then never mind, another useful function has been served: it demonstrates that the pupil would never be able to benefit from instruction. Heads, I have taught you; tails, you are unteachable. It seems as if the sages can never lose.

FOR ONE THING, it is a mistake to suppose that these teachers are necessarily intent on teaching. "You cannot," as some wise man has said, "make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." And to judge from the stories in Idries Shah's new collection,¹ the Sufis arrived at a mode of selection which puts all academic Boards of Admissions to shame. In his earlier book, *The Sufis*, he quoted this interchange between a would-be pupil and a teacher:

"I wish to learn, will you teach me?"
 "I do not feel that you know how to learn."
 "Can you teach me how to learn?"
 "Can you learn how to let me teach?"

How many academics would dare to inaugurate their tutorials in such a way—even given the opening? Incidentally, students prone to study the criticisms rather than the texts might profit from the Sufi saying that you cannot send a kiss by messenger.

Though plainly very different in demeanour, Mencius remarked (somewhat ambiguously but with that air of cool, slightly pained superiority which generally accompanies him, at any rate in English translation):

There are more ways than one of instructing others. My disdain to instruct a man is itself one way of instructing him.

¹ *The Dermis Probe*. By Idries Shah. Cape, 35s.

It is a way which does not recommend itself in the West, where there have usually been more people ready to teach than to learn—unlike the East, where people are keener to improve themselves than to improve others, or so one would have said had not Mencius also remarked, “The trouble with people is that they are too eager to assume the role of teacher.”

One thing we notice about many Sufi apophthegms is that they can be reversed and still make sense. “The mine is always bigger than the gem”—why not “The gem is always bigger than the mine”? “If you cannot lie down, you will stand up once too often”: very true, but reversed it is even better—“If you cannot stand up, you will lie down once too often.” Then there are the permutations on “One lie will keep out forty truths”—“Forty lies will keep out one truth,” “One truth will keep out forty lies” (a little sanguine perhaps, or unctuous, but philosophers generally have their moments of high-minded sentimentality), “Forty truths will keep out one lie”—each of which at least provokes a little thought, and the thinking will not be of an abstract kind but rather turned towards actual human situations—and “he who tastes, knows.”

Proverbs are not meant to *solve* problems, and a Sufi proverb has it that

a solved problem is as useful to a man's mind as a broken sword on a battlefield.

One advantage claimed for the use of analogy or *‘allegory* is that these devices avoid specificity of message: if the teacher is specific in his answer, then “he would cease to provoke thought and discussion”—in fact he would have put an end to thinking. The tigers of bafflement are wiser than the horses of instruction. Of course this argument can be advanced to justify sheer nonsense or wanton mystification, but as Dryden pointed out, that blank verse can be written badly is not an objection to blank verse. Nevertheless some unhappiness is bound to linger. Idries Shah has said, of the amusing stories of Mulla Nasrudin, that one extracts from them only a very little more than one puts into them. Should we feel content if this were proposed as a recommendation of poetry? But perhaps we are now mixing genres, and one law for the lion and ox is oppression?

One of the Nasrudin stories tells how the Mulla entered an ox in a horse race. When bystanders laughed at him, he explained that as a calf it ran around very nimbly, so now it was fully grown it would surely run even faster.

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The story is amenable to several interpretations, one of which is that the logical extension of observed fact can lead us right away from reality—there is indeed more than one law. Here the Mulla is playing the fool in the hope of making his wiser listeners even wiser. One cannot imagine Confucius or Mencius lifting up their robes in this undignified manner—they are unlikely to enjoy the favour of the young if only because of their unequivocal emphasis on filiality—but for them too analogy was an important mode of exposition and communication:

MENCIUS'S ANALOGIES are sometimes rather elusive, as if a factor in the comparison had been omitted, and there is no apparent suggestion that the elusiveness is meant to have a special efficacy. Ch'un-yü K'un opens a session by remarking that, although according to the rites a man and a woman should not touch each other, it would surely be in order to stretch out a hand to save one's sister-in-law from drowning. He then asks Mencius, "Now the Empire is drowning, why do you not help it?"

Mencius replies, "When the Empire is drowning, one helps it with the Way; when a sister-in-law is drowning, one helps her with one's hand. Would you have me help the Empire with my hand?"

Arthur Waley has described this reply as "at the best a very cheap debating point"—a mis-carriage or abuse of analogy. However, D. C. Lau defends Mencius by explicating thus: in using a hand to save a sister-in-law one is compromising, but the outcome is successful, one does save the lady. If one offers a watered-down version of the Way to a ruler one is compromising, and the outcome will be unsuccessful, because a watered-down Way is not the Way.² In support Mr Lau adduces Mencius's statement,

What can one do about those who bend the Way in order to please others? There has never been a man who could straighten others by bending himself.

But Mr Lau takes it that a pronounced dilution of the Way, consequent upon association with unsavoury characters, would be involved, while Waley supposed the interrogator to be suggesting that in the present emergency Mencius ought to put aside the "general principles" which made him hesitate to take office. From the passage it is not at

all clear what is holding Mencius back, and we might be tempted to see his reply—"Would you have me help the Empire with my hand?"—as the sort of exasperated rejoinder anyone could make to a person who solemnly asked him why he wasn't bestirring himself to save civilisation.

Moreover, the absolutism implied by Mr Lau's reading doesn't seem to accord with the moderation of Confucian thought. Mencius said, "Confucius was a man who never went beyond reasonable limits"; and one should avoid extremes even to the point of avoiding extreme moderation:

Holding on to the middle is closer to being right, but to do this without the proper measure is no different from holding to one extreme. The reason for disliking those who hold to one extreme is that they cripple the Way . . .

We could do with a few stories to help us sort this proposition out! But elsewhere Mencius tells us that Confucius was ready to give his employers a fair trial, sometimes he took office "because he thought there was a possibility of practising the Way," sometimes because he had been treated with decency and sometimes because the prince wished to keep good people at this court.

A cryptic exchange which Mr Lau doesn't discuss consists of the question, "Why did Confucius always take a present with him when he left for another state?" and Mencius's answer:

⚡

A Gentleman takes office as a farmer cultivates land. Does a farmer leave his farming tools behind just because he is leaving for another state?

For if the giving of presents to lords whose service one hoped to enter was an approved custom and totally above suspicion, then why was the question asked? And if there were any doubts about its propriety in the case of a person like Confucius, then surely a more cogent answer is required than this uneasy analogy between Gentleman and farmer, presents and tools?

More plainly unpersuasive, at least to the Western mind, is the assertion that just as clear water is put to a higher use (washing the chin-strap) and muddy water to a lower use (washing the feet)—that is, the water brings the difference in treatment upon itself—so "only when a man invites insult will others insult him" (well, yes, Christ invited insult) and "Only when a state invites invasion will

² *Mencius*. Translated with an Introduction by D. C. Lau. Penguin Books, 7s.

others invade it." Associated with this is the proposition that once he appears the good ruler inevitably attracts subjects from all over the Empire by winning their hearts, the people turn to him by the operation of a natural law,

like water flowing downwards with a tremendous force. Who can stop it?

We might smile at such simplicity, if it didn't remind us of the Mao-Marxist contention that socialism is to replace capitalism in obedience to an objective law whereby all dissident elements are rendered paper tigers.

In any case, Mr Lau is of the opinion that "an analogy is at least as instructive, if not more, when it breaks down as when it holds"—so, once again, the sage can never lose. And Mencius's advice on how to read the *Odes*—"one should not allow the words to obscure the sentence, nor the sentence to obscure the intended meaning. The right way is to meet the intention of the poet with sympathetic understanding"—is akin to Idries Shah's comment that one doesn't get much more out of a Nasrudin tale than one puts into it.

OUR DISCONTENT with these elusive and uncertain modes of conveying or eliciting wisdom may be modified if we consider the patchy record of direct and unequivocal instruction. For instance, "Thou shalt not kill." In the West we have tended to think that by reasoning we can bring a man to believe something he didn't believe before, even should it deny what he has believed hitherto. Easterners, by and large of course, feel that only the teachable can be taught, that "good will" in the student is a *sine qua non*, that motivation is that clarity of vision is the prerequisite for that the teacher liberates what is already in the pupil—or else fails to teach. Considering the nature of Maoist techniques, considering also the nature of the Chinese (in particular their hard-headedness, their scepticism on the subject of grand causes, which on occasion could be more sympathetically described as spiritual modesty), Mao might seem to be something of a Westerner. But no, he must be an Easterner, we must suppose he appeals to something in the Chinese past and to something in the Chinese character—perhaps their preference for economical apophthegms and parables which relieve them of the burden of abstract speculation and liberate them for the hard task of staying alive and procreating.

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New Books of Poems—By RONALD HAYMAN

THOUGH AMERICAN CRITICS have recognised the importance of Charles Tomlinson's achievement, it is still generally underrated in this country and almost without exception, reviews of his new book *The Way of a World*¹ have been condescending, if not unfavourable. Just as an actor gets type-cast, a poet in our literary climate is all too liable to go on being discussed in the same terms that are applied to him in his first set of reviews. "Painterly," "visual," "microscopic"—the words were relevant to Tomlinson's 1955 collection *The Necklace*, but while he is no less precise an observer than he was, he has developed so much since then that to go on thudding out the same adjectives is to tell a small part of the truth.

The position he took in *The Necklace* is defined in its first two lines:

*Reality is to be sought, not in concrete,
But in space made articulate*

In the poems which follow and in his second book *Seeing is Believing*, the basic assumption is that clarity of vision is the prerequisite for an adequate grasp on reality. "*When the truth is not good enough/We exaggerate.*" The poems record and advocate the discovery and practice of a discipline by which distortion can be avoided. The poems observe not only the surfaces of things, but the play of light and shade in the spaces between them. In "More Foreign Cities" the lit space becomes as solid as the stone masses. But even these early poems are not narrowly "visual." They are constantly enlisting the other senses to refine and articulate the visual impressions.

*Warm flute on the cold snow
Lays amber in sound.*

Or:

*The girls (white as their prayer-books) are
released,*

*Rustle in lavender and thyme
From incense back to houses where
Their white pianos cool each thirsty square.*

This is poetry for all the senses, but its concern is to wake them up, not to put them to sleep with facile gratification. To become aware of a tree or a field or a house, to avoid the danger of seeing it as a reflection or extension of ourselves, we must empty our minds of everything else, imitating the patience and stillness of stone. If there seems to be a battle going on between the wind and the trees, we can only taste the confusion if we hold back from emulating it. It is characteristic of these two volumes that they hardly ever employ the first person, except inside quotation marks.

Instead of asserting himself subjectively, Tomlinson uses himself as a medium through which he realises natural life more vividly than any poet since Hopkins. No one writing today is more sensitive than Tomlinson to the turn of the seasons and though he most often opts for a winter setting, his attitude of reverent gratitude in face of the natural landscape which surrounds us and his keen awareness of the processes of self-renewal which are constantly and copiously at work in it put him emotionally at the antipodes of Beckett and the writers whose preoccupations are one-sidedly with decay, the gradual failing of the individual body's faculties.

The people in Tomlinson's next book, *A Peopled Landscape*, are integral parts of the landscape and one of the poems in *American Scenes* centres on the legend of an old Indian Chief transformed by death into a mountain. Featured in the lighter poems in this book are a New Mexican captured by the Apaches and trained by them to steal, a bagpipe-playing Jew and a converted Indian Chief—characters comically at odds with their environment. But it is only in *The Way of a World* that the assertion of the human will comes into the foreground of the serious poems. "Assassin" is by far the most dramatic poem Tomlinson has yet written: he projects himself into the consciousness of the Stalinist agent who killed Trotsky, recreating it almost as if it were a landscape, but subtly pinpointing the man's

¹ *The Way of a World*. By CHARLES TOMLINSON. Oxford University Press. Paper, 15s.

awareness of the passing moments before and after the murder, his reaction to the blood which he had steeled himself to expect and the details which catch him by surprise—Trotsky's animal cry and the papers snowing from his desk to the floor.

*Woven from the hair of that bent head,
The thread that I had grasped unlabyrinthed all—*

*Tightrope of history and necessity—
But the weight of a world unsteadies*

*my feet
And I fall into the lime and contaminations
Of contingency; into hands, looks, time.*

THE OPENING POEM "Swimming Chenango Lake" sets the tone and focus of the book. Knowing the approaching winter will soon have made the water too cold, the man hesitates on the brink and then

*Body must recall the eye to its dependence
As he scissors the waterscape apart
And sways it to tatters. Its coldness
Holding him to itself, he grants the grasp,
For to swim is also to take hold
On water's meaning, to move in its embrace
And to be, between grasp and grasping, free.
He reaches in-and-through to that space
The body is heir to, making a where
In water, a possession to be relinquished
Willingly at each stroke. The image he has torn
Flows to behind him, healing itself,
Lifting and lengthening, splayed like the feathers
Down an immense wing whose darkening
spread
Shadows his solitariness: alone he is unnamed
By this baptism, where only Chenango bears
a name*

Surely this could hardly be bettered either as a description of a body moving in water or as an allegorical picture of an individual testing his environment, striking up an impermanent relationship with it. It tolerates his aggression, embraces him frigidly, circumscribes his liberty, partly gives him a sense of identity, partly takes it away.

This is only a beginning. In "Prometheus" Tomlinson not only sets up a more complex interrelationship between the visual, aural, and tactual references than before, but he develops a new rhythm, no less subtle but less reticent, more committed than in the earlier poems. Altogether this is a less private voice, a controlled rhetoric which claims and commands a wider space, ranges over a more impressive variety of tones than ever before.

*Cymballed firesweeps. Prometheus came down
In more than orchestral flame and Kérensky
fled*

*Before it. The babel of continents gnaws now
And tears at the silk of those harmonies that
seemed*

*So dangerous once. You dreamed an end
Where the rose of the world would go out
like a close in music.*

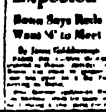
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Inevitably there is some loss of precision and economy. "Tears" is too nearly a repetition of "gnaws" and the verbs and images in the last sentence could have been interrelated better. But in "Night Transfigured" the description of the nettles illuminated by torchlight is superb in its richness and exactness of descriptive detail. The title poem seizes with extraordinary clarity on a remembering mind groping for and grasping a particular movement of the wind, while "Descartes and the Stove," equally admirable in its description, is most valuable for the complex of relationships it sketches out between the worlds inside and outside the room, inside and outside the mind.

I have still said nothing of the prose poems, which are uneven but quite brilliant at their best, or of the short line poems like "Before the Dance," which skilfully uses its impatient rhythm to generate the suspense of the moment before the beginning of the Indian dance at Zuni. Somehow the poem contrives a pre-echo of the sound which is not yet in the air.

MOST OF THE VERSE in Donald Davie's last book *Events and Wisdoms* (1964) suffered rather than gained from the tension between content and form. Self-satisfied rhymes and rhythms undermined everything Davie said about his dissatisfaction with himself. The overworked surface cramped the gestures towards expansiveness, while the personal reminiscences missed the resonance that was intended. But at the end of the book, in a sequence of five poems about a motor smash, the urgency of the situation jolted Davie into a new directness.

In *Essex Poems*,² a collection covering the years 1963-7, the verse benefits from both the new freedom and the discipline to which Davie habituated himself over so many years of writing. His rhymes and his rhythms are subtler and more relaxed. Ambivalence of feeling, ambiguity of experience are now cleanly brought to the surface, focused in neat ironies laid out in neat lines.

*British is what we are.
Once an imperial nation,
Our hands are clean now, empty.
Cause for congratulation.*

² *Essex Poems*. By DONALD DAVIE. Routledge, 25s.

³ *Travelling*. By MICHAEL HAMBURGER. Fulcrum, 30s.

⁴ *Terry Street*. By DOUGLAS DUNN. Faber, 15s.

Reminiscences still sometimes produce a diffusion, as in "Stratford-on-Avon" and "Barnsley 1966" but "Intervals in a Busy Life" succeeds in imparting a telling general resonance to personal particulars.

Altogether there is more assurance of tone, more variety of form, mood and subject-matter, more richness of texture than in any of Davie's previous volumes. The two Pasternak translations are impressive and some of the original poems show a Pasternak influence, healthily digested. But there is a curious disparity between the best poems and the worst. "Ezra Pound in Pisa" and "Or, Solitude", have a sinewy rhythmic fibre and put every word in the right place with the right amount of weight and stress. But "Pieta", a short line poem, and "Sylvae", a poem which behaves as though its lines were shorter than they are, both have awkward enjambments and words which require no stress in stressed positions.

SOME OF THE POEMS in Michael Hamburger's new volume *Travelling*³ make their points too emphatically, while others fail to make much impression at all. "Report on a Supermarket" certainly commands attention but the nagging tone soon becomes tiresome and the style of the satire owes too much to Enzensberger. Even in "At Error", a protest about the American bombing of a friendly Vietnamese village, the tone seems forced.

Perhaps partly because of the depth to which he has immersed himself in other people's poetry, Michael Hamburger has great difficulty in this book in finding his own voice. In the more modest poems, it verges on inaudibility, though "Loach", "Oxwich" and "The Col" contain some attractive description. But there is not much pressure behind them, which is the trouble with most of the poems in the book. Often it is as if the different ingredients—narrative, details of observation, comment, images, rhythms—were pulling the poem very gently in different directions. Only Hamburger's irony is less gentle and that is shown off to better effect in the prose section "Zombie's Notebook" in which the statements do not need to become anything more than statements.

In *Terry Street*,⁴ Douglas Dunn displays an admirable sureness of touch, particularly in the first part of the book, which consists of eighteen poems dealing with life in the slums of Hull. Without using any dialogue, he vividly recreates the life of the streets, commenting on

it at the same time. When it occurs, the question of his own involvement in it, whether as an insider or outsider, is perfectly focused, as in the final poem, about his decision to leave Terry Street.

At first much of the statement appears to be about the surfaces of appearance and behaviour but examine it more closely and you see that particular details are very judiciously fused into generalisations which are then built into a montage that takes us, partly by implication, over a wide range of experience.

*In the sunless dustbin alleys, vermin devour cats;
Old women are seen wiping in doorless toilets;
Layers of smell flake off the air like invisible soot;
French letters cool, relics of life-hot winter shags;
And a girlie mag breaks up in glossy fragments,
Focus of masturbation by torchlight, among hungry cats.*

*The postmen see the fronts of us, poverty and bills,
The proofs we are administered.
The dustmen, red-eyed with lifting, and ash-coloured,
See the back sides of us, the bits we don't paint,
And keep children out of with warnings of dogs and fever.*

Douglas Dunn combines the postman's view with the dustman's, and he organises his fragments of fact to create a truthful emotional atmosphere. Taken together, the eighteen poems give off an unusually strong—and not at all unattractive—smell of life as it is actually lived.

The poems in the second half of the book show just as much capacity for sympathetic identification with other people—or with horses in a field—and the same unerring selection of the right factual generalisations to evoke an atmosphere and a mood, in "The Love Day" for instance. But in these poems the first person is more obtrusive, the focus not quite so sharp, the language less transparent, the irony not so subtle. But to measure the second half of the book against the first is to judge it by a very high standard.

STUART MONTGOMERY makes a highly effective debut with *Circe*.⁵ Pulsating sinuously and sensuously, the lines drive the voice resistlessly forward, compellingly suggesting the hypnotic lure of the enchantress with their rhythm and momentum.

⁵ *Circe*. By STUART MONTGOMERY. Fulcrum, 21s.

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*her hands moving over my limbs undoing
the tension and washing them in her bright
cauldron then burnished my dry skin
with oil which carried the sunlight within
and the clear blue perfume of eucalyptus in
the evening into the crimson cloak and tunic
that she chose for me*

The subject-matter is slippery and the movement of the verse imitates it so well that Stuart Montgomery could easily have lost his grip on it. But though he narrates in the first person, dramatically conveying Odysseus' loss of control over what happens to him, Montgomery keeps the verse under control, partly through his changes of rhythm and line-length. I wish he could do a verse translation of *The Odyssey*.

ANTONIO CISNEROS is a young Peruvian poet still in his twenties and *The Spider Hangs Too Far From The Ground*⁶ is a selection from his *Comentarios Reales* (1964) and his *Canto Ceremonial contra un oso hormiguero* (1968). His personality and his style emerge clearly through the translations by Maureen Ahern, William Rowe, and David Tipton. The early poems, combining a delicate sensitivity with a savage Latin American irony, extract rare metals from the ore of Peruvian history. The warriors slaughtering each other under the hot sun are viewed with the same compassion and the same ironic clarity as the small beach creatures, excreting and eating each other among the sun-dried bones.

The later poems are longer and often more personal but also more complex in their structure and their mixture of moods and subjects, their juggling of perspectives. Now Cisneros' ironic eye studies the modern warriors.

*And so,
when they got away, we picked up meat &
arms.*

*The captain fled over his own dead
abandoned to the nibbling of the flies.*

*We had no wounded.
The guerrilleros bury their tins of fish,
pick up their guns, fall silent, walk on.*

*With no belongings
but their bones & guns, & sometimes doubt
like a cleft
in a field of clay.*

*Also fear.
And the black roots
& the good ones, & the fungi which fatten &
those which bring death
proffering themselves identically.*

⁶ *The Spider Hangs Too Far From The Ground*. By ANTONIO CISNEROS. Cape Goliard, 30s. Paper, 16s.

⁷ *The Floor Keeps Turning*. By SHIRLEY KAUFMAN. University of Pittsburgh Press, \$4.95. Paper, \$2.50.

If there is a feminine element in Cisneros' very masculine sensibility, there is also a masculine element in the very feminine sensibility of Shirley Kaufman, whose book *The Floor Keeps Turning*⁷ won the U.S. Award of the 1969 International Poetry Forum. Her poems are elegant, glassy structures, with violent tensions visible underneath. Her realm is the domestic, her preoccupations not too different from those of any highly-educated, highly-strung, middle-class American Jewish housewife. But she has a very rare poetic talent and she writes cleanly and incisively, with an appearance of ease which is probably deceptive.

Her descriptions are quaint and lively. This is a beetle on its back:

*Some little Pequod spitting, mastheads
tufted with joints like unfleshed frogs,
lame as a butterfly spread
on a pin. And from the thrashing legs*

*hooks caught at nothing, casting
and casting in the air, her
bent and beaded feelers lashing
until the threads would have to tear.*

But she is more forceful when she is dealing with the frictions of her own life, the strain of making love in the daylight as she grows older, the stricken sense of losing contact with her daughter, the strain and pain of living in the same house as her mother. But instead of trivialising this commonplace material, she transmutes it into poetry which is intensely personal but not at all private.

*Through every night we hate,
preparing the next day's
war. She bangs the door.
Her face laps up my own
despair, the sour, brown eyes,
the heavy hair she won't
tie back. She's cruel,
as if my private meanness
found a way to punish us.*

Many poems tremble on the brink of the surreal. Translated into print, a fantasy becomes twice as savage. She dreams of squeezing the cat's head in her hand till its bones crack "like fried fat." The sand crumples under her feet wherever she stands on it. The flytrap masticates its bugs. But she never loses control. She preserves a precarious but valuable balance on the edge of disintegration. The fancies remain fancies. The verse magnifies them but it also holds them in check. And in some poems the Jewish tradition acts as a stabilising influence. In the apocalyptic "Meron," for instance, which

ranges from Rabbi Simeon ben Yochai to the concentration camps, with passing references to her grandmother, who piously cut off her hair when she married, Shirley Kaufman protects herself from her self-awareness by her firmly anchored awareness of so much that is outside herself.

COMPARED WITH THESE delicate distillations from a quiet desperation, Anne Sexton's *Love Poems*⁸ are like choppy-surfaced puddles and she has no qualms about offering them exactly as they are. Sometimes the wind blowing on them has considerable force, which makes this volume more readable than her last, *Live or Die*, but most of the poems seem to have been written far too quickly, as if she were rather nervous of overcooking the emotional raw material. Some of them are like slightly abbreviated transcripts of a patient's free associations during a session with an analyst—

*Later I measured my size against movie stars.
I didn't measure up. Something between
my shoulders was there. But never enough.*

*Sure, there was a meadow,
but no young men singing the truth.
Nothing to tell truth by.*

*Ignorant of men I lay next to my sister
and rising out of the ashes I cried
my sex will be transfixed!*

In fact a great deal of the verse is made out of diary material and most of the best writing in the book comes in the sequence "Eighteen Days Without You" which simulates the form of a diary. This seems partly (but only partly) to justify the method of passing flatly from point to point, with arbitrary shifts between reminiscence and immediate narrative, but with little structure and no organic growth.

In her first two volumes, *To Bedlam and Half Way Back* and *All My Pretty Ones*, Anne Sexton worked a "confessional" mode to considerable effect. The *Love Poems* are no less honest—often they seem too honest—and the emotional pressure behind them may be no less urgent, but the tension is no longer captured in the verse itself, which is thin-textured and rhythmically flaccid. Nothing is left of the breakneck movement from one

tight cluster of images and ideas to the next. We get more clarity, but at the cost of a pedestrian pace.

EVEN THE BEST POEMS in Ted Walker's *The Night Bathers*⁹ are not quite as good as the best in his previous books, *Fox on a Barn Door* and *The Solitaries*, and the collection as a whole is more uneven than either of them, but I still think it represents progress. Refusing just to go on doing what he has already done well, Ted Walker is experimenting with different styles, different voices, implicitly admitting that he has not yet found his own, but clearly determined to do so.

Will he have to abandon the colloquial, tough, matey style that serves him so well in the very enjoyable poem about his dead uncle, a man he would in some ways obviously like to resemble?

*On pay-days in the shipyard you played Brag
Around an oil-drum with a greasy pack
A week's wages slipped through. You'd borrow
back
Enough to stand a round of beer later.
Down The Marlipins they say you were
The sort that got offered a man's last fag.*

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⁸ *Love Poems*. By ANNE SEXTON. Oxford University Press, 15s.

⁹ *The Night Bathers*. By TED WALKER. Jonathan Cape, 21s.

Basically he is more withdrawn and fastidious and seems to be most aware of himself when he is in the presence of other people but detached from them, as in the title poem, or when he is alone in the country, or with animals.

There is as much variety of verse form in the book as of subject matter. Nearly all the poems have the same number of lines in each verse, but the length of both verses and lines varies from poem to poem, as does the use of rhyme and half rhyme. He includes a regular

sonnet, a religious poem in *terza rima*, and scattered through this heterogeneous collection is an equally heterogeneous mixture of translations (Neruda, Verlaine, Rilke, Leconte de Lisle, Montale, Lorca, Hölderlin and Lope de Vega). Both these and the original poems have made him flex a great many technical muscles and I hope they have helped him towards finding his own voice.

The Oxford magazine *Carcenet* has started its own press publishing attractive booklets of verse. Of the seven which have appeared so far, the most interesting are *Black Buildings*¹⁰ by Michael Schmidt, a stylish young poet, and *Provençal Poems*,¹¹ a series of translations rather in the style of Pound by Sally Purcell, who also provides a useful introduction.

¹⁰ *Black Buildings*. By MICHAEL SCHMIDT. Carcanet Press, 7s.

¹¹ *Provençal Poems*. By SALLY PURCELL. Carcanet Press, 7s.

Command & Respect

By D. W. Brogan

BRUCE CATTON, it is to be assumed, brings his very lengthy chronicle of the American Civil War to a conclusion with this book,¹ and in most ways it is a worthy conclusion of this important enterprise. Mr Catton provides an admirable, if one-sided, account of the campaign in Virginia in 1864, and a more satisfactory account of Grant's role as the Lieutenant-General of the United States armies. But he does not, it seems to this reviewer, stress enough, or perhaps notice enough, the difference between Grant as Lieutenant-General commanding all the armies of the United States and General Grant commanding in fact the Army of the Potomac in Virginia.

For it is one of the paradoxes of Grant's career that in Virginia he really did not do conspicuously better than his predecessors, and could be compared, not necessarily in his favour, with General McClellan. True, Mr Catton puts the blame for the series of disastrous and ignominious failures which marked the Army of the Potomac under Grant, as under previous commanders of that unlucky force, on his subordinates. And of course Burn-

side and Butler would have been headaches, and worse than headaches, to any general, even to Napoleon or to Frederick the Great or to Marlborough at the very height of their powers. But Grant did take command. As Mr Catton implies rather than states quite candidly, he continually reduced the power and responsibilities of General Meade. The bloody slaughter of the Wilderness Campaign, the horrors of the Crater, the failure to hold together the Army of the Potomac, the continual breakdown in staff work all were, surely, part of the responsibilities of the Commander of all American armies and of the General who had taken over control of the Army of the Potomac?

There is, no doubt, a paradox in the last year of Grant's military career, and as Lieutenant-General he has great claims to respect. It was not his fault that he was "lumbered" with Banks and Butler. The political reasons which forced these two preposterous amateur soldiers on Lincoln were not Grant's fault. But even when more serious soldiers like Hancock were concerned, Grant's command of the army which he, perhaps foolishly, largely directed himself is not nearly as impressive as his previous career, above all on the highwater mark of that career, the Chatta-

¹ *Grant Takes Command*. By BRUCE CATTON. J. M. Dent, £3.

nooga Campaign. Grant was conscious of the fact that his performance with the Army of the Potomac was not as brilliant as he must have hoped it would be when he first took the field against Lee. It is one of the oddities of this book that so little attention is given to Lee. The account of the Virginia Campaign in 1864 is rather like an account of the campaign in France in 1814 in which attention is directed on Schwarzenberg and Napoleon is hardly mentioned. Grant was, in fact, facing in Lee an opponent of a rank he had never had to face before. To defeat and humiliate Braxton Bragg was one thing; to outwit and economically defeat Robert E. Lee was beyond his resources—more his mental resources than his material resources. For despite ingenious arguments, the number of troops really serving with the Army of the Potomac were heavily on the side of General Grant, and he did not make a very brilliant use of them in 1864.

Grant, in the most remarkable and convincing of American military apologies, his *Personal Memoirs*, although candid as generals go, was not very candid and managed to put the blame for certain disastrous episodes in the Virginia Campaign on his subordinates. But a Commander-in-Chief, as Grant was, has surely some serious responsibility for the performances of his subordinates; and there is no reason to believe that the corps commanders of the Army of the Potomac were inferior to the commanders of the Army of Northern Virginia, at any rate after the death of Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville. The old and traditional belief that Grant met more than his match when he met Robert E. Lee seems to be justified; for we know that Grant was not a modest man (modest men seldom make good generals), and he came to the command with an excessive confidence in his methods of waging war and of what he could do with the Army of the Potomac in face of the Army of Northern Virginia. He very soon found out that Lee was a very different opponent from Pemberton or Bragg or even Albert Sydney Johnson.

He was naturally reluctant to admit this, and there is a curious parallel between his experience in 1864 in Virginia and the experience of Hindenburg and Ludendorff on the Western Front in 1916 after the removal of Falkenhayn. They soon discovered that the Franco-British Armies were very much more formidable than the Russian Army, and they were to discover that the Allied High Command on the Western Front, for all its faults,

was a much more competent military organisation than the Russian High Command had been. But Grant, unlike Ludendorff, kept his head, and was never a gambler on Ludendorff's scale.

IT IS WHEN WE TURN to Grant as the Commander of all the Union armies that his great claims to military respect are more visible. It is quite possible that if politics and vanity had not led Ben Butler to take over the active direction of the attack on Fort Fisher the first attack would have succeeded. Grant had to suffer from political generals like Butler, Banks, and Sigel. And, of course, there were commanders on the Union side who were not as totally incompetent as Banks, Butler and Sigel, but yet were only moderately competent. But there is not sufficient attention given to the great risks run by the Union in the late summer of 1864. Morale, both civilian and military, was low, and it might be argued that it took the combined folly and incompetence of Jefferson Davis, Bragg and Hood to enable Lincoln to approach the November election of 1864 with a confidence which he had not had in the dread summer of that year.

Mr Catton has his own favourites and his own non-favourites. It is not clear whether he thinks that Grant was as unjust to Rosecrans as his very unkind comments on that general would suggest. It is not clear whether Mr Catton has considered the possibility that Sherman, like Soult, was an admirable planner of a campaign but simply had not got what General Winfield Scott called "finish". Among the Union generals, the one who *had* finish was Sheridan, as Grant as well as Winfield

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Scott realised. It was Grant's choice and backing of Sheridan, the only general he brought from the West, which is one of his greatest claims to Union gratitude.

Perhaps a little more could have been said about Sheridan's methods of commanding his army in the Shenandoah Valley. One of his most brilliant subordinates, Colonel Charles Lowell of the great Massachusetts family, said that Sheridan went about his command of his army like a business man. (He had been, after all, during the year of his exile from West Point, a book-keeper, and he was not a *beau sabreur* like Jeb Stuart.) In the final campaign which ended at Appomattox, it was a combination of the ruthlessness of Sheridan with the general control of the great battlefield by Grant that put an end to Lee's fast diminishing hopes. The final combination of Lincoln, Grant, and Sheridan was decisive against the greatest of American generals, Robert E. Lee. Sherman's march through Georgia and then north to the Carolinas was, of course, a memorable performance in face of very feeble opposition; but perhaps the reputation of Sherman deserves a reconsideration as much as the reputation of Grant.

MICHAEL HOWARD

Studies in War and Peace

Denis Healey (*Sunday Times*)

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ONE OF THE MANY MERITS of this book is Mr Catton's account of the morale and of the methods of the Army of the Potomac. He perhaps could have stressed more what seems to us today the oddity of a system in which a great part of the Union army simply left the war when its three-year period of service had ended. Among the Union soldiers thus contracting out of the war was Oliver Wendell Holmes Junior who perhaps had a kind of right to leave the war when it was still far from finished because of his previous services and his wounds. But although it is not developed sufficiently, there was something still more odd about the way in which the North and the South failed to impose anything like total mobilisation. Perhaps the new soldiers of the Army of the Potomac were in 1864 quite as deplorable a collection of mere mercenaries as Mr Catton suggests. After all, the sight of "veterans" leaving the army cannot have improved the morale of the recruits who were being dragged in by Stanton's methods.

THIS IS A BRILLIANT apologia for the last campaigns of General Grant, and it is an apologia which Grant deserves to have made for him, although perhaps his own ingenious and very lucid account of his services in the *Personal Memoirs* is still more revealing and perhaps more convincing. Mr Catton has castigated his own style, and there is not nearly as much in this volume of the excessive and lush vocabulary and passion for often unconvincing metaphor which marked the earlier volumes of Mr Catton's study of the Civil War. Yet he is still open to the kind of stylistic criticism which James Russell Lowell directed against Augustin Thierry. There is a little too much ornament and a little too much metaphor in Mr Catton's narrative.

The apparent austerity of his narrative is the main superiority of Grant's *Personal Memoirs* over this new life. It could, of course, be argued that, like Caesar in his *Commentaries*, the austerity was a literary device which enabled both Caesar and Grant to conceal the less successful aspects of their military careers. But truth will out (even in an affidavit, as Lord Bowen is reported to have said), and truth came out both in Caesar's *Commentaries* (for example, in the implausible account of his defeat at Gergovia) and in Grant's volumes where instances were rather more numerous. But the great fault of this book is the almost complete absence from it of Robert E. Lee.

POINTS OF THE COMPASS

Campus Revolt: California's Balance-Sheet

CALIFORNIA is, of course, where it all began. Back in those sunny days of late September 1964, confrontation tactics hit the American campus. In response to a change by the Berkeley administration, which revoked the practice that had allowed student political groups to collect money and organise off-campus demonstrations on a small 26-foot strip at the Telegraph Avenue entrance to the campus, the first major post-World War II American student revolt began. Within three months, the administration building, Sproul Hall, had been occupied by close to a thousand students and others. Before it was evacuated over 700 were arrested by the police sent in by Governor Brown, who overruled Clark Kerr's wishes to let them stay. By Christmas, Edward Strong, the Berkeley Chancellor, had been replaced by an acting Chancellor, Martin Meyerson. Strong was thus the first administration casualty of what was to be a long list of Presidents, Chancellors, and Deans, who were fired or resigned, following a campus upheaval.

THE MOST RECENT major events of this kind have been the resignation of Kenneth Pitzer, after only two years in the presidency of Stanford, directly across the Bay from Berkeley, and of Howard Johnson, President of beleaguered M.I.T. Clark Kerr, the president of the state-wide University of California, was to go twice, the first time in the Spring of 1965 when he and Martin Meyerson resigned in protest against pressure from Governor

THIS "Letter from California" was written by a leading American scholar who prefers—for reasons which his analysis makes abundantly clear—to remain anonymous.

Brown and some of the Regents who had demanded that they peremptorily expel a group of students who had voiced and published obscenities (the so-called Filthy Speech Movement which succeeded the Free Speech Movement). Kerr and Meyerson withdrew their resignations, but their tenure was short-lived. Meyerson went that summer; the Regents would not confirm him in the Berkeley Chancellorship. Kerr held on in a precarious position until the election of Ronald Reagan enabled Jesse Unruh, then Speaker of the Assembly and ex-officio Regent of the University and Reagan's subsequent 1970 opponent, to press the Regents to a vote on Kerr's continuance in office. This was a vote that Kerr could not win at the time, and which one can assume Unruh knew would be blamed on Reagan. Thus Reagan received the credit for a tough decision which he supported, but not one that he wanted at the time.

Meyerson was succeeded in the summer of 1965 by Roger Heyns, a psychologist and then Vice-President of the University of Michigan. Heyns was best known academically for a book which among other things discussed how to achieve consensus within organisations through opening blocked channels of communication. For some time after he took office, Heyns was to pursue policies which appeared to reflect his belief that if you could only get the different groups on campus to talk freely with each other, the major tensions would end. As a step in that direction he appointed as his Assistant for Student Affairs, John Searle, a young Assistant Professor of Philosophy, whose most noteworthy prior campus political role had been as a well-known faculty supporter of the FSM during November and December 1964. This act, however, did not conciliate the radicals, but demoralised the moderates and conservatives among the students and faculty who saw in it evidence that the new Chancellor was more concerned with winning the approbation of the militants than in resisting politicisation. While the appointment of Searle did not have much success in terms of pacifying the campus, it did change him. Over the years, Searle has become one of the most hard-line campus conservatives in the country.

Kerr was replaced in 1967 by Charles Hitch, former Comptroller of the Defense Department. Hitch, a taciturn pipe-smoking executive, has been almost invisible since taking office. Learning from the mistakes of his predecessor, he has carefully remained out of all campus matters, leaving the chancellors of the nine branches of the university complete control

over local affairs, including particularly the handling and disciplining of students. Hitch has allowed the functions of the presidency to be reduced largely to those of internal budgetary controls and external dealings with the Regents and Legislature. Other administrative personnel shifts have occurred on some of the other campuses as well. Those at Los Angeles, San Diego, Davis, and San Francisco (Medical School) have new heads appointed since Reagan became Governor and Kerr was fired.

Ronald Reagan's Failure

PERHAPS THE MOST IMPORTANT change in the governing structure of the university has been the gaining of control of the Board of Regents by conservatives appointed by and closely tied politically to Ronald Reagan. The California Board is composed of 24 men, 16 of whom are appointed by the Governor in staggered 16-year terms, and 8 of whom, including the Governor and various other state officials, the president of the alumni association, and others, are *ex officio*. For some time after Reagan took office, the Board was primarily composed of Brown appointees. Within the past year or so, Reagan's men took control, in part because resignations gave him an opportunity to make additional nominations. The Governor, therefore, now comes as close to being able to set policy for the University as any Governor in memory of living man. One instance of his new power is the establishment by the Board for the first time in history of a regular tuition fee for California residents. Reagan had proposed this after taking office, but he was turned down for two years.

The control of campus unrest had been a major plank in the Governor's campaign for election in 1966. His supporters put out a large tabloid paper, headed *Berkeley*, which described in words and pictures the horrors of radical, hippie, criminal, drug-imbibing activities which went on among the students on that campus. This publication was widely distributed throughout the state before the election, and since taking office Ronald Reagan has given numerous speeches denouncing the activities of the "minority" of students, faculty, and outside trouble-makers, who have been responsible for the turmoil on the different campuses. He has made it clear that he wants trouble-makers who interfere with the educational functions of the university expelled or fired. He and the Regents want violent demon-

strations ended. The Governor has also criticised the preponderantly liberal-left bias of the faculty. He has urged the appointment of more conservative faculty to help balance out the overweighting in favour of one side of the political spectrum. To gain control over faculty appointments, the Regents last year took back the power to consider every tenure appointment to faculty, which had been given up to the local campus administrations some years earlier.

The stage was set, therefore, for a test of the theory that "a right-wing anti-university backlash, which had contributed to electing a state administration, could control campus unrest, and could reverse the process of politicisation which is gradually becoming dominant on most major American campuses."

AT THE END of the academic year 1969-70, it is necessary to report that the Reagan policy is almost a total failure. During that year, the various campuses of the University of California were among the most politicised schools in the United States. In so far as one can judge the direction of hirings and resignations, particularly in the politically vulnerable and highly self-conscious social sciences, moderates and conservatives tend to be disproportionately represented among those who leave (a phenomenon which has been going on since 1965), and faculty supporting militant student activism often stand out among those who come to the university. The latter have included a number active in SDS or the "New University Conference" (the faculty SDS), and men involved in sit-ins at Harvard University, the University of Chicago, and Cornell.

Actions to fire faculty have occurred at UCLA, including one of a former Harvard Maoist SDS leader, who took part in a sit-in at UCLA holding a dean captive. He was let go by a faculty committee, over the objection of his department, both because of his action at UCLA, and the further fact that he was still under suspension at Harvard because of the leading role he had played in the seizure of the administration building there, the year before he went to Los Angeles. The other case, which is more widely known is that of Angela Davis, acting (no Ph.D.) Assistant Professor of Philosophy and self-identified member of the Communist Party of the U.S.

THE DAVIS CASE contains some peculiar elements. Many who know Miss Davis doubt that she is a member of the Communist Party; but the Regents presumably have taken her at her word. She is a student of the aged guru

of the New Left, Herbert Marcuse. Marcuse, however, is bitterly disliked by both Russian and American Communists, for his anti-Russian and anti-working class political positions. Marcuse has frequently been denounced by them as a C.I.A. *agent-provocateur*. In making this charge, they refer to his role as a member of the Office of Strategic Services (the O.S.S.), the predecessor of the C.I.A., both during and after World War II. It is doubtful that a good Communist would choose to work with Marcuse. Miss Davis has also strongly supported the Black Panthers for a considerable length of time. The Panthers, while self-described Marxist-Leninists, who also frequently quote Stalin to justify given policies, were first devoted disciples of the Chinese Communists, and relied heavily on material from Peking sources in their publication, *The Black Panther*, at the time she was first identified as a Communist. More recently the Panthers have changed their international Communist loyalties. Eldridge Cleaver, their exiled leader, has led them into the camp of the North Koreans (who seek to maintain a purist position independent of both major Communist powers). Thus, *aficionados* of American Communist and splinter-group affairs strongly suspect that Miss Davis has been putting the Regents on. Her statement that she is a member of the Communist Party may have been deliberately designed to force the Regents to enforce their three-decade-old non-Communist employment policy.

Whatever Angela Davis' true relationship to the American Communist Party, she succeeded in provoking the Regents into firing her for her political activities. They first tried to do so for her party membership, but lost their case in a lower court. They then refused to reappoint her for 1970-71, not for being a member of the C.P., but for speeches advocating policies and tactics which made her unfit to be a member of the UCLA faculty. This decision is, of course, also being appealed to the courts as a violation of free speech rights. Meanwhile the issue of her teaching this fall, whether on the University payroll, or through payment from a fund raised among sympathisers, became increasingly irrelevant. She has been charged with involvement in an effort to free black prisoners during a trial in Marin County (north of San Francisco) in August, which resulted in the killing of the judge and three in the escape plot. The guns used in this effort were, according to the police, purchased by Miss Davis; one of the young blacks killed had been one of her body-guards, and she had been making speeches concerning the need to

liberate black prisoners. Miss Davis disappeared after the plot failed. The FBI placed her on the "ten most wanted criminals" list; and she was arrested in October while trying to hide in New York.

The Collapse of Standards

BUT WHILE the Regents were busy fighting Angela Davis, the politicisation of the University went on apace with more and more young, and occasionally middle-aged sympathisers of radical activism joining the faculty.

The newer and smaller campuses, *i.e.*, those at Santa Cruz and Irvine in particular, are disproportionately staffed with young men, more likely on this count alone to be sympathetic to the student militants. At Irvine, the faculty have included students as regular voting members of the University Senate and its committees. They have been told by the state-wide university that this is illegal. Irvine has ignored such notice, and the rest of the University, including the Regents, have pretended not to notice this experiment in *co-gobierno* at Irvine. (Parenthetically, it may be noted that the "New University Conference" reports one of its largest chapters at Irvine.) Santa Cruz, which was established as a strongly student-centred institution, has acquired the reputation of being a smaller Berkeley with a strong drug and radical politics culture. A number of the Provosts of its colleges (set up to resemble the Oxbridge model) have resigned within the past two years, some because of the unwillingness of the campus administration to resist the decline of academic standards. At commencement in 1969, its faculty stood to applaud a student militant speaker who insulted other commencement dignitaries, including Clark Kerr, who as President had created the institution.

The San Diego campus, which is still predominantly a science school, is, for that reason, less radical on both the faculty and student side. The main public issue there has been the presence of Herbert Marcuse as a post-retirement member of the philosophy department. The faculty and local administration stood behind their philosophy colleagues, and the Regents, though clearly unhappy, did not interfere. Age has ended the problem. More interesting, though less newsworthy, however, has been the action of the new medical school of the San Diego campus to decide to set a 25% quota for minority (blacks and Mexican-Americans) students. Beyond this, the first group of black students admitted was then allowed to serve as an admission committee considering the qualifications of other black

applicants. A local scandal among academically conservative faculty is the story of a first-rate black student who was denied admission by the black student committee—because he was not a militant! The students admitted under the quota have not done well. The San Diego chancellor William McGill has resigned to accept the position of president of Columbia University, an action which pleases the more moderate faculty who feel McGill had consistently yielded to pressures from student militants to keep the peace.¹

Not to be outdone by the younger campuses, the senior Medical School of the University, that in San Francisco, has also established a 25% minority quota, though not with the unique San Diego admissions procedure. The 1969-70 freshman class included 22 blacks, 8 Mexican-Americans and one American Indian out of 134 students. They were admitted "under new standards emphasising personal qualities and de-emphasising grades and test scores." According to newspaper accounts, these minority group students have received disproportionately low grades. Various administrators argue, however, that grades do not predict future professional competence. To prove their belief, they have proposed that the faculty vote on eliminating all grades in favour of a simple pass-fail system. During the protest against the Cambodian incursion and the war, the San Francisco faculty decided to stop all teaching and other activities, other than keeping their hospitals running, in protest against the war. (See *Science*, 26 June 1970, p. 1526).

PERHAPS THE MOST DISTURBED CAMPUS during the past school year was Santa Barbara, which experienced recurrent violence between students and police since February. The conflicts have occurred in a student unincorporated off-campus residential community, Isla Vista. This area, which has been appropriately described as a youth ghetto, lies close to the campus, but over 10 miles from Santa Barbara. Tensions built up between the students and avaricious landlords, private firms which have a near monopoly in providing a limited variety of goods and services, and county police who conducted occasional raids seeking to control the drug traffic. The occasion of a mass meeting addressed by William Kunstler, the lawyer for "the Chicago Seven" in the conspiracy trial, produced a large crowd which decided to express their anti-Establishment feelings by

burning down the local branch of the biggest bank in the country, the Bank of America. That action, which naturally brought the police on the scene, led to other burnings and efforts at arson, the killing of one student by a stray police bullet, repeated student-police confrontations, and indiscriminate arrests of students and faculty. (The veracity of the latter charge has been attested to in print by arch conservative William Buckley, who has reported that some of *his* political friends among the students and faculty were pulled in in police sweeps.) These events have naturally contributed to further radicalising the Santa Barbara academic community, although it should be noted that Santa Barbara in recent years had been hiring a number of political supporters of SDS. Neither the local campus administration, nor the Regents, nor Governor Reagan, has been able to devise policies which might defuse the situation there. To blame the situation on faculty or outside agitators as some Regents have done has contributed nothing to depoliticisation.

THE JUNIOR of the two major (27,500) campuses, UCLA, has been relatively peaceful in recent years. The fight over Angela Davis produced a nominally unified campus politically. That is, almost nobody among faculty or students publicly supported the Regents' efforts to get rid of her. In all votes at meetings of the Academic Senate, resolutions backing her case passed with near unanimity. More interesting, however, are the results of mail ballots. Shortly after the Senate voted this Spring with only four negative votes to seek to employ her with private funds, should the Regents refuse to do so, a secret mail ballot on the same question passed with a very narrow majority. This shift in the vote to a decidedly more conservative position in secret ballots has occurred on a number of other issues, for example, the retention of the Reserve Officers Training Corps (ROTC). Seemingly the more conservative faculty do not attend the large Senate meetings. In addition many faculty who vote the "liberal" position when others can see for which side they raise their hand, turn "hard-line heroes" in the privacy of their study. The mail secret ballot has become the most effective weapon of the conservative faculty on a number of California campuses.

Between Intimidation & Reconstitution

THE BERKELEY CAMPUS has not lost its self-conceived role as the crown jewel of the California public higher education

¹ For details see article on the San Diego campus in *National Review*, October 1970, pp. 1046-1052, and reports in the nationally syndicated Evans-Novak column in late September.

system with respect to unrest. During 1968-69, violent confrontations between police and demonstrators occurred on or immediately adjacent to campus on six different occasions from July to June. This series of clashes, which almost invariably included the use of tear-gas and arrests, culminated with the struggle in May over the People's Park, an event which produced one death by shooting, a blinding, and many other casualties. The campus area was occupied by the National Guard for some time. No one has totalled up the number of days in which Berkeley has lived under an officially proclaimed "state of emergency," with the presence of outside forces..

The defeat of the People's Park forces, brought about a decline in mass conflict during the 1969 fall and winter quarters. Whether deliberately planned or not, the strategy of the student militants seemed to turn from the street and the plaza to the department. In many departments, particularly in the social sciences and humanities, and the socially relevant professional schools (*e.g.*, social welfare, criminology, and environmental design), graduate students began to press for an increased share of power in the determining of curriculum (more relevance), the recruitment of new graduate students, the distribution of fellowships and other rewards, and consultation in the selection of new faculty.² The extent to which different departments yielded on these issues varied considerably, but yield many of them did. In some cases, the students were counselled and supported by faculty. Although administrators were clearly aware of the pressure being placed on faculty members and departments, they did little or nothing to back up any efforts to resist. Many faculty received the impression that high-level administrators preferred that faculty yield to student demands in fields with many activists, rather than take the risk of a strike and public blow-up.

The Berkeley campus returned to violent public confrontations in April, when for a number of days following 15 April, the national day of protest against the Viet Nam War called by the New Mobilization Committee, mobs of students wandered around

campus disrupting classes, breaking windows, and generally seeking to close the institution down. Before one could see how far this effort would go, the Cambodian incursion occurred and precipitated the most widespread student-based protest movement which the United States has ever experienced. Classes ceased on many campuses across the country. Students and faculty descended on Washington to voice their opposition to the war. Many schools voted to allow students to postpone examinations, or to take courses on a No-grade, Pass-Fail basis. In this series of events, as in preceding years, Berkeley led the way in innovating a political response. At a mass meeting of the entire university held in the Greek Theatre on 6 May, Sheldon Wolin of the Political Science Department, who had played a major role as spokesman of the faculty Left since the days of the FSM struggle, and has since moved to Santa Cruz, introduced an eight-point resolution, which passed by a tremendous voice vote. The critical part of the resolution called upon the University to "reconstitute" itself for the struggle against the war, and the conditions which had made the war possible.

THE WOLIN RESOLUTION introduced a new word into the vocabulary of campus politics: "reconstitution." The student and faculty militants used this resolution to legitimate their use of official university resources, department offices, stationery, stamps, phones, secretaries, student assistants, and classes, for the struggle against the war and evil social conditions. During the months of May and June, various departments and classes reconstituted themselves. Where the majority of the department favoured reconstitution, as in Sociology, Criminology, or Environmental Design, the department facilities were at the disposal of the movement. Where the majority was against it, as in Political Science, the faculty minority moved into another building with those secretaries and graduate assistants who supported them, and conducted their political business from there. Professors announced that their classes were "reconstituted," which meant that the official business of the class, for which students received regular academic credit, was political action. Since most professors did not run "reconstituted" classes, this created a dilemma for those students who wanted to stop all academic work. The Dean of the College of Letters and Sciences, Walter Knight, solved it for them. He ruled that students could drop any course

² Ironically, the School of Criminology which once had a national reputation as the leading centre of training and research in law enforcement has become a concentration point of radical activist faculty and students, a fact strongly reflected in its appointments and in the ideology underlying the interpretation of crime, violence, and other forms of deviance in faculty publications.

for which they were registered without penalty up to 1 June, and that (with the permission of the instructor) they could register for other courses. Since the quarter ended on 6 June, this naturally meant administrative encouragement for students to gain credit in "reconstituted" courses.

Some faculty who kept teaching during this period reported that they were intimidated by student militants who sought to block their classes, or frighten them and their students. Faculty groups saw the Chancellor and other administrative authorities in an attempt to get them to resist the total politicisation of the campus. The Chancellor and his aides refused to help. They denied that "much intimidation" or, for that matter, use of the university for political resources was occurring. The quarter ended with little academic work and much politics, and with a promise that complete reconstitution of the university would be on the agenda during the next academic year.

THE READER MAY WELL be wondering by this time where Ronald Reagan and his conservative, repressive Board of Regents were during all this. As far as public pronouncements were concerned, their main worry until June seemed to be poor Angela Davis. Whatever else went on in the University of California, no admitted member of the Communist Party would remain in their employ. At the late June meeting of the Regents, however, the "reconstitution" issue did come up. The Chancellors were asked to report on what happened during the Cambodian incursion protest. Chancellor Heyns reported that there were some difficulties, but essentially that academic order and work had largely been maintained. Unfortunately, for him, a conservative group of students, and the Republican Assembly member for part of Berkeley, had been keeping tabs. They produced a thick volume documenting the classes which had not met, the statements made by faculty members in class urging students to devote their time to protest, and the like. Thick as this book was, and numerous as their charges proved to be, they only skimmed the surface of what went on during May and June. The Regents apparently have decided that Heyns committed the one unforgivable act—he did not tell them the truth about a situation which could not be concealed from the public. It seems obvious that they have determined that he should go. Unfortunately, their strategy was to try to taunt him into retiring by severe cross-examination at their meetings. Following such a pro-

longed grilling at the July sessions, Heyns had a heart attack which appears to have been fairly severe. This means that he is not likely to remain in his job much longer.

THE EFFORTS TO reconstitute classes for political purposes were, of course, not limited to Berkeley, although they went further there than at other campuses. Clearly, the general spread of politicisation has covered most of the University of California. Struggles over special programmes, minority studies departments, admissions quotas, and black-controlled colleges have also permeated the entire state-wide university. The extensive concessions made in some of the medical schools, which I have discussed earlier, have been paralleled in some Black Studies programmes, with appointments of politically qualified minority-group faculty, student control of fellowships and community development resources, and black militant control over faculty appointments. At San Diego, for example, the then Chancellor McGill and the Regents agreed to the establishment of a so-called "Third World College," recruiting its students primarily from minority groups, and concentrating on the analysis of minority group culture and social problems. A *student* executive committee has the official power to approve or reject all nominations to the faculty. A black Assistant Professor of Chemistry has been appointed as its first Provost. Much of the faculty of this college will be joint appointments with the very small or non-existent social science departments (political science still does not exist). These departments are now faced with pressure to add political activists as regular members of their staff. The first white appointed is a committed radical. And given the presence of some young pro-activist faculty, the pressure to add minority militants may tip the balance with respect to the politicised character of social science at San Diego. There are comparable pressures for the appointments of similar faculty at Berkeley coming from the campus administration. Some faculty see the situation as one of defending academic standards against pressure from the administration which seeks to conciliate the militant students.

The Dilemma of the Centre

THE INTERNAL political problems on the different campuses stem in large measure from the fact that the campus administrators, Chancellors and Deans, are gener-

ally weak men with little personal prestige, little knowledge concerning the political groups with which they are dealing, and little formal power. They are pressed by the Governor and the Regents to be firm and resist politicisation. Yet the real danger to their position seems to come from the outbreak of a visible confrontation. Their effective policy becomes one of avoiding a public conflict, mass demonstration, strike, or sit-in, by yielding to the demands of those segments of the student body and faculty which will cause the most trouble if denied their demands. The conservatives and moderates, even though a majority and concerned with academic standards, can be ignored or kept quiet with fewer concessions. Most campus conservatives are in fact liberals, even self-conceived radicals. They are reluctant to oppose the student activists or the minority militants publicly, for this will identify them to students and their discipline colleagues across the country as "reactionaries." Although they may realise that the Regents and even the Governor are potential allies in a struggle against politicisation, they rarely seek to ally themselves with them. To do so means "supporting the Establishment . . . working with arch reactionaries." They, therefore, complain bitterly in private about the weak-kneed administration of their campus; they exchange horror stories about radicals appointed or promoted for their politics rather than their scholarship. They tell each other of ways in which the Chancellor

has yielded to pressure from the student or faculty Left. Yet except for sending delegations to the Chancellor, they have tended to keep quiet. Consequently, most of the Chancellors ignore them, while propitiating their opponents. This policy has had the inevitable consequence of stimulating the more activist students to escalate their demands and tactics, since their goal of continual radicalising requires confrontation.

THE SITUATION HAS BEGUN to change somewhat during recent months. On a number of campuses, the faculty moderates and conservatives have organised into formal factions or caucuses. At UCLA, they are the "Committee for the University and the Future." At San Diego, the conservatives have joined in the "Committee to Save the University." At Berkeley, they are known as the "Committee for the Academic Community." There are now such groups on most campuses. State-wide meetings of the moderate and conservative groupings took place in Los Angeles in June and September. These groups are dedicated to resisting politicisation in the University. Some are even willing to talk to Governor Reagan and conservative Regents about their "mutual interests." Some of these caucuses have run slates in elections for the Academic Senate Committee on Committees, the elected body which nominates the membership of other Senate Committees, in contests against Left faculty slates.

Whether the organisation of the faculty foes of politicisation has much effect or not will depend on the political sophistication of the various University administrators. For the Regents and the Governor cannot reach into given campuses and make effective policy. *Only a politically aware Chancellor who recognises that he must be a political leader of that segment of the University prepared to fight for academic standards can help resist politicisation.* None of the present Chancellors, with the one possible exception of Ivan Hinderacker, at the relatively isolated and less important campus at Riverside, shows enough insight. And the Regents exhibit little awareness of the kind of men they should be looking for to lead the University. They have attempted to operate on the level of formal policy, ignoring the fact that those who implement the policies are more important than the particular rules or regulations established.³

Various public statements by the Governor and some of the more conservative Regents, as well as the budget-cutting policies with

³ This situation also may be in the process of changing. A number of conservative Regents have openly discussed with faculty the need to appoint strong-minded Chancellors and other administrators. They have the opportunity to make at least two such appointments, at San Diego and soon at Berkeley. Rumour suggests they would also like to change the Chancellors at Santa Barbara, Irvine, and Los Angeles. The normal procedure for selecting a new Chancellor calls for the creation of a faculty nomination committee which proposes a list to the President and a Regents' Committee. Such committees are likely to propose men who are academic administrators and faculty politicians, almost by definition weak men. The President, who seeks to keep his rapport with the faculty and students (Hitch put three students on the San Diego nomination committee on his own initiative), is not likely to overrule the list which comes to him. For the Regents to select Chancellors who have not been nominated by the faculty changes the existing rules of the game. Many conservative Regents and faculty are reluctant to support such action, though the Governor desires it. Rumour has it, however, that the Regents are planning to buck the system at San Diego by appointing a Chancellor *not* endorsed by the search committee.

respect to the University, also serve to prevent any co-operation between the moderate faculty and the conservative politicians. Their interests and values are clearly quite different. Both before and since being elected, Ronald Reagan has privately expressed the view that excellence in education, as well as expensive basic research, ought to be the function of the élite private universities. The state should provide mass education for those who cannot afford or do not have the ability to get scholarships in private universities. This means he would deliberately cut down the cost per student in the University and state colleges, an objective which requires increasing the faculty teaching load, and reducing the state's contribution to the University's research funds. Although Reagan has never publicly announced this policy, many involved in higher education (as well as journalists who have heard him talk off-the-record) are convinced that this is his view. Beyond his general educational outlook, the Governor has also advocated the use of political criteria in the University's faculty personnel policies, both as noted earlier to increase the number of conservatives, and to get rid of "radicals and trouble-makers." In effect, he advocates the opposite side of the coin from that proposed by the Left. Both see the faculty as weighted politically in a direction they oppose, and propose to deliberately remedy the situation. Ironically, the faculty and student Left are in a stronger position to implement their goal than the Governor and the Regents. The social science member on the Academic Senate Budget and Personnel Committee at Berkeley, which nominates faculty *ad hoc* committees to review all department tenure recommendations, has been an old leftist and close political and personal friend of Herbert Marcuse. He has had much more influence on Berkeley social science appointments than Ronald Reagan or the Regents. Few appointments recommended by the faculty are ever turned down by the Regents. The Regents possess a veto power, which they can bring into play only on pain of having the entire academic community, nationally as well as locally, denounce them. But by statements implying they would purge the campus, they contribute to the validation of the Left's world-view, that the University is being threatened with a purge. And this sense of Regental interest in the political views of faculty makes it difficult if not impossible for faculty moderates to oppose the appointment of radicals put forth primarily for their political views. The moderates, too, must avoid being contaminated by

association with the reactionaries who advocate purges. Thus Reagan and other Regents who demand strong measures contribute to the internal strength of the Left.

An excellent example of the tendency of the Regents to engage in provocative behaviour though taking no action occurred with respect to an effort to halt the promotion to tenure of an Assistant Professor of History, Reginald Zelnick. Zelnick has been an active member of the Left faculty groupings since the days of the FSM. He was strongly involved in the "reconstitution" movement during the Cambodian events, and encouraged his students to spend their time protesting. Beyond this he took part in pickets against classes which were meeting. When his name appeared on a list of those recommended for tenure (associate professor), some Regents asked that it be put off for further information. As soon as the news appeared that Zelnick's promotion had been held up, a loud outcry developed up and down the state from faculty spokesmen. Here was clear proof that men would be punished for political action. A few weeks later, Zelnick received his promotion without further ado. Thus, as on earlier occasions, the conservative Regents proved to be a pack of paper tigers. If one were writing a scenario dictating how the Regents could help further politicise the University, one would have them do what seems to come naturally to them.

The Berkeley campus was given a new similar *cause célèbre* at the start of the Fall Semester when Morris Hirsch, Professor of Mathematics, was docked *one week's* pay by the administration for failure to conduct his classes and refusal to make provision for students who did not strike during the Cambodian events. Hirsch, a prominent Left faculty activist, is now the major symbolic victim of Reagan's repression.

GIVEN THE VARIOUS FACTORS inhibiting the ability of the Regents or the moderate faculty to resist politicisation, the future of the University of California is bleak. For the game is not simply one within the University structure from the Regents to the Students. The people of California, the press, and the legislature also have a say. And as they see the results of politicisation—as they see riots, tear gas, destruction of property, arson, politicised classes—they have turned against the University. The Governor has proposed cuts in the budget of the University, and the legislature has consistently voted them. This year's legislature voted on its own to turn down the Governor's recommendation for a 5% salary

increase for faculty. They voted to give this increase, made necessary by the rapid inflation, to all civil servants, but to specifically deny it to state college and university faculty. This, in effect, means a cut in real income. They also reduced sharply the funds available for the operation of the faculty's political institutions, the Academic Senate. The people of California in early June turned down by a two-to-one vote in a state-wide referendum a proposal endorsed by the Governor to fund additional construction for the University's medical schools. As a result, the University has had to reverse long-made plans for the growth of the new and smaller campuses, such as Santa Cruz, Irvine, San Diego, and others. They have had to agree not to increase the enrolment of graduate students. All of this in turn means that relatively few new faculty can be hired, and that most of these must be younger low-salaried ones. This emphasis on hiring younger faculty, plus the continued erosions of senior strength (particularly moderates and conservatives in the politically vulnerable social sciences), increases the strength of the radicals and political activists among the faculty.

⁴ Some concrete statistical evidence of the loss to Scholarship of years of continued turmoil has unwittingly been compiled by some indefatigable sociologists in the course of evaluating the "productivity" and scholarly eminence of various departments in their field. In 1964, before the Berkeley Revolt, the Sociology department there was ranked by a poll of men in the discipline as the leading graduate department in the country, and a survey of the research publications of men at different schools also reported that Berkeley sociologists had led all others in scholarly output for the period 1960-1964. A replication of this survey for the years 1965-1968 found that Berkeley had declined to *sixth*, when ranked according to a weighted total, and to *nineteenth* in terms of "per-person productivity." See Norval D. Glenn and Wayne Villemez, "The Productivity of Sociologists at 45 American Universities," *The American Sociologist*, August 1970, pp. 244-252. Although comparable data have not been published for other fields, there is some indication that the results would be similar for many of them in the fact that use of the library and of computer facilities declines precipitously whenever the university experiences one of its frequent periods of unrest.

The cost to California and other universities of intense politicisation can never be calculated. Berkeley has clearly lost sufficient numbers of eminent faculty to create one of the leading schools in the country were they to have migrated together. Numerically more important has been the "internal emigration," the flight from the classroom and offices to the privacy and quiet of one's study at home, or leave. One of Berkeley's leading social scientists is now in his third successive year in Europe. The President's Commission on Campus Unrest in its recent Report pointed out that

Four years after the *FSM*, the average Berkeley faculty member spent *less* time in the classroom than he had in 1964. Thus, although the Berkeley invention [of campus based confrontation politics] stimulated broad demands for university reform, its aftermath offered little hope that any such reform would be achieved. And there was cause for concern that the extended turmoil had so upset the fragile balance of a large and complicated University that it was less capable than before of coherent self-improvement.⁴

Ironically, it has all been for naught, if judged by the criteria of success in attaining the relatively limited objectives of the 1964 Free Speech Movement of ending the restrictions on collecting money and organising on campus for off-campus political action. For in reaction to the reign of political licence of last year, the campus administrations and the President laid down a series of guide-lines in September as to what is and is not permissible on campus which enunciate rules governing political activities far more restrictive than those which *de facto* existed before the *FSM*. Perhaps Berkeley's most outspoken political *émigré*, Lewis Feuer, was right when he contended that all student political movements are inherently counter-productive and suicidal.

HENCE THE VICIOUS cycle which the University of California entered in 1964 continues. The opponents of radicals strengthen the very trends they dislike.

N.N.

LETTERS

Sir Peter Medawar's Reply

I FEEL I should say something in answer to *R*'s courteous but understandably bewildered comparison [ENCOUNTER, October] between Paul Ehrlich's "almost apocalyptic vision of doom" as he contemplates the ecological depredations of modern science and technology (*The Listener*, 13th August) with the sanguine, almost buoyant attitude towards the same problems I took last year in my Presidential Address to the British Association "On 'The Effecting of All Things Possible'" (*The Advancement of Science*, Vol. 26, 1969).

There is indeed a profound difference of mood between Paul Ehrlich and myself. Nevertheless, the Confrontation that *R* has devised is to some extent an artificial one. In one of his most emphatic passages Ehrlich says there is *no*—I repeat *no*—conceivable technological solution to the problems we face without population control. My own view is that there is no realistic solution of the problem of population control that does not begin with scientific and technological research. I believe that one day a fully effective and medically unobjectionable method will be devised for preventing conception. The political, psychological, religious, and administrative difficulties of bringing such a method into use are indeed very great, but I don't think I am being optimistic beyond the bounds of reason in supposing that they can be overcome.

I am sure that Ehrlich is right to say that we shall have to abandon a style of economy marked by profligate production, consumption, and waste for something more like a space-ship economy marked by frugality, recycling, and above all by forethought.

My purpose in comparing the despondent philosophic mood of the early years of the seventeenth century with that of today was above all else to contest the view that there is some *essential* malefaction about the advancement of science and technology which makes their bad effects irremediable.

I am sorry to say this but I am quite sure that some people (Professor Ehrlich, a first-rate scientist, is certainly not among them) *want* or need to believe that science is a great Behemoth trampling down everything in its pathway including much of what makes life worth living. This is part of a cultural counter-attack on science. Such people are, if anything, rather pleased to hear further evidence of the despoliation produced by modern technology. Unfortunately for those who deliver Commencement and Inaugural addresses and other uplifting orations, the denunciation of science and

technology is now becoming too well known an alternative to having anything original to say. One is reminded of the pastor of the wee kirk who is alleged to have thanked God for the existence of Satan who provided him with inexhaustible copy for his stirring sabbath exhortations. It is most important that a fear of the harm science and technology may do should not lead us to repudiate any remedies they can provide.

P. B. MEDAWAR

National Institute for
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London

Professor Ehrlich's Explanation

I AGREE WITH Professor Medawar that our differences are largely of mood, and certainly are not as great as the juxtaposition of our comments would make them seem. It would be disastrous to abandon science and technology at this stage in the game and attempt a "return to nature." We can only support today's level of overpopulation through the continued use of technology. As population pressures will inevitably increase over the next few decades we will have to become increasingly clever with our technology. Otherwise, in our attempts to feed and house more and more people, we will actually reduce the carrying capacity of the planet and bring on an unprecedented eco-catastrophe. Right now we need much *more* scientific research and a vast reordering of priorities both for research projects and for the uses of technology.

When I said "there is *no*, I repeat *no*, conceivable technological solution to the problems we face," I meant that technological innovation by itself cannot solve our problems. The attitude is prevalent among laymen and some specialists (generally looking for solutions from other specialities) that it can. Nevertheless, very simple calculations show that we are nearing the limits of technology to expand the carrying capacity of the planet. There is no way that technology can continue to keep food supply up with population growth for much longer. (Indeed last year it produced *no* increase in food supply, while population increased 2%.) Nor will technological tinkering end our pollution problems; such "cures" sometimes turn out to be worse than the original disease.

We must turn to a course of *reducing* the size of the human population over the next few centuries, and we must move in that direction as rapidly as possible. The only humane way of accomplishing this is, of course, by limiting births. If man does not do that, nature will soon solve the problem by increasing deaths. Let me emphasise that population control will not solve all human ills—even with a much reduced population size we will still be faced with such perennial problems as racism, war, and poverty. But at least we will have a chance at solving them.

Certainly a fully effective and medically unobjectionable method of preventing conception

would be an enormous technological aid in achieving population control. But this would not be a technological solution. In overdeveloped countries such as the United States, recent work makes it clear that 100% effective contraception available to all would not halt population growth.¹ Even in our industrial society, people want too many children. The situation in the underdeveloped countries is less hopeful because family size desiderata are considerably higher. On the other hand, there is abundant evidence that people will limit their families, regardless of technology, if they perceive the need (indeed, quack abortion and infanticide thrive throughout most of the world for this reason). Technology is not the key to solving this problem, even though it could be an enormous help.

THE FUNDAMENTAL ANSWER to our problem lies in changing human attitudes and values (and thus our uses of technology). People want too many children. People want to enjoy massive consumption (they have been trained to want it). People are aggressive and xenophobic. Unless these basic motivations and the behaviour of the institutions which reinforce them are changed, no technology can save our skins. Our problems require mainly social, political, and economic solutions. But technology can help both to change attitudes and to hold the world together until a more rational mode of existence can be established.

PAUL R. EHRLICH

*Dept of Biological Sciences,
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R's Query

PROFESSOR MEDAWAR quite rightly says I am bewildered and I am no less bewildered after reading his and Professor Ehrlich's letters. My bewilderment arises because I find it difficult to reconcile the following propositions:

1. That technology is continuously discovering the answers to the problems which technology creates.
2. That it is not.

Which is true? I ask simply in a spirit of enquiry and not of criticism.

London

¹ See: L. Bumpass and C. F. Westoff: "The 'perfect contraceptive' population," in *Science*, vol. 169, pp. 1177-1182 (18 Sept. 1970).

Children of the T.V. Age

MR T. R. FYVEL was unlucky, in his article in the current issue [ENCOUNTER, October], in singling out "T. Ali, R. Dutschke" as being names "very hard to remember" now, though I suppose he could not have known that Tariq Ali had written a book, and that the Home Secretary would make Rudi Dutschke into headlines again. He just happened to choose an unfortunate example. But there is one point about television which neither he nor Robin Day appears to have noticed, but which is a very real bar to its fulfilling the socially-educative role which he would like to give it. That is, that what the screen says to its audience *cannot effectively be contradicted*.

This is not the case with the printed word. If the *Times*, the *Economist*, ENCOUNTER or any other journal you choose to name, prints a report or makes a statement which seems to me to be nonsense or a lie, I can protest in a letter, and at least hope that my letter will be printed, in a not too inconspicuous place in *that journal*, and that the readers of the report will also read the repudiation. Even if the hope is often disappointed, it is there. But you cannot hope that a seriously misleading shot of police beating up students (or conversely of a small segment of an otherwise peaceful crowd throwing petrol bombs) shown, say, on *Twenty-Four Hours* will be followed, in the same programme on another evening, by a corrective shot of the police or the crowd doing no such thing. It is blankly impossible; you cannot get your repudiation or protest before the eyes of the same audience as witnessed the first showing; the lie, if lie it be, goes unchallenged. I have not seen any suggestion, in all the attacks or defences of television, which seem to me to deal with this fundamental difficulty; if there are any, I should be very glad to know of them.

MARGARET COLE

London

I AGREE with Mrs Cole that an ordinary person or even a powerful interest group cannot effectively contradict what has been said on a television programme in the way one can get a critical letter prominently printed in a newspaper, a serious newspaper anyway. So what safeguards are there against occasional unfairness? Probably very few (see Mr John Boulting's angry letter to *The Times* against what he considered an unprovoked attack in an ATV programme upon British film-makers).

But against consistent unbalance? Here the outlook is not so bad. My view is that more than on complaints to the hierarchy, we have to rely on that peculiar thing, the unwritten consensus among some hundreds of producers, writers and planners about what is "fair television." If these form a collective élite who decide what goes on the screen, they are also exposed to constant political and organisational pressures and such exposure tends to produce a code of fair conduct.

The Horst Mahler Story...

Berlin

THERE was something striking and curiously impressive about him whenever he turned up at a sit-in, a go-in, a demonstration or a riot. He was, after all, the chief legal counsel for the German New Left—the ingenious and irrepressible “mouthpiece” who eloquently challenged the police and the courts on behalf of his clients in the revolutionary avant-garde. On that grey May Day in 1968 I watched Horst Mahler walk along with the demonstrators through the streets of Berlin, and as always he stood out and apart. They were wearing the “Fantasie-Uniform” of the Pop-Guerrillas, from Che-type berets to jungle-type boots. They all looked casual and sloppy, but what care must have been taken to purchase just the shirt and skirt or trousers and windbreaker which would (even at a fancy price) set them off from the hated bourgeois style of the conformist youth of the consumer society. That they all looked alike with an assembly-line sameness—where indeed were the truly rebellious individualists?—seemed to trouble them as little as the fact that the rest of the jeunesse dorée of Western Europe’s affluent society was, without politics or protest, beginning to buy the same kind of denims and dungarees and hair-do’s from the same shops or their suburban branches.

But Horst Mahler was different. He had more style. He walked along with his old-fashioned umbrella, impeccably clad in a grey-flannel suit, shoes shined, balding head covered with a smart fedora hat. Through his horn-rimmed spectacles, that conventional symbol of the German Establishment figure, he kept an alert eye on the press and the police and the partisans (now locking arms and resuming their “Ho-Ho-Ho Chi Minh” chant)—for the next day he would be in the courts again arguing the case for Human Freedom against Repressive Law. For the French comrades, then the emissaries of Danny Cohn-Bendit in Paris, he was “our Emile (J’accuse!) Zola. . . .” For the Americans he was the local William Kunstler, the hero of the under-dogs, with a lingering echo of Clarence Darrow. Horst Mahler seemed to be enjoying his role. But then the whole Movement was far from the grim-faced Marxism of the past—it was all “Spass,” all real fun, for their inspiration was not Marx or Mao but Maria, and they cheerfully confessed that the “Viva Maria!” film (Louis Malle/Brigitte Bardot/Jeanne Moreau) had turned their heads and changed their minds.

BUT THERE WAS a double-feature to Horst Mahler’s career. After “Viva Maria!” and its ideological lesson that the Revolution can be and must be Fun, came “Bonnie and Clyde” and its complementary thesis that the handiest

kind of power comes out of the barrel of a loaded pistol. When the Berlin police arrested Mahler on the 7th October 1970, there was almost nothing recognisable about the figure that once was. No umbrella, no tie, no spectacles, no fedora. The police removed his wig and relieved him of his pistol (and 35 bullets), at which point he stopped protesting that he was only a chap named Lindau. He was indeed Horst Mahler, wanted by the police for robbery, kidnapping, and several attempted murders, who had along with Ulrike Meinhof and others of the German New Left [see “The Liberators of Berlin” and “From Berlin to Amman and Back,” in *ENCOUNTER*, August and November] gone into underground hiding and taken refuge for a while among the Middle Eastern guerrilla bands. The famed “mouthpiece” said only, “Kompliment, meine Herren. . . .” And after this brief—possibly sincere, possibly ironic—congratulation, he was taken away to a cell in Berlin’s Alt-Moabit jail. Who would be free to defend the defender when the defender was no longer free?

IT WAS Horst Mahler who first challenged the police on the death of the student Benno Ohnesorg during the Shah of Persia’s visit to Berlin in 1967; he proved that it was not a “mere accident” during the rioting but that a special-branch man had shot him. Mahler defended Beate Klarsfeld when she slapped the face of Chancellor Kiesinger. He was the lawyer for Rudi Dutschke and for Willy Brandt’s Maoist son, Peter, and kept them free to fight on for the Revolution. Small wonder that he himself became something of a revolutionary hero. “I am not interested in fees,” he once proclaimed in a court-room, to the moral embarrassment of the whole legal establishment, “I am interested in freedom. . . .” How, then, did this Zolaesque freedom fighter get himself on to the Most-Wanted list of the German police? The Horst Mahler story parallels that of other New Left protagonists like Angela Davis (of the Black Panthers), Bernadine Dohrn (of the Weathermen), and Alain Geismar (of the Proletarian Cause), all of whom are in jail or in hiding.

MAHLER himself was a son of the middle class (his father was a dentist), and when he fled Communist East Germany took quickly a turn to the “bourgeois Right” as he studied law at Berlin’s Free University. After a brief flirtation with the so-called Korporation, he turned Left again and became active in the SDS. This was at that time still the official youth group of the Social Democratic Party. The Party expelled him when he pleaded for a “more sober”

or, from "Viva Maria!" to "Bonnie & Clyde"

approach to the historical problem of Stalinism, for Stalin had made "contributions" to the revolutionary cause which ought not to be overlooked. Like Dutschke, he tried to rally the New Left for "the Long March through the institutions," and he became one of the leading figures in Germany's APO (the Extra-Parliamentary Opposition). When the Bar Association tried to disbar him (for conduct unbecoming a Rechtsanwalt, i.e. participating in a riot), a thousand students marched on the court-room and, supported by several truck-loads of bricks and stones from Berlin ruins, made a shambles of the company of (unarmed) Berlin police protecting the hearing.

The great turning-point in Mahler's career—as in the story of the New Left as a whole—came on the subject of violence. They meant well with mankind, but must blood flow? In the beginning, as with Stokely Carmichael's "Snick," the official slogan was Non-Violence. That idea lasted only a summer. When they said non-violence didn't they really mean violence? As Mahler and Dutschke and his friends explained, with logical talents that came from their proximity to the traditions of German metaphysics, the violence was "only" defensive and it was "only" to be directed against "Things" not human beings. But when the demonstrators led by Mahler against the Axel Springer press empire attacked a "Thing," namely one of the newspaper delivery vans, what about the human being who was inside the Thing?

Moral and emotional difficulties mounted. But the German New Left was nothing if not logical. A human being who served a Thing became himself a thing, and thus thing-ified no longer earned exemption from "defensive violence." American blacks, quite free from Hegelianism, came to the same conclusion much more simply—"Kill the Pigs!" But Bobby Seale still takes some trouble (as in his book, *Seize the Time*) to argue that killing in this sense doesn't really mean murder; not unlike Eldridge Cleaver who in his book, *Soul on Ice*, argued—apparently persuasively for a new generation who never read Orwell—that Rape really means Love.

Mahler was asked about the death of two persons, killed by rocks in a Munich SDS demonstration. He was cool and unperturbed. His answer was not in the spirit of "Maria" but of "Bonnie": ". . . When I climb into my automobile, I can't know beforehand whether a tire is going to go flat. . . ." The deaths were only traffic accidents.

A shock went through the German liberal-left community. *Der Spiegel's* news-reports

began to take on a critical note. Perhaps the scenario was not so gay and funny as in Louis Malle; perhaps it wasn't all Emile Zola and Clarence Darrow. Perhaps the story-line was rather out of what Professor Jürgen Habermas, the first of the disenchanted radicals on the German New Left, called "Linke Faschismus" (Left-Fascism).

EARLIER THIS YEAR Horst Mahler arranged special permission, for one of his imprisoned clients, Andreas Bauder, to visit—for purposes of research in "sociology"—a university library. A small band of liberators, or "Tupamaros" as they like to think of themselves, broke into the reading room and rescued him; two librarians were shot and seriously wounded. Ulrike Meinhof who led the attack disappeared with her prize, and turned up among the Palestinian guerrillas. Horst Mahler was wanted for questioning, but was nowhere to be found.

The Berlin police, in their dull plodding professional way, kept a sharp look-out. They have made serious and even desperate attempts to comprehend the ideology of the other side, but they are simply not dialectical types. Why should they have suspected that Dieter Kunzelmann was back in the Berlin Underground, and no longer in Amman, just because a bomb was planted in the Jewish Synagogue? But they hadn't read Professors Lipset or Laqueur on the Anti-Semitism of the New Left, they were just looking for a woman. And Kunzelmann's girl-friend led to his arrest. So, too, with Mahler. Why should they have suspected that three simultaneous Berlin bank robberies were just a shade too efficient for the local gangsters? No, they were just keeping an eye on what, with no fine ideological feeling at all, they called "Mahler's Harem." Three young women, in three different flats in Berlin, led to Mahler's arrest. The police found them all armed with pistols, and in their rooms they found evidence of the various devices and utensils that had been recently used in the shootings and robberies.

MAHLER FACES various charges for which, if convicted, he may have to serve up to fifteen years in prison. The Berlin New Left factions received the news with mixed feelings. One terrorist group has threatened the police: "Let Mahler go free or things around here will go bang! . . ." Another wearily resigned itself to the consequences of Mahler's "incorrect strategy"—"Mahler's whole operation was crappy, let him get out of it himself. . . ."

M.J.L.

Since the people concerned are mostly young and pretty egotistically left of centre, the resultant television output will tend to be slanted against established authority, against people like local councillors and the police; but against this one can set the anxiety of the higher television echelons not to give "offence." In this sort of balance behind the scenes, a trenchant letter from Mrs Cole might well have its effect. Indeed, the point of any article was that the television balance works reasonably as long as people respon-

sive to social and cultural pressures take the programming decisions. However, the danger of distortion grows the more these decisions are based on the purely "professional" criterion of what makes the most visually exciting television picture. This leads to a minor scuffle on the edge of a public event being treated as more important than the event. Alas, this is something we see regularly.

T. R. FYVEL

London

A Word on Arabs & Jews

After Nasser's Death—By COLIN MAC INNES

MOST DEATHS of public men leave the world, despite ornate funerals, sighing with relief. Thank God *he's* gone, is the general emotion. Occasionally, the human reaction is of woe. The loss of Ho Chi Minh was one such, and so is the death of Nasser. If so, why?

Because in each century there appears from nowhere a man whose relevance overflows the boundaries of the particular area where, politically and morally, he operated; so that everyone—even his enemies, or the multitudinous indifferent—feels a sense of loss: of a grandeur that has departed, making us all less.

Much might be said of Nasser's mistakes which, considering the fiendish difficulty of what he was trying to do, and did, are almost nothing. What he achieved was to restore to a great people a dignity that history had stolen from them, and to concentrate the world's eyes upon a problem they had forgotten, and didn't care about anyway: "the world's eyes" meaning those of the most powerful nations of our globe.

That the Arab civilisation was, and could be again, one of the greatest that we know, cannot be doubted. From their initial emergence, in the 7th century, out of the obscurest desert, they created, in five centuries, and spurred on by their faith and valour, a culture extending from the Pyrenees to Indonesia. And this was not a vulgar military conquest like those of Tamberlaine or Genghis Khan. The belief, the cities, the science, the art, were all of the first order. There is no one—and in particular no European in their dark ages—who did not learn, or borrow from, the Arab people. Then came misfortune: the Turks, the British, the French and then the Jews, and now almost everybody, meddling and muddling in the effort Nasser made to get his people off the ground again. Hence, knowing their Islamic past, their indignation, and his rage.

THIS BRINGS US to the Arab-Jewish quarrel which, as is apparent if one looks ahead a bit, has not much to do with Jews or Arabs—however momen-

tarily and disastrously entangled they may be—but with power politics of the most treacherous and heartless kind, interfering with them both.

The Arab argument about Palestine, reduced to its essentials, is: This is our land, and you, Jews, powerfully aided by foreigners, have stolen it and banished us. Like all good arguments it has one fatal flaw which is that, in their hey-day, the Arabs were the most ferocious imperialists known to history. Or if they were not, I, a European, would like to ask what they were doing as far north as Tours, so that had they managed to get a little further, there would be mosques in Paris and even (since they were excellent sailors) London. Or what they were also doing ruling most of Spain for 600 years. I hasten to add I am delighted that they did, since the peak of Spanish civilisation (as all intelligent Spaniards—if pushed—admit) ended in 1492. Nevertheless, the long record of Arab conquest cannot be denied.

The Jewish argument—also reduced to its essentials—is based on one minor factor, and one major. We can forget about Balfour Declarations and rubbish of that nature, and seek an essence. The minor factor is that the Jews *have* been saying, for 2000 years of their diaspora, "Next year in Jerusalem!"; whereas I do not think the English, when they clobbered Ireland for 800 years, ever said, "Next year in Dublin. . . ." The major Jewish argument (rarely spoken, but believed by all Israelis) is that, having seen one third of their people murdered, they were determined to seize land somewhere and make sure, if they could, this genocide would never happen again.

So—deadlock: three wars: mounting hatred and desperation.

AT THIS POINT, we must consider all the others who, not caring a damn for either Jews or Arabs, have escalated this conflict to their own supposed advantage. The roll-call of potent trouble-makers is impressive: the three super-powers (US/USSR/China) have dipped their fingers into Arab and

Jewish blood, and the small fry (UK, France, and so on) have tailed along in their miserable ex-imperialist fashion. Until what has happened is that Palestine has become an international battle-ground, whose instigators regard the Jews and Arabs, who each have some claim to be there, as expendable mercenaries. And this is getting, and will get, worse.

So? So the Jews and Arabs are, if any peoples could be called so, cousins: race, faith, language, history are intermingled. Left alone, they have treated each other well. It was the Crusaders who murdered everyone in Jerusalem; it was Saladin who, reconquering the city, killed only soldiers. In the Emirate of Granada, synagogues were open;

at the Christian reconquest, they were burned, and the Jews expelled. Jewish communities lived in North Africa in peace, until Europeans started interfering. In Israel, I have tested out *sabras* to see if they could always distinguish, by sight, a young Jew from a young Arab; they couldn't.

So am I saying the foreign ministers of Israel and Egypt should meet and have a lovely chat that would solve everything overnight? Alas for that pretty liberal dream! No, this is impossible now, and will become more so in the next decade. But what I am certain of is that, given generations and good fortune, these two astounding peoples will perceive their common interest: they are too great not to. And how fine that battle-ground

Encounters: in Africa, Russia, Germany.

HOW SPANDAU changed Albert Speer: It is difficult to realize that the tall, engaging, well-spoken man, with a frank, open look, and the high bald forehead of a typical "egg head", is the same person with whom the would-be ruler of Europe once discussed his architectural day-dreams for the capital of the world; the man who, as the real economic dictator of the country, made it possible for the Nazi war machine to run its whole suicidal course; who had spent 20 years at the very bottom of the abyss in Spandau. I felt as though those three decades were almost a parenthesis for him, after which, older and wiser, he went back to pick up the broken threads of his life. . . .

"Golo Mann in his review of my book [ENCOUNTER, August] wondered how it was possible that this Speer who has written an intelligent and sensitive book could have stood this (Nazi regime) and cooperated with it. Here he reaches the wrong conclusion. This man who wrote this book over 20 years in Spandau read several thousand works and through this general education differed greatly from the one he was in 1945."

There could be no better epilogue.

THE TIMES

SOUTH AFRICA'S suspension from international athletics is a blow to sportsmen in the Republic. But the decision by the International Amateur Athletics Federation has a wider importance. It is merely part of an accelerating process of isolation which goes beyond international sporting competition and could, eventually, have the most serious consequences for the Republic and all its peoples. The temptation is to brush this aside as a transitory phenomenon engineered by a lunatic fringe of long-haired, unwashed fanatics. But it is becoming clearer every day that there is a body of informed, influential opinion in Britain, for example, which rejects all contacts with

South Africa on the grounds of deeply-held conviction. . . .

Who can deny that that theory of separate development is "plainly nonsense" all the time Whites depend on Africans for their industrial manpower? Devastating is the study of South Africa by David Holden in the August issue of the journal ENCOUNTER. South Africans, conditioned by familiarity, might find themselves severely shaken by the picture of gratuitous cruelty and sheer absurdity which distinguishes some aspects of the "South African way of life" in studies such as these. But it would be folly to underestimate their effect on responsible opinion abroad. The threat of isolation cannot be shrugged aside. It warrants serious reflection by all South Africans.

THE CAPE TIMES

I HEAR that Robert Conquest's book on the Russian purges of the 1930s, "The Great Terror", has already received the accolade of a mention in the Soviet underground Press.

The "Chronicle of World Affairs", a broadsheet passed from hand to hand in Russia, has printed excerpts from Goronwy Rees's review of the book in ENCOUNTER [November 1968], revealing to the underground reader that in any rational society both Hitler and Stalin would have been "committed to a home for the criminally insane." Another quotation says:

"One of the frightening aspects of Conquest's book, with its evidence of murder, torture, genocide, the moral and physical annihilation of literally millions of human beings, is that the Soviet Union as we know it today is the lineal descendant of the State created by Stalin, and still bears upon it the stamp of his creation."

An additional distinction is that this is thought to be the first foreign material the "Chronicle" has covered.

DAILY TELEGRAPH

could be if both were left alone to create one of the most prosperous and cultured regions in the world.

Gamel Abdul Nasser did not solve this problem because time was far too short, and obstacles too heavy. But his life and achievement stated it to his people, to the Jews, and to the world.

The Crisis in Publishing

THERE ARE complex difficulties between publishers and writers which Miss Mary Renault seems rather to write off (October issue) in her comment on Matthew Corrigan's article (July) about Malcolm Lowry. May I give a few personal illustrations? In the case of my own work in progress, because a fearful mess was made in London of one book for various not quite decisive reasons, I insisted that the New York edition of the following novel should be corrected and copy-edited in New York. This gave the excuse for the London publisher to take the mats from the New York publisher and therefore to come out much later than planned since American printers are even slower than those in Britain. Summer publishing is not a bad thing, it seems from experience, in America, as it is in England—probably because of the huge public. There is nothing I can put a finger on in this; it just follows a pattern obscured by a truly unbelievable, perhaps not quite deliberate inefficiency which forms a smoke screen for heaven knows what.

Probably many writers, either from neurosis or lack of confidence, do ask advice from publishers in the middle of work, but my own experiences suggest that it may not be quite so simple as Miss Renault (a writer I much admire) finds it in her own case. Publishers do, more and more, expect to interfere with my own work. This may be so in my case because they seem almost to demand that each new book should sell at least *as* widely as the book that made the breakthrough into success. Obviously this is impossible, but the attitude is taken for granted; it is their right to get a best-seller every time. So it may not by any means be always the author who offers half-finished work for inspection; when I submit a finished draft ready for fair-copying (as Miss Renault apparently also does) it is treated as a rough sketch which the publisher's readers may then, as they think, improve upon. Even if the writer tries to indicate without actually being rude, that this is not to happen (by announcing a prolonged absence from home, for instance or even by putting a note on the title-page that the manuscript remains the author's private property until publication confers copyright) the Publishers go to endless trouble to force their views on the writer.

And I am not talking about things that are the legitimate concern of an editor such as failures of

logic, breakdowns of continuity, slackness of characterisation etc. etc. I mean that they pronounce on what sort of book they wanted and were expecting; they point out passages (in my case usually of opinions they don't like which are held widely by foreigners) and even say that these opinions, or whatever, cannot possibly be considered credible. With my last book I received one letter from an editor before the *ms.* was read, that they would do the revising in the office! This was the same editor from whom I had three subsequent letters about the *ms.* in which every single character mentioned was either mis-named or mis-spelled, including my protagonist whose name can hardly be new after three books. This is true, I am not exaggerating. Typescripts are also shown to outsiders; in one case a book (not this one) was sent to a semi-illiterate film agent who suggested in reply that it might be all right if it began differently and ended differently and most of the persons were altered. This letter was actually sent on to me, as advice, and later some officious clerk remarked that I had not yet replied to the agent—which, of course, I never did. This treating of the writer and the work as the property of the Publisher brings up questions of copyright as well as other things, since a *ms.* has no claim to copyright. I can't believe that this sort of crass impudence is only offered to myself.

Nor is this interference confined to one publisher. On my last three books I have received suggested, almost ordered, alterations from both British and American publishers. The curious thing is that the letters containing these editorial suggestions are often confused, ill-written, garbled by typists and hopelessly inaccurate about the contents of the book. So that the loss of confidence caused by such extensive wishes for revision is made up by the obvious thought that the editor knows nothing about writing so one may safely ignore him. This confusion, both of ideas and the writing of them, in letters of editorial suggestion is psychologically interesting. I have noticed it in a number of different editors and it contrasts with perfectly reasonable and well-conceived letters on other subjects from the same people. On the other hand, copy-editors are usually both more competent and more modest, although one did once suggest that "none of them was there" should be corrected to "none of them were there."

Anybody can use advice, everyone makes mistakes; but in my experience the suggestions are frequently useless and mischievous. One can't use them even where a feeling exists that improvement is needed, but they destroy confidence. They are also couched in hectoring and condescending terms which put one's back up anyway. One has become a property.

SINCE I HAVE NEVER submitted an idea or synopsis, with or without some draft chapters, to a publisher, none has ever told me what I ought to write; only what I ought to have written. But this may be because I never talk about work in progress to anyone nor show it to an editor until I have practically finished with it. But editors do

THE AUTHOR is a well-known English novelist, living abroad.

suggest length. One wrote asking for extensive cuts because printing costs had recently risen; nowhere did he suggest that cuts would improve the work although any writer has to admit that cuts often do improve work. In this case cuts would have made the book much shorter than its companion volumes.

Some of the revision suggestions are so funny one can hardly believe them: a passage of ex-soldiers using soldiers' slang (without the four-letter words) was castigated as "colloquial, almost slangy". This in the day of Portnoy. Nobody suggested, when the other editor agreed with him, that a soldier's slang was *wrong*; apparently they thought a private would say "Corporal, do you think I should shoot him through the head?" instead of "Shall I knock him off?" The mad thing about this detail is that the editor concerned spent years in the army, and by the way, the incident is a true one and the man actually said "*Soll ich ihn umlegen?*" in real life.

So I don't think Miss Renault has it quite right. Publishers do interfere and they interfere without knowing either about writing fiction or about what will sell. They not only want one writer's books all to fit a pattern, but they have a whole framework of quite incorrect notions of what makes fiction (a) good and (b) successful; so that the long tale of oft-refused masterpieces is countered by an equally long list of books that would have been ruined if the writer had listened to what the publisher wanted. And they don't even have the decency to admit they were wrong when the book they feared bad turns out a success.

This is only the first blast of the trumpet against the monstrous regiment of publishers; a second should really deal with the publisher as artist *manqué*. X.Y.Z.

Mervyn & Marlish

I READ the last number of your Journal and wish to say the following about Mr Marlish's review, called *Psa Biographies* which touches on my late husband's little book. The full title is *Free Associations, Memoirs of a Psychoanalyst*.

Mr Marlish maintains that my SON Mervyn is a daughter. It is a good Cymric man's name. He and I edited what we found in a drawer after my husband's death. He had to abandon writing because of his last fatal illness.

I should be grateful for a correction in your next number. Had Mr Marlish been better read he would have known my son's name who has nine novels to his credit. Even the uneducated have heard of *John and Mary* because it was filmed.

KATHERINE JONES
London

ED. NOTE:—WE REGRET the error. The reference was to a "daughter," and had Mervyn's name been mentioned, we would have spotted the error; Mervyn is well known. By the way, the name of the author—whose article was actually called "Autobiography and Psycho-Analysis"—was Mazlish.

AUTHORS

Lewis S. Feuer is Professor of Sociology at the University of Toronto. His previous articles in *ENCOUNTER* include "Karl Marx and the Promethean Complex" (December 1968) and "Marxian Tragedians" (November 1962). "Lenin's Fantasy" will be included in a symposium entitled *Lenin and Leninism: Study, Law, and Society*, edited by B. W. Eissenstat (D. C. Heath and Co.). . . .

Paul Schallück was born in Westphalia (1922) of a Russian mother and German father. He intended to become a Catholic missionary, but was thwarted by the outbreak of war, and the wounds he received. He read philosophy and history at the Universities of Munster and Cologne; he now works in Cologne as a free-lance writer. He has written poetry, novels (*Engelbert Reinecke*, 1959), essays, stories (*Lakrizza*, 1966), and television scripts. More recently he has turned towards satire and "engagement", and is a good friend and platform companion of Günter Grass, with whom he appeared during the recent election campaigns. Although he has been published in other languages, "Death Delayed" is, surprisingly, the first publication in English of any of his work

Martin Seymour-Smith is a free-lance writer and poet. In 1969 Constable published the first volume of his *Poets Through Their Letters* and next year will bring out a volume of poetry, *Reminiscences of Norma*. His much-praised edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets was published by Heinemann (1963)

Ronald Hayman is a free-lance writer, theatre director, and critic. He has just finished a book on Edward Albee (to be published by Heinemann) and is currently working on an essay on "The Arts Since 1945" which will appear in *The Times* "History of our Times". His most recent book is *Techniques of Acting* (Methuen)

Elizabeth Maslen has had poems published by *Poetry Australia* and *Poetry Workshop*. She teaches English at Westfield College, University of London

John Passmore's new book, *The Perfectibility of Man*—of which his article on "Paradise Now" (*ENCOUNTER*, November), was the last chapter—has just been published by Duckworth & Co. (84s.)

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